Prohibition Foes of Temperance.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

The advocates of temperance in New Jersey say they must have a third party, because there is no hope of anything being done by the Republican party. Do they ever think how little right they have to ask anything of the Republican party? Years ago they organized their third party and avowed that it was against the Republican party, and expected to build success only on its ruin. That was the start of the third party. And since then they have put nominations into Senate and Assembly districts year after year—and if the districts were close, aided in the election of the Democratic candidates; if they were not the only result was a column of scattering votes. Even in Congressional districts where temperance could not be an issue, they have run candidates only to annoy and antagonize the Republican ticket. Let the real friends of temperance think what has been gained by this course. Nothing. Have they elected a single candidate of their own? Have they secured a single measure of temperance legislation?

This is the record of temperance men as a third party. Look now at the record of temperance men in the Republican party—men who stood in the ranks of the party, and have been faithfully working to build up temperance sentiment in that party.

A local option bill was before the last Legislature. It was passed by the Republican Senate; 22 votes were in its favor in the Assembly, 18 were from Republicans—more than half the 31 Republican members of that body. These 18 members were elected in districts where Prohibitionists ran candidates against them, only to aid in the election of whiskey Democrats. What do these friends of prohibition propose for the future? To run prohibition candidates to defeat Republican candidates in these very districts. They also propose to advance the cause of temperance by throwing the State Government of New Jersey into the hands of the Democratic party, which makes no disguise of hostility to all temperance legislation. The Governor is to be elected for three years; so are the Senators who are to be voted for to fill the vacancies next fall. Consider for a moment the offices and the power the Prohibitionists will thus help to place in the possession of the Democratic party, excluding all hope of temperance legislation for three years at least and probably more:

The Goyernor for three years; seven Senators for terms of three years each, who will have votes in two elections for United States Senators; sixty members of the Assembly; Secretary of State; Assistant Secretary of State; State Treasurer; State Comptroller; Attorney General: a Chancellor for seven years; two vice Chancellors; six Judges of the Supreme Court; three Judges of the Court of Errors and Appeals; seven Law Judges; forty-six Lay Judges; seven District Court Judges; thirteen Prosecutors of the Pleas; Clerk of the Supreme Conrt; State Librarian; Chief of the Bureau of Labor Statistics; two Commissioners of the Sinking Fund; three Riparian Commissioners; five Commissioners of Pilotage; three members of the State Board of Health; three State Assessors; a State Prison Keeper.

Besides these there are a large number of officials salaried and some whose offices are merely honorary, but all of whom have influence, such as Commissioners of Fisheries, Surveyors-General, and the managers, officials and employes of the State Reformatory, Superintendents of public Instruction, the State military officers, etc. The Judges of the Supreme Court, the Law Judges, and the Lay Judges, and the Prosecutors of the Pleas, all have duties to perfoam, in connection with granting licenses for the sale of liquor and in the prosecution and punishment of violators of the liquor laws. And yet the Prohibitionists, if they can, will hand over to the Democratic party this whole business of regulating and restricting the liquor traffic, just because a majority of the Republican party do not come up to their extreme notions of prohibition.

Most of the offices herein enumerated, as those that are to be filled by the Governor and Legislature during the next three years, are of long tenure, some of them for seven years, the greater number for five years. With the Democratic party intrenched behind all this patronage and power, in so small a State, does any sane person believe there conld be any temperance legislation, however mild, in New Jersey for the next five years?

But what do the Prohibitionist leaders care? Tney say they are going to show their power—their power for evil. Tney boast that the conditions in New Jersey this year are so favorable for them that they will challenge National attention by striking such a blow in New Jersey as will surely begin the disintegration of the Republican party. It would seem that the duty of genuine, honest temperance Republicans to stand firm in the party ranks was never plainer.

H.

In competition for a prize, an English lad offered the following essay on Columbus:

"Columbus was a man who could make an egg stand on end without breaking it. The King of Spain said to Columbus:

"Can you discover America?"

"Yes," said Columbus, "if you will give me a ship."

So he had a ship and he sailed over the sea in the direction where he thought America night be found. The sailors quarreled and said they believed there was no such place. But after many days the pilot came to him and said, "Columbus, I see land."

"Then that is America," said Columbus.

When the ship got near, the land was full of black men. Columbus said, "Is this America?"

"Yes, it is," said they.

Then he said, "I suppose you are the niggers?"

"Yes, they said, "we are."

The chief said, "a suppose you are Columbus?"

"You are right," said he.

Then the chief turned to his men and said: "There is no help for it; we are discovered at last!"

A Good Excuse.

Texas Siftings.

The Judge was werried and irritated by the many persons who had been summoned for jury duty coming to him with excuses. When Carl Neglebaum's name was called the Judge said, with much asperity, 'well, sir, I presume, like the rest of them, you want to be excused?' 'Dot is so your Honor. I vould like not to serve dot jury on,' 'What's your excuse, sir?' 'I vould like to be oxcused pecause my wife she is tead.' 'You may go, sir; your excuse is a good one,' said the tenderhearted Judge, trying to swallow a big lump and turning away his head to conceal his emotion. The escaped juror immediately left the court-room. A friend and neighbor followed him out of the court-room and seizing the escaped juror by both hands, in a broken voice said: 'Mine Gott, Henrich, ish dot so dot your vife vas tead? Dot vas dreadful, mine fren.' The bereaved husband smiled and said: 'Don't veep, Hans; it vas only my first vife vat died in dot old countery, twenty years ago pefore I come dot America to. My present wife vas not much tead. I don't have not more such good luck any more.'

The Best Chill Medicine.

SALISBURY, MD., Aug. 1884.

Dear Sir:—I had the ague and chills and fever for six months, had taken several different medicines, but none done me any good. Through the recommendation of a friend I was induced to try "AROMANNA." I used one bottle and have not had a chill since.

JOHN PARSONS.

SALISBURY, MD., May 25, 1885.

Dear Sir:—I was cured of Dyspepsia by using two bottles of "AROMANNA."

MARY HEARN.

Price 25 and 85 cts. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland, Md.

Not Old Enough.

An American relates that he was once traveling in England, and he was staying for a week at a large country house, which was, as usual at that season. full of guests, invited like myself. It was an old estate and had the usual display of oaks, which are so handsome and picturesque a feature of English country parks. He was walking through the park one pay with a haughty, aristocratic lady. "Have you any trees in America?" she suddenly asked him. He was too much taken aback to speak for a moment. and before he could reply, she broke in: "Why, what a silly question I have asked you! Of course you haven't any trees. The country isn't old enough."
—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Good Results in Every Case.

D. A. Bradford, wholesale paper dealer of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes, that he was seriously afflicted with a severe cold that settled on his lungs; had tried many remedies without benefit. Being induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, did so and was entirely cured by use of a few bottles. Since which time he has used it in his family for all Coughs and Colds with best results. This is the experience of thousands whose lives have been saved by this Wonderful Discovery. Trial Bottles free at Wm. Nydegger's drug store.

1776--Independence Day--1886.

The America of to-day is not the America of a hundred and ten years ago, nor is the patriotism of to-day the patriotism of that good old time when patriotism dwelt in the bosom and prompted the speech of the tongue and the action of the hand. Nothing fades surer than glory, and nothing subsides sooner than universal sentiment. This is illustrated today in many ways, but in none more graphically than by the unparallelled changes which have taken place in our American methods of patriotism since that first Fourth-of-July morning when guns were fired and bells rung to arouse the brave and invincible spirit of Independence which had seized upon the American people.

To the men and women who lived in that time it seemed impossible that those fires of loyalty should ever die out, but for more than a hundred years since that day the sun has risen and set each day, bringing forth a change as wonderful as those which were natal with the days that came before. The shadows of time and decay have long laid their heavy hands upon the tombs at Mt. Vernon and Monticello, and the names of warrior and statesman are more significant to day of rest than those awakening fires that stirred the sleeping energies of men to action at a moment's preparation. The wounds of the great war haye healed long ago, the blood. stained grasses have recovered their primal hue of emerald, and the mouths of the old cannon invite the birds and field-mice, forgetting the grim duty for which they were designed, and in time forgotten by the sturdy patriots who stood by them manfully in the day of peril.

It is a little sad to see that old patriotism dying out, but it is no more than right in the long run, and in the Sabbath sweetness we expect to see just as pure a spirit of loyalty to the country's triumph manifested by the holy services of peace which the hand of God sanctifies as if the belched fires of a thousand cannon awoke the echoes down the long valleys and up the green slopes of the sentinel hills. Peace and love and beauty are better far than reverberating shouts of war, than the burning bosoms of desire, and the parched tongues of hatred and anger, and the day of Proclamation, the day when that glad shout arose from hearts all over the country bearing upon its breath the murmur of Independence forever, can be celebrated now and through all time to come with a prayer more fittingly than with the clash of arms and the weary babbling of tongues in the mouths of Fourth-of July orators. There is no danger that the day will ever be forgotten, whether it be celebrated by peaceful or warlike means, for it appeals to the American heart more sincerely than any event in the whole history of the nation,

The changes of the years that have come and gone since the first reading of Jefferson's manuscript have been more than wonderful. They smack not only of the romantic but of the miraculous. Within those hundred and more years the growth of the country, not in population particularly, but in wisdom and attainment, has been like the gradual unfolding of some marvelous flower, It is evident that the work of unfolding is still going on, that we are approaching a higher perfection every day, and scarcely probable that the full flower has yet developed itself, but it is interesting to review with the mind's eye the passing events of the century which has been gathered under the wings of time, to watch the wonderful panorama disclose itself scene after scene, until at last through all the various states and conditions which the nation has passed, we see the dawning of a grand new day wherein men and women gather their children about them to rest from labor through an entire day, dedicating it to the memory of that by-gone time when the young shoulders of the nation slipped the yoke of Britain and rose to the full height of its manhood in all the grandeur of national consolidation and national Independence. We do not need the patriotism of old to guide us in our actions of to-day. The glorious present atones for whatever may have been lost or wrecked in the past, and we choose to hold the present sacred by methods of beauty and peace and not by those infinite old systems which recalled the pain rather than the pleasure of freedom derived through strife.

A young married lady, who moved to the country from a city house, considered keeping hens a pleasant and profitable duty. As she became more absorbed in the pursuit her enthusiasm increased, and hens made a favorable subject of her thoughts and conversation. During one of her animated descriptions of success a friend inquired: "Are your hens good hens?" "O, yes," she replied, in a delighted tone, "they haven't laid a bad egg yet."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TRUSTEES' SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of an order of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, passed on the 5th day of July, A. D. 1886, in the matter of the Deed of Trust from John T. Davis, Philip Davis, William Davis and Daniel Davis to H. Wheeler Combs and Thomas J. Peddicord, dated the 23rd day of June, A. D. 1881, the undersigned were appointed to make sale of all the real estate described in said deed of trust Therefore, the undersigned trustees, by the power and authority conferred as aforesaid, will,

On Tuesday,

THE 3d DAY OF AUGUST, 1886,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., in front of D. E. Offutt's store, in the town of Oakland' Garrett county, Maryland, offer for sale the following valuable real estate, to wit:

MILITARY LOT NUMBER 458,

containing 50 acres. Also all that part of a tract of land called

"TRIUMPH,"

which is contained within the following metes and bounds: Beginning at a White Oak marked "A", it being the beginning of the whole tract called "Triumph," and reversing the given line West 92 poles, then reversing a part of the twenty-fourth line of the original tract N. 102 poles, then running into the whole tract E. 214 poles, then South 102 poles to intersect the first line of the whole tract, and with it reversed to the beginning, containing 157 acres. Also all that piece or parcel of land known and described as

Military Lot Number 436

it being part of a tract of land called "Engrafted Vine," and contains 50 acres.

A large portion of said land is under fence and in a good state of cultivation; it is improved by a

FRAME DWELLING HOUSE,

barn, and all necessary out-buildings. It is well watered and is located in a good neighborhood, convenient to churches, schools, &c. Said farm is also improved by a young thrifty sugar camp.

This is a very desirable property and persons wishing to purchase a farm will find it to their advantage to be present on day of sale.

TERMS OF SALE—Cash.

Conveyancing at cost of purchaser.

FRED. A. THAYER,
EDW. H. SINCELL,
7 10 4t Trustees.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in Equity, and passed in cause No. 365 Equity, on the docket of said Court, wherein Arnood J. Bonnafield is plaintiff, and John W. Bonnafield is defendant, the undersigned will sell, at Public Auction, to the highest bidder,

On Wednesday,

THE 21st DAY OF JULY, 1886,

At the hour of 2 o'clock P. M.

of said day, in front of "The Shillingburg Hotel."

In the Town of Elkins,

Garrett county, all that property which is described in the Papers and Proceedings of said cause, and being all that lot of ground, which on the Plat of Lewis Nydegger's 1st Addition to the town of Elkins, is known and described as

LOT NUMBER 10,

and being the same which is more particularly mentioned in a deed from Lewis Nydegger to John W. Bonafield, dated 1st August, 18 3, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 8, folio 55 &c., one of the land records of Garrett county.

Said property is improved by a

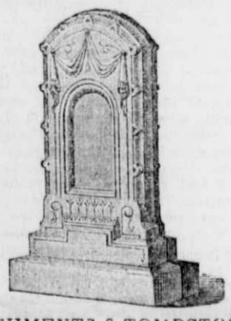
DWELLING HOUSE

and other out-buildings, and fronts on "Bottom street," in said town.

TERMS OF SALE—As prescribed by said decree: One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, and the balance in two equal installments at six and twelve months from the day of sale; the deferred payments to bear interest from the day of sale, and to be secured by the bonds of the purchaser with security satisfactory to the trustee.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
6 26 4t Trustee.

WHITE BRONZE



MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out-door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
6 17 t Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Sharriger's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

fi 24 DAVID LITTLE.

$200.000 in presents given away. Send us 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the $200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

LAKE VIEW PLANING MILL,

OPERATED BY

DAVIS & MYERS.

is now in full operation, and prepared to fill orders for

Flooring, Weather-boarding, Sash, Doors, Frames, Brackets, and Mouldings of all Kinds,

☞ Will contract for the erection of buildings.

Orders solicited. Satisfaction guranteed.

A lot of bedsteads on hand and for sale.

DAVIS & MYERS,
4 3 9m Mountain Lake Park, Md.

ORDER NISI.

Elvi S. Layman by her next friend, &c. vs. Nancy Blocher & others } In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No. 305 in Equity.

ORDERED. That the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings made and reported by Gilmor S. Hamill, Trustee, it being the property described in the Papers and Proceedings of the above cause, be Ratified and Confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the fifteenth day of July next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Garrett county, once in each of three successive weeks before the said fifteenth day of July next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $475.00

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test:
6 26 3t W. W. TOWER, Clerk.

ORDER NISI.

Jacob S. Jamesson, Mortgagee, vs. Caspar Schramm, and wife. } No. 368 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Md.

IT is ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting as a Court of Equity, this Twenty-first day of June, 1886, that the sale of the real estate of Caspar Schramm and wife, and made to Henry Wagner, Sr., and Jacob Gnagey, and made by Gilmor S. Hamill, attorney for the Mortgagee, under a mortgage dated the 19th April, 1881, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 8, folio 555, &c., one of the Land records of Garrett county, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 19th day of July next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed at Oakland, once in each of three successive weeks before the 19th day of July next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $1,350.00.

W. H TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test:
6 26 3t W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 30th, 1886.

GOING EAST.

No. 2	7.20 A. M.
No. 66	5.56 A. M.
No. 6	12.35 P. M.
No. 4	11.53 P. M.
No. 82—Accommodation	5.10 P. M.
Way	11.30 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 1	9.34 P. M.
No. 65	5.55 P. M.
No. 5	3.37 P. M.
No. 3	1.41 A. M.
No. 81—Accommodation	9.30 A. M.
Way	11.30 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.

L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with despatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y

HENRY ALBRIGHT,

—Manufacturer of—

Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,

OAKLAND, MD.

☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done.
Nov. 21, 85.—1 y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

SIXTEEN ACRES OF LAND

at Altamont, Md., improved by a

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE

18 by 36 feet, two stories high. There are on this land two never failing springs of good water, and a running stream.

Situation Delightful!

Two miles from Deer Park, with excellent graded road

Excellent Situation for Summer Residence.

For particulars and terms apply to or address

J. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE,

TRACTS & MILITARY LOTS.

The subscriber offers for sale the following lands in Garrett county:

"Bank Property," 18.5 acres on Backbone Mountain, near West Virginia line. There is on this tract good Poplar, White and Red Oak, Chestnut, Birch and Sugar Timber, and the land when cleared, will make good farms.

"Friedland," 175 acres, near Accident, part improved.

A fine building site near Fort Pendleton, lot containing two acres.

Also the following Military Lots, containing 50 acres each:

Lots Nos. 431 and 432, with the well known Boiling Spring, two miles south of Deer Park, with which it is connected by a good road.

Lot No. 1914, on B. & Ohio R. R., East of Wilson's store.

Lots Nos. 361, 363, 364 and 365, near Ben Davis'.

Lot No. 390, West of Garrett Moon's.

Lots Nos. 371 and 377, West of (late) Hugh Cooper's.

Lot No. 383, East of (late) Elisha Harvey's.

Lot No. 1252, near West Virginia line.

WILLIAM I. BROWN,
Box 41, Oakland, Md.

Sept. 5th, 1885.—1 y

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner. Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth. All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. 16?1-y1

Sellers' Liver Pills.

Act Directly on the Liver.

CURES CHILLS AND FEVER, DYSPEPSIA, SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUS COLIC, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, PILES, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, DIZZINESS, TORPID LIVER, COATED TONGUE, SLEEPLESSNESS, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER AND STOMACH. If you do not "feel very well," a single pill at bed-time stimulates the stomach, restores the appetite, imparts vigor to the system.

They cure all diseases like magic. Get the right kind SELLERS' LIVER PILLS. Sold by druggists. Send for circular.

SELLERS MEDICINE CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dr. I. B. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence in Russell's brick house Second street.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.
3 15 1y.

SURVEYING!

Military lots located. Estimates of timber lands a specialty. Sales negotiated on reasonable terms. Areas computed by Logarithms—the only correct method.

HIRAM P. TASKER.
11 6 tf Oakland, Md.

HELP for working people. Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, grandly successful. 50 cents to $5 easily earned every evening. That all who want may test the business we make this unparalleled offer. To all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

F. A. THAYER,

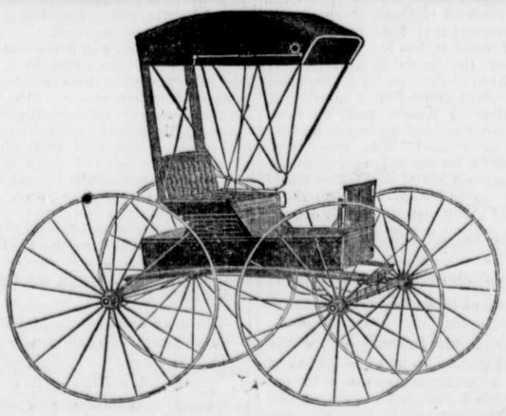
INSURANCE AGENT,

OAKLAND, MD.

Insures both Real and Personal Property at moderate rates.

☞ Represents Six First Class Companies

THE BEST FARM IMPLEMENTS.



Brown, New Champion and Delaware Wagons, Universal, Roland and Double Shovel Plows, Champion Reapers and Mowers, Spring Wagons and Carriages, Grain Drill's Cider Mills, Orchilla Guano, Feed Cutters, Barbed Wire, Sewing Machines, Spring Harrows, Thomas Hay Rakes, Hay Forks and Carriers &c., &c.

EVERYTHING FULLY WARRANTED.

For sale by

J. M. DAVIS & SON.

February 24, 1886.—tf.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 10. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1886. NUMBER 21.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

VEGETABLES,

GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS

All Reliable.

Lister's Celebrated Bone Fertilizer, Plasters and Kainet.

Vegetable plants of all kinds in season.

FLOWERING, BULBS, ROSES

(MOSS ROSE.)

of the very latest and best varieties.

VEGETABLES, FRUITS, &C.,

always on hand, as they come in market.

CUT FLOWERS

AND FLORAL DESIGNS,

for Funerals, &c., at short notice, at our old stand on Railroad street near Depot.

☞Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

H. WEBER.

3 13 OAKLAND, MD.

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,

OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.

OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.

Is the place to buy

Drugs, Patent Medicines; Paints,

Oils Varnishes,

Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

☞Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c

Physicians Prescriptions

Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.

Give me a call.

W. D. NYDEGGER.

AVOID MALARIA!

AND BREATHE THE SEA AIR!

THE STOCKTON, Atlantic City, N. J., Corner Atlantic and Maryland avenues, is now open. Guests are supplied with every comfort and convenience possible. The best summer hotel on the coast. Terms moderate; special rates to families. KELSEY & LEFLER, Proprietors. [Mention this paper.]

FOR SALE

In Deer Park a

TWO-STORY COTTAGE,

illigibly situated and containing seven rooms with front portico, back porch and bay windows. Good never failing well of water. Land in cultivation for garden with fruit trees and stable. Will be sold cheap and terms made reasonable. Title unquestionable.

Apply to

E. C. TILLSON,

7 5 tf Deer Park, Md.

Valuable Real Estate

FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.

For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov 20 1880 1 y.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE.

NO. 1.

MILITARY LOT NO. 219,

lying near Chisholm's Mill, in Ryans Glade, Garrett county. Well timbered and underlaid with coal. Unimproved. Will be sold cheap.

NO. 2.

Military Lots Nos. 2305 and 2307.

Unimproved timber lots, lying near Grantsville, part of the estate of the late Holmes Wiley.

NO. 3.

An Elegant New Residence

on Oak street, Oakland, Md., containing 8 rooms. Large lot improved by stable, carriage house, ice house, &c. Well of good water. Terms easy. Price, $2200.00.

NO. 4.

THE "WOODLAND FARM,"

situated on the road leading from Oakland to Accident, two miles from Oakland, containing 97 acres, well fenced and cultivated. Improved by a large first-class mansion house, suitable for a summer resort. The farm would suit for a first-class market garden or general farming.

NO. 5.

HOUSE AND LOT

On Oak street, Oakland, Md., comfortable dwelling. Well of good water and convenient outbuildings. Will sell at a bargain.

NO. 6.

600 ACRES OF LAND,

covered with white pine, spruce and white oak timber, and underlaid with coal, iron ore and fire clay. Water fall 71 feet. Steam saw mill on the premises doing a good business. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 8.

HOUSE AND LOT

On Liberty street in Oakland, 8 rooms. Good property.

In all cases we will furnish purchasers with an abstract of title and prepare deed without cost to them.

Full discription of the property contained in the above list will be given upon application.

NO. 9.

NEW DWELLING HOUSE

On Oak Street, 8 rooms and good cellar. Large livery stable attached; room for 18 horses and 15 vehicles. Good stand for business. Excellent opportunity for any desiring to go into livery business.

NO. 10.

100 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND

Near Oakland. Well timbered. Title indisputable. Price, $8 per acre.

NO. 11.

GOOD DWELLING & LARGE LOT

Near Court House. 16 rooms and out-buildings. Good well of soft water. Terms easy.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,

Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

J. LEE HARNE,

Sign and Ornamental Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hoppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to,

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

VALUABLE

COAL & TIMBER LANDS

FOR SALE.

The undersigned offers for sale the following valuable Real Estate.

"BANK TERRITORY,"

containing 431 acres, and

"MOUNT PISGAH."

containing 470 acres.

Both of these tracts are well timbered and are underlaid with a vein of coal from 8 to 11 feet thick, an eleven foot vein being now opened and in operation on the tract known as "Bank Territory." This land lies on or near the line of the W. Va. C. R. R. I also offer for sale a tract of land containing 611 acres, lying and being situate in Grant county, W. Va., near Job Kemline's. This tract is also well timbered and is supposed to be underlaid with coal. All of the aforesaid lands are well suited to farming and grazing purposes.

For any information concerning these lands terms, prices, &c., apply to Peddicord & Thayer, Attorneys-at-Law, Oakland, Md.

EMIL J. DELVAILLE.

May 25th 1886.—3m*

WIN more money that at anything else by taking an agency for the best selling book out. Beginners succeed grandly. None fail. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. B. FAY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals. Also in adjoining counties of West Va.

☞Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.

Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

EDWARD H. SINCELL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

(one door West of Sturgiss' Drug Store.)

Special attention given to Collections the negotiation of Loans.

Sept. 23, 1885.—1 y.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 4 11-1y

T. J. PEDDICORD. F. A. THAYER

PEDDICORD & THAYER,

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 4 '84 1y

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

AND

SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞Office in the Court House.

July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

v3n47.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

All business attended to with promptness and fidelity. Particular attention given to Surveying and Investigation of land titles.

☞Office on 2d Street. 5 19 tf

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,

RESIDENT DENTIST,

OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

v3 n48

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Offers his services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. Office and residence on Oak street, second house East of Catholic church.

Sept. 9, 1885.—1 y.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

2 5 3m.

VALUABLE

STOCK FARM

FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE.

AT A BARGAIN.

A large two-story frame house, with celler and basement, situated on the Oakland and Mountain Lake road, near the latter place, is offered for sale at a bargain.

There are about two acres of ground, good outbuildings, well of good water, and a number of large shade trees. One of the handsomest locations for a summer residence in this neighborhood.

For information apply to or address

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE!

Steam Engine, Saw Mill and Shingle Machine.

I am authorized to sell a Fifteen Horse Power "Page" Engine, Saw Mill and Shingle Machine, with carriages, &c., complete, the property of Mrs. Eva F. Riggs. The mill has been in use about five years and is in good running order. Will be sold cheap for cash or collateral which may be easily converted into cash. May be examined at Swanton, Md. Must be sold soon.

For price and terms address or apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Oakland, Md.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

Proposed National Anti-Saloon Republican Convention.

Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Albert Griffin, of Kansas, arrived in the city a day or two ago. He will remain until Friday in order to talk with leading Republicans in regard to a movement which originated in Kansas last November and has for its object the guidance of the Republican party's attitude toward the liquor traffic. One of the first moves of the organizers of the plan was to call a National Anti-Saloon Republican Convention to meet in Chicago. The date was originally fixed for some time in May, but arrangements for it could not be completed. Next week the Kansas committee, of which Mr. Griffin is Chairman, will meet and fix the date of the convention.

Mr. Griffin is now on his way home from the East where he visited Washington, New York, and all the New England States. "The object of this movement," he said yesterday, "is not to bind the Republican party to indorse prohibition or any specific measure in regard to the liquor traffic. What we want is to adopt a definite policy which shall have for its object the reduction of dram-selling and its accompanying evils to a minimum. That does not mean that prohibition shall be adopted as the general policy of the party. It will leave the party in each State to decide what laws are best adapted to their particular circumstances, and while it migat adopt prohibition in some, it would adopt a high-license or local-option law in others. We recognize the fact that there are large numbers of men who are enemies of the saloon, but who advocate local-option or high-license laws. It is essential to the welfare of the temperance cause and the Republican party that a common ground be adopted upon which the opponents of the saloon can stand. As the thing now stands one set of fellows can go to the temperance men and tell them they will find the Republican party will give them the best protection, while another can go to the liquor dealers and tell a similar story. For this dodging and double-faced policy we would substitute one of absolute good faith between all elements of the party."

Speaking of the possible effect upon the political strength of the Republican party if this policy should be adopted, Mr. Griffin said that while it would probably be a loss of 30,000 saloonkeepers, it would in the end win back to the party all the Independent Prohibitionists who have left it, as well as the anti-saloon element of other parties. He said he had not found much encouragement from the managers of the Prohibition party, who would find their occupation gone if this plan should be successful, but he had no doubt that if adopted the rank and file of the temperance voters who now vote for Prohibition candidates would go back into the Republican party and leave their leaders without any followers.

"I think something of this kind is absolutely necessary to save the Republican party," he continued. "This policy would commit the party to the enactment and enforcement of good laws against the saloons. We have got to make this stand if we expect to carry six States for the Republican ticket at the next National election. Leading Republicans all over the East have indorsed the plan as feasible and wise. I saw all the New England Senators save three. They all indorsed it. The Vermont Republican State Convention authorized the State Central Committee to appoint delegates to our National Anti-Saloon Convention in Chicago. The other day I saw J. H. Manley, of Augusta, Chairman of the Maine Republican Central Committee. He has called the committee together to appoint twenty-four delegates, and Senator Frye, Congressman Boutelle, and others of that class will be appointed. The New Jersey, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Michigan and Kansas Republicans have also decided upon similar action. We expect to have delegations from every Northern State and a portion of the Southern States at the National Convention. Probably it would be hard to get some of them in, but they'll have to come. The proposed policy is reasonable and just. It places the Republican party squarely on the platform of reducing the evils of the saloon business to the lowest point. A meeting will be held some time soon to send delegates from Illinois, but the date has not been fixed. What we want most is to get delegates whose zeal will not get away with their judgment, and who will do the most good for the Republican party and the cause we want to advance."

An Indigestible Note.

A Prussian army officer, stationed at Berlin, frequently had occasion to borrow money from an accommodating Israelitish friend, whoonly charged three or four per cent. a month. As a general thing, the officer, Baron von Pump, was able to meet his obligations, but on the occasion to which we allude he was not able to do so.

Moses Levy was promptly on hand to collect the money. He called at the Baron von Pump's room and presented the note.

"Moses, I have heretofore always been able to meet my note, but I have no money to pay this one. You will have to wait."

"I don't vait at all. Ven you don't bay dot note I goes and prings dot note a shustus of der peace before, and sues you on der spot."

Baron von Pump quietly locked the door and put the key in his pocket, whereupon Moses' legs began to wobble about, for he was afraid of personal violence at the hands of his creditor. The Baron produced a pistol, and focussed the unhappy Israelite with it.

"Now, Mr. Judas Iscariot, you take that note of mine and eat it."

"Scheneral, I vas schoost jokin' mit you. I can vait so long as you vants."

"I can take a joke as well as anybody, and now it is your turn to take a choke. Chew up that note and swallow it, or you are a dead man," and the officer pressed lightly on the trigger.

In vain did Moses protest that he didn't feel like eating; that he was in no hurry for the money.

"Down with it," undered the officer.

Although Moses was in no danger of perishing for lack of food, he clearly perceived that he might prolong his life by the collation to which he was cordially invited. He chewed up the note, principal and interest, and craning out his neck he managed to get it down.

"Now, you can go and bring suit on that note, if you feel like it. Perhaps the clerk of the court will put you on file when you tell him where the note is," said Baron von Pump.

A few days afterwards the Baron received some money from home, with which he promptly paid Moses what was coming to him.

"Scheneral, de next times ven you vants some monies, schoost come to your old friend, Moses Levy, who will never go back on you."

"All right, Moses. Next time I need money I'll let you know."

Not long afterwards Baron von Pump needed some money, and notified Moses to bring the desired amount to his room. Having counted over the amount, the officer took a sheet of paper and began to write out his note at ninety days for the amount.

"If you please, Scheneral, schoost stop that right away. I vould not have dot, and from under his coat he drew forth a large cake of gingerbread.

"Now, you schoost write dot note out on dot gingerbread, so dot ven I has to eat him again, I vill never suffer so mooch as I did ven I schwallowed dot oder note."

From a Grand Army Man.

ELLICOTT CITY, MD., 6 8, 1884.

Dear Sir:—I have been a sufferer for a long time with dyspepsia, and have tried most everything in the way of medicine, but nothing gave me any relief. I procured one bottle of your "AROMANNA," and had only been taking it about six days when I began to feel it was doing me good. I told a number of my neighbors what it had done for me and they commenced using it, and all agree with me that it is the only medicine that will do all that it is recommended to do. One thing about "AROMANNA," while it is acting and cleansing the system it does not weaken, but builds up, adds new strength and imparts new vigor. I do not think I can say too much in favor of it. You are free to use my name in any way you see best, to proclaim the merits of "AROMANNA." It will pay any sufferer to try it.

J. C. MOONEY, Adjutant

A. D. Reynolds, Post No. 23, G. A. R.

Price 25 and 75 cts. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland, Md.

She had a pretty foot, and her visitors were admiring it. They were ladies of course. A man dares not mention such a thing. "What a beautiful foot you have, dear." "Yes. Pa says when we go to Europe he'll have a bust of it made."

A Lump of Coal.

Hartford Times.

Few persons have any idea of the wonderful products from a lump of coal—a lump of coal that is placed in the retort of a gas manufactory. Ordinarily burned, the combustion of a lump of coal results in carbonic acid smoke (which is merely soot, or rather the visible portion of smoke is soot), and the ash, in which are found silica, alumina, oxide of iron, phosphoric acid, sulphuric acid, potash, sodium, combined sulphur, sometimes traces of chlorine, titanic acid and other substances. In the gas retort a variety of products are obtained. The gas as it is carried through the hydraulic main to the purifying rooms takes with it tar and ammonia, the latter evolved from the nitrogen. The ammonia has to be washed out with watar, in an arrangement by which the ammonia is gathered and saved. Tons and tons of sulphate of ammonia are thus made, and becomes an article of commerce. The sulphur is removed by caustic lime or oxide of iron. The carbonic acid is also removed by lime, but the carbonic acid cannot be removed, and with several others remain in the gas after all efforts to remove it. The others give the gas its smell.

By distillation naphtha and asphaltum are obtained. Asphaltum is a dead oil, very useful to preserve wood. From this, too, carcolic acid is obtained, very important in surgical operations as being the most valuable antiseptic known. From naphtha, benzole, cumol, teluol and cymol are obtained. Naphtha, as is well known, is used as a burning fluid. Benzole is a solvent for grease and oils, very useful in cleaning kid gloves and things of that kind.

Benzole treated with nitric acid produces nitro-benzole. This, singularly enough, is used as a flavoring extract by confectioners and for perfuming soap. When used for this purpose it is known in commerce as the essence of myrrhbane, which it is not, although it smells and tastes like essence of myrrhbane or oil of bitter almonds. Nitro benzole is terribly poisonous, but not more so than some other adulterants by confectioners.

From nitro-benzole aniline is obtained. This, when first obtained, is a perfectly colorless liquid, but darkens as it grows older. From aniline are obtained the coal-tar colors, which are so very brilliant. The colors are of all hues. The one known as "turkey red" is exactly similar to the red that used to be made from the madder root. Since the discovery of this aniline it has almost completely broken up the raising of madder in Holland. There thousands of acres were devoted to the raising of madder root to get the turkey-red dye. It can be made much cheaper from the product of a gas factory.

Saved His Life.

Mr. D. I. Wilcoxson, of Horse Cave, Ky., says he was for many years badly afflicted with Phthisic, also Diabetes; the pains were almost unendurable and would sometimes almost throw him into convulsions. He tried Electric Bitters and got relief from first bottle and after taking six bottles, was entirely cured and had gained in flesh eighteen pounds. Says he positively believes he would have died, had it not been for the relief afforded by Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by Wm. Nydegger.

A Chicago man who had accumulated a fortune of sixty thousand dollars by selling liquor, and who had frequently boasted that he never drank a drop himself, on watching the funeral of one of his victims pass his door, said, in a heartless way: "That's the first time he ever passed by my place without coming in to take a drink."—*Chicago Journal.*

A firm wrote to a Western piano-dealer who owed them money: "Dear Sir—Will yon be kind enough to send us the amount of your bill? Yours truly." To this the firm received the following reply: "Gentlemen—Your request is granted with pleasure. The amount of my bill is $575. Yours very truly."

In heaven there will be no more tears. It is tearless, because it is sorrowless; it is sorrowless, because it is sinless; it is sinless, because it is the dwelling place of the holy Lord God and of the "spirits of just men made perfect."

Human beings must be known to be loved; divine things must be known to be loved.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE CHILDREN'S KINGDOM.

I hear of a wonderful Paradise,
A garden of bloom under luminous skies—
Where summer lasts all the year.
I know not where such a fair land may be;
But a Paradise kingdom lies close to me
In the hearts of the children dear.
It is blessed and blithe and shining,
And never knows aught of sin:
But, except ye become as the little children,
Ye can not enter in.

I hear of a country where angels dwell,
Where rapturous melodies cast their spell,
And gladness and peace endure
I know not where such a fair land may be;
But a kingdom of angels lies close to me
In the hearts of the children pure.
It is blessed and blithe and shining,
And never knows aught of sin;
But, except ye become as the little children,
Ye can not enter in.

I hear of a Heaven of glory, where
No sorrow can enter, or pain or care,
And life and its love are complete.
I know not where such a fair land may be;
But a Kingdom of Heaven lies close to me
In the hearts of the children sweet.
It is blessed and blithe and shining,
And never knows aught of sin;
But, except ye become as the little children,
Ye can not enter in.

—*L. W. Allen, in N. Y. Independent.*

POOR LITTLE KITTY.

Her Reward for Making a Man of Jack Hope.

Some years ago the "Frozen Bar" was a very favorite house of entertainment at Kimberley. At first a mere bar, rooms had been added to it, and it had prospered and grown into a hotel. So far as it was possible for an iron house on the Diamond Fields to be kept cool it was worthy of its name. There was plenty of ice there when ice was to be obtained, and even when the ice machines had broken down, as they constantly were doing, the bottles were kept cool by cunning devices known to its proprietress. However dusty and hot it was outside, pretty little Kitty was behind the bar looking after her business, fresh, bright, clean, and cool, and the sight of a clean and cool human being in a Kimberley dust storm was always refreshing.

She was nearer thirty than twenty, and her life had been rather a hard one, though it had left very few traces on her bright little face and her troubles had not made her laugh less cheery or her smile less kind, though perhaps they had caused that dash of cynicism which sometimes showed itself in her talk. She had begun life as a ballet girl in a London theater, had traveled half over the world with a theatrical company, and at Cape Town had married a Diamond Field man, who had taken her up to Kimberley and soon after he had heartlessly deserted her, leaving her, however, some money. She started the "Frozen Bar" and prospered there and if she had only been good at saving would have become quite a rich woman.

"Has Jack been in here to-night, Kitty?" said a man who, with some others, had come in one evening before going home; "he has come back from the river and is in the camp again." A troubled look came across Kitty's face as she answered, "Which Jack? there are so many of them about." "Jack Hope." "Ah! I saw your friend Mr. Jack Hope just now at the 'Corner Bar' as I passed," said another man; "he was with a nice crowd—Jim Pallatter, Ike Sloeman and all that lot. He has become a regular loafer. I shouldn't be surprised to hear that he was run in any day, for he is always with the bad lot."

"What do you mean by talking about my friend?" said Kitty. "I have no friends, only customers; but he used to be a friend of yours. Why don't you fellows do something to keep him straight?"

"No good," "Gone too far," Ought to clear out," were their answers to Kitty's question; but one or two men looked rather guilty, for Jack Hope once had been a popular man on the Fields and had a good many friends.

"Clear out, indeed! where to? That is so like you men; that is how you stick to a friend."

"Listen to Kitty; why, she seems to be quite sweet on Jack Hope. Look out, Kitty, he would drink up the profits pretty quick," said a little Jew who had been listening to the conversation, though no one had been speaking to him.

An angry flush came across Kitty's face. For once she could not think of a neat retort, and she answered, showing that she was hurt: "Look here, Mr. Moses or Abrams or whatever your name is, I never spoke to you; he wouldn't take your help, and no one expects you to help a man."

"Don't know about not wanting my help; he is glad enough to be helped by some very queer people," said the little Jew as he walked out of the place, grumbling out something about never coming in again.

"Hope may be a fool, and he may have gone to the bad, but I hate to hear a little cad like that sneering at him," said Kitty; and then feeling that she had perhaps made rather a fool of herself she changed the conversation, and in a minute was laughing at some rather pointless story, chaffing another man about some joke there was against him, and seeming to be in the wildest spirits.

"What good fun that woman is; such a lot of 'go' in her," said one of the men who had left the place to another as they walked home together. "I don't like to hear her," said the other, a man whose ideals were somewhat higher, though his habits of life were even more irregular than those of most men on the Diamond Fields. "She is such a good little woman—a deal too good to talk as she does."

These men would have been surprised if they had seen the woman they were talking about whom they had left in such high spirits. The place was empty, she leaning with her elbows on the bar and her shapely hands covering her face, sobbing as if her heart would break. Yes, she thought she was a fool to have cared for him or any other man. He seemed to be going the road which has taken so many a Kimberley man to the prison, yet she couldn't leave him to travel it. Ah! what a fool she was, she thought. She had forgotten to call her boy to shut the place up, though it was late, and she hears a step at the door. At once she wipes her eyes and looks herself again. The late customer is a man about five-and-twenty. Once he must have been very good-looking, and even now his face has some of its old grace about it. Now, however, it tells a very ugly story plainly enough. It is haggard and worn with drink and dissipation and he has a reckless, defiant expression, as if he refused to show a shame he felt. Even for the Diamond Fields his dress is rather careless. Staggering up to the bar he asks Kitty how she is and calls for a drink. There is rather a sharper tone than usual in her voice as she tells him that it is too late and that she is going to close. "You had better go back to the 'Corner Bar,' that is more in your line than this place, isn't it?" she adds.

"All right," he says, "I will clear out. I suppose I am not good enough for this shanty. So good night."

"Stop," she said, changing her mind as he turned to go away; "you needn't be in such a hurry; I want to ask you something. What are you doing—where are you staying now?"

"Staying? O, anywhere. I slept on the Veldt last night; I am going to sleep at old Sloeman's place to-night. He is a good sort, is old Sloeman—don't turn his back on a man because he is down on his luck. I am going to work with him."

Mr. Sloeman was the owner of some claims in one of the mines which nobody else had ever made pay, but in which, without doing much work, he managed to find a great many diamonds. He also was the proprietor of a canteen of more than shady reputation, and had an interest in one or two Kafir stores. Some people were unkind enough to suggest that his diamonds were bought at the canteen and stores from Kafirs who had stolen them from their masters. He had been from time to time very charitable in finding work for young men who were out of employment. A good many of these young men had afterward attracted the attention of the detective police and found their way to the prison.

"Stop, Jack, you are not going up there to-night. One of my rooms is empty, you can have that. I wouldn't go up there to-night," said Kitty.

Jack said he would go—he was expected there.

"Stop, Jack, you're not so bad that you can't talk sense. You know what old Sloeman means, and what his game is. You have always been straight whatever they can say of you. Don't have any thing to do with that old thief!"

"Yes, and a lot of good being straight has done me. Old Sloeman is a good deal better than the lot who turn their backs on me, and thief or not, I am going to work with him!"

"Well, Jack, have a drink before you go. I am sorry for what I said just now. We will have a drink together," said Kitty as she took down a bottle of whisky and some soda water. Jack did not refuse—he seldom did refuse such an offer.

"Heaven forgive me!" said Kitty to herself as she more than half filled a tumbler of whisky. "That will just about finish him, but he shan't go up there to-night."

"That is rather a stiffish drink," he said as he finished it. Then he had another and forgot all about going up to Sloeman's, and Kitty called her Kafir boy to shut up the place and put Jack to bed in the spare room.

"The *baas* in the spare room he plenty bad this morning, misses," said Kitty's Kafir servant to her next morning as she was having her breakfast.

"Take him this, he will get all right," said Kitty, giving him some brandy in a glass and a bottle of soda water. "That won't hurt him, though he will have to knock it off and pull himself together, for this child is going to look after him," she added to herself.

Very soon the Kafir came back. "The *baas* he drank the brandy and throw de soda at me. I think him going mad," he said, rubbing his head.

Kitty was not much alarmed; she had seen a good deal of that sort of thing. He wanted some one to keep him straight, she thought, and woman-like, she began to believe that one of her sex could do it. After some time Jack came out of his room. He had a blank stare on his face and said nothing, but walked into the street without his hat on. He was evidently queer, very queer, Kitty thought, as she led him back to his room and then sent her boy for the doctor.

"He is in for a bad go of fever; rather a nasty case—typhoid symptoms; knocked his constitution to bits with drink," said the doctor. "He will want a lot of looking after. He had better go to the hospital—the free ward—the paying wards are full; not that they would be much in his line if they were not," he added.

"I think he had better stay here, doctor," answered Kitty. "I will see after nursing him; you know, doctor, nursing is rather my forte."

"No one can see after him better than you, my dear," said the doctor, who knew Kitty well. "I fancy, however, he won't be a very profitable boarder for you, but that's your lookout."

"O, that is all right," said Kitty. "Come and see him again soon, doctor; remember I sent for you."

The doctor said he would come round again soon and drove off—thinking what a good little woman Kitty was and wondering whether there was any thing more than pity in her feeling for that ne'er-do-well Jack Hope.

"I trust she don't care for him, for I am afraid there would be only trouble in it for her however it turned out," he thought to himself.

The doctor was right; it turned out a very nasty case of fever, and for weeks it looked very black. For the time the "Frozen Bar" lost its popularity. Kitty was hardly ever there, and when she was, there was very little fun in her. She was always afraid that her customers would make too much noise. The old merry, almost reckless, look had left her and there was a more tender and soft expression in her face. She spent most of her time in a room behind the house—the coolest and best bedroom she had. Perhaps the hours that poor little Kitty spent nursing him as he got better were some of the happiest in her life. Then he was never happy when she was away from him, and he used to watch her as a sick dog watches its master. He seemed so different, so much more like what he had been once, and so unlike what he had become on the Diamond Fields. As he grew stronger she began to think that he knew her secret, and there was something in his face seemed to tell her that he felt something more than gratitude for her. Then she hardly ever came near him. He did not want any more nursing, she thought. One day he had got up, and she had been talking to him in her old cheery manner, telling him that he could pull himself together, and do as well as any one else, when what she had been half expecting came. Hers was the only influence, he said, which could keep him straight. He knew she cared for him. If she would marry him he would be able to keep away from drink.

She told him the truth; she did care for him. She would marry him if he wanted it and would care to marry her. But he must show her first that he could reform. She knew that she was no "great shakes," she said, but she wasn't going to marry a man she could not trust to keep away from drink. He promised that he would reform, and it was agreed that they were to be married and leave the Diamond Fields and go to some other colony. He was no great prize, this shattered invalid, who was far more likely than not to return to his old ways. But Kitty, for all that, had a hard struggle with herself not to take him as he was, instead of waiting and perhaps losing him altogether. "No, she would not marry him there; it wouldn't be fair to him," she said, "she would wait till he was the man he was before he ever took to drink, and then if he cared to marry her she would be the proudest woman in the world."

Then she talked over a plan she had for him. She had bought some claims in the mine; he must work them for her. She was sure the ground would turn out well, and they would make lots of money. That is how Jack Hope, who had utterly gone to the bad in the opinion of most men who who knew him, got a start again. Of course their claims ought to have turned out well, and they ought to have found a big diamond, which would have made their fortune all at once. But Kitty's belief in the claims proved to be rather unfounded; some weeks they paid expenses, some they did not. Jack Hope ought at once to have become a reformed character, but he did not. More than once work was at a standstill in their claims for days, and he had to come to Kitty, shame-faced and haggard, with a sad story of transgression to tell. But she persuaded him to try again, and did her best to keep him straight, and at last he became stronger and better. Men began to think that he had some chance; he had been steady for a long time. Kitty was going to succeed in making something of him. He began to take some pride in himself, and at the end of twelve months he was a better man than he had been for years.

At that time there was an outbreak of Kafirs and Griquas on the border of the province, and troops were raised on the Diamond Fields. There was plenty of military enthusiasm. Times were bad, and the Diamond Fields answered to the call for men to serve their country at 5s. a day. Store-keepers who could supply uniforms and transport riders who had wagons and oxen came forward to help their country in its hour of need at a considerable profit to themselves. For Hope the chance was just what he longed for. Kitty did not try to prevent him from going out, for she thought it was the best thing he could do. She knew all his history now. How he had got into some trouble at Sandhurst, and had been sent abroad by his stern old uncle, who had determined not to leave the family acres to one who, he thought, was certain only to bring disgrace upon his family. She thought it only natural that he should wish to volunteer and take the chance of showing that there was something in him. When the Diamond Field horse left the camp she went out to see them off, and felt proud of her lover, as she saw him ride off in his troop. "He won't come back a trooper," she said to herself, "if there is much fighting to be done."

She was right about his not coming back a trooper. When there was any work to be done he was in the thick of it, and he had some opportunities of showing that soldiering was a trade he was fit for. Promotion, such as it is, comes quickly in a colonial corps, and when he came back he had a commission. He came back a new man, proud of and confident in himself. For years his life had been all down the hill, and until Kitty had stretched out her kind little hand to help him every one had been content to speculate as to how long it would take him to get to the bottom. Perhaps he would have hardly cared to think how much she had done for him. She was so fond of him and proud of him; it was only natural, he thought, but still it was gratifying. He was very pleased to see her again, and her bright little face and cheery manner were very charming to him. He, of course, was conscious that he was going to marry beneath him; still he got on with her better than he did with the few ladies he had ever met; for though he was a gentleman of excellent family he was not a very refined person. They were to have been married in a few weeks when the Zulu war broke out, and Jack was offered a commission in an irregular cavalry regiment, and he accepted it and went off again to the war, leaving Kitty to wait for his return and look after the "Frozen Bar." She prospered fairly well, though she began to encourage a class of custom which was not very remunerative. The warriors who had served with Jack and had plenty of stories to tell about him and themselves took to frequenting the bar, and Kitty would listen to these stories, somewhat to the neglect of gentlemen of the diamond market who, if their lives were less romantic, paid with greater regularity for what they had to drink.

There was a good deal to do in Zululand for the irregular horse and when there was any thing to be done Jack Hope was in his right place. He was present at Zlobani Hill on that fatal day on which so many of the light horse were killed. There were a good many brave deeds done that day, comrade risking life to save comrade in that wild rush from the Kafirs who had again outmaneuvered their white foes. Hope was cool and collected on that day, as he usually was in danger. As he rode down the hill for his life he heard a shout behind him. A young guardsman, who had come out on special service, had come to grief; his horse had been killed and the Kafirs were almost upon him. How Jack got through the Kafirs and managed to get away with the man he saved he hardly knows, but he did and he brought him back to safety on his horse. A good deal was made of this and perhaps all the more because the man he saved was the son of a great man. So Jack was much written about by special correspondents and talked about by society at home, and in time the news came out to South Africa that he was to be rewarded with the V. C.

One day Kitty heard this news at Kimberley, and was lent a packet of English papers which were full of accounts of Jack's deeds. She had taken the papers and one of Jack's letters which she had received some time before and had walked up to the Gardens, (as a waste of land was called on which a few trees had been planted and a feebie attempt at gardening had been made;) she wanted to be by herself to think it all over. She read about Jack in the papers that he was the nephew of the General Hope who was so distinguished in the Crimea, that he had been educated at Harrow and had afterward gone to South Africa. Every one at home seemed to be proud of him, she thought, as she read a gushing leader about him in one of the English papers. Of course she thought it a very beautiful piece of writing and wondered what all the classical quotations meant, and who the long named persons to whom Jack was compared were. And this was the man who loved her—this hero, this brave soldier. How she wished she was different from what she was. A lady who would be fit for him, not a poor half taught woman, who had lived a hard life among rough, course people, and got the little education she had from the bits of plays she had learned and the novels she had read, and the queer side of society which she had seen. Well, if she was the finest lady in the world, she thought, she would not be worthy of him. Cynical little Kitty, who was so well able to sum any one up at their right value, and whose estimates were seldom too favorable, had at last set up an idol which she bowed down before and worshiped none the less reverently because her experience ought to have taught her that it was made of rather poor clay. She had been sitting some time thinking over her past and wondering what her future would be, torturing herself by doubting whether he really did care for her or could care for her, and reading over his letter again and again when she heard Jack Hope's name spoken by some one. She was sitting on a bench by a cactus hedge; there were two men on the other side who were talking about him as a good many people in Kimberley were: "I know all about him," one man said, "he comes from the same part of the country that I do. He would have had his uncle's (General Hope's) property, only he got into some row at Sandhurst, and his uncle said he had disgraced himself and turned him adrift. My people tell me that the General intends to have him back again and forgive him, he is so pleased at his getting the V. C. So he'd be all right, only he has been fool enough to have got engaged to some woman out here. What's her name? That woman who keeps the 'Frozen Bar.'"

"By Jove! what a pity. She is not a bad little woman in her way, but one wouldn't care to introduce her to one's people as one's wife," said the other.

"Yes; I spoke to him about it when he was here last, but he didn't take what I said ever well. I fancy he knew he was making a fool of himself and was sick of it, though it didn't matter then, as there wasn't much chance of his uncle ever making it up with him."

Kitty did not hear any more, as the two men walked on, little knowing who had overheard them and what a cruel wound their words had given. "Yes, he could not get out of it—he was making a fool of himself. That is what people would say, and it would be true."

He had always talked of his English life as something that was past and gone which could never return to him; but now she understood that was all different. She could remember something in his manner when she last saw him which she did not quite understand then; now she knew what it meant—he knew he was making a fool of himself. Now, when he had distinguished himself he would feel this all the more. She alone was keeping him from the life he was born for. Now, when he knew what he was giving up, what would he do? Would he come back to her out of pity or duty or a sense of honor, or would he desert her? No, he never should do that; she would never give him the chance. If he married her how often he would repent it; how often he would think of what he had given up for her. "Yes," she thought to herself as she walked back to her house with all the gayety and happiness taken out her life, "she saw her way, though where it would lead her she did not know."

Some weeks after Ulundi had been fought and the war was over, Jack Hope was sitting in an arm-chair at the Crown Hotel at Maritzburg reading a letter from England. It was from his uncle, General Hope, and was to the point, as the old gentleman's letters usually were. He had heard of Jack's gallant conduct and was very pleased. He was content to let bygones be by-gones and receive him again. He was to come back and live at the Hall, and he would have the place eventually. The General went on to say that he had met some one who knew of Jack at Kimberley, and had heard an absurd story of his intending to make a disgraceful marriage with a barmaid. If he intended to do that he need not answer the letter, otherwise he had better come home as soon as the war was over. Jack read the letter over and over again with a troubled expression on his face. He did not like to give Kitty up. He was bound not to. He remembered, and it was not a very pleasant memory, all she had done for him and what he probably would have been if she had not again and again helped him up after he had slipped down. Then, what a jolly little woman she was and how devoted she was to him. He had lots of money in his pocket; every one thought him a very fine fellow; he would do what he liked. He would not give Kitty up and he would tell the General so. He would sit down and write at once.

As he sat down to write he began to see the other side of the question. How much he was giving up—a fine old place, as good a position as a man could want, and instead of that he was to end his days in South Africa or in some other colony. His V. C. would not be much good to him unless he stuck to colonial soldiering, which was a poor life. No, he would put off writing the letter. Then he remembered that he had not heard from Kitty for some time. She used to send him every week a funny, ill-spelled letter, in which the news of the camp was told very humorously. He would walk to the post-office. On his way he met several men he knew who were just going home. How he would like to go, too; it was useless trying not to regret. There was a letter from Kitty. It was dated from Cape Town. At first he hardly understood it as he read it:

DEAR JACK:

It is all a mistake there being any thing between you and me. We don't suit. Your people would have nothing to do with me, and you had better go home to them, now that every one must be proud of you. You would break down as a returned prodigal if you had to answer for me as well as yourself. Don't answer this letter, for I am sick of the country, and before you get this shall have cleared. KITTY.

Jack read the letter again and again; it would be difficult to describe what his feelings were. He felt half mortified to think that she could have persuaded herself to give him up. Then he saw that she was acting for his good, and for a minute or two he had determined to find out where she was and to follow her. But it would be no good. After all, the strongest feeling he experienced was one of relief. He had got out of it. He had time to answer his uncle's letter, and he ought to answer it by the next mail, and he would. He needn't say any thing about Kitty. Of course he never would forget her, and perhaps—well, anyhow, he would go home.

Jack Hope did not write to his uncle by that mail; he went home by it instead. He received a warm welcome from his uncle, for he had atoned for his sins and was a nephew of whom any one might be proud. He sometimes thought about Kitty, but it was no use trying to find her, and about a year after he had come home he was engaged to marry a lady of very excellent country family and considerable property, who was fascinated by his good looks and his romantic history. Yet he might have found Kitty. She never went very far, for she somehow knew that his search after her would not be very determined. She staid in the colony until she saw Jack's name in the list of passengers home, and then returned to the "Frozen Bar." She is there still. She has made a fortune and lost it again speculating in shares. She is a little more bitter and hard than she was. "Seems soured by dropping so much over shares!" is the opinion of several Diamond Fielders. However, she does a good many kind actions, and will do a good turn to many a man who is down on his luck, though she is not likely to have a more tender feeling than pity for any one.—*London Society.*

VICTORIA'S BED-ROOM.

Luxurious Lies the Head That Wears the British Crown.

The attempt to produce a regal effect in Her Majesty Queen Victoria's bedroom has been very successful. The walls are covered with a rich antique cretonne of special design and subdued colorings upon a cream ground, divided into panels by white and gold moldings. These are surmounted by a quaint frieze in Tyne Castle tapestry of appropriate design, copied from an old Scotch plaster, with an emblazoned design, embodying the rose, thistle and fleur-de-lis, treated in cream and gold lacquers. The whole of the wood-work and windows are in soft colorings of cream and gold, and a specially designed Carton Pierre chimney-piece, with chaste enrichments, and fitted with dog grates of antique wrought iron, completes the decorative effect. The carpet is a deep Wilton pile in two shades of crimson, silk hangings, and in preparing the valances the character of the room has strictly been kept in view, for while of simple form and outline, they are richly trimmed and ornamented with a royal emblem, "the Tudor rose." The window drapery and portiers are lined with cream-colored silk, which harmonizes admirably with the white and gold decorations in soft and pleasing tone throughout. A unique feature is presented by a canopy of cream silk suspended over the dressing-table. The furniture is in dark Chippendale mahogany, and though quaint in form, presented most magnificent effect, the workmanship, both in the inlaying and carving, being of the highest order of merit. The remainder of the furniture in this room is composed of settee and various easy chairs of comfortable form, upholstered in crimson silk en suite with drapery, while perhaps the chet d'œuvre is a charming screen covered in very fine needle-work of the seventeenth century. The dressing-room is furnished en suite.

The effect produced in Princess Beatrice's bed-room presents a perfect contrast to Her Majesty's room, the prevailing colors being light blue, with cream and gold and coral shades cleverly introduced, and while subservient to the blue, form a pleasing contrast. The walls are hung with delicately-shaded pale-blue Tale paper, with shimmering silk-like surface, specially made for these rooms. The woodwork is in tone of cream and gold, and the Carton Pierre fire-place and overmantel of special design is treated in a similar manner. The drapery to windows, bed and portiere curtains is of gold-shaded material, with delicate Louis Seize design, relieved with coral plush, and richly trimmed. The furniture is of English ash, relieved with delicate carvings in low relief, and forms a pleasant contrast to the decorations. The room adjoining the bed-room has been treated as a semi-boudoir and dressing-room, and an original pleasing feature here is the Princess' toilet table, which is formed by a Venetian mirror of elegant design, draped with coral plush and Madras lace in festoons. Two white enamel arm-chairs in pale gold silk are extremely clever in design and coloring, and the settee in electric-blue plush, hand-painted screen and delicate Bartolozzi etchings on the wall produce an effect which, for elegance, delicate and refined treatment, would be difficult to surpass.—*Chicago Tribune.*

LOVE OF NOTORIETY.

Male and Female Cranks Whose Ways Are Past Finding Out.

The tendency of a certain sort of people to be fascinated by notoriety, and especially by criminal notoriety, is a curious study. A recent dispatch says that Mrs. Bartlett, the woman lately tried in England on a charge of poisoning her husband, has, since her acquittal, received several advantageous offers of marriage. Parallel cases may be found in plenty. Some twenty years ago a Scotch girl named Madeleine Smith was tried at Glasgow for poisoning her lover. The evidence was strong against her, but it was shown that the lover was a disreputable adventurer who had driven the girl to desperation by threatening her with the exposure of certain letters she had written to him, and the jury returned the Scotch verdict "Not Proven." No sooner was the prisoner free than offers of marriage poured in upon her, and this notwithstanding the general belief that she had killed the man. There appears to be a sort of "crank" theory of ethics, incomprehensible by the world at large, which governs such cases, for on ordinary lines of reasoning it is impossible to understand the desire of any man to link his life with a woman even suspected of a proclivity toward the use of toxic agents at critical domestic junctures.

Nevertheless it is certain that female poisoners from Lucrezia Borgia to the Marchioness of Brinvilliers, and thence to the present day, have exercised this strange fascination upon a class of weak minds, and not only poisoners or suspected poisoners, but criminals of all kinds have had the same peculiar homage paid to them. Laura Fair, who shot down Crittenden, the California lawyer, could have married any one of a dozen prosperous idiots after her acquittal. Mrs. Dudley, who tried to kill O'Donovan Rossa, was offered several hands and hearts on the strength of her homicidal enterprise. The young woman who played the part of a female burglar in Brooklyn last year captured the affections of a stalwart farmer by her felonious capacity. Perhaps the dominant influence in those cases is that which attracted Fitz-James:

"And were a path not dangerous known,
The danger's self were lure alone."

It is well known that when Bluebeard flourished the most fearful rumors were in circulation about the fate of his wives, but feminine curiosity, or enterprise, or whatever the influence, mastered apprehension and the wicked man had no difficulty in replenishing his secret chamber from the best families of the neighborhood.

The women are indeed not a whit behind the men in yielding to the fascination of notoriety, as witness the strange exhibitions of sentimentality which take place from time to time in the straitened habitations of the place called Murderer's Row. What is it about a red-handed assasssin that exercises so queer an attraction upon tender women, that impels them to shower attentions upon him, to fill his cell with flowers, to lavish upon him marks of their kindness, to single him out from all the world for consolation and approval? Why, too, are such manifestations so often specially reserved for the male criminals whose victims have been women? We speak of mysteries the elucidation of which seems hopeless. The ways of "cranks," be they male or female, are past finding out.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

ESEK'S WISDOM.

Nine Precious Lessons Taught by Struggles With the World.

The great beauty of charity is privacy; there is a sweet force even in an anonymous penny.

Men of great genius should not forget that their failings, or vices, are more apt to be noticed, and even admired, than their virtues.

My friend, if you must keep a pet, let it be one of the serene kind (a rattlesnake or snapping turtle, for instance); this will exercise your caution and strengthen your genius.

My dear boy, if you must part your hair in the middle, get it even, if you have to split a hair to do it.

Independence is a name for what no man possesses; nothing, in the animate or inanimate world, is more dependent than man.

It isn't so much what a man has that makes him happy, as it is what he doesn't want.

There are many comfortable people in the world, but to call any man perfectly happy is an insult.

There is nothing so valuable, and yet so cheap, as civility; you can almost buy land with it.

The great mass of mankind can only gaze and wonder; if they undertake to think they grow listless, and soon tire out.—*Century.*

An Extenuating Circumstance.

"Now, Uncle Mose," said Judge Smith, "it seems that you stole the only pullet that the widow Daniels possessed and there seems to be no extenuating circumstance. I have known you a long time, and I never would have expected this of you. Do you think it worth while to risk a good character for one insignificant pullet?"

"Mos' certainly not, your Honah. I agrees wid you, but how was I ter know dat sich a 'spectable-appearin' woman as de widow Daniels had only one pullet? Don' think I should lose my character fur dat. I done tuck all she had, an' as I couldn't do more dan dat, yourself should count dat a 'stenuatin' circumstance.—*Texas Siftings.*

—The guests at the hotels in Sacramento, Cal., were literally besieged by millions of beetles recently. The insects thronged the gardens and houses in such numbers that the boarders were compelled to make a stampede for the roads to escape them. No other houses were visited by the interlopers.

—School property in the South is valued at $6,000,000 against $88,000,000 in the North.—*N. Y. Sun.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Of 3,144 churches and chapels in forty-two Episcopal dioceses in this country, 2,182 have free seats.—*Chicago Mail.*

—Right Rev. Daniel Sylvester Tuttle, Missionary Bishop of Idaho and Utah, has been elected Bishop of the Diocese of Missouri.

—According to the Baptist Year Book there are one thousand five hundred students preparing for the ministry in the various schools of the denomination.

—The Corean Government has issued an educational law which requires all children between eight and thirteen years of age to attend school.

—A Roman Catholic Church is to be built at Jerusalem, in which masses will be said daily for the dead and dying throughout Christendom. It is to be called the "Chapel of the Dead."

—Permission has been granted by the Government to establish a Young Men's Christian Association in Bohemia, with the parent society at Prague, and branches wherever there are ten members.

—Probably the youngest State Superintendent of Public Instruction is Oscar H. Cooper, of Texas. He is twenty-three years old, and a graduate of Yale. He will have partial control of an immense school fund.

—The Rescue and Evangelization Mission, a branch of the Salvation Army which has split off from the parent stem, has prohibited the use of military titles by its members, and the wearing of uniforms.—*Albany Journal.*

—The treasurer of the Northwestern University, at the annual meeting at Evanston, Ill., recently, reported the ownership of real estate valued at $1,726,802, and liabilities of only $135,409. The students number 943.—*Chicago Times.*

—Two Dartmouth Sophomores were recently expelled for sending in false excuses to the faculty. The day has passed when the artful Sophomore can attend the funeral of his grandmother four times every term.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—The statistical report of the Presbytery of Chicago for the year 1886, shows an additition to the churches during the past year of 1,088 on examination and 1,068 by certificate—an increase over the preceding year of 488. The contributions for various objects amounted to $347,714, a large advance on the preceding year. The total number of members in the churches, 12,489; Sabbath-school membership, 15,970.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—It is refreshing after reading a long article by some college professor to hear the following laconic address delivered to the graduating class of the University of the Pacific by President Stratton. Approaching them with that characteristic blending of fatherly dignity and bretherly warmth which has made his presidency such a signal success, he said, only: "Young ladies and gentlemen of the graduating class, be true—true to your instructors, true to your alma mater, true to yourselves, true to your God, and, as your past has been honorable your future shall be assured." Every auditor applauded with delight; every graduate will remember it for life.—*San Francisco Call.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—It is suggested that the appearance of cholera in Venice is due to the defective drainage of her streets.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—When you hear anybody declaring that a certain newspaper article is scandalous, you can make up your mind that he has read every word of that article.—*Troy Times.*

—Beecher says: "I hold that a man should be a round and perfect man." Herein Henry Ward differs from the generality of people. Most folks like a man who is square.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—"I see they are trying to put a stop to all betting in New York." "I'm glad of it. Betting is a pernicious practice; I hope they will stop it." "But they can't do it." "Can't do it! I'll bet you fifty dollars they can."—*Chicago News.*

—Contributor—"Here is a manuscript I wish to submit——" Editor (waving his hand)—"I am sorry. We are all full just now." Contributor—"Very well; I will call again when some of you are sober."—*Boston Courier.*

—A Kentucky woman has nearly reformed her husband by persuading him to use bottles of whisky as weights for the clock. The oftener he drinks the slower the clock goes, and the longer he has to wait for his meals."—*Chicago Ledger.*

—A dog in Harrisburg was run over and killed by the steam calliope in a circus parade. The music evolved by the diabolical instrument would have killed the dog anyhow, but its death would have been more lingering.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A millionaire, who was looking at a level tract of land which he had just bought at an extravagant price, said to the agent who had sold it to him: "I do admire a rich green flat." "So do I," significantly replied the agent.

—Only a question of time: "Doctor, how is Banker Jones? I heard that he was very sick." "He has joined the innumerable caravan," said the physician, solemnly. "What! You don't mean to say that Jones has skipped to Canada? Well! well!"—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A lady brought home that unique blossom, a lady's slipper, from a woodland ramble, not long ago. Young Tommie failed to show as much admiration for it as the rest of the family, and even affected some scorn. He said he didn't see any sense in giving that name to the flower, because a real lady's slipper "doesn't look a bit like that, and, beside, has one side flat and hard."—*Springfield Homestead.*

—Gray—"And you claim that Black is a total abstainer." Green—"Certainly he is." Gray—"Come, now, doesn't he keep a drop in the house on the sly?" Green—"No, sir, not a drop. He couldn't do it without my knowledge." Gray—"Why not?" Green—"Because my hired man is courting his hired girl, and neither of our families can keep the smallest secret from the other."—*Albany Journal.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE "PANTHER."

Story of the Children's Adventure on a Runaway Engine.

"P-a-n-t-h-e-r; what does that spell, Artie?"

"Panther; a wild beast," replied the lad, whose little sister had spelt the name letter by letter. And where do you think the letters were printed? No, not in a book, nor on a paper at all! they were on an engine!

On a fine new engine, which had not long come out of "the shops," as the manufactory is termed. These "shops" are not places where you can go and buy toys or sweetmeats—oh, dear, no! The engine-shops are great sheds where railway engines are built. Some have six wheels, some eight; some have tenders for coal and water; some have no tenders, but carry their own coal. The great engines have tenders; the "tank" engines, none.

The engine which Artie and his sister Jane were looking at had six wheels. On each side was one big wheel, rising high over their heads, and two smaller wheels, one in front, and the other behind the big wheel. There was a tender, too, with coal on the top, and water in the tank underneath; for engines want to eat and drink, just as little folks do, only the engines eat coal (which we hope none of our readers ever do), and drink water, which we all do.

This engine, whose name was "Panther," was standing by itself, smoking very quietly.

"I say, Jenny, wouldn't it be fun to get up on the "Panther," and make it carry us to the station and back?"

"Yes, but what would father and Mr. Oldham say?" replied Jane, timidly.

"Do you think I can't drive an engine? Why, I've often been with father and Jack Gibbs."

"That's different, Artie. But this is a half holiday, and there are not many people in the yard. No one can help us."

"All the better!" said Artie. "We shall not be seen. But I say, I'll tell you what we'll do; we'll ask Ben Best—he'll help us, and we can go on the side line to the 'points' and back."

These children were the son and daughter of an engine-driver. The boy was just beginning to learn how to clean an engine. He had to get inside and underneath into the fire-box, and sometimes he slept there!

But Artie Barton knew a little about engines, and was so fond of them. He "loved them," he used to say.

The children were gazing at the "Panther," and Artie was just going to get up on the "footplate," where the men stand, when Ben Best came out.

"Hollo, Arthur! you'd better come down from there!"

"No, Ben; Jenny and I are going for a ride to the cross-over road and back. Will you come?"

The "cross-over" is a place where a pair of rails unite the main lines: by means of "points" the trains or engines can be shunted or passed over from one line to the other.

"Well," replied Ben, "I think I will go, too. It is not far, and there's no danger, for the points are shut and we can't get out on the line."

"All right. Come, Jenny, give me your hand," said her brother, "mind the wheel; there! Isn't that lovely?"

"How high up we are!" exclaimed the girl. "We can see a long way in front. What a nice glass; there's water in it—see!"

"Don't touch any thing, Jenny, you may burn your hand. Now, Ben, there's no one here only the 'cleaners,' and they won't tell. The men are 'off,' and there is no train due, I know."

Ben climbed up, and said: "I'll drive."

"No, I'll start her—it's only a little way. You can run her back. Now then; hold tight, Jenny."

Jenny held tight, and Artie pushed the handle which lets the steam go out of that great rounded dome you see on top of engines to move the wheels. The steam rushed out with a loud fizz, whiz, whiz! and the big engine started.

When Ben and Arthur thought they had got as much speed as was wanted, they tried to pull back the handle again, and stop the steam. The handle had been pushed open a very little; and very fortunate it was for the children that the "regulator" was so stiff.

Because when they tried to pull it back and stop the steam they could not!

Artie and Ben and Jane all tried together to pull the handle into its place. But it was no use. The little hands could not move the great handle, which was rather too high for them to grasp properly.

"The valve has stuck," said Ben. "We are in a nice pickle."

"Pull the lever back, and reverse the gear; that will stop her," said Arthur.

But they could not do that either. The power of the steam was too great for their strength, and the engine ran on quietly, slowly, but surely, through the points, which acted by themselves, out on to the railway line.

"We shall be killed!" cried Jane. "Oh, if we run into any thing, whatever *will* happen to all of us?"

"There is a train on the other line in the station," cried Ben, "I will jump off and tell the men."

"No, no!" screamed Jane, "they will see us, and come to stop us."

"We must whistle," said Artie, who was a brave boy. "If we don't we may run over some one. The driver of that train will see us, and we are not going fast."

The big engine was running about twelve miles an hour—not at all quickly. But a mile or so in front was a fall in the railroad—a downhill bit of line on which the big "Panther" would race very fast, and perhaps a train would be at the junction, which was only five miles away. So, unless the engine could be stopped before that, a terrible accident might happen.

The boys knew all this quite well, so Ben opened the steam whistle, and blew a loud screeching. All the railway people wondered to see the engine. The signal-man had not been told it was coming, but he made the rails safe for it to pass. Then as it passed, the people all saw the children, who called out: "Help, help, we can't stop the 'Panther!'"

Help them! of course. The station-master ran to the engine which was with the train in the station, and said: "Uncouple and go after the engine, or we shall have a fearful accident. Be quick!"

The fireman (or "stoker," as some people call him) had already begun to loose the engine. His driver had thought of running after the runaway engine, too. So in a moment the "Lion" (that was the engine's name) was ready. Then there was a chase!—the "Lion" after the "Panther."

The "Panther" was a good way in front when the "Lion" crossed over the rails to the same line and ran after him. The man in the signal-box put the signals at "danger"; the red arms on the post would stop any more trains, and he telegraphed: "A runaway engine is coming to the junction," so that no accident should happen.

Whiz! went the "Panther" along the line, and "puff, puff" came the "Lion" after him, going tender in front. The "Panther" was running engine in front, so the two tenders would be together when the engines united, like two birds tail to tail. The "Lion" was going much faster than the "Panther," so it was not long before the "Lion's" tender touched the other, and ran on with it, pushing it.

Then the driver of the "Lion" climbed along the tender, holding to the rod which you see runs round tenders, and stepped from one to the other. Then he walked along the "Panther's" tender, and reached the foot plate, where the three children were standing.

The engine-driver in a moment stopped the "Panther," and the "Lion" was stopped at the same time by its fireman, who remained on it. The driver's strong hand easily shut the stiff handle which the boys could not move.

They came back safely, none the worse. But a great deal of trouble ensued. The driver and fireman of the "Pather" were fined for not looking after their engine. The foreman of the yard was sent away for not being at his post. The boys were well whipped by their parents, and not allowed on engines any more until they were made firemen on "goods" trains. Jenny was punished, too, for going on the engine; while the men of the "Lion" were rewarded for catching the "Panther."

By their quickness and the signal-man's action an accident was prevented. But the two lads were always very careful in future, when they rose to be engine-drivers, as they did in after years; and they never permitted any stranger to ride on their engines, for they too well remember the danger they had incurred themselves in that run when the "Panther" got loose.—*Little Folks.*

RESTING AFTER MEALS.

Suggestions Worthy of the Attention of Every Sufferer from Dyspepsia.

Hurried eating of meals, followed immediately by some employment that occupies the whole attention and takes up all, or nearly all, of the physical energies, is sure to result in dyspepsia in one form or another. Sometimes it shows itself in excessive irritability, a sure indication that nerve force has been exhausted; the double draught in order to digest the food and carry on the business has been more than nature could stand without being thrown out of balance. In another case, the person is exceedingly dull as soon as he has a few minutes of leisure. The mind seems a dead blank, and can only move in its accustomed channels, and then only when compelled. This, also, is an indication of nervous exhaustion. Others will have decided pains in the stomach, or a sense of weight, as if a heavy burden was inside. Others, again, will be able to eat nothing that will agree with them; every thing that is put inside the stomach is made the subject of a violent protest on the part of that organ, and the person suffers untold agonies in consequence. Others suffer from constant hunger. They may eat all they can, and feel hungry still. If they feel satisfied for a little time, the least unusual exertion brings on the hungry feeling, and they can do no more until something is eaten. It is almost needless to say that this condition is not hunger, but inflammation of the stomach. Scarcely any two persons are affected exactly in the same way, the disordered condition manifesting itself according to temperament and occupation, employments that call for mental work, and those whose scene of action lies indoors, affecting persons more seriously than those carried on in the open air and those which are merely mechanical and do not engage the mind.

All, or nearly all, of these difficulties of digestion might have never been known by the sufferers had they left their business behind them and rested a short time after eating, instead of rushing off to work immediately after hastily swallowing their food.

Nature does not do two things at a time and do both well, as a rule. All know that when a force is divided, it is weakened. If the meal were eaten slowly, without preoccupation of the mind, and the stomach allowed at least half an hour's chance to get its work well undertaken before the nervous force is turned in another direction, patients suffering from dyspepsia would be few.

A physician once said: "It does not so much matter what we eat as how we eat it." While this is only partly true, it certainly is true that the most healthful food hurriedly eaten, and immediately followed by work which engages the entire available physical and mental forces, is much worse than a meal of poor food eaten leisurely and followed by an interval of rest.—*Journal of Health.*

—The best portion of a good man's life is his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and love.—*F. Walton.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Never set a hen that has scaly legs. She will give the disease to her chicks.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—It is said that a person troubled with an oily face can keep it clean by washing it vigorously with a towel instead of with his hands.—*Good Housekeeping.*

—A stick, flattened at the end, will be found a help in planting flower seeds. Make a shallow hole with the flat end of a stick and scatter the seeds into it, covering lightly.

—Into a pound of soft soap dissolve one ounce of carbolic acid crystals and it becomes an excellent remedy for lice on animals when they are washed in warm water with the aid of the soap.—*Troy Times.*

—Caraway Biscuit: One pound of crushed white sugar, four eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, the rind of one lemon, caraway seed, one pound of flour. Stir all these ingredients well together for one hour, adding the flour last and then form into cakes.—*Boston Budget.*

—For delicate puffs stir into half a pint of sifted flour, to which a saltspoonful of salt has been added, one gill of milk. Beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth. Mix the well-beaten yelk with a gill of milk and stir into the batter; add the white of egg and bake in muffin pans in a quick oven.—*Boston Globe.*

—It is said that a pullet or a one-year-old fowl is not so liable to disease as a two or three-year-old fowl. Seek to improve your stock every year. Market your old fowls and keep young ones on your farms and in your poultry yards, and you will have no chicken cholera.—*Western Rural.*

—A rose jar may be made of rose leaves gathered in their prime and free from moisture. Mix with them the essential oils of lavender, rosemary, cloves, cinnamon, neroli and lemon. Keep the jar closed until the perfumes mingle in an indescribable compound of sweetness like unto the spicy breezes of "Araby the Blest."—*Prairie Farmer.*

—Pasture is the most nutritious when composed of many species of grass, and when young and succulent. As grass gets older it contains a less proportion of albuminoids, and is then an inferior ration for milk. Cow peas and corn ground together is excellent food as part of a ration for rich milk.—*Montreal Witness.*

—Crumpets: One and one-half pints of flour, one-half teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, two of baking powder, one egg, nearly a pint of milk and cream mixed together; sift together flower, sugar, salt and powder; add beaten egg and milk; beat all together; bake in well buttered hot gem irons; serve hot.—*The Caterer.*

—Coffee Cream: Beat one quart of rich, sweet cream to a stiff froth, like white of eggs for icing; then mix with one-quarter pound of granulated sugar and, shortly before serving, beat into one cup of cold coffee extract, which has been made by slowly filtering two cups of boiling water through two ounces of finely ground coffee. Serve in a glass dish with lady fingers or fresh sponge cake.—*The Household.*

—Dwarf pears should be planted on a spot that has a moist subsoil, either natural or make so by subsoiling or mixing some material with the soil that will give out moisture in dry weather. Trees already planted on a dry, gravelly subsoil should have a circle dug out two feet deep and two or three feet from the tree. This should be filled up with well enriched soil. If the dwarf pear does not grow freely it is a sign that something is wrong. It should be severely pruned, so as to aid in producing a vigorous growth.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

CAUSES OF FAINTING.

An Affliction Which Could be Controlled Without Great Difficulty.

The word swoon means the same as the medical term syncope. It is due to the failure of the heart to send the necessary supply of blood to the brain. It may be partial, or complete.

In the latter case, the person suddenly turns pale, and soon falls, with a loss of consciousness and an apparent stoppage of the pulse and heart. The breathing, too, is either imperceptible, or occurs only in occasional weak sighs. The patient, to the ordinary observer, may seem to be dead. Of course the action of the heart has not ceased, but it is feeble. This condition may last only a few moments, or it may continue for hours. It generally ends in recovery, beginning with slight movements of the features and hands, and deep sighing. The pulse becomes more distinct, and the heart-beat stronger. Color and warmth return, and consciousness is gradually restored in full.

Among the causes are organic disease of the heart, especially fatty degeneration; extreme heat, combined with impure air; loss of blood, or impoverished blood (as in anæmia;) the reflex action of certain conditions of the stomach or other organs on the heart. More or less of these causes are sometimes combined. Some persons faint from very slight causes—an unpleasant sight or odor. We have huown persons to faint easily and often, and yet enjoy good health to extreme age. But when fainting is due to organic disease of the heart, or to loss of blood, or to extreme heat, it may prove speedily fatal unless soon relieved.

In its treatment, lay the patient flat on the back. This favors the flow of blood to the brain. We had a friend who could generally anticipate an attack, and check it, or cut it short, by at once taking a recumbent position. Never allow one who has fainted to be lifted into a sitting posture, or to have even the head raised. If the fainting is due to excessive loss of blood, this of course must be arrested. Meanwhile manage to place the head lower than the rest of the body. The heart, too, should be stimulated with some form of alcohol, ammonia, ether or cologne water. In all cases, secure the purest air, and loosen the dress, especially about the chest and neck.

A writer in the *Lancet* says that in many cases a person accustomed to faint from slight causes may avert the attack by applying heat to the head.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE HOLE OF DEATH.

Treacherous Alkali Paste That Swallows Up Every Living Thing.

It is an awful sight to see a man drown. But with foresight and skill no man need drown. Fancy a sea in which there is no swimming, and a sea into which you may plunge unawares. A man is 'loping over the green prairie, looking out from under his broad sombrero at the lazy cattle and the prairie dogs playing in the sun. Suddenly there is a sound like a giant's throat swallowing a choked shout of terror. The prairie dogs run to their holes, and a moment later come out cautiously, curious and frightened. The tall reed-like grass is waving where the horse and rider were just now. The antelope on the crest of the divide yonder look around them watchfully. But there is nothing to fear—no man in sight. He is going to town, that rider, with the wages of a hard winter's work in his pocket, riding his favorite broncho, dressed in the buckskins he has fringed in the winter evenings, ready to show the foolish girls how brave he looked in his rude attire. Where is he now—he and his horse? In a grave of slimy, shivering mud—alkali paste, blue with a nameless tint of putrid death, has filled his throat—covered his eyes before he could close the lids.

What does this mean—some hideous freak of nature, some work of a devil endowed with a moment's power? No; only an alkali sink—only a natural well filled with a paste as yielding as water, retentive as perdition. Picture to yourself the surface setting back to its normal quietude with an indescribable gulp, a ghoul-like smacking of grave lips; a grave that supplies itself with dead; a grave that buries almost before it kills; an insatiable, bottomless grave, set like a trap for the living! The sink-hole is not always covered with grass; sometimes it has a caked and seamed crust of bluish-white alkali on the top of it. But even that is a poor safeguard, for the long grass around it will hide it from the rider until it is too late to avoid it.

The tenacity of this paste of mud is something incredible. I have never seen a man caught in a sink hole, but I have seen a man ride to the edge of one, discover it too late to turn his horse, and shaking himself loose in the saddle, vault over the horn pommel, when the pony was caught, striking the ground far beyond the sink-hole. There were twenty men there, and before the horse sunk far there were half a dozen ropes fast to him. Half a dozen strong ponies can pull most any thing, but they could not draw that horse back from the grave that was closing over him. There is a strong suction about this alkali mud—it holds all it grasps with a horrible pertinacity.—*San Francisco Call.*

Language a Slippery Thing.

Language is a slippery thing to deal with, as some may find when selecting their similes. Says a writer: "Speak of a man's marble brow, and he will glow with conscious pride; but allude to his wooden head, and he's mad in a minute." The young lecturer's "smiles were gathered in a heap" when he expressed the whole body of his argument on deceit in the following: "O, my brethren, the snowiest shirt front may conceal an aching bosom, and the stiffest of all collars encircle a throat that has many a bitter pill to swallow."—*Chambers' Journal.*

G. M. D.

Walking down Broadway is very pleasant when you feel well, and T—— K—— never felt better than when his friend asked him how he got over that severe cough of his so speedily. "Ah, my boy," said T——, "G. M. D. did it!" And his friend wondered what G. M. D. meant. He knew it did not mean a Good Many Doctors, for T—— K—— had tried a dozen in vain. "I have it," said he, just hitting the nail on the head, "you mean Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery,' or Gold Medal Deserved as my friend J—— S—— always dubs it." Sold by druggists.

An indirect way of getting a drink of water at a cheap boarding-house is to ask for a third cup of tea.

The superb equipment of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway Short Line Limited to St. Paul and Minneapolis, and Shore Line Limited to Milwaukee and Waukesha, has made these trains very popular with tourists visiting the Summer resorts of the Northwest.

To succeed in his profession the physician must have patients.

Speaking of military affairs, the oil regions seem to be well drilled.—*New Haven News.*

A man must not expect to live in clover simply because he marries a grass widow.—*Boston Bulletin.*

The cunning thief will enter a stable, purloin several sets of harness, and depart without leaving a trace.

If these professional glass eaters are not more careful, they will soon have panes in their stomachs.—*Boston Transcript.*

Who was it Anar-chist? We won't give him away this time, but we've got him on the social-list.—*St. Paul Herald.*

"Mamma," cried a five-year-old girl, "I started to make my doll a bonnet and it's come out a pair of pants."

The man who is really always busy never finds much time to tell his friends how busy he always is.—*Somerville Journal.*

"No, sir," he said to the Captain, "I am not sea-sick, but I am really disgusted with the motion of this vessel."

An Irishman tells of a fight in which there was but one whole nose left in the crowd, "and that belonged to the taykettle."

Capital exercise—Turning over money.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A word and a blow—Gale.—*Texas Siftings.*

A crack yacht does not necessarily leak.—*N. Y. Journal.*

The bluntest men generally make the most cutting remarks.

A man in Philadelphia has engraved the Lord's Prayer on a three-cent piece, but Byron wrote a poem on a corsair.—*Life.*

"Did your uncle make you a deed for this farm?" "No; he left it me in his will." "I see; and you took the will for the deed."—*Burdette.*

We accidently overheard the following dialogue on the street yesterday.

Jones. Smith, why don't you stop that disgusting hawking and spitting?

Smith. How can I? You know I am a martyr to catarrh.

J. Do as I did. I had the disease in its worst form but I am well now.

S. What did you do for it?

J. I used Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It cured me and it will cure you.

S. I've heard of it, and by Jove I'll try it.

J. Do so. You'll find it at all the drug stores in town.

There are instances where quail on toast has been followed in due time by three cents on the dollar.—*Chicago Journal.*

When the Scalp is annoyed with Dandruff, Glenn's Sulphur Soap will be found an infallible remedy. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, Black or Brown, 50c.

John Ruskin wants the sewing-machine to go. Let him put his feet on the treadle and work it, then.

As a hair dressing, Hall's Hair Renewer has no equal. Ask your druggist for it.

The only warranted cure for chills and fever is Ayer's Ague Cure.

Parlor Maid—Give me a pound of tea. Shopman—Black or green? Maid—Doesn't matter which, misses is blind!—*N. Y. Telegram.*

If afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Mental gymnastics—Jumping to a conclusion.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is the debilitated woman's best restorative tonic.

Sold again—Second-hand articles.—*Burlington Free Press.*

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An ode to a goat may be called a nanny versary poem.

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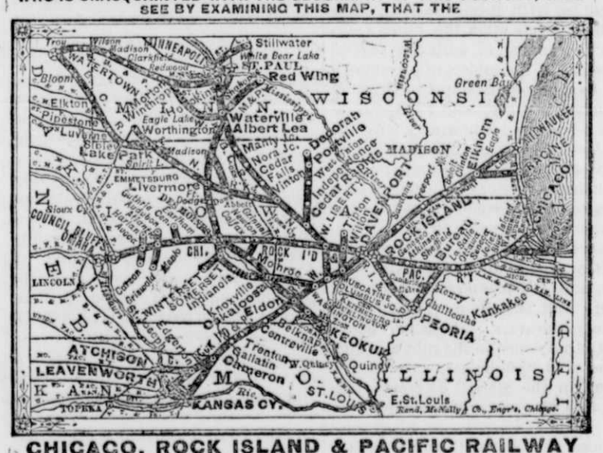
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FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE "PANTHER."

Story of the Children's Adventure on a Runaway Engine.

"P-a-n-t-h-e-r; what does that spell, Artie?"

"Panther; a wild beast," replied the lad, whose little sister had spelt the name letter by letter. And where do you think the letters were printed? No, not in a book, nor on a paper at all! they were on an engine!

On a fine new engine, which had not long come out of "the shops," as the manufactory is termed. These "shops" are not places where you can go and buy toys or sweetmeats—oh, dear, no! The engine-shops are great sheds where railway engines are built. Some have six wheels, some eight; some have tenders for coal and water; some have no tenders, but carry their own coal. The great engines have tenders; the "tank" engines, none.

The engine which Artie and his sister Jane were looking at had six wheels. On each side was one big wheel, rising high over their heads, and two smaller wheels, one in front, and the other behind the big wheel. There was a tender, too, with coal on the top, and water in the tank underneath; for engines want to eat and drink, just as little folks do, only the engines eat coal (which we hope none of our readers ever do), and drink water, which we all do.

This engine, whose name was "Panther," was standing by itself, smoking very quietly.

"I say, Jenny, wouldn't it be fun to get up on the "Panther," and make it carry us to the station and back?"

"Yes, but what would father and Mr. Oldham say?" replied Jane, timidly.

"Do you think I can't drive an engine? Why, I've often been with father and Jack Gibbs."

"That's different, Artie. But this is a half holiday, and there are not many people in the yard. No one can help us."

"All the better!" said Artie. "We shall not be seen. But I say, I'll tell you what we'll do; we'll ask Ben Best—he'll help us, and we can go on the side line to the 'points' and back."

These children were the son and daughter of an engine-driver. The boy was just beginning to learn how to clean an engine. He had to get inside and underneath into the fire-box, and sometimes he slept there!

But Artie Barton knew a little about engines, and was so fond of them. He "loved them," he used to say.

The children were gazing at the "Panther," and Artie was just going to get up on the "footplate," where the men stand, when Ben Best came out.

"Hollo, Arthur! you'd better come down from there!"

"No, Ben; Jenny and I are going for a ride to the cross-over road and back. Will you come?"

The "cross-over" is a place where a pair of rails unite the main lines; by means of "points" the trains or engines can be shunted or passed over from one line to the other.

"Well," replied Ben, "I think I will go, too. It is not far, and there's no danger, for the points are shut and we can't get out on the line."

"All right. Come, Jenny, give me your hand," said her brother, "mind the wheel; there! Isn't that lovely?"

"How high up we are!" exclaimed the girl. "We can see a long way in front. What a nice glass; there's water in it—see!"

"Don't touch any thing, Jenny, you may burn your hand. Now, Ben, there's no one here only the 'cleaners,' and they won't tell. The men are 'off,' and there is no train due, I know."

Ben climbed up, and said: "I'll drive."

"No, I'll start her—it's only a little way. You can run her back. Now then; hold tight, Jenny."

Jenny held tight, and Artie pushed the handle which lets the steam go out of that great rounded dome you see on top of engines to move the wheels. The steam rushed out with a loud fizz, whiz, whiz! and the big engine started.

When Ben and Arthur thought they had got as much speed as was wanted, they tried to pull back the handle again, and stop the steam. The handle had been pushed open a very little; and very fortunate it was for the children that the "regulator" was so stiff.

Because when they tried to pull it back and stop the steam they could not!

Artie and Ben and Jane all tried together to pull the handle into its place. But it was no use. The little hands could not move the great handle, which was rather too high for them to grasp properly.

"The valve has stuck," said Ben. "We are in a nice pickle."

"Pull the lever back, and reverse the gear; that will stop her," said Arthur.

But they could not do that either. The power of the steam was too great for their strength, and the engine ran on quietly, slowly, but surely, through the points, which acted by themselves, out on to the railway line.

"We shall be killed!" cried Jane. "Oh, if we run into any thing, whatever *will* happen to all of us?"

"There is a train on the other line in the station," cried Ben, "I will jump off and tell the men."

"No, no!" screamed Jane, "they will see us, and come to stop us."

"We must whistle," said Artie, who was a brave boy. "If we don't we may run over some one. The driver of that train will see us, and we are not going fast."

The big engine was running about twelve miles an hour—not at all quickly. But a mile or so in front was a fall in the railroad—a downhill bit of line on which the big "Panther" would race very fast, and perhaps a train would be at the junction, which was only five miles away. So, unless the engine could be stopped before that, a terrible accident might happen.

The boys knew all this quite well, so Ben opened the steam whistle, and blew a loud screeching. All the railway people wondered to see the engine. The signal-man had not been told it was coming, but he made the rails safe for it to pass. Then as it passed, the people all saw the children, who called out: "Help, help, we can't stop the 'Panther!'"

Help them! of course. The station-master ran to the engine which was with the train in the station, and said:

"Uncouple and go after the engine, or we shall have a fearful accident. Be quick!"

The fireman (or "stoker," as some people call him) had already begun to loose the engine. His driver had thought of running after the runaway engine, too. So in a moment the "Lion" (that was the engine's name) was ready. Then there was a chase!—the "Lion" after the "Panther."

The "Panther" was a good way in front when the "Lion" crossed over the rails to the same line and ran after him. The man in the signal-box put the signals at "danger"; the red arms on the post would stop any more trains, and he telegraphed: "A runaway engine is coming to the junction," so that no accident should happen.

Whiz! went the "Panther" along the line, and "puff, puff" came the "Lion" after him, going tender in front. The "Panther" was running engine in front, so the two tenders would be together when the engines united, like two birds tail to tail. The "Lion" was going much faster than the "Panther," so it was not long before the "Lion's" tender touched the other, and ran on with it, pushing it.

Then the driver of the "Lion" climbed along the tender, holding to the rod which you see runs round tenders, and stepped from one to the other. Then he walked along the "Panther's" tender, and reached the foot plate, where the three children were standing.

The engine-driver in a moment stopped the "Panther," and the "Lion" was stopped at the same time by its fireman, who remained on it. The driver's strong hand easily shut the stiff handle which the boys could not move.

They came back safely, none the worse. But a great deal of trouble ensued. The driver and fireman of the "Pather" were fined for not looking after their engine. The foreman of the yard was sent away for not being at his post. The boys were well whipped by their parents, and not allowed on engines any more until they were made firemen on "goods" trains. Jenny was punished, too, for going on the engine; while the men of the "Lion" were rewarded for catching the "Panther."

By their quickness and the signal-man's action an accident was prevented. But the two lads were always very careful in future, when they rose to be engine-drivers, as they did in after years; and they never permitted any stranger to ride on their engines, for they too well remember the danger they had incurred themselves in that run when the "Panther" got loose.—*Little Folks.*

RESTING AFTER MEALS.

Suggestions Worthy of the Attention of Every Sufferer from Dyspepsia.

Hurried eating of meals, followed immediately by some employment that occupies the whole attention and takes up all, or nearly all, of the physical energies, is sure to result in dyspepsia in one form or another. Sometimes it shows itself in excessive irritability, a sure indication that nerve force has been exhausted; the double draught in order to digest the food and carry on the business has been more than nature could stand without being thrown out of balance. In another case, the person is exceedingly dull as soon as he has a few minutes of leisure. The mind seems a dead blank, and can only move in its accustomed channels, and then only when compelled. This, also, is an indication of nervous exhaustion. Others will have decided pains in the stomach, or a sense of weight, as if a heavy burden was inside. Others, again, will be able to eat nothing that will agree with them; every thing that is put inside the stomach is made the subject of a violent protest on the part of that organ, and the person suffers untold agonies in consequence. Others suffer from constant hunger. They may eat all they can, and feel hungry still. If they feel satisfied for a little time, the least unusual exertion brings on the hungry feeling, and they can do no more until something is eaten. It is almost needless to say that this condition is not hunger, but inflammation of the stomach. Scarcely any two persons are affected exactly in the same way, the disordered condition manifesting itself according to temperament and occupation, employments that call for mental work, and those whose scene of action lies indoors, affecting persons more seriously than those carried on in the open air and those which are merely mechanical and do not engage the mind.

All, or nearly all, of these difficulties of digestion might have never been known by the sufferers had they left their business behind them and rested a short time after eating, instead of rushing off to work immediately after hastily swallowing their food.

Nature does not do two things at a time and do both well, as a rule. All know that when a force is divided, it is weakened. If the meal were eaten slowly, without preoccupation of the mind, and the stomach allowed at least half an hour's chance to get its work well undertaken before the nervous force is turned in another direction, patients suffering from dyspepsia would be few.

A physician once said: "It does not so much matter what we eat as how we eat it." While this is only partly true, it certainly is true that the most healthful food hurriedly eaten, and immediately followed by work which engages the entire available physical and mental forces, is much worse than a meal of poor food eaten leisurely and followed by an interval of rest.—*Journal of Health.*

—The best portion of a good man's life is his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and love.—*F. Walton.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Never set a hen that has scaly legs. She will give the disease to her chicks.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—It is said that a person troubled with an oily face can keep it clean by washing it vigorously with a towel instead of with his hands.—*Good Housekeeping.*

—A stick, flattened at the end, will be found a help in planting flower seeds. Make a shallow hole with the flat end of a stick and scatter the seeds into it, covering lightly.

—Into a pound of soft soap dissolve one ounce of carbolic acid crystals and it becomes an excellent remedy for lice on animals when they are washed in warm water with the aid of the soap.—*Troy Times.*

—Caraway Biscuit: One pound of crushed white sugar, four eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, the rind of one lemon, caraway seed, one pound of flour. Stir all these ingredients well together for one hour, adding the flour last and then form into cakes.—*Boston Budget.*

—For delicate puffs stir into half a pint of sifted flour, to which a saltspoonful of salt has been added, one gill of milk. Beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth. Mix the well-beaten yelk with a gill of milk and stir into the batter; add the white of egg and bake in muffin pans in a quick oven.—*Boston Globe.*

—It is said that a pullet or a one-year-old fowl is not so liable to disease as a two or three-year-old fowl. Seek to improve your stock every year. Market your old fowls and keep young ones on your farms and in your poultry yards, and you will have no chicken cholera.—*Western Rural.*

—A rose jar may be made of rose leaves gathered in their prime and free from moisture. Mix with them the essential oils of lavender, rosemary, cloves, cinnamon, neroli and lemon. Keep the jar closed until the perfumes mingle in an indescribable compound of sweetness like unto the spicy breezes of "Araby the Blest."—*Prairie Farmer.*

—Pasture is the most nutritious when composed of many species of grass, and when young and succulent. As grass gets older it contains a less proportion of albuminoids, and is then an inferior ration for milk. Cow peas and corn ground together is excellent food as part of a ration for rich milk.—*Montreal Witness.*

—Crumpets: One and one-half pints of flour, one-half teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, two of baking powder, one egg, nearly a pint of milk and cream mixed together; sift together flower, sugar, salt and powder; add beaten egg and milk; beat all together; bake in well buttered hot gem irons; serve hot.—*The Caterer.*

—Coffee Cream: Beat one quart of rich, sweet cream to a stiff froth, like white of eggs for icing; then mix with one-quarter pound of granulated sugar and, shortly before serving, beat into one cup of cold coffee extract, which has been made by slowly filtering two cups of boiling water through two ounces of finely ground coffee. Serve in a glass dish with lady fingers or fresh sponge cake.—*The Household.*

—Dwarf pears should be planted on a spot that has a moist subsoil, either natural or make so by subsoiling or mixing some material with the soil that will give out moisture in dry weather. Trees already planted on a dry, gravelly subsoil should have a circle dug out two feet deep and two or three feet from the tree. This should be filled up with well enriched soil. If the dwarf pear does not grow freely it is a sign that something is wrong. It should be severely pruned, so as to aid in producing a vigorous growth.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

CAUSES OF FAINTING.

An Affliction Which Could be Controlled Without Great Difficulty.

The word swoon means the same as the medical term syncope. It is due to the failure of the heart to send the necessary supply of blood to the brain. It may be partial, or complete.

In the latter case, the person suddenly turns pale, and soon falls, with a loss of consciousness and an apparent stoppage of the pulse and heart. The breathing, too, is either imperceptible, or occurs only in occasional weak sighs. The patient, to the ordinary observer, may seem to be dead. Of course the action of the heart has not ceased, but it is feeble. This condition may last only a few moments, or it may continue for hours. It generally ends in recovery, beginning with slight movements of the features and hands, and deep sighing. The pulse becomes more distinct, and the heart-beat stronger. Color and warmth return, and consciousness is gradually restored in full.

Among the causes are organic disease of the heart, especially fatty degeneration; extreme heat, combined with impure air; loss of blood, or impoverished blood (as in anæmia;) the reflex action of certain conditions of the stomach or other organs on the heart. More or less of these causes are sometimes combined. Some persons faint from very slight causes—an unpleasant sight or odor. We have known persons to faint easily and often, and yet enjoy good health to extreme age. But when fainting is due to organic disease of the heart, or to loss of blood, or to extreme heat, it may prove speedily fatal unless soon relieved.

In its treatment, lay the patient flat on the back. This favors the flow of blood to the brain. We had a friend who could generally anticipate an attack, and check it, or cut it short, by at once taking a recumbent position. Never allow one who has fainted to be lifted into a sitting posture, or to have even the head raised. If the fainting is due to excessive loss of blood, this of course must be arrested. Meanwhile manage to place the head lower than the rest of the body. The heart, too, should be stimulated with some form of alcohol, ammonia, ether or cologne water. In all cases, secure the purest air, and loosen the dress, especially about the chest and neck.

A writer in the *Lancet* says that in many cases a person accustomed to faint from slight causes may avert the attack by applying heat to the head.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE HOLE OF DEATH.

Treacherous Alkali Paste That Swallows Up Every Living Thing.

It is an awful sight to see a man drown. But with foresight and skill no man need drown. Fancy a sea in which there is no swimming, and a sea into which you may plunge unawares. A man is loping over the green prairie, looking out from under his broad sombrero at the lazy cattle and the prairie dogs playing in the sun. Suddenly there is a sound like a giant's throat swallowing a choked shout of terror. The prairie dogs run to their holes, and a moment later come out cautiously, curious and frightened. The tall reed-like grass is waving where the horse and rider were just now. The antelope on the crest of the divide yonder look around them watchfully. But there is nothing to fear—no man in sight. He is going to town, that rider, with the wages of a hard winter's work in his pocket, riding his favorite broncho, dressed in the buckskins he has fringed in the winter evenings, ready to show the foolish girls how brave he looked in his rude attire. Where is he now—he and his horse? In a grave of slimy, shivering mud—alkali paste, blue with a nameless tint of putrid death, has filled his throat—covered his eyes before he could close the lids.

What does this mean—some hideous freak of nature, some work of a devil endowed with a moment's power? No; only an alkali sink—only a natural well filled with a paste as yielding as water, retentive as perdition. Picture to yourself the surface setting back to its normal quietude with an indescribable gulp, a ghoul-like smacking of grave lips; a grave that supplies itself with dead; a grave that buries almost before it kills; an insatiable, bottomless grave, set like a trap for the living! The sink-hole is not always covered with grass; sometimes it has a caked and seamed crust of bluish-white alkali on the top of it. But even that is a poor safeguard, for the long grass around it will hide it from the rider until it is too late to avoid it.

The tenacity of this paste of mud is something incredible. I have never seen a man caught in a sink hole, but I have seen a man ride to the edge of one, discover it too late to turn his horse, and shaking himself loose in the saddle, vault over the horn pommel, when the pony was caught, striking the ground far beyond the sink-hole. There were twenty men there, and before the horse sunk far there were half a dozen ropes fast to him. Half a dozen strong ponies can pull most any thing, but they could not draw that horse back from the grave that was closing over him. There is a strong suction about this alkali mud—it holds all it grasps with a horrible pertinacity.—*San Francisco Call.*

Language a Slippery Thing.

Language is a slippery thing to deal with, as some may find when selecting their similes. Says a writer: "Speak of a man's marble brow, and he will glow with conscious pride; but allude to his wooden head, and he's mad in a minute." The young lecturer's "smiles were gathered in a heap" when he expressed the whole body of his argument on deceit in the following: "O, my brethren, the snowiest shirt front may conceal an aching bosom, and the stiffest of all collars encircle a throat that has many a bitter pill to swallow."—*Chambers' Journal.*

G. M. D.

Walking down Broadway is very pleasant when you feel well, and T—— K—— never felt better than when his friend asked him how he got over that severe cough of his so speedily. "Ah, my boy," said T——, "G. M. D. did it!" And his friend wondered what G. M. D. meant. He knew it did not mean a Good Many Doctors, for T—— K—— had tried a dozen in vain. "I have it," said he, just hitting the nail on the head, "you mean Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery,' or Gold Medal Deserved as my friend J—— S—— always dubs it." Sold by druggists.

An indirect way of getting a drink of water at a cheap boarding-house is to ask for a third cup of tea.

The superb equipment of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway Short Line Limited to St. Paul and Minneapolis, and Shore Line Limited to Milwaukee and Waukesha, has made these trains very popular with tourists visiting the Summer resorts of the Northwest.

To succeed in his profession the physician must have patients.

Speaking of military affairs, the oil regions seem to be well drilled.—*New Haven News.*

A man must not expect to live in clover simply because he marries a grass widow.—*Boston Bulletin.*

The cunning thief will enter a stable, purloin several sets of harness, and depart without leaving a trace.

If these professional glass eaters are not more careful, they will soon have panes in their stomachs.—*Boston Transcript.*

Who was it Anar-chist? We won't give him away this time, but we've got him on the social-list.—*St. Paul Herald.*

"Mamma," cried a five-year-old girl, "I started to make my doll a bonnet and it's come out a pair of pants."

The man who is really always busy never finds much time to tell his friends how busy he always is.—*Somerville Journal.*

"No, sir," he said to the Captain, "I am not sea-sick, but I am really disgusted with the motion of this vessel."

An Irishman tells of a fight in which there was but one whole nose left in the crowd, "and that belonged to the tay-kettle."

Capital exercise—Turning over money.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A word and a blow—Gale.—*Texas Siftings.*

A crack yacht does not necessarily leak.—*N. Y. Journal.*

The bluntest men generally make the most cutting remarks.

A man in Philadelphia has engraved the Lord's Prayer on a three-cent piece, but Byron wrote a poem on a corsair.—*Life.*

"Did your uncle make you a deed for this farm?" "No; he left it me in his will." "I see; and you took the will for the deed."—*Burdette.*

We accidently overheard the following dialogue on the street yesterday.

Jones. Smith, why don't you stop that disgusting hawking and spitting?

Smith. How can I? You know I am a martyr to catarrh.

J. Do as I did. I had the disease in its worst form but I am well now.

S. What did you do for it?

J. I used Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It cured me and it will cure you.

S. I've heard of it, and by Jove I'll try it.

J. Do so. You'll find it at all the drug stores in town.

There are instances where quail on toast has been followed in due time by three cents on the dollar.—*Chicago Journal.*

When the Scalp is annoyed with Dandruff, Glenn's Sulphur Soap will be found an infallible remedy. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, Black or Brown, 50c.

John Ruskin wants the sewing-machine to go. Let him put his feet on the treadle and work it, then.

As a hair dressing, Hall's Hair Renewer has no equal. Ask your druggist for it.

The only warranted cure for chills and fever is Ayer's Ague Cure.

Parlor Maid—Give me a pound of tea. Shopman—Black or green? Maid—Doesn't matter which, misses is blind!—*N. Y. Telegram.*

If afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Mental gymnastics—Jumping to a conclusion.

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Sold again—Second-hand articles.—*Burlington Free Press.*

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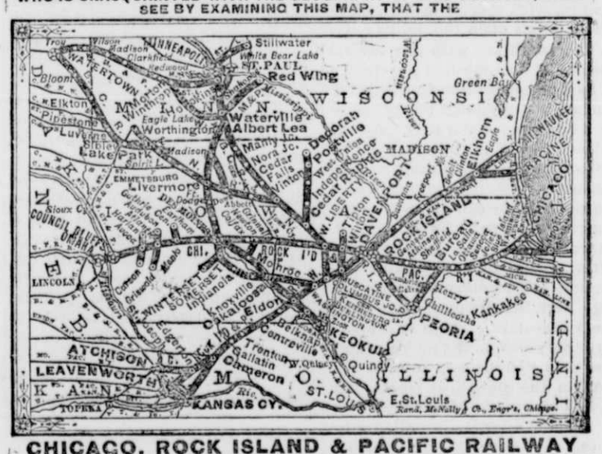

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THE REPUBLICAN

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1886.

It is with unfeigned pleasure that we congratulate the management of Mountain Lake Park Association upon the decided success of the camp-meeting which closed on Monday night last. And whilst we thus extend our congrstulations we are among those who rejoice in the fact that we are to have a similar meeting, conducted by the same able divines, next year. To say the meeting held last year and the one just closed have done a great deal of good in this community, is putting it very mildly indeed. The good results of those two meetings are beyond human calculation. Referring particularly to the meeting which closen on Monday night, we can say it has certainly been the most remarkable as well as the most successful meeting in the history of Mountain Lake Park. There were a great many people present from Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and several cities and towns of Ohio, as well as from our neighboring city of Wheeling, W. Va., who came especially to the camp meeting. These people all, so far as we know, go home not only benefitted spiritually and physically, but carrying with them the most pleasant recollections of Mountain Lake Park and the surrounding country, and very many of them are enthusiastic in their praises of our delightful summer climate. The meetings held at the Park have brought more strangers from distant cities who are distributed pretty generally over the entire country than all the other local attractions put together. It will readily be observed, therefore, that whilst the Park is a good institution moraliy and religiously, it is also a good thing for the county at large from a business and temporal standpoint, from the fact that it brings so many strangers here. It is yearly advertising our community largely, and will undoubtedly prove a lasting benefit to our people. We believe the Association is entitled to all the support, moral and pecuniary, which the community can give it. The management is doing a grend work, which is far-reaching and wide-spread in its tendencies and results. With all our heart we bid it God speed.

It will be remembered that an act was passed at the last session of the Maryland Legislature requiring that the nature of alcoholic drinks and narcotics, with special instruction as to their effects upon the human system in connection with the several divisions of the subject of physiology and hygene, shall be included in the branches of study taught in the common schools. In conformity with the act Messrs. Wm. J. C. Dulany & Co., of Baltimore have had prepared and published two works, both of which have received the endorsement of the Women's National Christian Temperance Union—one by Professor Martin of the Johns Hopkins College, and the primary book by Dr. Steele and Dr. Palmer, both well known educators. These two books are the only ones on the subject which have been "published, printed and bound in the State," *as required by law*, and we trust will be adopted for use in our schools, in all grades "whose capacity will admit of it." We hope the law will be carried out in good faith by the school officers of the State.

"A full baigade of the old soldiers of the Union army march off to the eternal camping grounds every year." This came from an ex-official of the Pension Department, and it was called out by the remark that since the war 150 prominent officers of the old Army of the Tennessee had died. "The boys are going," he continued, "at the rate of three or four thousand a year, and I estimate that every two weeks a full company is mustered for the last roll call and that every three months a full regiment goes over the line. Four regiments a year, forty regiments in ten years, a grand army corps of nearly 100,000 men in twenty years--at this rate the boys will soon be gone."

There is nothing so sweet as duty, and all the best pleasures of life come in the wake of duties done.

The Romiser Bill.

There were three attempts to pass pension bills over the President's veto in the House Friday of last week, but in only one, that of Joseph Romiser, of Cumberland, was the attempt successful. We give below the account of the passage from the Washington correspondent of the *American:*

Mr. McComas won another victory to-day. He succeeded in having the celebrated Romiser pension bill passed by the House over the President's veto. Mr. McComas worked hard to secure this, and he earned the congratulations given him after the vote of 175 to 31 was announced. The bill came up at a very poor time, because the House had spent the morning over Mrs. McCarthy's pension. Representative Mills, of Texas, was in the chair, and showed what a lamentable failure he was as a presiding officer. At one time the scene in the House was simply indescribable. He lost his temper, refused to listen to reason or rules, confessed himself all tangled up, and at one time exclaimed: "I don't know what I said or did, you bother me so." The House and galleries fairly roared with laughter, and Mills, like a spoiled child, threw himself back in his chair and refused to let the business of the House go on. He had made up his mind to defeat the bill, and he did it, and under these circumstances the bill for the pension of Mr. Romiser came up. Mr. Morrill, of Kansas, made a good presentation of the case. Mr. Reagan, of Texas, tried to kill it, and Mr. Breckenridge stood by it manfully and made a neat speech in its favor. Mr. McComas did much to help the bill, and finally after some confusion the vote was taken and the bill passed over the veto.

It Will Do No Good Here.

[From the Hagerstown Mail, Dem.]

The executive order issued by the President on Wednesday afternoon is pertinent, and well to be promulgated, but it would have been better could the offices have been filled with men who needed no such admonition. It is a step in the right direction, but by no means goes far enough and does not meet the whole case. He warns officeholders against the use of their official positions in attempts to control political movements, &c. Where an officeholder's official position ends and his position as a private citizen begins, is very hard, at times, to determine. If he attempts to control primaries and pack conventions, even as an individual, his subordinates will soon find out his wishes and will very likely feel constrained to render assistance. Why not make it a cause of removal for any officer to attempt to manage political affairs? We fear this order will be evaded, especially by our Federal officials in Maryland. They will get leave of absence on account of "sickness," and will recruit their health in their "individual capacity" by fixing up the primaries in Baltimore and supervising conventions, as well as assisting registrars of voters to doctor the lists, and, if necessary, to restore their health and the better prepare themselves for their arduous official duties, will take a turn after the election at substituting the ballots which the people ought to have voted but did not.

From over 4,000 crop reports from all parts of the country the *Rural New Yorker* concludes that the winter wheat crop is on the whole good, the probable yield being 295,000,000 bushels, against 212,000,000 in 1885, with a slight increase in acreage. Spring wheat has been considerably injured by drought and blight. The yield will probably be 140,000,000 bushels, against 145,000,000 last year. The total wheat crop will probably be 435,000,000 bushels against 357,000,000 last year. In oats there has been been a slight increase in acreage. The crop has been considerably injured by drought and insect pests, and will probably yield 600,000,000 bushels, against 629,000,000 bushels in 1885. Of rye and barley there will be excellent crops on a slightly increased area. There is a good stand of corn and the outlook is excellent for a fine crop. Of early potatoes the crop will be heavy and late potatoes are promising, especially in the West.

Murder With Dynamite.

MOUNDSVILLE, W. VA., July 18.—About 2 o'clock this morning Henry Campbell, a discharged manager of the Union Coal Works, opposite this place on the Ohio side of the river, placed a quart can of dynamite beneath the flooring of the company's store, where Bobert B. Ramsey, the manager, was sleeping. An explosion followed and the house was wrecked and set on fire. There were 11 kegs of powder in the room occupied by Ramsey, and this was ignited and the building completely demolished. The shock was heard for several miles. Ramsey was blown out of the building into the road, dying in a short time. Campbell was arrested amid great excitement and jailed.

When angered the best of us mistake our own motives, as we do of the enemy who inflames.

The *Congressional Record*, with the verbatim report of Hon. J. V. L. Findlay's speech on "The Surplus in the Treasury," delivered in the House of Representatives last Wednesday, is at hand. A few extracts will more than repay the reading. After Mr. Findlay had stated his objection to the bill, he said: "What this House ought to do is to reduce revenues, or better still, use the revenues of the country for the purpose of strengthening its position. Whatever surplus can be safely spared should be applied to building up the navy and erecting new and strengthening old coast defences. But if the House refuses to enter upon this policy, then surely it is wiser to stop the money coming into the Treasury; in other words, leaving it in the people's pockets, than it is to be forced to invent the means by which the surplus can be got rid of. The debt redeemable at the pleasure of the government is about $144,000,000, not taking into account outstanding calls. When this sum is used up there will be no debt to redeem until 1891, when the four-and-a-halfs will be redeemable, amounting to $200,000,000, round numbers. Between September 1, 1891 and 1907, when the fours fall due, there will be none of the public debt proper subject to redemption. Ought we not now to determine upon some fiscal policy by which the finances of the country are to be managed, instead of resorting to a nibbling expedient like this, which promises only annoyance and vexation to the management of the Treasury, without any corresponding relief to the people? It is said, I know, that these millions to be set free from the Treasury are to flow in an irrigating stream along the arid plains of industry and commerce, and make them blossom again as the rose.

"But who are the principal holders of the bonds? The banks, undoubtedly. And if they were not, this demand for their immediate redemption would not be so noisy. It is notorious that the banks now are loaded up with idle money, and the only effect, therefore, of this resolution will be to increase the stock. Instead of more money getting into circulation by this means, you will only add a few more millions to the idle sums now held by the banks; in other words, you will only change of rest and stagnation of this fund from the Treasury, where it serves a useful purpose, to the banks, where it will not only be idle, but functionless.

"It is a great mistake, I think, to suppose that a specie reserve is useless simply because it happens to be in a state of rest instead of motion or circulation. The idea underlying this fallacy is the basis of all the projects for paper currencies which have afflicted mankind. * * * I will never give my consent to any financsal theory which ignores a fair specie reserve as an absolutely essential to the credit of a paper currency, and as I regard this resolution as a step in that direction it follows that the measure cannot receive my vote.

"But, as I have before intimated, now is the time for settling the terms of some broad, comprehensive and permanent fiscal policy, if for no other reason, to get rid of these little teasing expedients, which if they were purely harmless accomplish nothing. A farmer with a bottom, but fertile piece of ground, when he wishes to reclaim it from the waters that settle there, finds it more practical and economical to stop the flow than to be all the time engaged in draining the accumulations off. A ship-owner with a leaky vessel finds it much more sensible to stop up the leaks than to expend his energies in pumping the water out of the hold. So, here, the United States ought to stop the surplus getting into the Treasury instead of resorting to doubtful expedients to get it out. Sooner or later it will be forced to adopt this policy. If the present ratio of expenditures and receipts is maintained after 1891, the surplus will be maintained, and there will be no debt to which it can be applied. There is said to be a surplus of $76,000,000 over and above the specie reserve of $100,000,000, which, in my opinion, it is a misnomer to call a surplus."

Mr. Findlay defended his resolution for the repeal of the tobacco tax. "The policy," he said, "which refuses to remove one tax because it cannot get rid of another, and at a time, too, when it has been twice demonstrated in the last two years, and each time with conspicuous emphasis, that the country is not yet prepared to adopt any line of tariff changes such as that indicated by the report, is, to say the least of it, of very questionable soundness. Why the farmers of Kentucky, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Maryland, Virginia, Missouri, North Carolina, Connecticut, and other tobacco-growing states, as well as the cigar-makers and manufacturers of limited capital, should be subjected to espionage and vexatious rules and regulations, and the last named class to exacting taxes both special and stamp, as well as to bonds, besides being the victims of the harassing regulations referred to, simply because the manufacturers of the country enjoy the bounty of a protective tariff, is a question which I am sorry I cannot answer with the same ease with which it appears to have been disposed of in this report. * * *

"In my opinion, if we appropriated the revenues in putting the country in a proper defensive position, there would be no occasion to deal with this surplus; but failing this, and treating reduction as the fixed policy of the country, I will vote for no resolution defining the fiscal policy of the country, which does not purpose the means by which its redundant revenues shall be brought back to their ordinary volume and channels."

Death of Ned Buntline.

STAMFORD, N. Y., July 17.—Edward Z. C. Judson (Ned Buntline) died of heart disease at his home here yesterday afternoon, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. Ned Buntline's career was remarkable. His father was a Philadelphia lawyer, who insisted upon putting Ned through a course of Latin and Blackstone at an early age. The boy rebelled, and one day after a severe flogging ran away to sea as a cabin-boy to a ship that sailed round the Horn. The embryo celebrity was then but eleven years old. The next year he entered the government service as an apprentice on board a man-of-war. A year later, when thirteen years old, President Van Buren sent him a commission as midshipman for meritorious conduct in rescuing the crew of a boat run down by a Fulton ferry-boat on East river.

Young Judson was assigned to the Levant. Other midshipmen refused to mess with him, because he had been a common sailor before the mast, and while on his way to join the Gulf Squadron he challenged thirteen of them to fight. Some withdrew their refusal and associated with him, but he fought seven of them, one after another, in Florida, New Orleans and Havana, escaping without a scratch himself, but marking four of his antagonists for life. From that time on his reputation as one of the best shots in the United States was established. Ned Buntline probably carried more wounds in his body than any other living American. He had in his right knee a bullet received in Virginia, and had twelve other wounds inflicted by sword, shell and gun, seven of which were got in battle. He fought in 4 wars. He was not educated for the army and navy. The title of colonel came to him as chief of scouts in the rebellion of 1861 5.

His first story, "The Captain's Pig," was published in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, under the pseudonym of Ned Buntline, in 1838, when in his fifteenth year. This sketch brought notoriety to the young writer and fighter, who subsequently received as high as $60,000 a year for the produce of his brain and pen. For many years his income as a story writer brought him in $20,000 annually. He once earned $12,500 in six weeks, and at another time, under pressure, wrote a book of 610 pages in sixty-two hours, scarcely sleeping or eating during that time. He usually received $2,000 for a story running through twelve weeks in the *Ledger* and other story papers for which he wrote.

Ned Buntline was not the wild man of the woods he was generally supposed to be. He was a temperance man in theory and practice, using neither tobacco nor profanity. He was a good talker, and much esteemed as a neighbor and citizen. He was quite wealthy and lived well. In an interview several months ago he said: "How many of my novels have I inflicted on my beloved land? Well, I don't know exactly, but it is between three and four hundred, and each would make a good-sized book. What is my method? Well, I never lay out a plot in advance. I shouldn't know how to do it, for how can I know what my people may take it into their heads to do? First, I invent a title, and when I hit on a good one, I consider the story about half finished. It is the thing of prime importance. Then I take one of these bound books of blank paper, set my title at the head of it, and begin to write about the fictitious character who is to be the center of it. I push ahead as fast as I can write, never blotting out a word that I have once written, and never making a correction or modification. Here is a book I have just finished for the *Weekly* Flip the leaves of manuscript, and you will see that the pages are clean; there are no erasures, no interlineations. If a book doesn't suit me when I have finished it, or at any stage of its progress, I simply throw it in the fire and begin again, without any reference to the discarded text. When I speak, as I generally do on Decoration Day and during the political campaigns, I talk straight on, as I write, without notes or previous preparations."

Great Fire in St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, MO., July 18.—A fire, which proved to be the largest and most destructive of its kind that has ever visited this city, was discovered at about 2 o'clock this afternoon in the lumber yards of Knapp, Stout & Co., at the corner of Angelica street and Bremen avenue. An alarm was turned in and two engines were soon at the scene. They were, however, owing to a poor water supply, unable to cope with the flames, which were driven by a strong wind, and soon communicated to the nearest lumber piles, and were making rapid headway toward the Union Stock Yards, the destruction of which seemed inevitable. The wind soon shifted, however, and they were saved, but the lumber yards were doomed. In the meantime more alarms had been sent in and twenty engines were called out.

The water supply was entirely insufficient for the emergency, and the flames leaped from pile to pile of the dry lumber with incredible swiftness. The fire was not confined to any one portion of the yards, for sparks and burning splinters were borne in every direction, and the whole territory of the yards, covering 35 acres, seemed to be one mass of blazing lumber. The efforts of the firemen, which would evidently have been fruitless if directed towards subduing the flames, were from the time employed in keeping them from spreading, and in this they were successful.

The fire was allowed to burn, and at the end of four hours 25,000,000 feet of lumber were a total loss. The contents of the yards were mostly lumber of superior grade, and the loss on this account is very heavy—$400,000. The company's stable was consumed but the horses were saved. The total insurance cannot be learned at this hour, but it is estimated at $275,000.

July Crop Report.

The July report of the Department of Agriculture furnishes estimates of the greatest of grain crops:

The total area planted to corn, according to the report, is about 3½ per cent. greater this year than last, which makes it 75,690,000 acres, while the largest previous to 1885 was less than 70,000,000. With the average yield of 1879, which was the greatest of recent years, this year's acreage would give a crop of 2,119,000,000 bushels. The increase in corn acreage is 2,560,000, which is more than twice as great as the decrease in wheat acreage. The increase is chiefly in Kansas and Nebraska, where both crops thrive. In Dakota also an increase of 30 percent. is reported, but this makes the area of corn there only 689,000 acres against 2,580,000 of wheat, while in Kansas there are 6,350,000 acres of corn against 1,532,000 acres of wheat, and in the whole country 75,690,000 of corn against 35,930,000 of wheat. It is plain, the report says, therefore, that to this country the corn crop is much the most important; and it is in fact only in Michigan, Minnesota, Dakota and on the Pacific coast that wheat is the most important grain crop. Corn was but beginning its career at the time of the July report, but it had a fair start, the average condition being reported as 95 percent of an entirely good condition, against 94 last year and 96 in 1884. It has not suffered greatly by drought, most of it being too far South, and there is plenty of time for it to make the highest success or the worst failure

Last year 3,263,000 acres of winter wheat sown were not harvested, and the figures are for the harvest; nearly all the abandoned wheat was winter-killed. The aggregate grain acreage reported this year is 5,716,000 acres (4½ percent) greater than the area harvested last year, and 4 percent more than in 1884 growth, yet not quite equal to the growth in population. Since 1880 the increase has been 20,338,000 acres, or nearly 17 percent, while the growth of population meanwhile has been about 20 percent.

State of Trade.

NEW YORK, July 16.—Special telegrams to *Bradstreet's* this week, while repeating the favorable trade features noted a week ago, report a quite general hardening of domestic money markets and a wide-spread improvement in mercantile collections. At a few cities autumn buying has begun, notably at Louisville where the taking is said to have been large.

Unfavorable wheat crop prospects seem to discourage speculation on the New York Stock Exchange, and the temporary stoppage of hostilities among the granger roads was not sufficient to put prices up. Some activity and strength developed in trunk line stocks. Money was in fair supply on call at 2@3 percent.

Now that the domestic wool clips have been cleaned up, interest centres on the degree of shortage as compared with last year. Conservative parties place it at ten percent with the greatest share of the decrease in Tennessee, Kentucky, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Texas. London wool prices are no higher. Domestic quotations are unchanged, and holders very firm.

The steel rail mills indicate their prosperity by increasing the allotment for the year 1,400,000 tons, 21,100,000 having been already contracted for. The activity in Bessemer pig at $19 per ton, its production aggregating 195,000 tons monthy out of 455,000 tons, the total monthly production of anthracite and bituminous irons, is accounted for by the condition of the rail industry.

The wheat market has been quiet, with prices fluctuating within a moderate range. The damage to spring wheat is correctly estimated at from 10 to 30 per cent, the earlier reports having been exaggerated.

A Queer Story.

MATTOON, ILL., July 19.—George B. Balch, who lives in the southern part of this county, near the old Lincoln homestead, was a great admirer of the first martyred President. He has made it a hobby to pick up all stories of Abraham Lincoln, and tells the following, which he has received from Rev. Dr. Harsha, of Omaha:

General Winfield Scott, when a young man, was stationed at Fort Snelling—at that day perhaps the remotest military outpost in the country. When the Black Hawk war began some Illinois militia companies proffered their services. Two Lieutenants were sent by Scott to Dixon, Ill., to muster the new soldiers. One of the new Lieutenants was a very fascinating young man, of easy manners and affable disposition; the other was equally pleasant, but extremely modest. On the morning when the muster was to take place, a tall, gawky, homely young man, dressed in a suit of blue jeans, presented himself to the Lieutanants as the captain of the recruits, and was duly sworn in.

The homely young man was Abraham Lincoln. The bashful Lieutenant was he who afterwards fired the first gun from Fort Sumpter, Major Anderson. The other Lieutenant, who administered the oath, was in after years the President of the Confederate States, Jefferson Davis.

Dr. Harsha was in Carter Brothers' book store, in New York City, where he chanced to repeat this story to a friend. An elderly gentleman who was sitting near by arose and remarked that he was happy to be able to confirm the facts, as he was the Chaplain at Fort Snelling at the time, and was fully able to corroborate each statement. A bystander then gave the additional testimony that he had often heard Mr. Lincoln say that the first time he had ever taken the oath of allegiance to the United States it was administered by Jefferson Davis.

Baltimore Live Stock Market.

CATTLE—The market to-day showed no improvement as to activity over last week, being slow and dragging throughout, with prices ½c. lower than they were then—in some cases a greater decline was observed. The quality scarcely averaged as good as last week's offerings; for, though the tops were quite as good as those of last week, there were more common cattle than they were then. Prices ranged from 2 to 5½c., with most sales from 3 to 5c. Of the receipts 1,322 head came by the Pennsylvania Railroad, and 475 by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

HOGS—There is a falling off in the number of the offerings since last week of about 1,300 head, and the quality is hardly as good as it was then, more grass hogs being among the number. Prices are a shade higher than last week, with a moderately fair demand, and range from 6¼ to 6¾c. for common hogs; rough sows and stags to 6¾c. for good ones, at and near which most of the sales were made. Same time last year hogs sold at 5¼@6¼c. net, and the year before at 7@8c. net. Of the offerings 5,550 head came by the Pennsylvania Railroad, and 134 by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

SHEEP.—The offering number almost exactly the same as last week, and show no improvement in quality, consisting, as they did then, very largely of common sheep and lambs. The demand for good stock was fair, while common sheep and lambs were very slow of sale. Prices range from 2½@4¼c. for sheep, and 3@5½c. for lambs, few sheep or lambs selling at the higher figures. Same time last year sheep sold at 2@4c. and lambs at 3@6c. gross, and the year before at 2@4½, and lambs at 4@6½c. gross.

Hon. S. B. Elkins, in an interview with a representative of the Keyser *Echo*, authorized the statement that the Wheeling *Register's* statement that he was in the Confederate army was utterly false. He was in the Union army. He also declared that his name was used in the Menager circular without his consent or knowledge.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Lenge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Friday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

—FOR SALE—A 1-horse wagon. Apply to E. H. Sincell.

—The original Green Castle Grain Cradle for sale by D. E. Offutt.

—Miss Kate Titlow, of Frederick City, Md., is the guest of Mrs. Geo. F. Richardson.

—Alfred and George D. Howell, Esqs., of Uniontown, Pa., are guests at the Oakland Hotel.

—Compton Tasker, who has been at home for two weeks returned to school in Baltimore Monday,

—Miss Daisy Carty, of Frederick, Md., who has been on a visit here left Wednesday morning, to the regret of her many friends.

82,537 feet of thoroughly seasoned white oak lumber for sale at a bargain. Apply to H. P. Tasker, Oakland, Md.

—Mr. George D. White and wife, of Oakland, were called to Frostburg Friday of last week to attend the funeral of Mrs. White's father.

—Married, July 18th, 1886, at the residence of the bride's parents in Deer Park, by Rev. C. W. Sechrist, Mr. William Jankey and Miss Martha Marville.

—LOST—On Sunday, July 11th, a large scarf-pin setting, resembling a tiger's eye. A suitable reward will be paid the finder by the Oakland Postmaster. 2t

—The game of base ball at Keyser, W. Va., Saturday last between the Keyser and Oakland clubs, resulted in a bad defeat of the Oakland team, the score being 20 to 8.

—There will be a picnic on the old picnic grounds, near the Red House, on Monday, August 16th, 1886. The proceeds are for a charitable purpose. All are invited.

—H. H. Fairall, D. D., editor of the *Iowa Methodist*, formerly of this county, spent a few days at Mountain Lake Park and Oakland. On Wednesday he paid our sanctum a pleasant visit.

—Mr. H. Allen Ison, formerly of Oakland, and for some time foreman of the REPUBLICAN, but for several years a resident of Washington, D. C., will be married to Miss Josie Cheesman of the latter city, on the 27th inst.

—Miss Gertie Rector, of Clarksburg, W. Va., and Miss Lillie McCrum, of Aurora, W. Va., were the guests of Mrs. D. Tasker during the past week. They were much pleased with our mountain town, also their trip to Deer Park and Mountain Lake Park,

—Died, in Shipman, Ill., a few days ago, Nancy Brown, wife of Elijah Brown, aged about 68 years. She had been ill about a year. Deceased was well known in Garrett county, having resided here until about eight years ago when she with her husband removed to Illinois.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M., by Rev. Beacom of the Pittsburg Conference, and at 8 P. M.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 8 P. M. by the Pastor, Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

St. Matthew's Church—Rev. J. Newman, Rector—Holy Communion at 8 A. M.; morning prayer and sermon at 11 A. M.; Sunday School at 4:30 P. M.; evensong 5 P. M. Wednesday evening prayer at 5 P. M.

Go to F. G. Hyde, the Reliable Jeweler,

For watches, clocks, jewelry, silverware, eye-glasses, spectacles, etc., either wholesale or retail. The largest stock of reliable goods in this part of the country. Everything fully warranted to be just exactly what it is. I handle everything that appertains to the jewelry trade, at prices that will stand comparison with any responsible house. An inspection is requested.

F. G. HYEE.
7 17 tf Oakland, Md.

For Sale.

The property owned by the late Thresa M. Smithman, corner third and Water streets, Oakland, Md., will be sold at private sale. This is a very desirable property and will be sold in whole or in part, to suit purchaser. Terms reasonable. For further information call on or address

JOS. H. SMITHMAN,
5 15 tf Oakland, Md.

Price List at Shartzer's New Cash Store

Corn - - -	60 cts per bus.
Meal - - -	$1.25 per 100 lbs.
Chop - - -	" " " "
Good flour -	$5.50 to $6 25 per bl.
Clover seed - -	$8.00 per bus.
Timothy seed -	$2.50 " "
Granulated sugar	8 cts. per lb.
Brown sugar -	7 " " "
Arbuckle's coffee -	15 " " "
Indigo blue calico -	7 " " yd.
American prints -	6 " " "
Allen's prints - -	6 " " "
Lace window curtains, ready made - - -	$2.00 per pr.

All other things in proportion. Come and see.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. D. Nydegger, Druggist, Oakland, Md.

Mountain Lake Park.

Since last Wednesday the meeting has been growing in interest and increasing in influence every day. Although the rain fell in copious showers it did not in any degree weaken the interest of the meeting.

On Saturday the attendance was greatly increased, and on Sabbath morning the people began to come in from the country by eight o'clock. When the service began at nine, there were a large number present. Bro Thompson opened the meeting by reading seven verses in Revelations all of which were: "He that hath an ear to hear let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches." And just as soon as the opportunity was given the testimonies began to come in and continued in quick succession until 10:30, when Mr. Updegraph preached a powerful sermon on preparing a passover, The Auditorium was filled to its utmost capacity, and many were seated and standing outside. After the sermon the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. There were twenty-five or thirty ministers present, although several had returned to their work on Saturday. The communicants numbered four or five hundred.

At two o'clock Prof. Hudson conducted a young people's meeting. After enjoying a splendid song service for about half an hour, Prof. Crago gave a short address, after which an altar service was held and there were forty or fifty young people came forward.

Dr. Clark preached at three o'clock with great earnestness and power on consecration, to a large and appreciative audience.

At night Dr. Baldwin made an earnest and telling appeal to the unsaved. The altar was soon filled and very soon the shouts of victory were heard. When each one was saved the doxology was sung, which was repeated many times during the evening.

Monday being the last day, the audience was quite large. The morning was devoted to prayer and praise. The highest point of power was reached when Mrs. Kenney gave her glowing experience, which enthused the whole audience so that the shouts of joy were heard on all sides. Bro. Thompson exclaimed at the top of his voice, several times, "This is the day of Pentecost." The meeting closed about one o'clock but some remained until the meeting began in the afternoon, which lasted until after six o'clock. Then it began again at 7:20 and lasted until about 12 o'clock at night.

I cannot describe this day for it is beyond description. Very many will go to their homes strong in the Lord and will be ready for their home work.

The people who are here for the first time think they have never seen as delightful place in the land. Several have bought lots and will build this fall. Others are making inquiry and will likely buy in the near future. Dr. DeHas who was here a short time ago says he could sell five hundred lots on his recommendation.

Major Alderson is now erecting two cottages opposite the Mountain Lake Park Hotel.

A course of lectures is now being given by Dr. Hasbrouck, on the "Land of the "Pharaohs," "The Desert of the Exodus," "A visit to Petrea," and "The Holy Land." The last lecture will be on next Monday night.

The inter state W. C. T. U. Convention will begin next Wednesday, the 18th inst.

A great many are here now in the cottages and hotels.

J. A. E.

A homely woman has some advantage over a beautiful one. It is possible for other women to love her.

He covered the whole point—The man who sat down on a carpet tack.

Deer Park.

Last Sunday afternoon a small party of friends assembled at the residence of Mr, George Marville, near Deer Park, to witness the marriage of his daughter, Miss Martha Marville, to Mr. Wm. Jankey, son of Mr. John Jankey, all among the oldest residents of Deer Park. The ceremony was performed by Rev. C. W. Sechrist. The bride was very tastefully and becomingly dressed, and the wedding feast was a feast indeed, and was thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated by every one present. The caloithumpian serenaders on Monday evening were bountifully regaled with ice cream, cake and cigars, and left very much delighted, longing for another wedding soon.

Grantsville.

Last Saturday evening the large saw mill, known as the Boynton mill, was burned to the ground. It took fire from the saw dust in the heaters used for drying it for fuel. There were immense stacks of lumber about the mill, but it did not take fire. A great many men will be thrown out of employment for some time.

Messrs. Durst & Co. have erected a large planing mill on Mr. Jonas Gnagey's farm just on the out-birts of town. They have the Miller Bros. boring a well for them with their mogul engine.

Mr. Dan'l Smouse has laid a substantial sidewalk in front of his shop.

Mr. Jas. Broadwater is lying dangerously ill with Typhoid fever. Dr. Getty is attending him.

Dr. Speicher was in town one day last week on professional business.

Mr. Noah Broadwater is the proud. est man in town. His daughter came one day last week.

Mr. Adolphus Shippley and wife, of Hopwood, Pa., were visiting Mr. C. A. Snider's family last week.

Mr. Charley Brown, of Washington, D. C., is visiting his mother and sister here.

Mr. Henry Smithman, Mrs. S. P. Bolden and Mrs. Leowenstein and children, of Oakland, are visiting Mrs. Leowenstein, Mr. Arch Leowenstein's mother.

Prof. Z. K. Brown arrived Saturday evening to take charge of the Normal school. He is stopping at the Grand Central. Miss Mollie, Miss Annie and Mr. Frank Dorsey, of this district, and Miss Ida Head, of Deer Park, are boarding at Dr. Getty's. Miss Hattie Beachy, of Accident district, is boarding at Mr. Samuel Beachy's.

We are informed that a hail storm, accompanied by rain and lightning, passed through the Backwoods Settlement, eight miles south of here, Sunday night. The hail laid on the ground about an inch deep and destroyed corn, buckwheat, and other crops to a very considerable extent.

We were introduced to Mr. George Clark, of Johnstown, Pa., the other day. This gentleman is the possessor of the longest beard that we ever saw. It is jet black and measures 5 feet 9 inches. When he stands erect it lays 2 inches on the floor. Mr. Clark is foreman in some machine shops in that place. We also met a son of Mr. Joel Miller at the postoffice a few days ago. He is ten years of age and weighs 112 pounds. He lives one-half mile from town.

Mr. Matthias Bowser returned from Oakland Monday.

The Normal starts off with thirteen scholars Monday morning.

Our postmaster is still confined to his bed with yellow jaundice.

Miss Bertha Slicer, of Meyrsdale, Pa., is visiting Miss Fannie Getty.

The Brydon-B. & O. Suit.

Our readers will remember that about a year ago a judgment for $75,000 was recovered in the Superior court of Baltimore City in a suit brought by William A. Brydon against the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company for failure to comply with a contract for coal. The case was carried to the Court of Appeals and that court affirmed the decision of the court below. The case has become celebrated for various reasons, and now a new and curious turn is given to the proceedings. A bill has been filed in the Baltimore city circuit court by Robertson & Marbury counsel for Malcolm Sinclair, of Cumberland, and Thomas Gemmel against ex-Senator Henry G. Davis, the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company, William A. Brydon, the North Branch company, and others to enjoin the collection and payment of the judgment. The judge granted a preliminary injunction and it was issued immediately. The *Sun* gives the following account of the case:

Thomas Gemmell, of London, England, and Malcolm Sinclair, of Cumberland, Maryland, filed a bill in the circuit court Monday against ex-Senator Henry G. Davis, of Piedmont, West Virginia, and Thomas B. Davis, of Keyser, West Virginia, Wm. A. Brydon, of Bloomington, Garrett county, Maryland, the North Branch Company and the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company, praying an injunction to restrain the Messrs. Davis and Mr. Brydon from issuing any execution on the judgment of $75,000 recovered by Mr. Brydon against the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company in the Superior Court of Baltimore city March 20, 1885, for breach of contract, and to restrain the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company from paying the judgment or any part thereof to to Messrs. Davis or Mr. Brydon. The bill alleges that Mr. Brydon has been president of the North Branch company since its organization in 1867, and has controlled all its affairs and kept possession of its books, and that the complainants have not had access to the books, nor have they had any notice of any meetings of any stockholders or directors, and that none but Mr. Brydon knows who constitute the board of directors, if such a body be kept up. The bill alleges that all the correspondence leading up to the making of the contract of May 17, 1875, to furnish coal to the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company, at the rate of 150 tons a day, for three years, was conducted by Mr. Brydon as president of the North Branch company, but that the contract itself was signed Wm. A. Brydon. The plaintiffs claim that the contract was made for the benefit of the North Branch company, and the judgment for its breach belongs to the company, of which they hold 498 of the 1,000 shares. The bill asks that an assignment of the judgment by Mr. Brydon to Henry G. Davis & Co. be set aside, and that the court decree that the judgment is held by Mr. Brydon as trustee for the company. Judge Stewart issued a preliminary injunction as prayed in the bill, with leave to the defendants to move its dissolution after filing their answer. Messrs. Robertson & Marbury are attorneys for the complainants. Mr. Gemmell formerly resided in Baltimore and was well known here.

The Edgar Tompson Works.

The New York *Coal Trade Journal* gives the following description of the Edgar Thompson Steel Works, at Braddock, Pennsylvania, the property of Carnegie Brothers & Co., (limited). The works cover 35 acres of ground, eleven acres of which are under roof. The buildings are all of brick with the exception of the rail mill and producer house, which are iron. Twenty million gallons of water are consumed daily. Natural gas from Pittsburgh will shortly be used here. Sufficient steel rails are turned out daily to lay from eight to ten miles of railroad. The capacity of the rail mill is three rails per minute. There are five blast furnaces, known as A, B, C, D and E. F and G are now in course of erection. When all are completed the united capacity will be 1,300 tons of pig iron per day. The furnaces are 20 feet bosh by 80 feet in height. Furnace A runs constantly on ferro managese spiegel. The former is manufactured as high as 90 percent managese. A gross ton of pig iron is made with a net ton of fuel. Whitwell & Siemens Cowper stoves are in use. The avea age temperature of the blast is about 1,300°, blowing 20,000 feet per minute. All iron is cast into ladles and run into the works by the elevated railroad, one-half mile in length, with the exception of Sundays, when they run into the chills. The process is, we believe, peculiar to these works, not being in use in any other. The new furnaces in course of erection are better supplied with dust catchers than any furnaces in the world, one of which will be in operation in September and the other next January. Lake Superior and foreign ores are worked, some coming even from Greece. Missouri ores are also worked; a mixture of ores yields sixty percent at the furnace. When the new furnaces are completed, Carnegie Bros. & Co., limited, will have the largest reducing plant in the world. A most superior quality of iron is being made for the manufacture of steel by the direct process.

The molten iron thus brought to the steel works goes first to the converters, which are three in number, each with a capacity of ten tons, supplied by steam from twelve steam boilers. The machinery of the converting department is handled by hydraulic pressure. The blowing engines, two in number, are 550 horse power each. There are two cupolas for melting and recarbonizing iron. The capacity of the converting works are from 850 to 900 tons per day of 24 hours. After the metal is converted into steel it is cast into ingots of an average weight of 3,500 pounds. The blooming mill contains eight furnaces, with a train of three high rolls, which is equal to the capacity of the converters. In the rail department are six heating furnaces, with a similar capacity to the above, The rail train consists of three high rolls, and has a capacity of three rails per minute. The appliances to the rail rolls embrace all the latest improvements as to table rollers, etc., as well as the patents of Capt. W. R Jones, the superintendent, now owned by the company. After the rail is rolled it passes over a continuous train of moving rollers to the hot saws, where in an instant it is cut into the desired length. The hot bed is said by mill men to be the most perfect in the country. The finishing department consists of four drill presses, four straightensng presses and two cold saws. Here the rail is finished and thoroughly inspected, and if the slightest defect is found, it is marked a second quality, and as such sold. A complete and correct record of the steel rail, from the raw material to the finished rail, showing the component parts of every heat that is blown, is kept at the office and stamped on the rail. The output of the mill is about six hundred tons per day. In connection with the blooming mill is a forge department consisting of two heating furnaces and a twenty-ton steam hammer, used for hammering into shape, such as billets of all short ingots or ingot butts, too short to roll into blooms.

The company own a large machine shop, seventeen locomotives, large and small, and twenty seven miles of track. The number of hands employed reaches three thousand, among whom there has never been a strike. An entirely new rail mill is to be built at once, and when this and all other improvements are completed, the capacity of these works will exceed that of any company in the world.

A Falling Meteor.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., July 20.—People in the vicinity of Grafton, Osaukee county, are much excited over the fall of a meteor near that place. While a party of haryesters were at work yesterday in a barley field on the farm of Henry Diederich, a mile and a half south of the village, they were suddenly startled by a loud and strange noise, not unlike the roar of a long train of cars. The noise increased in volume to such a degree, during the space of only a few seconds, as to become almost deafening. The unusual sound seemed to come from the heavens, and, gazing upwards, the spectators saw what appeared to be a huge ball of smoke rapidly descending to the earth. What they took to be a strange visitor from some neighboring world was a meteor. It struck the earth within a few rods of where the men were standing and buried itselft deep in the ground.

The news spread rapidly throughout the township and county, since which time Mr. Diederich's barley field has been visited by hundreds of people, including many scientific men. The hole in the ground is three or four feet in circumference. Its depth is unknown, all attemps to find bottom by inserting long poles, having, it is said, proved futile. Mr. Diederich is now engaged in excavating the earth around the spot where the meteor lies imbedded, and intends to bring the latter to the surface if it takes all summer.

AUGUSTA, ME., July 19.—Both parties in this State are preparing for a brisk campaign. The Republicans have just completed a second canvass of the State, and their opponents assert that it shows that the floating vote holds the balance of power. The feeling in favor of a straight vote in support of prohibition occasions more doubt and perplexity in the minds of the Republican leaders than anything else. The vote for Clerk, Prohibitionist, will be large. Mr. Blaine will open the campaign for the Republicans at Portland, on Tuesday, August 10. by a great speech which he is now preparing. The Democratic campaign is being managed from the headquarters of the committee, which have been established at Waterville, and a crew of clerks is constantly engaged in sending out documents and otherwise instilling hope and enthusiasm in the ranks of the Democracy, and speaking on the stump will begin early in August, and will be kept up till election day.

Capt. Smith and Col. Wardwell in the Cumberland *Times*, have set our complaint last week against the latter gentleman conclusively at rest. The one thinks he could not have made the remark ascribed to him; the other that he did not make it as reported.

Appearing in cold type, in a paper usually reliable, the remark looked like a stroke which rubbed our boys the wrong way, and as the *Journal* is the natural guardian of all Frostburg interests, it could not permit the apparently unnecessary reflection upon our soldiers from a quarter so high as to be altogether unexpected to pass without some show of resentment.

It affords us pleasure, therefore, to acquit Col. Wardwell, and to add the hope that the Howards will get on so fast in marksmanship that no reporter can ever again make them the butt of a joke at his expense.—*Frostburg Journal.*

A bachelor editor who had a pretty unmarried sister, lately wrote to one similarly circumstanced: "Please exchange."

Genuine cheerfulness is an almost certain index of a happy mind and a pure good heart.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MARYLAND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

Next Session Opens September 20, 1886.

Besides the regular Collegate Course, embracing ENGLISH, the CLASSICS and the SCIENCES, special Courses in AGRICULTURAL, CIVIL and MECHANICAL ENGINEERING and APPLIED CHEMISTRY are provided, under the direction of

A Full Corps of Professors and Eminent Lecturers.

A liberal equipment in the shape of a Chemical Laboratory and a Museum of Minerals, Woods, Seeds, Skeletons, Charts, &c., is also provided.

The Cadets are under Military organization and Discipline.

Send for Catalogue giving full particulars as to COURSES OF INSTRUCTION, TERMS and SCHOLARSHIPS.

Location unsurpassed for beauty, healthfulness and convenience of access.

Address: AUGUSTINE J. SMITH, President, MARYLAND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, Prince George's county, Md.

BALTIMORE FEMALE COLLEGE.

By the terms of the endowment of the above college, one pupil from each county is entitled to free tuition in all the branches taught in the college, with stationery and use of books.

The scholarship for Garrett county is vacant at present, and the Judges of the Orphans' Court are authorized to fill the same by appointment.

Applicants will please file their applications at once.

SAMUEL LAWTON,
Register.

LAKE VIEW PLANING MILL

is now in full operation, and prepared to fill orders for

Flooring, Weather-boarding, Sash, Doors, Frames, Brackets, and Mouldings of all Kinds,

☞ Will contract for the erection of buildings.

Orders solicited. Satisfaction guranteed.

C. RATHBURN,
MANAGER.
4 3 9m Mountain Lake Park, Md.

ORDER NISI.

Emily T. Hinebaugh, et. al. Plaintiffs, versus William M. Henline, et. al. Defendants. } In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. In Equity in cause No. 386.

ORDERED, That the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings as made and reported by Gilmor S. Hamill, Trustee, as made by him on the 14th July, 1886, at the town of Deer Park, be *ratified and confirmed* unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the Sixteenth day of August next, *provided* a copy of this Order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Oakland, once in each of three successive weeks before the said Sixteenth day of August next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $400.00.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test:
7 24 3t W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

ft 24 DAVID LITTLE.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are warned not to dump garbage or dead animals upon my lands, west of the Washington Spring, as I will enforce the full penalties of the law against any and all parties so offending.

All persons having cross ties on my lands along the railroad between the Washington Spring bridge and Charles Shaffer's, will remove them at once.

7 10 3t JOHN BRADLEY.

A GIFT Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you free a royal, valuable, sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money at once, than anything else in America. Both sexes of all ages can live at home and work in spare time, or all the time. Capital not required. We will start you. Immense pay sure for those who start at once. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

VALUABLE STOCK FARM FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE. AT A BARGAIN.

A large two-story frame house, with celler and basement, situated on the Oakland and Mountain Lake road, near the latter place, is offered for sale at a bargain.

There are about two acres of ground, good outbuildings, well of good water, and a number of large shade trees. One of the handsomest locations for a summer residence in this neighborhood.

For information apply to or address

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE!

Steam Engine, Saw Mill and Shingle Machine.

I am authorized to sell a Fifteen Horse Power "Page" Engine, Saw Mill and Shingle Machine, with carriages, &c., complete, the property of Mrs. Eva F. Riggs. The mill has been in use about five years and is in good running order. Will be sold cheap for cash or collateral which may be easily converted into cash. May be examined at Swanton, Md. Must be sold soon.

For price and terms address or apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

WALL STREET'S LAMB.

Wall street had a little Lamb,
It's fleece was very thick;
At every turn the market took
The Lamb was sure to stick,

It followed up and followed down
With every rise and fall,
Preferring to be done quite brown,
Rather than not at all.

The eager brokers cleaned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about
To get his margin's clear.

The brokers got them, clear and clean,
For they were "out of meat;"
But still he waited, starved and lean,
And hung about "the street."

What makes the Lamb love Wall street so?
The curious rounders cry.
Why, Wall street loves the Lamb, you know,
And wool is scarce and high.

—*N. Y. World.*

MAKING BASE-BALLS.

Their Manufacture Becoming One of the Great Industries.

Mode of Turning Them Out of a Philadelphia Establishment—Early Base-Ball Days—Improvements Made—Cheap and Standard "Spheres."

"It is interesting to note," said a well-known base-ball manufacturer, "what great progress the game of base-ball has made during the last half century, especially in popular favor. Less than fifty years ago the game was crude and comparatively unknown, while such a thing as a base-ball club was entirely unthought of. Now we have a National league, State leagues and amateur clubs by the legion, and there is, perhaps, not a city or town that does not boast of several organizations of this kind. While the game of base-ball in various forms had been played to some extent for many years previous, the first regular base-ball society formed in this country was the old Knickerbocker Club, founded in New York in 1845. This society was altogether unlike the professional club of the present day. The sport was pursued solely as a pastime and the organization really bore more of a social character than otherwise, it being composed mostly of members of the leading families of New York society. While the influence of this club did much to bring the game into popular favor and give it caste, the sphere of play was very limited until 1860, when a marked impetus was given to the pastime by the amateur element and the inauguration of several clubs, chiefly among which was the Excelsior Club, of Brooklyn. From this time forward the interest has been increasing and, great as it is at the present day, it each year seems to be growing greater."

The manner of playing base-ball in 1840 and thereabouts was somewhat different from that of the game of to-day and is as amusing as it is interesting. This is how it was played: In those days, as now, three men out put a side out and both sides out constituted a complete inning, but the number of innings played varied from five to nine and was a matter of option with the competing clubs. Seven innings, however, was the number most popular and most frequently played. The score was kept in the old-fashion way of tallying, by cutting notches on the edge of a stick when the base runner came in, and the club scoring the highest number of runs of course won. There were often exceptions taken to this method by the older men, who claimed that the only right way to play ball—for it was the way they used to play it when they were boys—was to play until one side made twenty-one runs, and the side making that number first won the game.

The infield was square. There were four bases and the distance between each, except that of six yards between the home stone and the first, was twenty-one yards. The object in having the distance to first base so short was that the runners might easily reach the base lines, and the fun of putting them out, or the sharp antics of some fleet-footed fellow who could dodge the ball and get safely home, might be enjoyed. The number of players on each side was a matter of agreement. There was no set number. Generally there were from seven to twelve, the only requirement being that the number on each side should be equal. Of these players all were fielders, except the "thrower" and the catcher.

There were but two kinds of balls thrown, fair and unfair, and while there was no rule to compel a man to strike at a ball, except the rule of honor, he would be despised and unmercifully guyed if he failed to strike at a fair ball. A ball thrown near enough to the knocker to be fairly in reach and at any height between the bend of the knees and top of the head was considered fair and all others unfair. The strategic point of the thrower was to get the ball between the knocker's club and his ear, or near his elbow.

When a ball was struck at it was a strike, and if struck at three times and missed the player was out, provided the ball had been caught every time, either on the fly or the first bound. If the ball was struck at and it was not caught by the catcher that strike did not count. If a ball was knocked anywhere between the lines of the first and fourth bases the player had to run. A foul hit was termed a "no hit," and a foul tip a "tick." Any one on the bases when such hits were made must stay until the ball was back in the thrower's hands. If the knocker hit a ball anywhere he was out if it was caught on the fly or on the first bound. Our bases were called "byes," and the bases were really the lines between the "byes." A base runner was out if hit by the ball when he was off his "bye."

In the long ago the balls used were made by the players themselves, of double and twisted woolen yarn. They were not quite as large as the regulation ball of to-day. The cover was made of calfskin and the requisite skill for putting it on was generally supplied by some accommodating shoemaker, who sewed it very effectually with waxed ends. There were no finely turned bats in those days. Bats were never used but in cricket playing, and a wagon-spoke or club made of the best cedar, blocked out with an axe and finished on a shaving horse with a drawing knife, took the place of the finely turned bats of these days.

A contrast of the base-ball world of long ago with that of to-day is very striking, and some real idea of the strong hold this exciting sport has taken on the popular mind is gained from the fact that the quantity of base-balls manufactured and sent broadcast last year numbered between seven and eight millions. Of this number less than four thousand were used by the three leading professional clubs. The manufacture of this enormous number of balls forms no small industry, and is the means of furnishing employment to many thousands in Boston, New York and several other principal cities. Philadelphia and Chicago, however, are generally admitted as being the great centers of this industry, and it is estimated that fully two-thirds of all the balls used are manufactured at these two places.

The variety of balls made is numerous, all of which are designated by well-known brands. The chief of base-balls is the professional or dead ball, that being the one adopted and used by the Association and League Clubs. The manufacture of this ball represents the acme of base-ball making. Every thing about it is of the best quality. Its nucleus is an imported vulcanized India rubber ball, and the yarn of which it is wholly wrapped is the best woolen. The cover, which is sewed with a thread made of Irish flax, is alum-tanned horse hide. There are three kinds of yarn used—a heavy four-ply blue, a finer white yarn, and another blue, three-ply, but not so coarse, and of a lighter shade than the first. Until quite recently these yarns were wrapped entirely by hand. A winding machine has now been invented and is being successfully operated, which wraps the first two yarns tighter and better than could be done by hand and which economizes much time and labor. The rubber ball is placed in the machine, which somewhat resembles a large coffee mill, and wrapped with three ounces of the heavy blue yarn. This yarn is wrapped very compactly and solidly and gives a strong, solid body to the ball. The small blue ball which this forms is then enwrapped with the white yarn, a half ounce of which is put on by the same machine. This brings the ball up to a little more than half its regular size. The operation of this machine is one of the trade and is known only to those who are immediately engaged in that branch of the making.

After being machine-wrapped the balls are dipped into a patent rubber cement, a very sticky substance, resembling mucilage, which renders them almost as hard as a rock. This cement when hardened forms a solid protection to the ball inside, and to it is due the fact that, no matter how hard batted, this ball will not lose its shape. After cementing—it requires but a few minutes to dry—the ball is ready for "the wrapper." These wrappers are made by boys about fourteen to sixteen years of age. They sit on low chairs or stools, and in old soap or other boxes beside them lay the long fleeces of worsted from which they wind. Beneath their nimble fingers, which are protected from chafing by leather thumbstalls, the ball rapidly attains its full proportions. The single thread of blue which they wind is swiftly carried around and around in the ordinary way of winding, but the rapidity, evenness and finish with which it is done is surprising. During this wrapping the ball is continually pounded thwacked by a heavy wooden bat resembling a cricket bat in shape, but considerably smaller. This is done for the purpose of preserving the shape of the ball and of making it as tightly compressed as possible. Enough of this yarn is used to make the ball weigh four and one-half ounces, and every ball is weighed. With the exception of a few turns of a strong white twine, done by a different set of boys, called "filling out," the body of the ball is complete and ready for covering.

It is not generally known that the horse, as well as the sheep, contributes to the making of this favorite article, but, as mentioned, the covers of the professional ball are all made of horse-hide. In the case of the cheaper balls sheepskin is used altogether for that purpose. Almost all of the horsehides tanned are made into base-ball covers, and the horses that yearly pay tribute to this purpose number far into the thousands. The hides are tanned in alum and to this is due their bright, white appearance. A cover consists of two pieces of exact shape and dimensions, resembling somewhat the soles of shoes, which are cut with a die in precisely the same way. The die is placed over the leather and struck with a heavy mallet, each half cover being cut separately. Before the covers are cut the leather is stretched on a staking machine, which is nothing more than a firm, upright plank, in the end of which is held a dull blade, over which the leather is tautly drawn back and forth.

The covers of the ball just described are stitched by men. The cover is first tacked by four stitches so placed as to hold it in shape. While being stitched it is firmly held in the jaws of an ordinary harness-maker's horse. Holes are made in the cover with an awl and the thread carried through by a large needle. The stitch is exactly the same as that which one end of the lace of a shoe makes. After the cover is sewed on the ball is rolled between two slabs of evenly polished wood or marble, for the purpose of smoothing it and taking the rough stitches out. It is then ready for the packing room.

The process of making the cheaper balls is altogether different from that of the one described. It varies slightly according to the grade of the ball, but is in each case essentially the same. The body of these balls is not made of yarn, but of leather scraps. The greater part of this scrap leather, an enormous quantity of which is used, is furnished by pocket-book makers and glovers. The balls are made in this way: The scrap is dampened, which makes it hold together better and is thus more easily handled. It is first weighed and then started into a ball by being held in one hand and wrapped with a stout twine by the other. As the mass gathers shape it is pounded solid by a heavy mallet. When the leather has been sufficiently entwined to make it hold together it is sent to the pressing machine. This machine is nothing more than a die, the required size of the ball being made, and is operated by hand. The rough circular mass is placed in a cup-like receptacle, down upon which a semi-spherical cover is brought with about a ton force. This compresses the mass almost solid and shapes it into a perfect sphere. It is then placed in an oven and dried, after which it is "filled out" like the professional ball and covered. The covers of these balls are cut like those of the professional, but they are sewed by women and girls. The stitch is also the same, but no awl is used and the ball is held in the hand while being sewed.

But few of the very cheap balls are made, as in former days, of sawdust. The packing of the sawdust takes too long, and they are now made on the pressing machine of leather in the manner just described, except that the scrap, after being weighed, instead of being wrapped first, is crowded into the lower receptacle while loose and pressed into a ball. It is then wrapped with just enough twine to hold it together. After covering, the balls are sent to the packing room, where they are assorted and stamped. The maker's name, brand and, in some instances, the size are stamped on the ball. They are then packed in pasteboard boxes ready to be cased for shipping. The finest balls are each wrapped in silver foil and packed in a separate box, which is sealed.—*Philadelphia Times.*

THREE ANSWERS.

The Ideas Entertained by London Children Concerning Scriptural Personages.

Every year a certain proportion of the children of the London board schools enter into a competitive examination in Scriptural knowledge, for prizes which consist of handsomely bound Bibles and Testaments. The competitors write answers to printed questions, and following specimens of of their work illustrate that one result of the cramming process is to make "hash" of the children's knowledge:

"Abraham was the father of Lot, and ad tew wives. One was called Hishmale and tother Haggar, he kept wun at home, and he turned tother into the desert, where she became a pillow of salt in the daytime, and a pillow of fire by night."

Another on Joseph:

"Joseph wore a Koat of many garments. He was chief butler to Faro and told in dreams. He married Potiffers dorter, and he led the Giphans out of bondage and died in sight of the promised land."

This was offered on Moses:

"Moses was an Egypshion. He lived in a ark made of bulrushes, and he kept a golden calf and worshipt brazen snakes, and he het kwales and manner. He was kort by the air of his ed while riding under the bow of a tree, he was killed by his son Absolom as he was hanging from the bow. His end was peace.—*Youth's Companion.*

QUEER VINEGAR.

A Grocer's Apology Which Explained Two Strange Phenomena.

A hurried grocer gave a country man a jug of coal oil instead of a jug of vinegar for which he had asked. Several days afterward, when the countryman came back, the grocer said:

"My friend, I have an apology to make to you."

"How so?"

"Why, the other day when you were in here I gave you coal oil instead of vinegar."

"Wall, I'll be blamed ef that don't splain it. When we poured some o' the stuff on the turnip greens wife 'lowed that it tasted quar', but I 'lowed that it was because she had been down with the chills. 'Yas, an' I now un'erstan' er nuther thing. I spilt some on me an' er minit airterwards I drapped a lit match on my britches an' I'll be dinged ef I didn't think I'd burn up 'fore I could shuck 'em off. I thought that it wuz the caperinest vinegar I ever seed, but didn't find nothin' quar' in the taste 'cept it wan't sour ernuff."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A Most Excellent Reason.

German (to barkeeper)—Say, Herman, how vas dot?

Herman—How vas vot?

"Vy, ven you keeb der blace down on der gorner, vy, efry dime I de saloon come in you say 'come haf glass beer,' und now, since you gum ub hier, you neber say 'haf glass beer.' How vas dot nohow?"

"Vell, I dells you how dot vas. Ven I vas down on der gorner I vas vorking for Meester Smidt."

"Yah."

"Und de beer vot I gif me avay gost me nudings."

"Yah."

"But now, I owns dis blace und de beer vat I gifs er vay gost me somedings. Dot vas de vay. If you bring somebody else's beer my house in I gif you all of it you vant."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

The Best Place for Ton

In one of the newly settled counties of Dakota the few residents were fixing up a political slate so that all would have a place at the public crib.

"There," said one, "I guess about everybody has something except old Tom Bellows."

"Might make him constable."

"No, he can't read—couldn't serve a warrant."

"Justice of the peace?"

"That won't do because he can't write, either. Guess the old fellow will have to go hungry."

"That won't never work," said another, "he will throw his influence against us. I should think the school board was the place for Tom."

"Didn't think of that. Put him down for the best place on the board."—*Estelline (D. T.) Bell.*

AN ENJOYABLE SIGHT.

The Interesting and Charming Way in Which a Woman Puts on a Bonnet.

"Did you ever notice how a woman puts on a bonnet?" asked an irreverent friend not long ago.

"No? Then you have missed the enjoyment of a most interesting performance. When a man dons his headpiece he merely claps the cover over his brows, with as little consideration as one would drop an extinguisher over a candle. He simply puts it on, and that is all there is in the operation. Light or dark is all the same to him. With a woman how different. When she puts on her new bonnet a poem is created, a picture is called into being, music is brought back to earth and the atmosphere is saturated with sweet sounds."

He had a quizzical look in his face and there was a suspicious smile about his mouth. I wonder if he knew I had on a new bonnet?

"She brings forth her band-box (her plump arms can scarcely clasp its aldermanic waist), sets it upon a chair or table, removes the lid, and with a sweet smile reaches down into the cavernous interior of that box and draws forth very tenderly a little, insignificant, heterogeneous affair that courtesy calls a bonnet. To the male eye it has neither beauty nor comeliness."

I knew he was going to say it. Aren't men hateful?

"But wait a bit," he continued, recklessly. "Now she advances toward the mirror, holding the delicate trifle before her, after the manner in which a careful housewife carries a pan full to the brim of hot fat. Arrived at the looking-glass, she releases one ear of the bonnet, and with the disengaged hand deftly brushes her front hair. Then her hand resumes hold of the bonnet, and the fellow-hand in its turn pays attention to the clustering locks on its side of the house. Now both hands have the bonnet in their gentle grasp. The fair creature looks into the glass, and remarks, apologetically, that her hair isn't fixed. She feels that it is her duty to exhibit that bonnet in the most favorable manner. She has no excuses to make for its shortcomings; it has none. It is herself alone and always her hair, that is responsible for any thing short of perfection when the nuptial knots shall be tied under her chin and the bonnet and herself shall be one glory.

"And still she hasn't it on her head yet?" said I, not wholly mortified.

"Ah, no; she raises the airy nothing aloft; her chin protrudes; her hand oscillates; she cranes her neck and hunches her shoulders while she adjusts the bonnet astride her pug and settles it down carefully upon its hair sub-couch. It is now exactly as it should be. There is no guesswork about it. Square, level and plump could not be more precise in results. Up goes her rounded chin; the strings are tied without the slightest wrinkling of the ribbon; the ends are brushed out with a delicate sleight-of-hand; the bows are picked out flat and square—not too flat nor too square—and a long, slender pin is thrust remorselessly through the bow, its point, naked and unguarded, protruding from the thither side—a warning to all whom it may concern that no trespassers are allowed upon the premises."—*San Francisco Examiner.*

MUSICAL LEGISLATORS.

A List of the Best Singers in the National Senate and House.

While it is not generally supposed that the staid statesmen at the capital are over-musical in their tastes, yet there are some who love to lay aside the cares of official work and bathe their souls in song. Among the members of Congress Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, is the best known singer. He has a fine baritone voice, which he uses to excellent advantage. The Senator's repertoire is extensive, but his favorites are some quaint old drinking songs, and in their rendition he is well-nigh inimitable.

Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, is a basso, and a good singer he is, too. His favorite is "Old Kentucky Home." Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, is another singer of Congressional renown. His voice is a baritone, and he sings a number of selections very nicely. Not a great while ago he sang his favorite, "One Hundred Years Ago," in his committee room to a company of friends, and they do say it was a magnificent performance. Mr. Brown, of Pennsylvania, has the best tenor in Congress, and it has been thoroughly cultivated. It is a high, pure and sweet voice. Mr. Brown is fond of the highest order of music, although he sings some plaintive ballads in a way that would do credit to a professional. Mr. Hanback, of Kansas, is another tenor. His voice is not as finely cultivated as Mr. Brown's, but it is powerful and sonorous. He would make a good chorus singer in the comic opera were it not for his bald head. Mr. Hanback likes the serio-comic songs of the day. He belongs to the Elks and is a regular attendant upon their meetings. He can give a good recitation as well as sing a song. Sometimes his selections are of the patriotic order, and sometimes they partake of the comic, but he seldom sings any thing sentimental. There are a number of other singers in Congress—enough, in fact, to furnish choruses for several opera companies—but the gentlemen mentioned are those who have achieved reputations on account of their own musical gifts and attainments.—*Washington Letter.*

—One of the most important rules in the science of manners is that you preserve an almost absolute silence concerning yourself. Play the comedy, some day, of speaking of your own interests to ordinary acquaintances, and you will see feigned attention swiftly followed by indifference and then by weariness, until every one has found a pretext for leaving you. But if you wish to group about you the sympathies of all and to be considered a charming and agreeable fellow, talk to them of themselves, seek some way of bringing each of them into action in turn; then they will smile at you, think well of you and praise you when you are gone.—*N. Y. Herald.*

TEMPERANCE READING.

WHAT A JUG DID.

"Why is my house so shabby and old,
At every crevice letting in cold,
And the kitchen-walls all covered with mold?"
If you'll allow me to be so bold—
Go ask your jug!

"Why are my eyes so swollen and red?
Whence this dreadful pain in my head?
Where in the world is our nice feather-bed,
And the wood that was piled up in the shed?"
Go ask your jug!

"Why is my wife broken-hearted and sad?
Why are my children never now glad?
Why did my business run down so bad?
Why at my thoughts am I well-nigh mad?"
Go ask your jug!

"Oh, why do I pass the old church-door
Weary of heart and sadly foot-sore,
Every moment sinking down lower,
A pitiable outcast evermore?"
Go ask your jug!

—*N. Y. Witness.*

BETTY'S DRAMS.

How Tom Dillon Turned His Daily Drinks to Good Account.

"Remnants, three cents per yard! Whoop! Cheap enough! Goods is going down; hope wages won't go after them," Tom Dillon went on, hands in his pockets. What connected in his mind the brown calico gown with blue and yellow roses with the thin, wee, fretful face of his Betty? Betty was ailing that day, her mother said, and she had thought fit to whine and hold out wistfully her little hand when her father went off to work. The fingers in Tom's pockets held ten cents, the price of his regular morning drink. By some mental process it occurred to him that ten cents would buy three yards of the calico, and that would make Betty a gown; and when she sat on his knee unfolding it at night, the cross, sickly face would grow child-like and gay. "She'll be more glad of the frock than I will of my dram," said Tom; and he turned back and asked for three yards of the calico. On the counter a basket held a narrow white trimming marked "1 ct." "Does that mean a cent a yard?" asked Tom. "Chip in a yard and bring the dime even."

"It will make a very neat little dress, and the edge will trim the neck and sleeves," said the shop-girl, pleasantly.

"Just the price of a drink," said Tom, uneasily.

"If all men would use their drink-money so there would be less ragged children and discouraged mothers."

Well, Betty was not ragged, but she was shabby, and Nora, his wife, was getting to look listless and hopeless. Was it his fault? He never was drunk, never was drunk-cross. Ten cents in the morning, the same at night, now and then a Sunday afternoon tipple, and a Monday off when he felt dull and cross—not much over two dollars a week, on the whole, year in and year out; that was all. It was an "all" that made the difference between comfort and safety, and narrowness and anxiety at home. Tom did not realize it. He picked up his parcel.

"Suppose you buy the little girl a doll; these are only five cents," said the shop-woman, persuasively, holding up a doll. It was ten inches long, had staring black eyes, a tuft of tow with a gilt band atop for hair, short arms, straight, wooden legs, but it had features and a crimson complexion. Tom was not wise in dolls, and this looked fine to him; it would to Betty, who had no doll. He paid the nickel. "Half of to-night's drink gone," he chuckled, and off he went to his work.

The master was going about the shop that morning. He finally called out clearly:

"See here, my lads, I don't want to interfere with your private lives, but you are spending too much on drinks. Now, who has not had a dram this morning? Speak up."

"I never touches it," said an old fellow.

"I haven't had one," said Tom Dillon.

"And what have you in the bank, Abram?" asked the master.

"Six hundred dollars," quoth Abram, feeling rich.

"Well, I had no dram, because I spent the dime on a gown for Betty," said Tom. "I usually has a dram."

"It would be well if Betty stood always in the way of the dram; then each little Betty would have clothes and schooling, and books, and a good trade or dowry. Say you spend two dollars a week on drams; if you put it instead in a box for Betty, and drew out what she needed each year until she was ten, she would have a balance of one hundred and four dollars. Twenty-five dollars a year would clothe her when little, and seventy-five would be laid up. Betty would be an heiress."

As Tom went home that night he met a shabby old man selling oranges. "Halloo!" said Tom. "I've a nickel due to Betty in my pocket."

"Two for five cents," said old Tim.

When Tom went home he bestowed one orange on Betty and one on Nora. He felt as if he should excuse such generosity and delicate attention to his wife and child. "You see old Tim worked in our shop once. But he got paralysis, and so he's took to selling oranges to keep out of the poor-house."

"What did he earn in the shop?" asked Nora.

"Say nine dollars a week, year in and out."

"How many years did he work there."

"Thirty, I've heard say," replied Tom, innocently.

"And what did he spend on drams?"

"Well, he took a little more than I do; but he was not a drunkard, after all. Let's say about three dollars a week."

"Do you know what he'd have had if he had laid up that every week?" asked Nora.

"No; I'm not so good at schoolin' as you, my lass."

"Nigh $5,000, without a mite of interest; but with interest he'd have gone away to sixteen thousand or more. He'd have been a rich man now, not an orange-peddler. A snug little house, a servant, good furniture, a warm hearth, a tidy table. Now, what good do his drams do him, and he round in the cold and mud hobbling about selling oranges?"

Betty in a beatific state, the flavor of the orange in her mouth, her doll hugged in her arms; Nora looking cheery, diligently cutting and sewing the little gown—these represented to Tom Dillon the price of two drinks?

"What are you about, Tom?" some one asked at "nooning" next day.

"I'm making a box to hold my drams for Betty."

"Why, man, that child can't use drams."

"She'll thrive on 'em surprisin'," responded Tom Dillon.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

DISEASE AND ALCOHOL.

Positive Statements by Experienced Authorities Worthy of Credence.

I consider I shall do more in curing disease and preventing disease in one year by prescribing total abstinence than I could do in the ordinary course of an extensive practice of one hundred years.—*Dr. Higginbottom, an Eminent Surgeon of Nottingham.*

It is no figure of speech, but the literal truth, that hundreds of neuralgic, hysteric and epileptic patients have been driven into drunkenness or lunacy, or both, by the endless folly of advisers, who had no better reason for the prescription of large doses of alcohol than the fact that these diseases are attended with nervous weakness. * * * It is a grave scandal and mischief that medical men should endanger in this serious way the power of moral resistance of women and other weak persons.—*Dr. James G. Wakley, in the London Lancet.*

All kinds of ardent spirits and other strong stimulants are not only not useful in preventing cholera, but dispose to its attack.—*Boston Board of Health, 1832.*

Resolved, That the vending of ardent spirits, in whatever quantity, be considered a nuisance—and as such is hereby directed to be discontinued for the space of ninety days from this date.—*By order of the Board of Health, James Larned, Sec., Passed in Washington, D. C., 1832, on account of the prevalence of the cholera.*

All spirit-drinkers will be the first victims of the cholera.—*Notice displayed by the authorities of London in 1832.*

Cholera has stood up here (Montreal), as it has everywhere, the advocate of temperance. It has pleaded most eloquently and with tremendous effect. The disease has searched the haunts of the drunkard and has seldom left them without bearing away its victims. Even moderate drinkers have been but a little better off. Ardent spirits in any shape and in any quantity have been highly detrimental. There seems to be a natural affinity between the cholera and ardent spirits.—*Dr. Bronson, writing from Montreal, 1832.*

We have a great horror of arsenic and fifty other things; the fact is, all these things are a mere bagatelle in relation to the most direct, absolute, immediate and certain poisonings which are caused by alcohol. There are more men killed, so far as I know English statistics—more men poisoned by alcohol—than are poisoned by all other poisons put together.—*Jas. Edmunds, M. D., London, Eng.*

The *Volksfreund* for August, 1854, states that out of nine hundred persons who died in Rotterdam the preceding year from cholera only three were abstainers.—*Judge Pitman.*

I have found the use of alcoholic drinks to be the most powerful predisposing cause of malignant cholera with which I am acquainted. Were I one of the authorities, I would placard every spirit shop in town with large bills containing the words: "Cholera sold here."—*Dr. A. M. Adams, Professor of the Institutes of Medicine in the Andersonian University of Glasgow.*

Alcoholism is widely prevalent, but it is not popular to die a drunkard. Its victims are hardly ever credited to it unless they are poor and friendless.—*Eighth Annual Report of Massachusetts Board of Health.*

I suppose that next to pulmonary diseases, more persons come to their death, either directly or indirectly, by alcoholism, than from any other cause. Hundreds of men who die from liver complaint and kidney troubles might have been healthy men to-day if they had not poisoned their systems with alcohol.—*James W. Alexander, vice-president of the Equitable Life Insurance Company, New York.*

In hospitals where the largest amount of alcohol is used, there is the greatest percentage of deaths.—*Dr. King, of the Philosophical Society of Hull, Eng.*

I have amply tried both ways. I gave alcohol in my practice for twenty years, and have now practiced without it this last thirty years or more. My experience is that acute disease is more readily cured without it, and chronic disease much more manageable.—*John Higginbottom, F. R. S.*

As to the general use of alcohol in disease, every form of disease would be better treated without alcohol than with it.—*Dr. Benj. W. Richardson, F. R. S.*

Alcohol may be wholly dispensed with without injury to the sick, every intelligent physician being able to supply its place with other remedies of equal, if not of greater, value.—*Dr. N. S. Davis, Chicago; Dr. Stephen Smith, New York; Dr. James Edmunds, London, and many other eminent men in the profession.*

MR. POWDERLY's advice to the working-men. "Boycott the dram-shop," was the best of all his utterances. It is advice, too, that is good for many other people besides those known as wage-workers, for men of all occupations are patrons of the saloonists and their traffic. It is by moral influence also that the best work is to be done in the cause of Temperance, for even the prohibition of law is only possible when it is successfully exerted.—*United Presbyterian.*

THERE are few people who see the practical evil as we see it in the criminal courts of this city. There we can trace four-fifths of the crimes committed to the influence of rum. There is not one case in twenty where a man is tried for his life in which rum is not the direct or indirect cause of the murder. Rum and blood—I mean the shedding of blood—go hand in hand.—*Judge Allison, of Philadelphia.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—It is said that in the extreme South clothes-pins are not used. There the clothing is doubled over the line and allowed to hang until it is dry, which, owing to the warmth of the climate, is a matter of a short time.—*Good Housekeeping.*

—It is reported on "perfectly reliable authority" that the latest conundrum at the London clubs concerns Miss Fortescue, to whom Lord Garmoyle paid £10,000 for not marrying her. Thus is it: What is the most expensive kind of oil? Garmoyle. Because it costs £10,000 per gal.

—Samuel B. Downey, Captain of the Lancaster Bicycle Club, recently rode his wheel from Lancaster to Philadelphia and back, a distance of 136 miles, between 5:30 in the morning and 11:45 in the evening. He stayed nearly four hours in Philadelphia and stopped for supper on his way back.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—A curious sale of skeletons is about to take place in Paris. These ghastly treasures belonged to a French doctor, who devoted his existence to studying distorted human nature, and haunted the hospitals to buy up the corpses of deformed persons. Accordingly he formed a perfect museum of horrors, for which his heirs now ask £1,200.

—The bent of the young American mind was strongly illustrated in the St. Louis high school, where the scholars were directed to prepare a list of the five greatest journalists dead and the five greatest living. The boys were nearly unanimous in heading their lists of greatest living journalists with the name of a well known base-ball reporter.—*St. Louis Post.*

—A correspondent of a San Francisco society paper declares that in making a call he never knows what to do with his hands and feet, and asks advice on the subject. The shrewdly judging editor thereupon suggests that he take his hat with the former and his departure with the latter. If all writers on etiquette were as practical as this one they would not be the useless persons they are now.—*San Franciscan.*

—Mr. John Rogers, of Mansfield, Mass., had a throat-gargle compounded at a druggist's the other day. When carrying it home the bottle exploded, and everything that the compound touched was burned. It turned out that the clerk had used aquafortis instead of aqua pura, or pure water, and that the aquafortis, in composition with glycerine in the prescription, made something about like nitro-glycerine.—*Boston Journal.*

—Several negroes recently captured a large sturgeon in Big creek, Georgia. It had been seen swimming around in the creek for more than a week, and that day they went prepared with spikes and axes to capture the monster. The water was three or four feet deep, and it took considerable work to bring him to shore. It was taken to Waynesboro, and weighed eighty-five pounds and measured six and one-half feet in length. It is the first sturgeon ever captured in the creek.—*N. O. Times.*

—John Carothers, while burning brush near Akron, O., caught his foot in a brush heap and was in danger of being burned to death. His yells brought a man, who said: "Pay me the five dollars you owe me and I'll help you out." Carothers insisted that he didn't owe any five dollars. "All right then, burn," said the man, and he walked away. Carothers then by frantic efforts released himself, but not before he was badly scorched.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—A new law in New Jersey is aimed at the deceptive nursery agent. It provides that "any person selling fruit trees or fruit briers, who shall misrepresent the name or nature of said fruit trees or fruit briers, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be punished by a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars, or imprisoned in the county jail for a term not exceeding three months, or both, at the discretion of the court."

—A tourist in Alaska writes home: "There is not a horse, mule or bicycle in Alaska; each and all would be useless as a means of locomotion. The whole country leads toward heaven at an angle of forty-five degrees. To move on you must climb and keep on climbing forever. The Indians, for that reason, with level heads avoid the land, except as a place to sleep on; they live and move in canoes. What the gondola is to the Venetians the canoe is to the people of Alaska."

VALUE OF THE GOAT.

An Animal Which Deserves a Prominent Place on the Farm.

In England they now have a special breed of goats for the dairy, and an association has been formed, the best animals registered in a flock book, and a general improvement determined on. In fact, an illustration of a celebrated dairy goat, recently appearing in an English paper, showed such a capacity of udder as to compare favorably with some cows now in our dairies. And why should not the goat be given a useful place among our domestic animals? If it can be so improved as to give large quantities of milk, it will largely contribute to the assistance of those who have no facilities for keeping a cow, while their prolificacy will place them within the reach of all. There is a very foolish prejudice against the goat. Its flesh is even superior to mutton, possessing a gamey flavor in which the sheep is lacking, and if the males are fatted, and sold at about one year old, we venture to predict that once the public is educated to the value of the meat there will grow up a demand which will not be easily supplied. As to the flesh of the kid, it is excellent. The goat being herbaceous, and living on the same food as the sheep, should destroy all prejudice that may exist. The she-goat sometimes gives as much as six quarts of milk, if they are superior milkers, and the milk is not only rich as cream but in all the elements that form a complete food. Butter is not made from goats' milk, but some of the richest and best-flavored cheeses are produced from it. We predict that ere long we will begin to import strains of good milking goats from Europe.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

HENRY CLAY.

The Great Orator's Formal Farewell Speech in the Senate.

Henry Clay rose in the Senate on the 31st of March, 1842, to make his farewell speech in a chamber which he had entered forty-two years previously, although he had not been in continuous service since then. The Senate chamber presented a magnificent spectacle, perhaps, upon the whole, a more brilliant one than had ever before been exhibited there. Every seat was filled, and every avenue approaching the chamber blocked up. Two hours before Mr. Clay began to speak, an exit or an entrance were equally impossible to those within or without. Perhaps so limited a space was never so well filled. The gentlemen filled the straight gallery, which was better known as "the Calcutta black hole," to its utmost capacity. The railings of the seats, and the seats themselves were all crowded, and the people seemed to be literally piled one upon another. The ladies' gallery was filled almost entirely with ladies, and the circle there presented as much of grace, elegance and dignity as ever adorned any public assembly. It was a scene which might well have called forth the admiration of the sterner and the coarser sex below and around. The chamber, before Mr. Clay rose, was literally wreathed in smiles and beauty, and it was a scene beautiful to look upon, until the event which had called so many together took place, in the earnest, sweet-spoken final farewell, which came from the lips of the orator and reached every heart. Along the central entrance to the chamber the crowd was equally dense, and upon either side here, though far out of sight, and out of hearing, too, ladies were seated, all anxious to catch a tone of a voice which for so many years had always told like the sweetest notes of the lark in the ears of the whole female sex. Senators of all parties gave the most respectful attention, while the representatives flocked in from the House and occupied the privileged seats round about the chamber. Then came the address—for it was more of an address than a speech—the published report of which is only the body of a beautiful oration without the soul. The spirit which kindled, the fire which burned, are not there. Words are as cold as marble without the divine afflatus which could almost give life and action to the dead. The picture presented in such a congregation of people was not only fair enough and perfect enough in all its proportions to charm the eye, but it was a scene which might have given, either in the sympathy created or the pride excited, a feeling but little less than one inspired. The ladies, who were all hope and buoyancy a moment before, were now, "like Niobe, all tears." Mr. Clay in speaking of himself, of his friends, of the noble State of Kentucky where he had been received as a son forty-five years since, was himself quite unmanned. Others were much more affected, and many of the oldest Senators were in tears many times while Mr. Clay was speaking. Mr. Clay left the storm and turmoil of public life, as he thought forever, with an enviable reputation for statesmanship, for patriotism and for eloquence, and his last act was to present the credentials of Mr. Crittenden as his successor, and to speak of him in the most excellent terms. Seven years later Mr. Clay returned to the Senate and served until he died.—*Ben: Perley Poore, in Boston Budget.*

A EUROPEAN LEGISLATURE.

Visit to a Session of the Bavarian House of Representatives.

Having some curiosity to see what a European legislative assembly looked like, I visited last week, in company with a friend, the Landtag, the Bavarian Congress. It had been in session all the winter, but, like most such bodies all over the world this year, it had done little but talk, and has a large part of its work yet before it. The meetings are held in a handsome building on Pranner strasse, newly refitted and well lighted by incandescent electric lights, and visitors are admitted to the galleries by tickets given by the porter. We first visited the Kammer der Abgeordnten, which corresponds to our House of Representatives. It is held in a large square chamber, with a gallery on three sides, and, unlike the British House of Commons, seats are evidently provided for all the members, about two hundred and fifty, and placed on radiating lines in a semi-circle. The Speaker, as I call him for want of knowing his proper title, Herr Von Ow is his name, was seated in a high pen-like arrangement, under the clock, of course, and before and below him the clerk of the House was reading the bill in that rapid, mechanical voice that these officers always use. On each side were three red-covered chairs for the use of the ministers, but only one, that of the Minister of Finance, was occupied. Two stenographers sat beside the clerk, and a row of industrious reporters in the gallery. Some ninety members were in the room, and the order or lack of it, was much the same as in our State Legislature, except I saw no feet on the desks, and the members read newspapers, wrote letters, walked about and talked in voices not entirely subdued. Each desk held the calendar and a printed copy of the bill under discussion, an agricultural bill, but little attention was paid to it or the speakers discussing it, who seemed to be speaking for their constituencies, as they did not appear to care for their lack of auditors. But as one gray-haired man rose and began to speak, the members came pouring in from committee rooms and "elsewhere" until the house was nearly full, and the closest attention was paid to him. The votes are taken by rising, except when the roll is called. The House is divided between the Conservatives on the left of the Speaker and the Liberals on the right, the former being greatly in the majority and nearly all Catholics, many of them theologians.—*Munich Cor. Milwaukee Sentinel.*

—Sweet lemons are a favorite Mexican dainty. They are the shape, color and size of the lemons of commerce, but are sweeter than the banana.

THE SUN DANCE.

Description of a Barbarous Indian Feast Now Suppressed by the Government.

The wild Indian Sun Dance, which was held for the last time during June, 1883, with its barbarous and cruel inflictions, is one of the historical pasts that will never again be repeated. The writer was present at that sun dance, and the only scenes that will again greet his or any other eyes are views that were taken on the spot, and which, but for the iron will of the Indian agent, would never have been taken, so superstitious were the Indians against it.

Prior to the completion of the sun dance circle, when three days are taken to feasting on dog soup, dancing, giving away ponies, cattle and every thing else that gives evidence that the "heart is good" the chiefs, sub-chiefs and head men meet in council in some woodland, where they select twelve virgins who are to do the honor of cutting the pole. A number of young Indians are appointed to make search for a good pole for the occasion (which has, however, been selected a long time before; but they must go through certain pretentions so as to make themselves appear proper), and finally, after considerable delay, the twelve virgins each take an axe, and give the pole one cut, the young bucks finishing the job. The crossing of a stream is superstitiously forbidden, and when the young Indians are ready they march in triumph to the place selected for its "planting." Before them rush a thousand young braves on ponies, who fire off rifles and revolvers until outside the limits of the encampments, which, together with their yells, would drive off any evil spirits that might be hanging around; and that is their part in the play. The pole is raised and green brush is placed in a circle about it, while the pole itself is gorgeously decorated with strips of calico in all the brilliant hues, which have been placed there as offerings from some dusky maiden or old squaw.

The sun dance among these wild people is a barbarous religion with them. During the year an Indian has prayed to the Great Spirit for fortune in hunting, restoration of health or some other wish, for which he promises, if the prayer is granted, to make some sacrifice or dance at the annual sun dance, which was usually held during the month of June. It is composed of fasting and feasting combined, the ones who have made vows fasting for several days, and those who are to "see them through" feasting on delicious young dogs made into soup. Mothers who have asked the Great Spirit for some favor bring their babes and young children to be "gouged" in the ears with any thing but sharp knives by the "medicine men" (who are on hand in great numbers), the girls receiving two inflictions in each ear and the boys one, for which the medicine man receives a pony or two. Women have their arms, shoulders or face cut as they may have promised at the time. Groups of men and women dance with upturned faces to the burning sun, tooting continously a whistle made of an antelope's bone. All these are preliminary to the most barbarous and painful task of being brave. The young men who have fixed their hearts upon this tortue by going through the ordeal of being cut in the two breasts and a sinew passed through the wounds, are tied to a rope attached to the stationary sun dance pole, which they endeavor to break out by continuous dancing and jerking. Their faces are lifted to the scorching June sun while they blow on the antelope bone whistle. To contribute to their success some near friend or relative throws out sticks to the surrounding crowds, and a scramble is made to secure them, as each stick entitles the holder to a pony. Invoking the Great Spirit for success is general by the medicine men, while groups of dancers with whistles, and bands of nearly naked wild men, painted in all colors, yellow, green, red, blue, black, white or purple, in whole, in part or combinations, with the designs of hands, horseshoe prints, horses, Indians, etc., go through mournful singing to the beats of a dozen great drums, making the conglomeration of noises any thing but what a band leader would term "harmony." On the occasion to which this article refers but one out of the three succeeded in breaking the flesh from the breasts—and he proved the meanest as well as bravest—the others fainting; and some of the few whites present became faint themselves during the progress of this horrible torture.

At the close of this festival, lasting about eight days, the Indians returned to their homes to find themselves either richer or poorer than when they left; but a large store-house of rations furnished by the Government supplied their wants to at least a limited extent. On their return home they found what few crops they had put in before they left had either got behind the growth of the weeds or been eaten by stray stock. Thus the progressive Indian failed to progress, and the Government did a most sensible act when it abolished the sun dance, which every Indian was compelled to attend or be held in disgrace by the leaders.—*Creighton (Neb.) Pioneer.*

Turkish Bed-Rooms.

This simplicity of domestic furniture has its advantages. At the first alarm of fire every thing can be turned out of window without injury; but it is very much opposed to our Western ideas of comfort, as the slave girls, unless carefully barricaded out, make an inroad into the sleeping room in early morning. They sweep up bed and bedding before your eyes are fairly open; two or three maidens pounce upon the mattresses, the yorghans, and the embroidered pillows the instant they are unoccupied, and rolling the whole into the wrapper, bear it away to the vast cupboard constructed for that purpose in most of the rooms. The visitor is left stranded, and obliged to proceed with the incongruous feeling of dressing in a drawing room. These remarks apply to orthodox, old-fashioned households. Young feminine Turkey has its French or German bedsteads, its "armoire a glace," its wash stand, all marble and fine porcelain "a la franca."—*From Mrs. Walker's "Eastern Life."*

FAMOUS BOOK-AGENTS.

Historical Personages Who at One Time or Another "Peddled" Literary Works.

The book-peddler, like a certain other personage, is not so black as he is painted. He has had the misfortune—along with the barber, the plumber and the "drummer"—to become the prey of the newspaper paragrapher, and innumerable jests are cracked at his expense. He is, as a rule, a most inoffensive person and is engaged in an honorable occupation. The business can boast many honored names among its followers, a fact that should exempt the book-peddler from much of the odium that is without good cause cast upon him.

It may be a surprise to the public at large to know that among the corps and class of men bearing the business name of book-agents, Bonaparte—when a lieutenant, unemployed at the capital, and too honorable to duplicate his pay accounts—took the agency for Boulanger et Cie., the noted publishers of the Pont Neuf, for a work entitled L'Histoire de la Revolution. Bonaparte tried to secure from the publishing company the whole department of La Vendee, but he was only given a suburban Parisian arrondissement. In the foyer of the great palace of the Louvre, amid countless bric-a-brac of the reign of Louis, the great monarch, can be seen to-day, under a glass case, the little canvasser's outfit of the great Emperor, and within it the long list of names which his assiduity secured.

George Washington, while surveying Fairfax County in his youth—prior to the fateful Braddock expedition—was a book-agent. The work he canvassed for—a copy of which is now among the relics of the Patent Office—was Bydell's American Savage; How He May be Tamed by the Weapons of Civilization. Washington sold over two hundred copies in and around Alexandria, Va.

Jay Gould sold books as an agent. Mark Twain sold books as an agent. Longfellow sold books as an agent. Daniel Webster paid his second term's tuition at Dartmouth by acting as local agent in Merrimac County, N. H., for De Tocqueville's America. Bret Harte was a book-agent in the fall of 1849 or spring of 1850.

General Grant, subsequent to his resignation from the army, before his venture on the Dent farm, took part of the territory of a general agent of Putnam's to dispose of Irving's Columbus. Ex-President Hayes footed it all over Southern Ohio, when a mere lad, getting subscriptions for Baxter's Lives of the Saints. Blaine began life as an humble canvasser in Washington County, Pa., selling a Life of Henry Clay, the Mill Boy of the Slashes. Bismarck, when at Heidelberg during a winter vacation, having had his allowance cut short by his father, the Baron, canvassed for one of Blumenbach's hand-books.

James Lackington, a Methodist preacher, commenced to canvass the works of John Bunyan, published by the Rivingtons of London, in 1770, and subsequently became one of the largest booksellers and publishers in England. Thomas Kelly, who was a canvasser in London, afterward became the proprietor of the house for which he was working, and accumulated a fortune. He became Lord Mayor of London in 1834, and died worth nearly $2,000,000.

Thomas Guy, the celebrated philosopher, canvassed Bibles. At his death, besides endowing one of the most magnificent charities in Europe—Guy's Hospital—he left a large fortune to his heirs. James Blackie, of the house of Blackie & Sons, of Glasgow, was canvasser, and was very successful. It has been related of him that after he had made a large fortune and was Lord Provost of Glasgow, incog. he would test the merits of his new publications by a personal canvass of the leading men of his city, after which he would hand his list over to his agent.

And so we could go on. Many of these names are familiar to the public; some of the number are among us to-day. Every thing in any line of business rests with the man—no matter what line, whether dry goods, groceries or books. He can make it honorable or dishonorable as he sees fit.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

HAIR-DOCTORING.

A Popular Female Folly and Its Deleterious Effects.

A fashionable modiste gave a reporter some points on women doctoring their hair to obtain certain effects in color. She said: "Women are blessed with such luxuriant hirsute adornments they rarely ever become bald. If they did not attempt to doctor their hair it would never fall out, unless some scalp disease caused it. In nearly every hair store you visit will be found a hair lotion specially prepared to do something wonderful either in the way of producing extraordinary growth or changing the color from a sandy to a golden, or as desired. Women have a fondness for experimenting with their hair, and can not resist the temptation to try all the nostrums offered. I say nostrums; some of the stuff may be good, used in moderation, but moderation is rarely observed. Women are all allopathic in hair remedies. I have seen many a beautiful suit of hair ruined by applications of lotions. I know a young married lady who moves in the highest circles. She had long, wavy, blonde hair, the envy of nine-tenths of her friends. She concluded that she wanted it a shade lighter—some one had told her that it would add to its beauty. She began by using borax and a lot of prepared stuff, guaranteed by each person who sold it to do its work effectually and without harm. Her hair is now an ugly shade of sorrel and completely dead. It is also much thinner, and will all come out, I think, in a few years. Her case is but one of many. If women would only take into consideration the fact that health, as a rule, gives vitality to hair they would not use so many ineffectual remedies. It is enough to have a race of bald-headed men—may the females be spared."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

VOLCANIC OUTBURSTS.

Prof. Proctor's Startling Theory Regarding the Origin of Meteors.

We have actually no possible way of explaining the terrestrial origin of any meteors but in volcanic outbursts. Moreover, we are obliged to set the time when such outbursts took place very far back in the past, seeing that at present the volcanic forces of the earth, even as manifested at Krakatoa recently, possesses nothing like the power necessary for the ejection of matter beyond the range of the earth's back-drawing power. Looking, however, at the immense extrusive power of the volcanoes of the tertiary era, when basaltic lava covering hundreds of thousands of square miles to a depth of one thousand to fourteen thousand feet were poured forth, we can conceive the still mightier energies of volcanoes in the secondary era, their still more tremendous power in the primary era, and so, passing backward to millions of years beyond the first beginnings of life on the earth, we can even picture to ourselves volcanoes ejecting matter with velocities of ten to twelve miles per second. With such velocities flights of ejected particles would pass beyond the earth's attraction, and if she were the only body in the universe, such ejected matter would travel away from her never to return. But, although such expelled bodies would never return to the earth, they would not escape from the solar system. To drive them forever away from her the earth would have to impart a much larger velocity—an average of about twenty-six miles per second. The greater number of the expelled bodies would travel thenceforth in an orbit round the sun, crossing the earth's track at or near the place where they were sent forth from their parent planet. One may almost say that this origin of many meteorites and meteor systems is forced upon us by the evidence. Still it would be negative if we found that volcanoes do not eject matter at all resembling meteorites in structure. The reverse, however, is the case. Ranging the products of volcanic ejection in order according to the amount of iron they contain, and ranging meteorites in like manner, we find the two series coinciding over the greater portion of the longer—the volcanic series. We might not indeed have known how closely the most ferruginous volcanic products resemble the iron meteorites in structure, but for the accident that Nordenskjold discovered a mass which he mistook for an iron meteorite, but which is found now to be really a volcanic ejection, akin in structure to the field of basaltic lava (at Ovifak on the shores of Greenland), in the midst of which it had fallen while the lava was still plastic to retain this missile as it fell after its flight through many miles of air.—*Proctor, in Nineteenth Century.*

RICE-THROWING.

The Dangerous Side of an Ancient and Popular Wedding Custom.

Opinions differ among the learned as to why rice, of all things, is thrown at "two young lovers lately wed." Some regard it as a feigned hostile attack, in which light they also regard the throwing of old shoes. But there is evidence to show that old shoes are thrown on other occasions, merely for "luck," and where there is no survival of an attack. Thus it is recorded in "Great Expectations" that Joe and Biddy threw an old shoe after Pip when he left them to seek his fortune. As to rice-throwing, again, the custom can not be earlier than the use of rice in this country. Now the author of a French work on "The Kingdom of Macassar," published at the end of the seventeenth century, found that rice was thrown out of the back windows of the house all day during a marriage in Macassar. The bride and bridegroom were not pelted; the object was to distract the attention of the envious evil spirits. Left to their own devices, the evil spirits might have played all sorts of practical jokes, might have carried the bridegroom off bodily to the chamber of the Princess of Persia, or conveyed the bride to the arms of the Prince of Bagdad, or of a hump-backed groom. How the rice affected the demons is not very obvious. An acute observer has divided the practices of savage religion into "spirit-scaring" and "spirit-squaring." Were the Macassar bogies scared or squared, frightened or bribed, by the showers of rice? This is a question for Mr. Herbert Spencer; but either hypothesis is more plausible than the common idea that rice is an emblem of fruitfulness, and secures an abundant crop of olive branches.

Symbols and ceremonies are apt to glide into realities, and realities into symbols. The symbolic rice in Bethnal Green was lately thrown with such hearty good will that it nearly put out the eye of one of the bridegrooms. "He was led to a surgery adjacent and will now have to pass in the ward of a hospital what would otherwise have been his honeymoon." Perhaps this well-directed and galling fire of rice was kept up by an unsuccessful rival, who may be congratulated on the ingenuity of a device which has hitherto escaped even the villain of fiction. It must become plain, however, even in the parish of St. James the Less, that friendly congratulations may be better expressed than by a shower of dangerous missiles. We are sorry to harrass any trade; but surely the local grocers may ask themselves whether it is well to "keep parcels of rice ready packed for the occasion" as they do at present. Distress is already prevalent enough at the East End; it can not be mitigated by encouraging weddings among amorists who are unable or unwilling even to pay the entrance fees. Possibly the rice-throwing has a local explanation. It may be intended to counteract the well-meant kindness of the vicar, and to discourage those whom his expansive generosity allures into marriages of improvidence.—*London Saturday Review.*

APOSTLE ISLANDS.

The Charming Beauty of a Group of Isles in Lake Superior.

On the southern shore of Lake Superior, that great "unsalted sea," and nearing its head, nestle the Apostle Islands, dotting the entrance to Chequamegon bay. Some twenty in number they are of various sizes and shapes. Long reaches of white sand form here and there white beaches, while near by red sandstone cliffs rise perpendicularly from the water to magnificent heights. Again the shores are lined with huge bowlders ground round by the ceaseless roll of the surf. Yawning chasms within whose wind-sheltered walls boats glide over the still water; waterfalls dashing down precipitous hills; huge pillars seeming as though formed by the hands of giant stone masons; great wave-worn fissures; immense blocks of stone fallen from the cliffs and forming other little islands upon which the hardy pine has found root and grows, are some of the natural beauties seen in passing through the island channels. The charm of the group lies more, however, in the ever-varying views of their wooded slopes. On a summer day in that clear atmosphere, when white clouds flit across an otherwise brazen sky, a perfect picture is formed. In the foreground the clear, pure waters of Chequamegon bay; in front and on either hand lie the islands as far as the eye can reach. On the water a shade is cast here, giving it a deep green color; yonder the sun lights it up and it is molten silver; flashing across a wooded hill, all the vivid colors in the laboratory of nature are brought out, a shade from a cloud deepens the emerald-green of spruce and pine, and as the white-winged boat is wafted along, the scene is changed, ever changing. With balsamic odors wafted from deep, woody shores; with refreshing breezes from the bosom of old Superior, mellowed by the rays of the sun and tempered by the winding hills, that lull their boisterous blasts, life is a lullaby ended all too soon.

The Jesuit Fathers, Raymbault and Jaques, who sought but never reached the head of the great lake; Mesnard, who put his trust "in that Providence which feeds the little birds of the air, and clothes the wild flowers of the desert," but who wandered into the trackless woods whence no word, or sign, or sound ever came from him; and Alloüe, who made his way along the shore, through the labyrinth of islands and planted the standard of the cross on the largest of the group, had their hardships, it is true, but what a glorious life they led, with nature in her majesty, her beauty, her purity, ever present. That was more than two centuries ago, and there sit those islands to-day almost as they were when the devout and daring Jesuits with their Indian guides first looked upon them in their beauty. Civilization has gone around them: the despoiling hand of man has been stayed. Save here and there a cleared spot, a fisherman's cabin, some three or four lighthouses to guard the great commerce which flows past these solitary abodes of a few, they are now as they were when earth was young.

Long voyages are made to view the beauties of nature; our people flock to the shores of many seas in search of scenes with which to store life's memory but these northern and easily accessible isles equal if they do not surpass, the most famed groups of the Old World.—*James P. Applegate, in Current.*

DAKOTA MOSQUITOES.

How One of the Busy Insects Surprised a Man from Chicago.

The large iron-gray mosquito indigenous to the tall grass in Dakota is beginning to be felt. This brand to the mosquito botanist is known as the billibus bitem, though the Minnesota Academy of Natural Sciences is inclined to think it is more properly the boredeep buzzibus. We rather favor this view of the critter ourself. We neighboring scientists must stand together.

The Dakota mosquito comes out of the tall grass. The tall timber may be the natural stamping ground of big game and candidates for the Legislature, but the large, two-story mosquito flocks in the high grass. The Dakota mosquito has from six to eight legs according to the season. They first start up and then turn and go back down. This leaves plenty of slack and enables the mosquito to rise up out of the grass and bite a man on horseback without taking its feet off the ground. This statement was for a long time stubbornly disputed by some people till at last our Minnesota scientific friends sent a special geologist with a brow like a ten-acre field out here to investigate it, and he spent a whole summer in running around in the lengthy grass and associating with all grades and sizes of mosquitoes. They now direct the *Bell*, as their official organ, to announce that the horseback story is a scientific fact.

The mosquito at this season makes life a burden if you go out on his range. He bites and then gets acquainted with you afterwards. Tobacco smoke does not discourage him as much as it should. A man from Chicago was out here a few years ago and said he wasn't afraid of mosquitoes. He explained how he would smoke and it would drive them away. He lit a cigar and sat down outside of the house one evening in June. He was just congratulating himself over his victory when a large, angular mosquito with a severe cast of countenance waded out of the grass from a little hollow near by and asked him for a light.—*Estelline (D. T.) Bell.*

—Everything comes to him who waits. The farmer who all through the winter has been wondering what he was going to do with them pesky turnips, now finds a ready sale for them to the dealer in pure grated horseradish.—*Chicago Mail.*

—The Hebrews, who form such a public-spirited and wealthy class in every city, number less than 250,000 in the United States. Most people in making a guess would say a million or two.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—An editor being challenged sent word in reply: "When I want to die I can shoot myself."

Anti-Saloonism in Massachusetts.

The Republican meeting in Boston to emphasize the temperance sentiment of a large element in the party has resulted in the adoption of resolutions favoring the submission to the people of a prohibitory constitutional amendment. The Prohibition wing, which was present, prudently accepted the prevailing view of what was most jusdicious to be done. There can be no doubt that this action is significant, and that it points to a coming extension of demand for temperance measures within the Republican party which the politicians everywhere will be compelled to recognize and respond to. It is to be observed that the Anti-Saloon movement is not the work of this class, and the fact is important. The charge made by the prohibition organs, that it has been started merely to hoodwink the friends of temperance, cannot be sustained for the reason that the promoters of the movement are not office-seekers, but for the most part business and professional men, who have become tired of waiting for the politicians to move in the matter and have at length determined to apply an impetus to them.

In fact the analysis of the new movement shows that it is one to obtain what the Prohibitionists want, but in a common sense, practical way which promises far better results than the third-party men can ever reach. The latter assert that nothing less than the complete stoppage of the liquor traffic will satisfy them; but in the act of making this assertion they so cast their votes that all their political influence goes to building up the Democratic party, which is the great champion and buttress of the drink traffic. Nothing is plainer than the fact that a third-party Prohibition movement must help the Democrats. In many instances it can only have the effect of literally making all temperance reform hopeless for years. In all cases it must delay such reform and encourage its enemies. This being so nothing can be more perverse and irrational than the pretence that those who insist on helping the friends of whiskey are the only trustworthy friends of temperance. The simple truth is that all these people are confounding talk with action; and while they talk one way they act in another. It is certain that without the help of one of the great parties there can be no temperance reform. It is equally certain that no such help is to be had from the Democratic party. The case, therefore, is obviously one in which all the temperance influence available ought to be organized for appliance to the Republican party, since progress can be made through that party alone

This is the view taken by the Boston Republicans who have put in motion the Anti-Saloon movement. It is said, and perhaps truly, that the politicians do not sympathize with the movement. They are always faarful of moving ancient landmarks and trying new experiments, and that is why at intervals it becomes necessary to electrify them with a convincing proof that public opinion has gone forward. If they cannot rise to the occasion they will have to step down and out. It is public opinion which is being forced upon their attention now, however, and they will neglect it at their peril, but not at the peril of the Republican party. All healthy and genuine reform originates in this way; within the party, that is to say. Reforms adopted in response to pressure from without are seldom urged with enthusiasm or earnestness, but changes for the better from within are real changes, and are followed by permanent gains. The Massachusetts Prohibitionists have now not a shadow of excuse for maintaining the third-party illusion. It has been made plain to them that the way to guide the Republican party into the advocacy of temperance measures is clear. No doubt the Boston Conference will give a fresh stimulus to the Anti-Saloon movement throughout the country, and tend to convince doubters that there is going to be a good deal of a shower after all.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Best Chill Medicine.

SALISBURY, MD., Aug. 1884.

Dear Sir:—I had the ague and chills and fever for six months, had taken several different medicines, but none done me any good. Through the recommendation of a friend I was induced to try "AROMANNA." I used one bottle and have not had a chill since.

JOHN PARSONS.

SALISBURY, MD., May 25, 1885.

Dear Sir:—I was cured of Dyspepsia by using two bottles of "AROMANNA."

MARY HEARN.

Price 25 and 85 cts. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland, Md.

Duty and frutility are ours; results and futurity belong to God.

Experience is a torch lighted in the ashes of our delusions.

Scraps of Science.

It is stated that there is abundance of natural gas in Texas.

In the opinion of men of science the pyramids were built of artificial stone.

The acid of vinegar is mainly acetic acid. Pure cider vinegar contains both acetic and malic acid.

Dr. Oegler, of Starsburg, considers pulverised roasted coffee a superior antiseptic for surgical dressings.

It is noted as a curious fact that the chinchona trees grown in hot houses develop no quinine in their bark.

Salt and plaster, mixed in equal quantities and applied sparingly to the roots of plants, will prevent the ravages of the cut-worm.

A boy, not yet 17 years of age, in Minnesota, has invented a "combined hay-rake and cocker," for which he has refused an offer of $15,000.

The discovery that starch can be made much more readily from the root of the cassava than from potatoes is calculated to delight the hearts of Florida.

Sir Henry Bessemer's method of making steel has been of great benefit to the steel-makers of Sheffield, in that while it has cheapened steel the demand has proportionately increased.

The latest paper pulp material is made on fine wire cloth, and possesses all the strength of metal and all flexibility, smoothness and softness of paper. It can be procured in all desired widths.

An ordinary bee can draw twenty times the weight of the body, and a large horned beetle, which was carefully weighed and allowed to work unmolested beneath a bell-glass, drew forty-two and one-tenth times its own weight.

A member of Congress is reported have said to some of his constituents who were sight-seeing in Washington: "Go first to the Smithsonian Institution, where you will see all that God ever made; go thence to the Patent Office, where you will see all that man ever made."

In connection with the methods of Pastuer it is stated that there is no danger of hydrophobia from the bite of a dog after two years have elapsed but that there is no certainty of safety within the two years. The poison, however usually develops in from one to six months after the infliction of the wound.

A new plaster or artificial fire-proof stone has for its chief constituent the mineral asbestine, a silicate of magnesium. To this is added powdered flint and caustic potash, with sufficient water-glass (silicate of soda) to make it into an adhesive plaster. Sand also is mixed with it before used. No lathing is necessary, as the mixture adheres to any smooth or metallic surface.

Absent-Minded.

It is a very awkward thing to be absent-minded. The story is told of a certain gentleman who discovered this to his cost. It so happened, the other day, that the dining-room of the club which he frequented was quite full, when a man who chanced to know his particular failing came in quite hungry. The waiter told the new comer there was no room at present. Spying his absent-minded acquaintance seated and calmly reading the newspaper, a brilliant idea struck the hungry man.

"Has Mr. A. dined yet?" he asked

"No, sir," replied the waiter.

"Well, never mind; take him a card, and tell him he has had his dinner."

The waiter hesitated a moment, and then went over to Mr. A. and handed him a card.

"What is that for? quoth the poor fellow.

"For your dinner, sir."

"My dinner—ah! Have I really had it?"

Yes, sir," rejoined the waiter, in complete innocence.

"Dear me; I had an idea I wawaiting for it. What a curious mistake."

And with a contemplative smile Mr. A. sauntered out of the room, leaving his table for the use of the genius who had thus profited by his absent-mindedness.

Miraculous Escape.

W. W. Reed, druggist, of Winchester, Ind., writes: "One of my customers, Mrs. Louisa Pike, Bartonia, Randolph Co., Ind., was a long sufferer with Consumption, and was given up to die by her physicians. She heard of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and began buying it of me. In six months' time she walked to this city, a distance of six miles, and is now so much improved she has quit using it. She feels she owes her life to it."

Free trial bottles at Wm. Nydegger's Drug Store.

Troubles are hard to take, though they strengthen the soul. Tonics are always bitter.

An Anecdote With a Moral.

Sir Spencer Wells, at a recent medical banquet in England, told the following story of Braithwaite, founder of the famous Retrospect that bears his name:

"I made his acquaintance in a curious way, and he taught me a lesson which I have never forgotten. As it may be useful to some of you, you will perhaps excuse me if I indulge in what may be called gossip. One evening a farmer rode up to Mr. Marsden's, who was the nearest medical man, to beg him to come at once and see a girl who was very ill. Marsden was not at home, so I offered to go. The farmer hesitated; but he was very anxious, so he said, 'Well, lad, get on my horse, and I'll go on for our doctor, Mr. Braithwaite.' So I rode to a small farmhouse near Chapeltown, and found a room foll of people and a girl insensible on the bed. I remember having her clothes loosened, and opening a window, and, when she began to shiver, trying to make her swallow a little brandy and water.

"Then Braithwaite arrived, and very soon took me into another room, after saying to her mother, 'Give her two teaspoonfuls more of that brandy and water.' But as soon as we were alone, he said: 'It is very wrong to give her brandy and water; it is the first stage of some eruptive fever. But a teaspoonful won't make any difference, and it will show that a did not differ from you. If I had,' he said, with a kind smile, 'perhaps they would not believe either of us.' There was something in this way of treating a junior—so much good feeling mixed up with so much knowledge of human nature—that I have many times since, when consulting with juniors, followed, or tried to follow, Braithwaite's example."—*Ex.*

Pay of Congressmen.

When a member dies his pay ceases on the day of his death. The salary of the successor commences the day after the decease of the former member, though the election may not occur for several months. The new member, in other words, draws pay for the time he never served.

A member is allowed twenty cents mileage each way, or forty cents a mile one way, and he can check for the full amount of both trips when he takes his seat. He is allowed $125 a year for stationery. The most of this sum is pocketed.

The members draw their money in different ways. There are probably twenty in the présent House who let their salaries run into nest eggs. Scott, of Pennsylvania, has over a year's salary owing him—about $6,000. There are a couple of dozen of members who always over draw, or rather, borrow from the head of the bank. They borrow or get in advance sums ranging from $10 to $300, and at the end of the month they have nothing. The great majority of the members draw all that is coming to them at the end of each month, particularly those who have their families with them. Some of them never see an outside bank, but let their monthly salary remain and draw it out in small sums. Others take out their salaries and place them in other banks. But this is not done so much as formerly. A number of them got caught in the Middleton Bank that broke some time ago.

Most of the members do all their financial business over the counter of the Congressional bank, and some of them pile checks up as high as $60,000 in a single session.—*Washington Hatchet.*

A Texas Judge has decided that when one man in that State approaches another with his hands in his pockets it is an invitation to shoot. A Virginia Judge, of happy memory, once decided that calling a man a liar was equivalent to knocking him down, and he could thereafter govern himself accordingly.

An ex-member of the Chicago police department tells a reporter that "people generally have a very queer notion of what a detective really is." Well, perhaps they do. One of their queer notions is that they sometimes detect.

A telegram says: "The Indians are being hemmed in." This is encouraging. They have been putting on too many frills of late; but we chouid prefer to hear that they were being basted.

"Pa," said a youag hopeful, "I know what a man who has seen better days is." "Well, my son, what is he?" "He is a man who makes you tired talking about himself."

Patience and strength are what we have now; and all the time an earnest discontent until we come to what we ought to be.

When joy's day is over, faith shines through the Arctic skies like a midnight sun.—*From the German.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TRUSTEES' SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of an order of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, passed on the 5th day of July, A. D. 1886, in the matter of the Deed o Trust from John T. Davis, Philip Davis, William Davis and Daniel Davis to H. Wheeler Combs and Thomas J. Peddicord, dated the 23rd day of June, A. D. 1881, the undersigned were appointed to make sale of all the real estate described in said deed of trust Therefore, the undersigned trustees, by the power and authority conferred as aforesaid, will,

On Tuesday,

THE 3d DAY OF AUGUST, 1886,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., in front of D E. Offutt's store, in the town of Oakland Garrett county, Maryland, offer for sale the following valuable real estate, to wit:

MILITARY LOT NUMBER 458,

containing 50 acres. Also all that part of a tract of land called

"TRIUMPH,"

which is contained within the following metes and bounds: Beginning at a White Oak marked "A", it being the beginning of the whole tract called "Triumph," and reversing the given line West 99 poles, then reversing a part of the twenty-fourth line of the original tract N. 102 poles, then running into the whole tract E. 214 poles, then South 102 poles to intersect the first line of the whole tract, and with it reversed to the beginning, containing 137 acres. Also all that piece or parcel of land known and described as

Military Lot Number 436

it being part of a tract of land called "Engrafted Vine," and contains 50 acres.

A large portion of said land is under fence and in a good state of cultivation; it is improved by a

FRAME DWELLING HOUSE,

barn, and all necessary out-buildings. It is well watered and is located in a good neighborhood, convenient to churches, schools, &c. Said farm is also improved by a young thrifty sugar camp.

This is a very desirable property and persons wishing to purchase a farm will find it to their advantage to be present on day of sale.

TERMS OF SALE—Cash.

Conveyancing at cost of purchaser.

FRED. A. THAYER,
EDW. H. SINCELL,
7 10 4t Trustees.

W. H. BUTLER'S

Cheap Cash Grocery

—AT THE—

"LITTLE BIG" STORE

ON SECOND STREET,

OAKLAND, MD.

May 18th, 1886.—tf.

Order of Publication.

Robert B. Leathers, vs. Alonta B. Leathers. } In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No 373.

The Bill of Complaint was filed in the above entitled cause by the plaintiff against the defendant for the purpose of obtaining a divorce *a vinculo matrimonii.*

The Bill states that the plaintiff and defendant were married on the 31st day of July, A. D. 1882, at St. Paul's Lutheran Church in Baltimore, Maryland, and that on the same day after the marriage was performed the said defendant abandoned and deserted the plaintiff and that the abandonment complained of has continued uninterruptedly for more than three years, and is deliberate and final, and the seperation of the parties beyond any reasonable expectation of reconciliation.

The Bill further states that the defendant lives in Washington City and the plaintiff in Oakland, and that the parties never have lived together.

The Bill further states that the conduct of the plaintiff has always been proper and without reproach.

The Bill then prays for relief and for a decree of divore *a vinculo matrimonii*, and for an order of publication against the defendant.

It is thereupon ordered by the Court this 14th day of July, A. D. 1886, that the complainant cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for four successive weeks before the 16th day of August, A. D. 1886, giving notice to the defendant, Alonda, B. Leathers, and warning her to appear in this Court in person or by solicitor on or before the 17th day of November, A. D. 1886, to show cause, if any she has, why a decree should not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Courut.

True copy—Test:
7 17 4 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

WHITE BRONZE

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
6 17 t Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Sharizer's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

$200.000 in presents given away. Send us 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the $200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

LAKE VIEW PLANING MILL,

OPERATED BY

DAVIS & MYERS.

is now in full operation, and prepared to fill orders for

Flooring, Weather-boarding, Sash, Doors, Frames, Brackets, and Mouldings of all Kinds,

☞ Will contract for the erection of buildings.

Orders solicited. Satisfaction guranteed.

A lot of bedsteads on hand and for sale.

DAVIS & MYERS,
4 3 9m Mountain Lake Park, Md.

MEAT MARKET!

The undersigned will have on hand, at his meat market in Oakland, every day, from 5 A. M. to 11 A. M.,

Fresh Beef, Mutton and Veal,

of the best quality and at fair prices. He will also run his wagon to

MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK

every day, and to

DEER PARK

every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday,

7 10 T. W. CASTEEL.

HELP for working people. Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, grandly successful. 50 cents to $5 easily earned every evening. That all who want may test the business we make this unparalleled offer. To all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

A HOME CHEAP.

I have a fifty acre lot, with small house and other improvements, about four miles from Oakland and two miles from Mountain Lake Park, which I will sell at a moderate figure. Application should be made soon.

W. H. TOWER,
7 17 tf Agent.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 30th, 1886.

GOING EAST.

No. 2	.....	7.20 A. M.
No. 66	.....	5.56 A. M.
No. 6	.....	12.35 P. M.
No. 4	.....	11.53 P. M.
No. 82—Accommodation	.....	5.10 P. M.
Way	.....	11.36 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 1	.....	9.34 P. M.
No. 65	.....	5.55 P. M.
No. 5	.....	3.57 P. M.
No. 3	.....	4.41 A. M.
No. 81—Accommodation	.....	9.36 A. M.
Way	.....	11.36 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y.

HENRY ALBRIGHT,

—Manufacturer of—

Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,

OAKLAND, MD.

☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done.
Nov, 21, 85.—1 y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

SIXTEEN ACRES OF LAND

at Altamont, Md., improved by a

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE

18 by 36 feet, two stories high. There are on this land two never failing springs of good water, and a running stream.

Situation Delightful!

Two miles from Deer Park, with excellent graded road

Excellent Situation for Summer Residence.

For particulars and terms apply to or address

J. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE,

TRACTS & MILITARY LOTS.

The subscriber offers for sale the following lands in Garrett county:

"Bank Property," 1625 acres on Backbone Mountain, near West Virginia line. There is on this tract good Poplar, White and Red Oak, Chestnut, Birch and Sugar Timber, and the land when cleared, will make good farms.

"Friedland," 175 acres, near Accident, part improved.

A fine building site near Fort Pendleton, lot containing two acres.

Also the following Military Lots, containing 50 acres each:

Lots Nos. 4031 and 4032, with the well known Boiling Spring, two miles south of Deer Park, with which it is connected by a good road.

Lot No. 1914, on B. & Ohio R. R., East of Wilson's store.

Lots Nos. 361, 363, 364 and 365, near Ben Davis'.

Lot No. 390, West of Garrett Moon's.

Lots Nos. 371 and 377, West of (late) Hugh Cooper's.

Lot No. 383, East of (late) Elisha Harvey's.

Lot No. 1232, near West Virginia line.

WILLIAM I. BROWN,
Box 41, Oakland, Md.

Sept. 5th, 1885.—1 y

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filing the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. 1621-y1

Sellers' Liver Pills.

Act Directly on the Liver.

CURES CHILLS AND FEVER, DYSPEPSIA, SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUS COLIC, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, PILES, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, DIZZINESS, TORPID LIVER, COATED TONGUE, SLEEPLESSNESS, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER AND STOMACH. If you do not "feel very well," a single pill at bed-time stimulates the stomach, restores the appetite, imparts vigor to the system.

They cure all diseases like magic. Get the right kind SELLERS' LIVER PILLS. Sold by druggists. Send for circular.

SELLERS MEDICINE CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence in Russell's brick house Second street.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.
3 15 1y.

SURVEYING!

Military lots located, Estimates of timber lands a specialty. Sales negotiated on reasonable terms. Areas computed by Logarithms—the only correct method.

HIRAM P. TASKER.
11 6 tf Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

F. A. THAYER,

INSURANCE AGENT,

OAKLAND, MD.

Insures both Real and Personal Property at moderate rates.

☞ Represents Six First Class Companies

THE BEST FARM IMPLEMENTS.

Brown, New Champion and Delaware Wagons, Universal, Roland and Double Shovel Plows, Champion Reapers and Mowers, Spring Wagons and Carriages, Grain Drills, Cider Mills, Orchilia Guano, Feed Cutters, Barbed Wire, Sewing Machines, Spring Harrows, Thomas Hay Rakes, Hay Forks and Carriers &c., &c.

EVERYTHING FULLY WARRANTED.

☞ sale by

J. M. DAVIS & SON.

February 21, 1886.—tf.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 10. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1886. NUMBER 22.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

VEGETABLES,

GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS

All Reliable.

Lister's Celebrated Bone Fertilizer, Plasters and Kainet.

Vegetable plants of all kinds in season.

FLOWERING, BULBS, ROSES

(MOSS ROSE.)

of the very latest and best varieties.

VEGETABLES, FRUITS, &C.,

always on hand, as they come in market.

CUT FLOWERS

AND FLORAL DESIGNS,

for Funerals, &c., at short notice, at our old stand on Railroad street near Depot.

☞ Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

H. WEBER.

313 OAKLAND, MD.

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,

OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.

OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.

Is the place to buy

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints,

Oils Varnishes,

Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

☞ Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c

Physicians Prescriptions

Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.

Give me a call.

W. D. NYDEGGER.

AVOID MALARIA!

AND BREATHE THE SEA AIR!

THE STOCKTON, Atlantic City, N. J., Corner Atlantic and Maryland avenues, is now open. Guests are supplied with every comfort and convenience possible. The best summer hotel on the coast. Terms moderate; special rates to families. KELSEY & LEFLER, Proprietors. [Mention this paper.]

FOR SALE

In Deer Park a

TWO-STORY COTTAGE,

Illigibly situated and containing seven rooms with front portico, back porch and bay windows. Good never failing well of water. Land in cultivation for garden with fruit trees and stable. Will be sold cheap and terms made reasonable. Title unquestionable.

Apply to

E. C. TILLSON,
7 5 tf Deer Park, Md.

Valuable Real Estate

FOR SALE:

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.
For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass or, said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.
Nov 20 1880 1 y.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE.

NO. 1.

MILITARY LOT NO. 219,

lying near Chisholm's Mill, in Ryans Glade, Garrett county. Well timbered and underlaid with coal. Unimproved. Will be sold cheap.

NO. 2.

Military Lots Nos. 2305 and 2307,

Unimproved timber lots, lying near Grantsville, part of the estate of the late Holmes Wiley.

NO. 3.

An Elegant New Residence

on Oak street, Oakland, Md., containing 8 rooms. Large lot improved by stable, carriage house, ice house, &c. Well of good water. Terms easy. Price, $2200.00.

NO. 4.

THE "WOODLAND FARM,"

situated on the road leading from Oakland to Accident, two miles from Oakland, containing 97 acres, well fenced and cultivated. Improved by a large first-class mansion house, suitable for a summer resort. The farm would suit for a first-class market garden or general farming.

NO. 5.

HOUSE AND LOT

On Oak street, Oakland, Md., comfortable dwelling. Well of good water and convenient outbuildings. Will sell at a bargain.

NO. 6.

600 ACRES OF LAND,

covered with white pine, spruce and white oak timber, and underlaid with coal, iron ore and fire clay. Water fall 71 feet. Steam saw mill on the premises doing a good business. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 8.

HOUSE AND LOT

On Liberty street in Oakland, 8 rooms. Good property.

In all cases we will furnish purchasers with an abstract of title and prepare deed without cost to them.

Full discription of the property contained in the above list will be given upon application.

NO. 9.

NEW DWELLING HOUSE

On Oak Street, 8 rooms and good cellar. Large livery stable attached; room for 18 horses and 15 vehicles. Good stand for business. Excellent opportunity for any desiring to go into livery business.

NO. 10.

100 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND

Near Oakland. Well timbered. Title indisputable. Price, $8 per acre.

NO. 11.

GOOD DWELLING & LARGE LOT

Near Court House. 10 rooms and out-buildings. Good well of soft water. Terms easy.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,
Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

J. LEE HARNE.

Sign and Ornamental Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

VALUABLE

COAL & TIMBER LANDS

FOR SALE.

The undersigned offers for sale the following valuable Real Estate.

"BANK TERRITORY,"

containing 431 acres, and

"MOUNT PISGAH."

containing 470 acres.

Both of these tracts are well timbered and are underlaid with a vein of coal from 8 to 11 feet thick, an eleven foot vein being now opened and in operation on the tract known as "Bank Territory." This land lies on or near the line of the W. Va. C. R. R. I also offer for sale a tract of land containing 611 acres, lying and being situate in Grant county, W. Va., near Job Henline's. This tract is also well timbered and is supposed to be underlaid with coal. All of the aforesaid lands are well suited to farming and grazing purposes.

For any information concerning these lands terms, prices, &c., apply to Peddicord & Thayer, Attorneys-at-Law, Oakland, Md.

EMIL J. DELVAILLE.
May 25th 1885.—3m*

WIN more money than at anything else by taking an agency for the best selling book out. Beginners succeed grandly. None fail. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. B. FAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals. Also in adjoining counties of West Va.

☞ Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.

Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

EDWARD H. SINCELL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,
(one door West of Sturgiss' Drug Store.)

Special attention given to Collections the negotiation of Loans.
Sept. 23, 1885.—1 y.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to Conveyancing, Investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e11-1y

T. J. PEDDICORD. F. A. THAYER

PEDDICORD & THAYER,

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 4 '84 1y

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n17.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

All business attended to with promptness and fidelity. Particular attention given to Surveying and Investigation of land titles.
☞ Office on 2d Street. 5 19 tf

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n48

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Offers his services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. Office and residence on Oak street, second house East of Catholic church.
Sept. 9, 1885.—1 y.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.
2 5 3m.

VALUABLE

STOCK FARM

FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 365 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE.

AT A BARGAIN.

A large two-story frame house, with celler and basement, situated on the Oakland and Mountain Lake road, near the latter place, is offered for sale at a bargain.

There are about two acres of ground, good outbuildings, well of good water, and a number of large shade trees. One of the handsomest locations for a summer residence in this neighborhood.

For information apply to or address

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE!

Steam Engine, Saw Mill and Shingle Machine.

I am authorized to sell a Fifteen Horse Power "Page" Engine, Saw Mill and Shingle Machine, with carriages, &c., complete, the property of Mrs. Eva F. Riggs. The mill has been in use about five years and is in good running order. Will be sold cheap for cash or collateral which may be easily converted into cash. May be examined at Swanton, Md. Must be sold soon.

For price and terms address or apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

Interesting War Figures.

From official records of the War Department, based on the losses given and the total number of men furnished by the states and territories during the war, it appears that:

Out of every sixty-five men one was killed in action.

Out of every fifty-six men one man died of wounds received in action.

Out of every thirteen men one man died of disease.

Out of every nine men one man died while in service.

Out of every fifteen men one man was captured or reported missing.

Out of every ten men one man was wounded in action.

Out of every seven men captured one man died in captivity.

Official returns show that about 2,759,000 soldiers enlisted during the war, in response to the successive calls of President Lincoln, and that of this number 186,097 were colored troops. Of this number

New York furnished 467,047 men,

Pennsylvania furnished 366,107 men,

Ohio furnished 319,659 men,

Illinois furnished 259,147 men,

Indiana furnished 197,147 men,

Massachusetts furnished 125,048 men,

Missouri furnished 109,111 men.

These men do not include men who enlisted for a shorter period than 90 days, and estimating on the basis of New York's enlistment of 17,213, it is fair to calculate that the aggregate of troops furnished by the states for the Union armies was at least 3,000,000.

Additional reports show that the northern and southern armies met in over 2,000 skirmishes and battles. In 148 of these conflicts the loss on the Federal side was over 500 men, and in at least 10 battles over 10,000 men were reported lost on each side. The appended table shows that the combined losses of the Federal and confederate forces in killed, wounded and missing in the following engagements were: Shiloh, 24,000; Antietam, 38,000; Stone River, 37,000; Chancellorsville, 28,000; Gettysburg, 54,000; Chickamauga, 33,000; McClellan's Peninsula campaign, 50,000; Grant's Peninsula campaign, 180,000, and Sherman's campaign, 125,000.

Official statistics show that of the 3,000,000 men enlisted there were:

Killed in battles	44,328
Died of wounds	49,205
Died of disease	186,216
Died of unknown causes	24,148
Total	303,843

This includes only those whose death while in the army has been actually proven. To this number should be added, first, 26,000 men who are known to have died while in the hands of the enemy as prisoners of war, and many others in the same manner whose deaths are to-day unrecorded; second a fair percentage of the 205,794 men who are put down on the official reports as deserters and missing in action, for those who participated in the war know that men frequently disappeared who it was certain had not deserted yet could not be otherwise officially accounted; third, thousands who are buried in private cemeteries all over the north who died while at home on furlough.

From a Grand Army Man.

ELLICOTT CITY, MD., 6 8, 1884.

Dear Sir:—I have been a sufferer for a long time with dyspepsia, and have tried most everything in the way of medicine, but nothing gave me any relief. I procured one bottle of your "AROMANNA," and had only been taking it about six days when I began to feel it was doing me good. I told a number of my neighbors what it had done for me and they commenced using it, and all agree with me that it is the only medicine that will do all that it is recommended to do. One thing about "AROMANNA," while it is acting and cleansing the system it does not weaken, but builds up, adds new strength and imparts new vigor. I do not think I can say too much in favor of it. You are free to use my name in any way you see best, to proclaim the merits of "AROMANNA." It will pay any sufferer to try it.

J. C. MOONEY, Adjutant
A. D. Reynolds, Post No. 23, G. A. R.

Price 25 and 75 cts. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland, Md.

Two frightful looking tramps were arraigned before a police magistrate.

"Where do you live?" asked the latter.

"I have no residence."

"And you?"

"Oh! me? Why, I live on the floor above him,"

Facts From History.

William the Conqueror originated the curfew bell, which was rung at 8 o'clock in the evening, to warn the people to put out their fires and candles—a law made with the good intention of preventing the terrible conflagrations that often happened in the towns, when so much wood was used in building.

During the reign of William the Conqueror, the absurd mode of trial by ordeal, which had been in general use among the Saxons, was discontinued, and the Norman fashion of settling legal differences by single combat was brought into England.

In the reign of William Rufus was introduced the fashion of wearing shoes with long points, turned up before and fastened to the knee with a chain. The clergy endeavored by their preaching to abolish this ridiculous custom; but the people still persisted in wearing long points to their shoes, in spite of all opposition.

Before the Conquest surnames were not used in England; but the Normans adopted a second name by way of distinction, and it usually expressed either some personal quality, as Rufus the Red, or indicated some post at court, or was the name of the family estate in which last case "de" was prefixed.

In the reign of Henry I., when the rents were due, the king made what was called "a progress," through his estates, accompanied by a train of nobles, knights, squires and domestics of all sorts, as cooks, confectioners, tailors, barbers, and others, who traveled on horseback, or in very clumsy vehicles. The "progress" was made for this reason, that as the tenants could pay but very little of their taxes in money, the rest had to be taken in "kind"—that is, cattle, corn, poultry, pigs, or anything else they had; therefore, as the king could not take away all these things, he and his followerers remained at each place feasting, until they had consumed provisions equivalent to the taxes.

In the reign of Henry II. carpets were not in use, and it was considered the height of grandeur to have the floors strewed with clean straw or rushes every morning.

Coats of arms were brought in fashion in the time of Richard I. and were adopted that the knights who were cased in armor, might be known by the devices on their shields.

In the reign of Henry III., a charter was granted to the inhabitants of Newcastle authorizing them to dig for coal, which had not before been much used for fuel; but it was a long time before it came into general estimation. The only people who purchased it for fuel were brewers, dyers and others, who required large fires. subsequently the use of coal was forbidden on account of its smoke.

Wanted it Changed.

Shindig Watkins desired to call the attention of the meeting to the fact that there was a shoal in Lake Huron which had been set down on the charts by the government surveyors as "Nigger-Head Shoal." He for one felt it to be a reflection on his race, and he hoped the club would forward its protest to Congress.

"Brudder Watkins, do you call yourself a nigger?" blandly inquired the President.

"No, sah—no, sah! In co'se I don't! I'ze a cull'd man, sah!"

"'Zactly, Brudder Watkins, an' so am I an' all de res' of de crowd. If dar am any nigger who wants to complain about dat shoal, let him go ahead; it am none of our funeral,"

Brudder Watkins sat down, but he didn't look exactly like a man, who had gained a barrel and a half of information not nothing.

Wonderful Cures.

W. D. Hoyt & Co., Wholesale and Retail Druggists of Rome, Ga., says: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Bucklen's Arnica Salve for two years. Have never handled remedies that sell as well, or give such satisfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pronounced Consumption have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always. Sold by Wm. Nydegger.

Be always displeased at what thou art, if thou desire to attain to what thou art not; for where thou hast pleased thyself there thou abidest.

An Unsuccessful Failure.

The habit of failing with a full pocket got something in the nature of a set-back not long since in a small Texas town,

The unfortunate man kept a small grocery store. He sold out the stock for cash, put the money in his pocket, and settled down to have a good time. His principal creditor, a Houston merchant, having arrived in the town, called on the bankrupt. He was a well-dressed gentleman, but there was a gritty sort of look about him.

"You say there are no assets," he remarked.

"Nary asset."

"I think that there should be some assets, and that I ought to be a preferred creditor."

"There are no assets, and all my creditors are deferred creditors. The only asset that I've got for my creditors is a Waterberry watch, and it will take six months to wind it up. You can have it, if you want it."

"I want no humbug about this. Where is the money you got from the sale of the groceries?"

"It's right here in my pocket," he replied.

"Well, you are a cool one."

"I've got the money right here, and I'm going to keep it," replied the bankrupt, tapping his pockst.

"Got it in your pocket?"

"Yes, in greenbacks."

The creditor placed his hand in his own pocket, and looking steadily at the bankrupt, said:

"I've got my pistol in my pocket—don't you move—and it never fails. If you don't give me the contents of your pocket I'll give you the contents of mine," and before the astonished bankrupt could reply he was looking down the muzzle of a pistol that seemed to be as big as a flour barrel.

The Houston man got his money. The unfortunate bankrupt says that his failure was the most complete failure on record, and he feels as sore as a man who pounded his finger with a tack hammer.

The Politician.

The politician, according to the *Texas Siftings*, is an exponent of assurance, or, at least, he believes in having a policy.

He is like a broken bank, because he lacks principle.

He is like a pawnbroker, because his industry depends on income.

He is like St. Paul, because he "is all things to all men."

He is like a ball, because he lies on all sides.

He is like a circus performer, because he gains in the ring.

He is like a harp, because he is a modern specimen of a lyre.

He is like the Arctic and Antartic circles, because he is to be found about the polis.

He is like the Iron man, because he finds profits in steel.

He is like a telegraph lineman, because he manipulates the wires.

He is like the dentist, because he often takes the stump.

It is Much Better

Not to let your sail be bigger than your boat.

To let your recreation be manful, not sinful.

To bend the neck promptly than to bruise the forehead.

To think before you speak than to speak before you think.

To hold on to your good name; for it is of more value than gold.

To put your foot down where you mean to stand, and keep it there.

To look well to your feet when they are likely to lead you into the paths of sin.

To labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

To stick to your own opinion, if you have one, and allow others the same liberty of sticking to theirs.

"How old would you take me to be Mr. Snooks?" she lisped, looking unutterable things at him.

"I dunno," he replied, twisting nervously about in his chair.

"I'm awfully old, I assure you. I've seen twenty-three summers."

"Then you ought to wear glasses," he replied, earnestly.

"Why, Mr. Snooks! glasses at twenty-three?"

"Yes; your eyesight must be bad."

"I'm sure I don't know why you should think so," she pouted.

"Because I'm afraid about twenty summers have gone by that you have'nt seen."

God fails not to sow blessings in the long furrows.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

STRENGTH.

That man is strong who puts beneath his feet
The mean and vile,
And in whose heart where all kind feelings meet
There is no guile.

Who is not moved when passion's gusty winds
White-cap the seas,
But high upon the mount of reason finds
A throne of peace.

Who bides his time when shafts of malice fall
Around him fast
And knows that he shall rise above them all
Victor at last.

And though success upon him seems to frown,
His cause forlorn,
Yet sees by faith afar a shining crown
His brows adorn.

Who swerves not from the narrow path of right,
True to the pole
Whose star through all the gloomy shades of night
Illumes his soul.

Who strives each day some higher point to gain
In higher life,
Each day beholds some subtle tempter slain
Amid the strife.

This man is strong, and each day stronger grows
In moral strength,
Just as the river widens as it flows
To greater length.

—*G. W. Crofts, in Chicago Inter Ocean.*

A ROMANCE SPOILED.

The Dire Imposition Upon Rev. Septimus Haslingdean.

Rev. Septimus Haslingdean, having been escorted to a most comfortable seat by an attentive guard, having arranged his various belongings and finally unfolded his afternoon paper, reclined against the cushioned back of the compartment for a moment, sighed gently as a relief consequent on the fatigue and bother of his drive, the trouble of buying a ticket, and seeing that he was properly taken care of. Then he leaned his head out of the window to survey contemplatively the busy crowd hurrying and bustling about. A crowd is always more or less amusing to a spectator of its movements, and the reverend gentleman, being of a gregarious disposition, rather liked looking on at other people working or playing, especially well-conducted, respectable kind of people, who did not render themselves disagreeable. Rev. Septimus hoped he might be fortunate enough to have his compartment completely to himself, and had intimated his desire to the friendly guard. The carriages were rapidly filling, and the train would start in another five minutes, so he blandly surveyed the figures flitting and flying to and fro, gazing on their busy actions with languid complacency. He seldom traveled beyond the outskirts of his own Arcadia, and objected strongly to encountering any discomfort on his journeys. At his age—he was nearly sixty, but his dressing-glass, in common with his numerous friends and few enemies, told him that he appeared certainly twelve or fifteen years less—when nigh six decades have begun to whisper unpleasantly of aches and pains, bothers and worries, it is most needful to be gently punctilious as to personal comfort. Fate had been bounteous to the Rev. Septimus; she had given him all the welcome offerings she could scatter at his feet—good looks, ample fortune, a host of admirers, if not adorers and worshipers, a sunlighed path to tread on through life. He had married a well-dowered wife, who had been moderately kind to him, but after ten or twelve years of calm domestic partnership had departed, leaving him not utterly destitute, inconsolable or a prey to despair. His only daughter had married well in her teens; his only son had received an enviable appointment in India.

Nearly everybody was seated: the final slamming of doors rattled like musketry fire all along the line of carriages. Rev. Septimus gently shook his newspaper, the odor of the printing ink being slightly offensive to him. At home, in the rectory, the daily journal was always solicitously aired before being touched by the dimpled white hands of the perhaps too fastidious rector. With a reluctance he had not yet overcome even when alone, he took his spectacles from their case, wiped the glasses with a handkerchief fine and soft as snow, such as a duchess might use, perched the gold frame across his handsome nose, and meditatively resigned himself to scan the latest news. Fate had, in one of her teasing moods, inflicted upon her favorite the mortification of wearing spectacles, in malicious sport, as frolicsome girls will sometimes scratch their lovers with the thorn of a rose. Oft-times did the rector think it was too bad, when he happened to see some wretched old farm-laborer about seventy or eighty years old reading without "glasses" and with manifest ease.

A soft, melodious voice said, so suddenly as to startle him:

"May I come in here?"

He looked up, whipped his spectacles under the paper and stared at the speaker, not only answering quickly, "Certainly," but rising and actually opening the door himself to admit a most beautiful girl, who sprang lightly in and seated herself opposite to him. The rector liked beautiful, fashionably-attired girls, though he seldom enjoyed the good fortune of meeting them. He ranked them among the agreeable, solacing things of this dull life—like roses, peaches, pineapples, Rimmel's choicest perfumes, and so on. In a mild, paternal way, he disapproved of young female persons trying to be clever, or intellectual, or straying outside the calm, sheltering precincts of domestic duties, as he deemed it necessary to rebuke them for yielding to the temptations and frivolity on the other hand. This young lady was perhaps eighteen or twenty years old, with a charming, frank, girlish face, bewitchingly pretty, and no doubt was as amiable as her looks declared her to be. Her attire, a masterpiece of richness in material combined with chaste simplicity of design, set off her beauty to the highest advantage.

"O, thank you so very much," she said, with an upward glance from the shadow of her long dark eyelashes—the glance of a trustful child, with a dangerous gleam of an admiring young woman. The reverend gentleman was accustomed to be regarded with glances implying admiration; but even the gods never tire of sipping nectar, and a critical little bird might have betrayed the secret that he now prized these glances more highly as the remorseless years sneaked by.

"I am so unaccustomed to traveling," she continued, smiling. "Of course I am never allowed to travel by myself—papa would be horrified. And mamma says there are so many rude, disagreeable people about."

"Then how—" began Rev. Septimus, pleasantly amused and gratified by the delightful confidence thus displayed.

"Oh, pardon me—just one moment," said the young lady; an eminently respectable elderly woman appeared at the door. "You are very tiresome," the young lady continued, poutingly, to this individual.

"Yes, Miss Ada, but I can change my ticket at the next station."

"My maid was so stupid, or the man was so stupid, or she did not understand, or he did not understand—I don't know," explained Miss Ada innocently. "She ought to have come in the same carriage, you know; mamma would be so dreadfully cross if she knew, and papa would be horrified, but somehow Bellamy took a second-class ticket for herself, and you see——"

"Exceedingly stupid," blandly assented the rector, not altogether ill-pleased, however. "Servants are so apt to be negligent and thoughtless."

"I am afraid so. But I must not find fault with poor Bellamy—she is so good, so fond of me."

Rev. Septimus smiled; who could help being good to so delightful, so charmingly frank a creature? She laughingly continued: "Papa was to have met me at the station, but he had a telegram, and was obliged to go by an earlier train, but he will meet me at the next station. You can change the ticket at the next station, Bellamy, or papa will see to it. Don't look so gligum." The maid went away, and Miss Ada went on to Rev. Septimus: "Do you know, I think you are a friend of papa's; I think I have seen your photograph in one of mamma's albums."

"Indeed! How very interesting. May I ask——"

"Papa, you know, is General—" she hesitated, as if conscious of the imprudence of being so communicative with a perfect stranger, but then, as if inspired by trust, she added "General Marine."

"Ah. Then I have not the pleasure of being acquainted with him personally. Yet I think I know his name. Is he not a member of Parliament?"

"Yes, you are—O, I am *sure* I have seen you somewhere, or else your photograph."

"I am—" The rector drew his dressing-case from beneath one of his numerous wraps, opened it, took out his card case, from which he extracted a card and handed to his lovely fellow-passenger. She accepted it with a smile, glancing with feminine curiosity at the dressing-case with its choice and costly contents.

"I am going to London for a friend's wedding. "Ah, you are laughing. You gentlemen always say we girls never think of anything but weddings and getting married, and all that kind of thing," continued Miss Ada, in her lively, chatty way.

"Well, it is a matter to be looked at in a serious light," said Rev. Septimus, a mixture of rebuke and sympathy in his tones. The reverend gentleman was pleasantly aware that his voice was remarkably melodious, and he did not at all dislike to hear himself talk, especially to ladies, who appreciate these nice points.

"I am in a fright," Miss Ada went on, "because I have papa's wedding present here—it is so lovely. I almost wish I was going to get married myself, to have such a splendid present. It is a necklace. I must show it to you, because you are so kind, and although you are not really a friend of papa's I hope you will let him thank you for having taken care of me when we get to the station. How long shall we be?"

"About twenty minutes now," said the rector, consulting his gold watch—a gift from his parishioners.

"Thanks—so much. See;" and the charming young lady, in that frank, trustful way evidently natural to her, unfastened a small morocco-leather bag which the rector had not noticed, and produced from it an oblong red-leather case. This she opened, displaying a superb diamond necklace. "Isn't it sweet—isn't it lovely?" she cried, with the joyous delight of a child handling a new plaything, her eyes sparkling as bright as the precious stones would scintillate under gleaming lamps.

The rector, to please her, took the case, and looked at the necklace. He was no judge of such toys, but seemingly it was of rare value.

"You must be careful, my dear madam," he said, returning it to her. "There are so many thieves about, many of them crafty and practiced in their evil trade, and that small bag does not look very safe."

"O, nobody will imagine I have it with me," answered Miss Ada, laughing, carelessly replacing the case in her handbag. "And papa will be sure to meet me at Crofton—the next station, you know. I do so wish you knew papa. I am sure you would like one another so much. And I am quite sure you would be delighted with mamma."

The rector laughed. It was pleasant to have found favor in the eyes of so pretty a creature, even if she were slyly making fun of him.

"I feel very highly gratified," he said with a benign smile. The lively prattle helped to lighten the tedium of the journey, even if it led to nothing. And sometimes agreeable acquaintances are accidentally met with in the most unexpected way. Nobody can ever truly prophesy what may happen. This is an odd jumbled world of change and surprises, even to those who step softly over its smoothest places. The amiable rector was not an imaginative man, but many thoughts and fancies capered sportively through his brain at this moment, airy and nimble, perhaps, as butterflies flickering through summer sunshine or elfin sprites dancing idly in the moonlight.

"You think me silly for chattering away like this," cried Miss Ada. "But I really can't help thinking I must have heard of you, or seen some portrait of you somewhere; you seem so like a friend—you know what I mean—it is so hard to explain. But no matter. They all laugh at me for being so childish and so babyish. As I am the only child, don't you see, I have always been spoiled."

"I can easily imagine that," replied the Rev. Septimus, with an air of delicate gallantry.

"Ah, you are laughing at me like all the rest," half pouted Miss Ada.

"Laughing? Dear, dear, dear," protested the reverend gentleman."

"Yes, absolutely. But would you mind telling me the exact time, *please?* I forgot to put on my watch, coming away in a hurry," said the charming young lady. "I *am* so impatient to see my friend, my dear Marie. We have so much to talk about."

"No doubt." The mental picture conjured upon the mind's camera of two beautiful girls eagerly chatting, cooing, exchanging confidences about their lovers, their dresses, their toys and amusements, was to a certain extent a fascinating vision. However, he drew out his watch and named the precise time.

"I am rude enough to admire your watch," exclaimed Miss Ada in her baby fashion. The rector feared she was just a little addicted to flirting, but it is a pardonable sin if not carried too far. He smiled.

"Yes," he responded. "A gift from my parishioners."

"That shows how they appreciate you," said Miss Ada with an upward glance through her long eyelashes. "A valuable gift I am sure."

"It is. I believe it is worth from sixty to eighty guineas," said the rector with pardonable pride in his air and tone.

"May I look at it?"

"Certainly." He detached it from the chain and laid it on her little open palm.

"It is very pretty," said Miss Ada, admiringly yet critically. "It is so like one Uncle Charles has—Sir Charles Crampton. Do you know him?"

"I am sorry to say I do not," replied the rector. "We shall be at the station now in seven or eight minutes."

"What a pity—I mean I am so glad," said the young lady in a little confusion, the prettiest blush conceivable dyeing her cheeks for a moment as she handed the watch back to the reverend gentleman. "Now, mind you, don't lose that," she added, shaking her finger at him with the warning air of some mob-capped granny just stepped out from a nursery rhyme.

"Ah, I am very careful."

"Gentlemen always think that. They always fancy they are so clever, and so well prepared against all snares and danger. Is that the station?" she suddenly asked, excitedly.

"Yes." The rector felt mildly regretful; the pleasant minutes had flown past like a flash.

Miss Ada clasped her hands gleefully. She seemed a very sprite, a Puck, an Ariel, a being not to be easily matched for grace, beauty, good humor, enchantingly frank ways—a charming creature, even if given to flirting. But all pretty girls flirt when a chance offers, and ugly or even plain girls amuse themselves, too, with that pleasing pastime. The rector sighed. Should he ever again meet this guileless, amiable young woman? May be not. And if not, what matter?

The train rapidly swept into the station. Miss Ada eagerly, anxiously gazed at the platform, where another bustling, jostling crowd was scattered.

"I see papa! and Uncle Charles is with him—what a surprise!" she cried gaily. "I don't see my maid. O, Bellamy, Bellamy, how tiresome you are! But I am stupid myself; of course she musn't get out till the train stops. Could I get out for a minute, and just run to see where she is? I am going to play a prank on papa. He loves a joke; he is full of fun. I will pretend not to be myself at all. It will be *such* fun." She quickly threw a thick brown gossamer veil over her bonnet, pulling it close over her face, then she whisked a light gray wrap completely round her figure.

"I think it would be wisest to stay where you are. Your father is sure to see you if you show yourself. Besides, he will doubtless go to all the carriages, and—and your maid will signal to him," urged the rector.

"O, but I must tease him," cried Miss Ada, who was evidently used to doing exactly as she pleased, and objected to being thwarted in any wayward caprice. "I won't risk minding this—to take care of it for me—only just a minute, you know;" pushing the morocco case containing the diamond necklace into his reluctant hands. "There is papa—that tall man in an ulster. Don't let him see me; let me out, quick. It is only for fun. I will ask him to come in here if you don't mind."

The train stopped, and the lively young lady, without waiting for advice or assistance, whisked open the door, sprang to the platform, carefully keeping her face concealed, and darted away, light as a swallow, to hide for a moment, like some gay, frolicsome, thoughtless child, unused to control.

The tall gentleman whom she had indicated as her father, together with his companion, were obviously seeking for the lovely, teasing girl. They looked about scanning every one quietly but sharply, and then began walking along the line of carriages. The elderly respectable maid apparently retained her seat. She was nowhere to be seen; but the rector, watching the little incident with some amusement, was obliged to acknowledge to himself that he had scarcely glanced at her, and should decidedly not be able to recollect even the general aspect of her prosaic figure. There was an expression of anxiety on the face of the taller man, General Marine, as the rector presumed him to be, which was natural under the circumstances.

The two gentlemen paused at the door of the compartment in which the smiling rector remained seated. The leader scanned the choice of traveler attentively, and glanced swiftly over the seats, the floor, the racks, then again at the sole occupant of the carriage.

"Pardon me," he began courteously.

"Certainly. I think practical joking is a foolish amusement," responded Rev. Septimus, with bland politeness, commingled with cordiality. "I may at once relieve your natural anxiety by informing you that your daughter has only this moment run away, out of girlish gayety, to play at hide-and-seek with you."

"I don't understand you," coldly answered the tall stranger. "Your looks are more respectable than your ways, sir. Allow me—;" and, leaning in at the window, he attempted to lay his hand on the red morocco case lying conspicuously on the reverend gentleman's knee.

"Most decidedly not," exclaimed the rector, whipping the costly toy into one of the outer pockets of his traveling coat. A rapid surmise led him to guess that this highly distinguished-looking stranger was either as fond of practical joking as his beautiful daughter, or else a daring railway thief. He feared the latter—yet how eminently sedate and sober his aspect, while his expression was open, albeit somewhat stern.

"Appearances are against you, my good sir," said the stranger, speaking in a subdued tone. "We have no time to lose. If you will not permit me to inspect that case, containing, I understand, a valuable diamond necklace, I shall be obliged to request you to accompany me and my friend here to the station-master's office."

"I shall do neither the one nor the other. Unless there is some grievous mistake, your conduct is positively impertinent. I decline to relinquish this case, whatever it contains, to any one but the person who has intrusted it to me. And I shall most decidedly not accompany you anywhere," said the rector, haughtily, assuming his most severe clerical air.

"We shall see. That necklace belongs to the Countess of Airly; you can see her initials and coronet on the outside, and——"

A sad, half-pitying thought darted through the rector's mind. The true fact of the matter was, evidently, that the beautiful girl was a young Countess; she was fleeing from home, and this was not her father, but perchance a tyrannical husband. Her young life, her bright future, her tender heart had all been sacrificed on the altar of ambition; what a pitiful story! Perchance she was guilty—she loved another. But before he could reply the other continued roughly—"And it has been stolen."

"Not by me," cried Rev. Septimus, utterly shocked.

"That remains to be proved. Lord Airly has telegraphed that his wife's dressing-case was opened at the station this train has just quitted."

The Rev. Septimus turned visibly pale. "But—surely——"

"I regret that we should be under the necessity of insisting on your coming with us," urged the stranger.

"Are you not, then, General Marine?"

"I am not. My name is Doughty, and I am a member of the detective force. Here is my card, if you wish to see it."

"There must be, surely, some terrible mistake," stammered the reverend gentleman, looking about with a scared gaze for the vanished beauty who had flown so mysteriously. He could not believe that she had totally disappeared, leaving him in so painfully an embarassing a situation. "I will explain——"

"It happens very awkwardly that the stolen property is found in your possession," said Detective Doughty, touched by his dismay. "I have no doubt you will be able to explain matters. Did you say a young person handed it to you? Tall, showy-looking, dressed up to the nines, talkative and plausible?"

"Something of that kind," answered the rector, searching hurriedly for his dressing-case in order to produce one of his cards.

"Time presses. The train leaves in ten minutes. You probably do not wish to have a scene or a scuffle," said the detective, gently but firmly.

The rector mechanically put his hand to his waistcoat pocket to take out his watch; with a little cry of alarm, he glanced down—his watch was gone, and the chain hung uselessly. He turned again, cold with fear, to seek for his dressing-case; that, too, had gone. It had contained, among its various stores, some £40 or £50 in gold.

"Sally Lightfingers, as we call her—she says her name is Quickly, but she invents new names every time she wants an alias—Miss Sally was at the station, and is suspected of stealing the necklace," said Mr. Doughty, watching the movements of the unhappy traveler attentively, and with some professional interest. If a young woman such as I described has been with you, and gave you the necklace, it was Sally, in all likelihood, and she saw me plain enough, though I couldn't spot her anywhere, and she was afraid of falling into my clutches, especially as I want her about another similar affair."

O, horrible, most horrible! It was but too clear; the Rev. Septimus Haslingdean was now convinced that he had been most cruelly duped, played upon by a base, designing, artful wretch.

"It must be so," he meekly assented. "Is there—is there any chance of my being able to recover my things?"

"I can't say. We must dispose of this other little business first. I quite believe you have had nothing to do with the affair beyond what you say, but it is deucedly unlucky for you. Who are you, may I ask?"

The unfortunate victim mentioned his name and place of abode, gathered his remaining properties together, and rose, as a martyr might prepare to go to the stake. Mr. Doughty made a sign to one of the porters to assist, and a melancholy, almost funeral procession was formed.

He felt assured he could easily exculpate himself, and throw off the frightful imputation of being a common thief, but the sense of his own mortifying loss, the feeling that he had been duped like the simplest Moses Primrose, was too much to bear with calmness. A gentleman was with the station master—the Earl of Airly. He had come by the train which had conveyed the rector and his too bewitching fellow passenger. In a few brief words Mr. Doughty explained the state of affairs. The Earl lifted his hat with kindly courtesy to the hero of the unlucky adventure, who drew forth the case containing the necklace.

"I have not the slightest doubt all is as you say," observed the station-master gravely; "but I must not act on my own responsibility, sir. I have only your own word—you do not seem to have any credentials proving that you are really Rev. Mr. Haslingdean, and we get so imposed upon."

"I have letters in my pocket directed to me," pleaded the Rev. Septimus.

"Well. That is something. But this is a serious matter. I should probably get myself into trouble if I let you go without being absolutely sure you are what you profess to be," remonstrated the station-master.

"See. I have only one more station to reach; if you require positive proof, will you let one of these gentlemen come with me? My trap will be in waiting—I have only about half a mile to drive; if he can come with me, he can drive with me to my house," said the rector.

"Yes. I think that would do. I feel sure it is all as you say, but you know, sir ——" apologized the station-master.

"I should prefer to have the matter properly cleared up," said Rev. Septimus, with some dignity. "And I have to request advice with regard to recovering my own property, which has been stolen."

"As for that, sir, I fancy you have but a poor chance," observed Mr. Doughty. "If it is Madam Sally who has played you this trick I give you next to no hope of hearing of the watch or anything else; she is one of the most artful minxes ever heard of. We will do our best, but——" He shrugged his shoulders. "Mr. Stanmore, here, will go with you, and he can take down all the necessary particulars."

"I regret exceedingly this unfortunate affair, my dear sir," remarked Lord Airly, "Although I am thankful to regain possession of my wife's necklace, not only for its own value, but because it was a gift from her father, who is dead. Good day, Mr. Haslingdean. I for one do not doubt for a moment all has happened as you say. I trust you may be able to trace the real culprit and recover your own property."

"Thank you," said the rector, in a more or less hollow voice. Then he went out again, the station-master walking beside him, the two detectives following at a short distance, the porter carrying the rector's wraps and other belongings bringing up the rear. But as they passed down the platform a big, burly individual, recognized by the station-master as one of the chief directors, met the group. He chanced by good fortune to be an intimate friend of the rector's; he had been an old college chum.

"Hello, my dear Haslingdean," he cried, seizing him by the hand. "Well met. I am delighted to see you. Where are you coming from? Been indulging in one of your rare holidays, eh? You don't often afford yourself that indulgence."

"I have been staying with some friends for a short time, and am now returning home," said Rev. Septimus. "I have just met with an unpleasant adventure, however, and I hail you as a kind of deliverer." In a few hasty words he explained the dilemma in which he found himself. His friend, while sympathizing with his griefs, could not help bursting into a hearty fit of laughter.

"You are not the first fellow who has been made a fool of by a pretty woman, and I suppose you won't be the last; but it is a deuce of a bother for you, especially about the watch," said his friend, still laughing. "It's all right," he added to the station-master, who touched his cap lightly and retired. "I am going on to London; I will go with you as far as your station if you like."

The rector gave the necessary instructions to Mr. Stanmore, and re-entered the train with his friend. He finished his journey in safety, perhaps not a wiser but indubitably a sadder man than when he had started. Gladly would he have locked the fact of his losses within the safe keeping of his own breast, but it was hopeless to conceal it from his housekeeper and the servants. Day by day he waited for a gleam of hope, but in vain; his treasured watch and his dressing-case had gone from his gaze like the last traces of some beautiful dream. Perhaps, when his adoring parishioners discover his sad loss, they will present him with another watch, or some similar token of admiration and affection.—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

NEW POULTRY BREEDS.

Points of Beauty and Utility Combined in the American Fowl.

Americans have the reputation of being great inventive geniuses and in labor-saving machinery, all kinds of new and unique devices, they certainly lead the world. It is also conceded by all nations that America has taken the lead in the breeding and improvement of the domestic fowls. No other country has done half as much within the last thirty or forty years in propagating new and beautiful breeds and popularizing the love for fine poultry, as our own. The crossing of different breeds to bring about the best results has been brought nearly to a complete science in this country. The beautiful speckled plumage of the Plymouth Rocks, the American Dominiques, the laced Wyandottes, all and many more, due to the progressive geniuses of American gallicuture. Another peculiarity of our American "invented" birds, is that they combine the most beautiful plumage with the most useful and practical qualities. You would search in vain the yards of Asia, Africa or any European nation for such speckled beauties as our Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes. France, in utility of breeds exceeds us of course, but every point in their fowls is made subservient to that one point, and hence the "fancy" is not stimulated. England perhaps runs much more in the "fancy" direction, but American fanciers and breeders have combined in the new breeds they have orignated, all the most excellent points of beauty and utility. Our birds have also struck the happy medium on size, and on the "golden mean" between the bulky Asiatic and light weight Spanish and Leghorns—thus while prolific egg producers, their carcasses when served up present a very tempting dish. The white breeds of our American birds are also coming forward with all the virtues of their progenitors with the advantage to the amateur of breeding truer to color of plumage.—*Cor. Ohio Farmer.*

—John B. Smith, of New Britain, Conn., had more apples than he knew what to do with last fall, so he stored away four hundred barrels in a neighbor's large ice house. In the winter the house was filled with ice, all around the apples, which were solidly frozen. To Mr. Smith's great surprise the fruit, a few days ago, was found to be in perfect condition. He shipped twenty-five barrels to this city and they sold readily at three dollars a barrel. More was called for, and now the whole four hundred barrels of hard, fresh, sound Baldwins have been sold at that price. —*Hartford Courant.*

A SCOUT'S DARING.

Tom Reynold's Neat Escape from a Band of Bloodthirsty Sioux.

The nerve, hardihood and daring of the genuine frontier scout was illustrated time after time during Gen. Custer's Indian campaign by a favorite scout named Tom Reynolds. He had been in the Indian country for ten or twelve years before Custer attached him to his command, and he bore twenty-two scars of wounds received from red men. He was known to them as "The Snake," and they both hated and respected him. In one of his raids among the strongholds to the south Custer sent Reynold's back to Fort Laramie with dispatches. The scout preferred to go alone, and the fact that the country was alive with Indians was taken by him as a matter of course. He left camp one night soon after dark, mounted on a swift mule and having a ride before him of sixty-five or seventy miles. That was the last seen of him for a week, when he rode into Laramie one day and made his apologies for being detained on the way.

Reynolds made only about fifteen miles the first night where he had calculated on making forty. On several occasions he narrowly missed riding into bodies of Indians who seemed to be scouting all over the country, and up to midnight he had to move very slowly. Just after that hour his mule was bitten by a rattlesnake, and the scout turned into a grove of cottonwoods on a little creek to care for him. He had a small package of the Indian weed used to extract the poison, and by daylight the mule was better. It would be impossible to move for several days, however, and he settled down to pass the time in the grove. There were Indian signs all about him, and the chances were that he would not be left undisturbed many days. It was a small but dense grove, and the scout and his mule were well hidden from any one skirting the timber.

On the fifth day nine Indians were seen approaching the grove. They watered their ponies at the edge of it, and then turned them loose, built a fire and made preparations for dinner. Reynolds had made his mule lie down and then covered her with brush, while he retreated to the other side of the grove. The redskins were loafing around for over an hour before any thing occurred. They were then joined by twelve others, but as the new-comers did not dismount the scout was in hopes the whole band would soon leave the locality. They were evidently about to do so, when Reynolds' mule got up and brayed, a thing he was never known to do before or after in the face of danger. It was accounted for in this instance by the fact that one of the Indians was mounted on a horse which had been stolen from the cavalry, and the mule evidently recognized its presence. The Indians at once raised an alarm and rushed into the grove. The mule was speedily discovered and led out, and five minutes later the scout quietly surrendered and walked among his captors with smiling face. He might have held them at bay for a time, but the odds were too great to hope for any thing turning in his favor.

Several of the Indians recognized Reynolds as "The Snake," and there was great exultation over his capture. An ordinary prisoner would have been insulted and maltreated in the first excitement, but no indignity was offered the scout. He was disarmed, ordered to mount his mule, and the whole body moved to the east. After traveling all the afternoon they reached the north fork of the Platte and went into camp. The scout could speak the Sioux dialect as well as a member of the tribe, and during the journey he kept up a running conversation with the two subchiefs, leading them to believe that he had had a personal quarrel with Custer and was no longer in his service. He claimed that he was on his way to purchase a trapper's outfit and return to the mountains. While the Indians no doubt kept a sharp eye on him, no one seemed to do so. It was coming on dark as the band reached the creek, and Reynolds was in the midst of them as they dismounted. He swung himself down and seemed to be engaged in removing the saddle, at the same time asking one of the chiefs why they did not cross over and get better grass. Like a flash he suddenly swung himself into the saddle, and like an arrow the mule darted away. Reynolds had to pass six Indians and their horses before he was clear of the camp, but such were his movements that he was pistol shot away before a shout was uttered or a shot fired. Every Indian then mounted in pursuit, and the foremost kept up a running fire until they were out of ammunition.

The mule seemed inclined to make up for his bad break in the grove, and he drew ahead so fast that at the end of a quarter of an hour Reynolds turned sharply to the right, rode about half a mile, and then man and mule hugged the earth and let the Indians gallop ahead into the darkness. The scout then returned to the stream, crossed it, and took a bee line for Fort Laramie, where he arrived next morning. Two arrows struck his saddle, and six bullets chipped his clothing without drawing blood. When he handed his dispatches to the commandant he humbly exclaimed:

"Ought to hev bin here sooner, but a snake bit Nancy and a band of reds gobbled me. Hope the delay won't make any trouble."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Goethe's Frankfort Home.

The work of renovating the Goethe house in Frankfort-on-Main has at last been completed. In removing the old paper from the wall in "Frau Rath's" room a closet was discovered which has been restored and now contains on its shelves many autographs of both parents and son. In Goethe's sitting-room, in the attic, filled with reminiscences of the poet and his Lotte, now stands the latter's spinet and an old-fashioned writing desk, once belonging to Johana Wolfgang's grandmother, Cornelia Goethe. The two mansards on either side have been restored in their original form, with sloping roof, and having one window each. Every thing has been done to restore the house as nearly as possible to what it was in Goethe's boyhood.—*American Register.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The Conference Committee of Harvard recommends expulsion from college as the penalty for cheating at examination.

—The aggregate circulation of the publications of the American Baptist Publication Society was 28,830,000 for the current year.

—The Baptists of the North in the United States, after a stirring discussion, have resolved not to abandon their mission on the Congo river.

—The British and Foreign Bible Society has issued a "penny" New Testament in the Welsh language, and an amended version of St. Luke's Gospel in Irish.

—A good many people will be surprised to know that the Latter Day Saints have a considerable representation in Massachusetts. At their Conference at Fall river, Mass., recently ten churches were represented, and there were two hundred delegates.—*Boston Journal.*

—Among the many schools in Boston is one for instruction in carpentry, conducted by a young lady. She has had twenty-five pupils throughout the past winter, composed of boys belonging to some of the leading families, and she goes out of town twice a week to instruct a class of seven.—*Boston Herald.*

—It is said that the cost to the Pope in creating and confirming an American cardinal, including the expenses of the ablegates and of the cardinal's hat, to be bestowed by his own hand in Rome, will approach $25,000. The cardinal's robe consumes fifteen yards of material.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Getting ready for the home examination: Maud—"Well, commencement is over, thank goodness, and the seminary is closed for the summer. When do you start for home?" Nellie—"In the express tomorrow morning." "Have you any thing to read on the journey?" "Yes; I am going to look over my school books; papa may be inquisitive."—*Chicago Journal.*

—At the meeting of the corporation of Yale College it was voted to confer the degree of LL. B. on Miss Alice R. Jordan, who entered the law school under the clause in the catalogue admitting attorneys-at-law of any State to the senior class. The corporation, however, decided that a note be inserted in the next catalogue that the course of instruction shall be open to the male sex only.

—John Ruskin, being asked the other day for aid in payment of a church debt, replied by letter thus: "I am sorrowfully amused at your appeal to me, of all people in the world the precisely least likely to give you a farthing. My first word to all men and boys who care to hear me is: 'Don't get into debt. Starve, and go to heaven, but don't borrow. Try firstt begging. I don't mind, if it's really needful, stealing. But don't buy things you can't pay for.' And of all manner of debtors, pious people building churches they can't pay for are the most detestable nonsense to me. Can't you preach and pray behind the hedges, or in a sandpit, or in a coal-hole first?" —*N. Y. Tribune.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A bicycle tourist may be a modest and unassuming fellow at home, but he travels a great deal on his cheek.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—A story entitled "The Penniless Maiden" has just been issued. It will have very little interest for the modern youth—*Boston Courier.*

—"Most lies are hyperbole; hyperbole is a figure; hence most lies are figures. But figures can not lie; ergo, a lie is not a lie."—*The Bee.*

—It is in better form now to say to a man who is boring you, "O, bring me a chair," than to remark bluntly, "You make me tired."—*Christian at Work.*

—A henpecked husband writes: "Before marriage I fancied married life would be all sunshine, but afterward I found out that it was all moonshine."

—"We want a circus, and we want it bad," sighs a Western paper. We would suggest that the editor call the owner of the opposition sheet a horse-thief.—*Palmer Journal.*

—The man most anxious about his social position is the man who never had any such position, though he has tried to buy it with money.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—"Cereal coffee" is advertised in a Massachusetts paper. That's what inmates of boarding houses are yearning for—to cereal coffee, in place of the imitation stuff.—*St. Albans' Messenger.*

—Not what he meant.—Hostess—"I am really ashamed of this dinner! But our grocer had no fresh vegetables and so we had to use cold ones." Guest—"Really, don't apologize. Indeed, I don't think the dinner is worth an apology."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"See here," he said to his clerk, "I don't mind letting you off a day, now and then, to attend your grandmother's funeral; but I think you ought to have the courtesy to send a few of the fish around to my house."—*Chicago Ledger.*

—Weeping widow—"Yes, poor John met with a terrible fate. He fell from the fourth-story window and was instantly killed." Sympathizing friend —"Dear, dear! And was it so bad as that, Mrs. Larkins? I understood that he fell only from the third-story window."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Claudius asks: "Would you advise me to write poetry for fame, or simply to make a living?" You will find it much easier to write for fame than simply to make a living, Claudius; but if you succeed in the latter don't worry about the former. The man who succeeds in making a living writing poetry will find fame swooping down upon him terrifically.—*Tidbits*

—"No," snappishly said the summer boarding-house keeper to Mrs. Culture, of Boston, who was inquiring as to the healthfulness of the locality; "no, we ain't got no typhoid germs, and there hain't been no call for 'em either. Folks is wanting everything nowadays, and ain't satisfied with clean beds and plenty of what's good to eat."—*N. Y. Mail.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

"SHUT-EYE-TOWN."

Ho! ho! there—all aboard! "Shut-Eye-Town!"
The brakes are all up, the signals pulled down;
How silvery and soft the conductor's last note,
As over the car the sweet syllables float:
Bye-lo, bye-lo to "Shut-Eye-Town."

Oh! a wonderful city is "Shut-Eye-Town!"
Then haste in your dainty white traveling gown;
No baskets of luncheon or wraps will you need,
For this train's going through with lightning-like speed.
Bye-lo, bye-lo to "Shut-Eye-Town."

Fairies and brownies are waiting us there,
Jewel sand rainbows, and blossoms so rare,
Soft summer breezes, and bright-singing birds,
Friends with caresses and sweet, loving words;
Bye-lo, bye-lo to "Shut-Eye-Town."

Oh! never was city so sunny as this;
Be quick, or its pleasures you surely will miss,
And never, I know, was conductor so fair
As the one who is waiting to usher us there.
Bye-lo, bye-lo to "Shut-Eye-Town."

—*Clara J. Denton, in Our Little Ones.*

PERCHING BIRDS.

Peculiar Habits of Some of the Feathered Tribes at Home and Abroad.

Some of the most attractive birds belong among the "perchers." Here are placed the sparrows, thrushes, robins, wrens, humming-birds and other favorites of our fields and gardens. Birds of this class live in pairs, and mostly build their nests in trees, displaying great skill in their construction. Their slender, flexible toes, with long claws, are well suited to these delicate labors, and their legs are so weak that these dainty, graceful birds have a habit of hopping instead of walking.

The pretty little song-sparrows are among the commonest of our summer visitors. There cheery, melodious note is repeated over and over through the long spring days from early in the morning until nearly dark. Their snug little nests are generally hidden away in a grassy bank, or placed on some low vine or bush, the male carrying the materials for building it, while the female weaves the nest. He is attentive to his mate, and when their home is completed, and she sits contentedly upon her eggs, he brings her food, and lingers near by to cheer her with his song.

The snow-bird is also one of the sparrows. Coming with the first cold weather, and staying with us through the winter, when most other birds have left us, it is a general favorite. Snow-birds mostly go to Canada and other Northern countries in summer to raise their young ones. Their nests are made on the ground, near the root of a sheltering tree.

Our pretty yellow-birds, or gold-finches, also stay with us through the cold weather, but their appearance at this season is so altered by their plain winter garb that they are scarcely recognized as the same bird, and we might easily fancy that the yellow-birds had all left us. With the early spring flowers they again assume their gay coats of yellow and black, cheering the landscape with their bright color and delighting us with their sweet songs. These birds are fond of thistle seeds, and they quickly tear to pieces the downy turfts to obtain them. The peculiar, crooked beak of the cross-bill was formerly looked upon as a deformity, but an acquaintance with the habits of the bird shows that its bill is well suited to tear to pieces pine cones in order to reach the seeds which form its food. Clinging to a twig of the pine-tree with one foot, it grasps a cone with the other, then inserting its bill underneath the scales, it pries them apart by a sideways motion of the mandibles, and scoops out the seeds with its tongue. Cross-bills are bright, happy birds. They fly in small flocks, often visiting our gardens and flitting among the evergreens, but their movements are very quick, and they will dart off as unexpectedly as they came.

The nest-building habits of the two-horned hornbill are exceeding odd. Having selected a hollow tree, the female takes her place within the hole, and makes a nest of her own feathers, while the male from the outside plasters up the hole with mud, leaving a small opening for the beak of the imprisoned female. Through this hole she is fed by her mate until her young family is fully fledged, and she requires so much food that it is no slight task to keep her supplied.

Birds-of-paradise live only in New Guinea and neighboring islands, and there twenty different species are found. The ordinary birds-of-Paradise most familiar to us are largely destroyed for the plumes of downy golden feathers beneath their wings. The natives who capture them usually cut off their legs; hence the mistaken notion was formerly held that these birds had no legs, that they suspended themselves by their long feathers, and that they never touched the earth while alive.

Another interesting bird of the eastern hemisphere is the bower-bird in Australia. Its chief peculiarity consists in the curious bowers which it builds of branches and twigs closely interwoven. The bowers are entirely separate from their nests, and are used only as play-grounds, where these birds meet apparently to display their charms to the birds whose affections they wish to win. The entrance is brushed perfectly clean, and decorated with bright pebbles, shells, feathers, little bleached skeletons, and other ornamental articles, which must often have been carried for a long distance.

Our Baltimore oriole is a gay bird, with rich orange and black colors. The female bird has the same markings as the male, in duller tints, and a pair of these birds forms a handsome ornament to a lawn. The males arrive first from the South, and are not joined by the females until a week later. The males are then full of song, and devote themselves to wooing and trying to secure a mate.

The nest of the Baltimore oriole, like the robin's nest, is placed near the house, and is suspended from two or more twigs by strings and threads. Through these threads is woven a sort of coarse cloth into the form of a pouch, and inside is placed the true nest of fine grass or hair.—*Harper's Young People.*

WEEZY.

Why She Wouldn't Go Riding on Her Birthday and Why She Did.

The day Weezy was four years old Jenny Hight invited her to tea. Jenny was five.

"I'm a year older than I was yesterday, mamma," said Weezy, while her mother tied her bonnet. "Pretty soon I'll be just as old as Jenny."

Then she frisked down the gravel path, dragging behind her a dust-pan tied to a string. In the dust-pan were three dollies and a clay pipe. The pipe was to blow bubbles with. As to the dust-pan, that, of course, was Weezy's carriage. To-day she had not far to draw it, for Jenny lived just across the street. There was Jenny now, swinging on the gate. She had something nice to tell. Weezy and she were going to ride in the new buggy with brother Ned. Weezy screamed with delight, and scampered off to the stable with Jenny, to see Ned harness the horse.

"Mamma says, when we get to an orchard, Ned, you must buy some apples," said Jenny.

"I rather think I'd better steal them," answered her tall brother, with a sly wink. He was buckling the reins. When he looked up again, his little sister had climbed into the buggy, and Weezy was not to be seen.

Where could she be? Jenny did not know. Mrs. Hight did not know. The child was not in the stable, and she was not in the house.

Ned found her at last at home in the hammock, as solemn as a little owl. Her mother had locked the door and gone out to make calls. But he could not coax Weezy to go back with him. She said she did not want to ride.

The whole family left uncomfortable, and poor little Jenny cried. After Mrs. Haynes came home Ned want over to tell her what had happened. He heard Weezy sobbing in the sitting-room, and this was what she was saying:

"S'pose I'd ride with folks that steal, mamma? Course not! But, O mamma, the buggy was so nice and shiny! Oh, dear!"

"You precious little goosie! Did you think I really meant to steal the apples?" cried Ned, rushing in, laughing. "Why, Weezy, dear, I was only in fun. I wouldn't steal a shaving!"

He picked her up, tears and all, and carried her off on his shoulder, and her face was covered with smiles when they met Jenny. Then they had a lovely ride and plenty of apples, though Ned did not steal one. And after tea Weezy trudged home with a basketful, and Ned gave her the pretty little basket to keep.—*Our Little Ones.*

BEET SUGAR.

Processes Employed in the Production of This Commodity.

The beet-sugar industry has scarcely made a start yet in this country, though in Europe it has attained such proportions as to furnish half the marketed sugar of the world, and about a third of the total production. The production of beet sugar is a commercial triumph of the man of "mere science." A Berlin apothecary, Marggraf, first drew attention to the beet root as a possible sugar mine, and a Prussian chemist, Achard, first successfully extracted the sugar. It was not, however, until the Napoleonic wars and the blockade of Continental ports raised the prices of sugar that the industry was started. Napoleon in 1811 offered bounties for the production of beet sugar, and made the chemistry of the process a specialty in scientific schools. Germany followed the example, and even now the industry is fostered by the Government through experimental stations and by means of bounties on sugar protection. The German law of 1869 laid a tax on beets of $4 (16 marks) per ton, to compensate for the loss of revenue from imported sugars, and gave a drawback of $42 to $47 per ton of sugar exported. As by the improved processes the yield of beet root is over nine and a half per cent. of merchantable sugar, besides more than two per cent. of molasses, this law guaranteed a profit to manufacturers for export, and the production has been very great.

The beet commonly used in Europe is the White Silesian, weighing from one and a half to two and a half pounds, and producing fifteen to twenty tons to the acre. It succeeds best where there is dry, unclouded autumn weather. The juice is extracted either by rasping the beet into shreds, and pressing out the juice, or by the diffusion process. As the beet contains much less sugar in proportion than cane, its transportation is a serious matter, and in France and Belgium under-ground pipes are in use through which the juice is sent to a central factory. The process of extracting the sugar from the juice is essentially the same as in the treatment of cane, except that the process of carbonation, which is coming into use also with sorghum, is very generally used. The method proposed by the Department of Agriculture and practiced for one season at Ottawa, Kan., with success, is a modification of the process used for beet juices and consists in adding a large excess of lime to the tepid juice, and afterward precipitating the excess by carbonic acid. After passing through a filter press the clear juice is saturated with sulphurous acid and again filtered. This process gives a juice perfectly limpid and of great purity. The production of beet sugar, where bounties are not paid, will probably be limited by the fact that with improving scientific processes, the larger proportion of sugar in cane and sorghum will give them an increasing advantage to the planter and consumer. The census of 1880 reported four beet-root factories, with $365,000 capital, employing 350 hands, to whom it paid $62,271 wages, or $177 each, and producing $282,572 product.—*R. R. Bowker, in Harper's Magazine.*

—One of the Pharaohs has been disinterred at Bulak, near Cairo. The mummy was dug up in the presence of the Khedive, and proves to be the remains of Rameses III. of the twentieth Egyptian dynasty, who reigned about 1200 B. C., and was a near descendant of the Menephtah who was probably the Pharaoh of Exodus.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Currants dipped in ice water are excellent to allay thirst.—*Woman's Journal.*

—A solution of equal parts of gum Arabic and plaster of Paris cements china and earthenware.—*Western Rural.*

—A Utica genius has invented a farm harness that weighs less than fifteen pounds and does away with whiffle-trees, traces and many of the cumbersome straps and buckles. Moreover, it is cheap.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—For pudding sauce, stir thickening into one and one-half cups of water and boil a few minutes, then stir in two-thirds cup of sugar and one-half cup of sweet cream, take off the stove and add a piece of butter the size of a robin's egg.—*Toledo Blade.*

—Stewed Beef Steaks: Roll with a rolling-pin, flour, season, and fry with sliced onion to a light brown; then lay them in a stew-pan, pour as much boiling water as will serve for sauce, stew half an hour, and add a spoonful of catsup before serving.—*The Caterer.*

—An experienced horticulturist thus describes his mode of planting fruit trees: He makes holes eighteen inches deep and three feet in diameter, fills in four inches of strong, short horse manure, then two or three inches of street dirt, sets the trees and fills in with earth.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

—To start rose slips, fill an old pan with pure sand, sticky our slips in to the depth of an inch and a half; set where the sun will shine directly on them all day, and keep them thoroughly wet all the time. Do not allow them to dry out, and you can raise nine out of every ten.—*Boston Globe.*

—A cow, says the *American Agriculturist*, should have a clean skin in order to give clean milk and make good butter, and that cleanliness can not be secured except by the use of the brush and the thorough removal of dirt and filth, which should be done before the cows are milked in the morning and evening.

—It is a mistake to place the roosting poles at different heights rising from the front, because all will strive to get on the highest one, and the weaker ones are crowded off and frequently fall to the ground, only to repeat the process, or, if injured, to remain on the ground all night. Place all the poles at the same elevation.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Wide-awake Pie: One cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one-fourth cup of vinegar, two-thirds cup of water, and butter the size of an egg. Simmer them together, then add one cup of powdered cracker, allspice, cinnamon, nutmeg and raisins. Bake with two crusts. This makes two pies. *The Household.*

—Minute Pudding: Take one quart of milk, one pint of flour, two eggs, one tablespoonful of salt. Boil the milk in a double boiler; beat the eggs and add the flour slowly, with enough of the milk to make it smooth; stir into the boiling milk and cook it half an hour. Eat with liquid sauce or sirup. It is often made without the eggs.—*Toledo Blade.*

—A correspondent of the *Western Plowman* says almost any variety of corn can be obtained by careful selection of seeds. For a variety that could not be injured by wet weather he gathered strong, healthy ears that hung down upon erect stalks; and for best results in shelled corn ears with deep grains and small cobs, bearing grains the entire length. He advises trying this a few years and noting the results.

FEEDING THE HORSE.

A Little Variety Relished by Animals as Well as by Men.

It is about as difficult, as we understand it, for a man to find out just how to feed a horse to the best advantage, all things considered, as it is to find out how to feed himself. How many men know just what to eat, and how much? How many are as careful about their food as they know how to be? Their own feelings may be a warning, sometimes, or the appetite may indicate a need. In feeding the horse we have no such reminders. It is all judgment, and half of that is guess-work.

Oats are the natural grain food of the horse. This is the popular verdict. But does the horse not want or need something else? Yes, he wants a reasonable allowance of good hay, clover or timothy, or the two combined. Oat straw is good, when the oats are cut before the stalk has lost all of its green hue. Wheat would be found a nourishing food for the horse, and not so dear as some would at first think. But it is very concentrated food, and all such must be fed with great care and in connection with coarser food of some kind.

If oats are crushed, or just coarsely ground, they will prove more nourishing. In England, they are passed between rollers. But if a horse's teeth are good, it will generally grind its oats pretty well. There is a great difference in horses, however, in this respect, just as there is in men. Some bolt their food much more rapidly and less masticated than others. But whatever grain you feed, do not let the horse drink immediately after. If you do, much of the grain will be washed out of the stomach without being digested. See that the horse is properly watered a little while before eating its grain.

Corn is not the best food for the horse. It is too carbonaceous, or heating and fattening. Not every one wants a fat horse. Fat is not a sign of the best of health in either man or horse. It is better to sell the corn and buy oats with the money received for it. Corn is apt to make a horse stiff and logy. It is very concentrated food, as well as fattening.

All dry feed is not the best for the horse's health. It needs a few roots, apples, carrots, potatoes or other succulent food, as a relish and a regulator of the bowels. Nor is all grass good for the horse, if it is to do any work, as most people know, we presume. A moderate ration of grass, followed with dry hay, and always accompanied with oats, will do a horse good. The horse, like man and other animals, relishes a little variety, and it does him good.—*National Live-Stock Journal.*

DESERVED PROMOTIONS.

A Railway Company That Appreciates Ability and Faithful Service—A Record to Be Proud Of.

President R. R. Cable, of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railway, announces the appointment of E. St. John as assistant general manager of that company, the same to take effect to-day. Some months ago Mr. St. John received the appointment of assistant to the general manager, and then assumed the duties which fall to the position which he now takes. There will be but one comment on the gentleman's promotion, and that, that in qualification, ability and past devotion to the interests of the corporation he has served so long and well he fully deserves the place he has been chosen to fill. In whatever capacity he has been tested, from the lowest round of the ladder up through the various grades, he has demonstrated his entire fitness for the duties and interests intrusted to his charge, and discharged them so well that advancement on merit was always a certainty of the future. His record is one that he may well be proud of, and those officials and opponents who have crossed swords with him in the numerous tilts that have enlivened Western railway history in the past will be the first to concede his eminent fitness for any position embraced in the railway world. A close student of railway problems, an acute observer of passing events, forcible, and with a touch of combativeness, when the aggressive is the right method, he has made his influence felt at the right time and place. That he will be universally congratulated is assured, and, better still, there will be no touch of envy or jealousy in the chorus.

Mr. St. John entered the railway service in 1862 as clerk in the general ticket office of the Quincy & Toledo road. On July 4, 1863, he became attached to the Rock Island general ticket department, progressing through various grades until, on January 1, 1879, he was appointed general passenger and ticket agent, a position he has continued to hold to date.

The vacancy made by Mr. St. John's advancement promotes Mr. E. A. Holbrook to the position of general, and Mr. George H. Smith to that of assistant general passenger and ticket agent. Both gentlemen deserve the recognition thus given, and will doubtless make equally good records in the future as in the past.—*Chicago Times.*

—"Expediency," as its etymology shows, is primarily a supposed short cut to one's object of immediate desire; it is a pursuit of an expeditious method to that end. Expediency is therefore a safe guide in morals, if only it be looked at in a proper light; for the shortest distance between any two points is always a straight line; hence true expediency is never a crooked course; and, conversely, a crooked course is never truly expedient.—*Philadelphia Times.*

—A contemporary, describing a dance at a country village in his neighborhood, says: "The gorgeous strings of glass beads glistened on the heaving bosoms of the village belles like polished rubies resting on the surface of warm apple dumplings!"

How Pale You Are.

is frequently the exclamation of one lady to another. The fact is not a pleasant one to have mentioned, but still the one may be a kindly one, for it sets the one addressed to thinking, apprises her of the fact that she is not in good health, and leads her to seek a reason therefor. Pallor is almost always attendant upon the first stages of consumption. The system is enfeebled, and the blood is impoverished. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will act as a tonic upon the system, will enrich the impoverished blood, and restore roses to the cheek.

A STATEN ISLAND school-teacher has just launched a yacht which he has christened "Rattan." It is a sort of birchbark.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"I Love Her Better than Life."

Well, then, why don't you do something to bring back the roses to her cheeks and the light to her eyes! Don't you see she is suffering from nervous debility, the result of female weakness? A bottle of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will brighten those pale cheeks and send new life through that wasting form. If you love her, take heed.

THERE is an increased movement in boots and shoes, the trade says. Evidently every body is going in for out-door exercise.

BETTER results are derived from Hall's Hair Renewer than from any similar preparation.

If you suffer with chills and fever, take Ayer's Ague Cure. It will cure you.

IF you have means, live within them: if you have not, live without them.—*Baltimore News.*

THERE IS A MEANS of Eradicating local disease of the skin that can be relied on, viz: GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP. HILL'S HAIR AND WHISKER DYE, Black or Brown, 50c.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER (to butcher)—"Are they succulent chops?" Butcher—"No, mum; they're mutton chops."

FRAZER AXLE GREASE will last two weeks, all others two to three days. Try it.

WHY is a good base-burner lamp like a good husband? Because it never goes out at night.

IF you have catarrh, use the surest remedy—Dr. Sage's.

THE ancients could beat us to death painting pictures; but look at our frames!

SO CLOSE is the sympathy between night and day that after the one falls the other breaks.

AN itching for notoriety is not enough to secure a niche in the temple of fame.—*Tid-Bits.*

WHEN it is time to go at butter-making the dairy-maid moves to a-churn.—*Lowell Courier.*

THE reason the woodman didn't "spare the tree" was because he wasn't that kind of a feller.—*Philadelphia Call.*

JOHN MACKAY says "Money is an accident." The most of us seem to meet with precious few accidents.

A COLLEGE year is like one of those "hoop" snakes—it has its commencement so near the end.—*Lowell Courier.*

"DON'T put in no muskeeter-nettin' for me," said Aunt Hannah, "I don't want to breathe no strained air."—*Vox Populi.*

THE first violin is still in existence. What puzzles us is how so many men can all be playing it at once.—*Lowell Courier.*

"WHAT bell are you ringing?" he asked of the colored sexton. "Dis de secon' ring of de fus' bell," was the reply.

"IF I can not have the fat of the land, I can take a little lean," said the tramp, as he rested his shoulder against a lamp-post.

HE—"They have dropped their anchor." She (on her first trip)—"Serves them right. It has been hanging over the side all day long."—*Chicago Tribune.*

SHE was plump and beautiful and he was wildly fond of her; she hated him, but, woman-like she strove to catch him. He was a fly.

A BARBER in Auburn has opened a lawyer's office in his shop. Different way of shaving a customer—that's all.—*St. Albans Messenger.*

RELIEF is immediate, and a cure sure. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. 50 cents.

IT is only on the biggest scales that you can learn the weigh of the world.—*Texas Siftings.*

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WILL CURE
HEADACHE
INDIGESTION
BILIOUSNESS
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SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1886.

Hubert O. Thompson, the leader of the County Democracy of New York, died suddenly Monday.

Mr. McComas has received an invitation from the Senators of Maine to come to their state next September and make speeches in the campaign. Among the few members of the House invited to aid the stumping of Blaine's state, besides Mr. McComas, are Representative Burrows, of Michigan, Goff, of West Virginia; McKinley, of Ohio, and Hiscock, of New York.

Democratic Incompetency Reviewed.

The Bangor (Me.) *Whig and Courier* says of Mr. McComas' speech on the Legislative, Executive and Judicial Appropriation bill:

"One of the most cogent reviews of the incompetency of Democratic administration was made in the House June 9 by Hon. L. E. McComas, of Maryland, in the debate on the Legislative, Executive and Judicial Appropriation bill. Mr. McComas is a member of the Appropriations Committee, and, although a young man, has proved one of the strongest debaters of the House. The Republicans have reason to be proud of their brilliant representative.

The Baltimore *American's* Washington correspondent says: "Never has there been such a flood of Southern claims as there is at present in Congress. The War Claims Committee of the House is literally overrun with petitions and bills to pay for property alleged to have been taken or destroyed by Union troops during the war, and it would seem that the more the war recedes, the greater the number of claims make their appearance. Of course, the majority are utterly worthless. The claimants, however, think that through a Democratic administration they will get them through. The number referred to the Court of Claims is so great that there is a movement on foot to try to get the number of justices of the court increased."

Letter From Hon. Francis Miller.

From Cumb. News, Tuesday.

The following letter from the Hon. Francis Miller was yesterday received by B. A. Richmond with the request to procure its early insertion in the *Daily News:*

SANDY SPRING, MD., July 26, 1886.

To the Editor of the Daily News:

In the Rockville *Sentinel* of the 23d inst., I find the following:

ANOTHER RICHMOND APPEARS.

The following bit of political gossip was sent from this place to the Cumberland *Times* of the 19th instant:

The contest for the Republican nomination for Congress in this District waxes warm in this county and has just received a new boom in the announcement that Montgomery county is to have a candidate in the person of Hon. Francis Miller, of Sandy Spring, late the Republican candidate for Comptroller. Mr. Miller is said to have stipulated with the managers when he made his hopeless run that he should have the Republican nomination for Congress this fall. While neither a fluent nor brilliant man, Mr. Miller stands high in his county, and can easily carry it in the primaries. The late change of proprietorship in the *Independent*, the Republican organ here, is regarded as a move in his interest, and the Purdum and McDonald factions have been induced by ex-Senator Moore to promise their support to the Quaker candidate.

J. D.

I ask of you the privilege of saying through your valuable paper, to the Republicans of the Sixth District that the statement that I am a candidate for the Republican nomination for Congress in that District is entirely without foundation.

I am unequivocally in favor of the re-nomination of Mr. McComas, and have so announced myself, without reserve, to every one of either political party with whom I have conversed on the subject. My reasons for this preference are:

First: While our district is, I believe, Republican by a small majority, it cannot certainly be relied on to elect a Republican Congressman. We have good hope of electing a majority of the next House of Representatives but to do so we must make sure of every seat to which we are fairly entitled. With the greatest respect for the other gentlemen in our party who might aspire to the high honor of the Republican nomination this fall, I am frank to say that there is no one in the District who, I think, can so certainly be elected as Mr. McComas.

Second: There is no doubt, in my mind, that Mr. McComas is the choice of a very large majority of the Republicans of the District. I know this is true of Montgomery county, and I am reliably informed that is equally true of Frederick and Washington counties. His nomination is, in my opinion, a foregone conclusion, and as that is the case it seems to me to be to the interest of the Republican party, that it should be made with entire unanimity. Any opposition will be incapable of changing the result of the nomination, but it may produce dissensions that will endanger the election of our nominee.

Third: I believe that it is to the interest of all our people, Republicans and Democrats alike, that Mr. McComas should be re-elected. His career in Congress has been highly honorable to him and very useful to his constituents, especially so to those who live in Allegany county, whose great coal industries have found in him an industrious, able and successful defender. The experience and acquaintance with the leading men of the House of Representatives, which he has gained during the past service will enable him to do more to advance the material welfare of our district and of the State than any new man, of either party, possibly could. Every one at all conversant with the history of legislation in our country, knows that those States whose representatives, when found worthy, are retained in the public service, have many times more influence in shaping the action of Congress than those in which a vicious custom leads to frequent changes in their representatives. As I believe that the office is made for the people and not for the individual who may happen to hold it, I regard it as the duty of every citizen to vote for the man who can best subserve the interest of the commonwealth, and not to make a change simply to give some one else an opportunity of sharing the honors and emoluments of office.

These reasons are conclusive with me, and I therefore have not entertained, for a moment, the idea of offering myself as a candidate for a seat in the next Congress, however much I might desire so great an honor, under the circumstances.

Very respectfully,
FRANCIS MILLER.

Reform Needed.

Whatever may be the final result of the questions raised upon the new marriage license act, the discussion has served to place in bold relief some grave defects in the methods of legislation in vogue in our State and the flagrant violation of the spirit of our Constitution, as well as the reprehensible disregard of the people, by those who are responsible for the publication and distribution of the acts passed by the General Assembly and the journals of the two houses. Three months and a-half have elapsed since the adjournment of the Legislature and nearly two months since the first of June, the time fixed by the Constitution for laws to take effect unless otherwise provided, and yet the authentic record of the acts and proceedings of the Legislature are not accessible to the people.

The Constitution requires that "Every law shall be recorded in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Appeals, and in *due* time be printed, published, &c." *Due* time would seem naturally to mean the day on which the laws go into effect or very soon thereafter. The Act of 1853, Chap. 36, required the Public Printer to deliver to the State Librarian the journals within thirty days and the laws within fifty days after the adjournment. This was superseded by the Act of 1882, Cap. 261, which fails to fix any time. The Librarian is required to have the laws, journals and documents bounds and to distribute them to the persons entitled. Even in the absence of any express requirement of law such delay as we have referred to in the publication and distribution of these acts and proceedings so vitally important to every citizen, is inexcusable.

Some effective remedy for such palpable wrong ought to be speedily provided. This further demonstrates the gross absurdity of the State paying fifteen thousand dollars to the newspapers of the State for publishing about the middle of May, a few acts which were made to take effect from the date of their passage, when we are near the first of August without any access to the laws which became effective under the Constitution on the first of June.

The discovery, near four months after adjournment, that the journal of the Senate shows that a bill which the reading clerk endorsed as passed, which went through the hands of the journal clerk and from him to the Secretary, by whom it was endorsed and returned to the House of Delegates as passed by yeas and nays, and thence presented to the Governor for his signature, as though legally passed, is a standing commentary upon the dangerous unwisdom of the rushing business engaged in always at the close of the session. The fact is, that usually for about ten days before the end, the printer gets behind with the journal and no one has an opportunity to know what the journal reports or to correct any errors or mistakes which naturally occur in the general haste and confusion.—*Hagerstown, Mail (Dem.)*

A Prohibitionist's Idea.

There are men strongly in favor of prohibition who have some very decided convictions as to the best way to obtain it and the surest way not to get it. Here, for example, we have the views of a Republican who states his position with the force of common sense and downright earnestness. Mr. Clammer's letter appears in the Ritchie *Gazette:*

EDITOR GAZETTE:—I notice a call published in the *Freeman*, for a convention to be held at Harrisville, West Virginia, on the 7th of August, 1886, for the purpose of organizing a prohibition or Third Party, and my name is attached to that call. This is a misunderstanding that I will not explain, unless future developments require it. I am a Republican and desire to vindicate myself as such. Whilst I am a Republican in principle, I am also in favor of prohibition, and would not vote for any man for either branch of the Legislature of this State who would not vote to refer a prohibition amendment to the Constitution of this State to the voters thereof, to be voted on at a special election, designated for that purpose.

Perhaps it would be well for me to give my reasons why I do not endorse the Third Party movement.

1st. I think it would be detrimental to the temperance or prohibition cause; from the fact you cannot unite its strength in one political party, as you are aware you will have to adopt a platform of principles. If you adopt the Republican party, the prohibitionists of the Democratic party will not consent to it. If you adopt the principles of the Democratic party, most assuredly the Republican prohibitionists will not consent to it. Therefore you undoubtedly divide the strength of the prohibition amendment into three distinct parties. First those that have no settled principles in one party, and those of Democratic proclivities in one, and those of Republican principles in the other, and by that means injure the prohibition movement.

2d. I think that the leaders of the Third Party movement are a lot of fanatics, demagogues and political traitors such as St. John, who would sacrifice friends, principles or anything else if they cannot rule. It is rule or ruin with them. They would sell their birthright for a mess of pottage. You will understand at once that I am a Republican and in favor of prohibition in deed and in truth. I expect to live to see the day when such unprincipled political tricksters as St. John are politically dead and damned and buried face downward and have written on their back, "no resurrection."

JACOB CLAMMER.

Third Party men will look on this as rank heresy, but they will be unable to find a flaw in the reasoning. People who really desire the submission of a prohibitory amendment will be glad to get help wherever they can find it, and they will not wish to alienate anybody who may have a friendly disposition.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

A Prohibition Amendment.

WASHINGTON, July 26.—Senator Blair, from the Committee on Education and Labor, to-day submitted a favorable report from the majority of the committee on a joint resolution proposing that an amendment to the Constitution to prohibit the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors and other poisonous beverages be submitted to the legislatures of the states for ratification. The amendment provides that from and after the year 1900 the manufacture and sale and importation of distilled alcoholic intoxicating liquors, except for medicinal, mechanical, chemical and scientific purposes, and for use in the fine arts, shall cease.

The report which accompanies the proposed amendment says the committee does not deem it necessary to discuss the evils of the use of alcohol, but believes the people have a right to decide what measures shall be taken for the regulation and extirpation of this traffic. "Why," it asks, "should they be denied the opportunity to be heard in the only forum which can pass upon the question? When any considerable and respectable portion of the America people desire to plead their cause in the great tribunal of sovereigns, who, in a free country, decide every question of fundamental issue in the last resort, it is the duty of Congress to enact such preliminary legislation as is here proposed, so that under the forms of the Constitution they can be heard on the question of its own amendment. To deny this is of the very essence of despotism, and for Congress unreasonably to refuse the hearing, is just cause for revolution."

The President to Office-Holders.

The following executive order was issued by the President last Thursday:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, July 14, 1886.

To the Heads of Departments in the Service of the General Government:

I deem this a proper time to especially warn all subordinates in the several departments and all office-holders under the general government against the use of their official positions in attempts to control political movements in their localities. Office-holders are the agents of the people, not their masters. Not only is their time and labor due to the government, but they should scrupulously avoid, in their political action, as well as in the discharge of their official duty, offending by a display of obtrusive partisanship, their neighbors who have relations with them as public officials. They should also constantly remember that their party friends from whom they have received preferment have not invested them with the power of arbitrarily managing their political affairs. They have no right as office holders to dictate the political action of their party associates, or to throttle freedom of action within party lines by methods and practices which pervent every useful and justifiable purpose of party organization. The influence of federal office-holders should not be felt in the manipulation of political primary meetings and nominating conventions. The use by these officials of their positions to compass their selection as delegates to political conventions is indecent and unfair, and proper regard for the proprieties and requirements of official life will also prevent their assuming the active conduct of political campaigns. Individual interest and activity in political affairs are by no means condemned. Office holders are neither disfranchised nor forbidden the exercise of political privileges, but their privileges are not enlarged, nor is their duty to party increased to pernicious activity by office holding. A just discrimination in this regard between the things which a citizen may properly do and the purposes for which a public office should not be used, is easy, in the light of a correct appreciation of the relation between the people and those entrusted with official place, and a consideration of the necessity under our form of government of political action free from official coercion. You are requested to communicate the substance of those for whose guinance they are intended.

(Signed)
GROVER CLEVELAND.

A Party Idea.

Politicians and political papers of all shades of belief or unbelief aver that their particular party is the party for workingmen. The Cumberland *Daily Times* is unmistakably Democratic in its opinions and consequently argues that the Democracy is and should be the political abiding place of all workingmen, because it is the party of the people—the party that will do the workingmen justice, etc.

As an instance the *Times* refers to the last election in this county and adds that "the men sent to Annapolis as the especial representatives of the workingmen of the county, did not secure the passage of a single operative bill in their interests and sat all session with their mouths like an oyster, while the State Senator and members of whom least was expected by the laboring men did the most."

The *Times* is a wide awake journal, which fact stamps as ludicrous its attempt to prove by Democratic Maryland, that the Democratic party is *the* party for the workingmen. All bills to the interest of the working people of this end of the State were either vetoed by a Democratic Governor, or amended so as to prove inoperative or still worse were permitted to be stolen. Such is the record of Democratic Maryland. The miners of this region have not yet forgotten, nor will they forget the fate of the semi-monthly pay bill and the mining and ventilation bill.

Can any citizen forget what was done with the mining and ventilation bill? We think not.

And yet our sprightly contemporary calls upon the working people to rally around and support that party which is responsible for the grevious injury done them.—*Lonaconing Review.*

Job W. Parsons, of Rich Mountain, Randolph county, came to town Saturday and reported that he had captured the famous horse thief known as Jeremiah Hays, who has been carrying on horse stealing so successfully in this section of the State for some months. He was tried Tuesday before two magistrates of Randolph county and committed to jail until the authorities of Harrison county could be heard from. He had in his possession a fine iron gray mare, which is said to be the property of a Mr. Romine, who resides at Romine's Mills in Harrison county. Mr. Mayer of this place, identified the gentleman, and there is no doubt but what he is the chap wanted by the authorities in many counties. He was captured by Mr. Parsons in a tree near Petersburg, Grant county.—*St. George Pioneer.*

Half the ills we hoard in our hearts are ills because we hoard them.

Gov. Stoneman's Blunder.

Gov. Stoneman, of California, was a good soldier, but he proves to be a very poor politician, and has just made a blunder that causes the Democratic Senators and the California Democrats to gnash their teeth. The Legislature of California is Republican in both branches, but the Democrats hoped to be able to capture it at the next election and elect a United States Senator of their own party. When Senator Miller died Governor Stoneman, under some sort of an arrangement, appointed Geo. Hearst to the vacancy. What this understanding is is not exactly known, but it is believed that Hearst was willing to take the seat for a few months and then assist Stoneman to capture it for the rest of the term. But Stoneman has upset the whole thing by calling a special session of the Legislature to meet in September. In his proclamation he announces that the session is called to transact certain specified business, and under the Constitution it cannot do anything in the way of legislation except that specified in the proclamation. Gov. Stoneman appears to have been under the impression that Senatorial elections were also excluded, but the opinion of the best lawyers in the Senate is to the contrary, and they say that under the law the Legislature must elect a Senator at the special session, and he will be a Republican.

A Fateful Anniversary.

PITTSBURGH, July 26.—The damage by this morning's storm was much greater than at first supposed, and will probably reach $350,000. The storm appears to have been confined to Western Pennsylvania, and was the most severe known for many years. From almost every town along the rivers reports of great damage are being received. Houses were flooded, crops destroyed, trees and fences washed away. Almost every railroad entering the city suffered from landslides and washouts. But the fury of the elements was probably greatest along the Pittsburgh and Western road. Whole fields of wheat and corn have been destroyed, and at one point near Evan's City a strip of woodland seventy-five yards wide by three-quarters of a mile long was leveled by a tornado.

At Pine creek along Butcher's sun, and in the Sewickley valley the water flooded houses and many families were forced to leave their homes and flee to places of safety to escape drowning.

A strange coincidence of the storm was the fact that it occurred on the twelfth anniversary of the Butcher's run flood, in which nearly 200 persons lost their lives. To-day the residents of that place had a severe reminder of the terrible disaster, as the storm played havoc in that neighborhood.

As far as heard from there were no casualities in this city. In the country districts a number of persons were injured and two killed. At Leechburg, Pa., Peter Purviance, aged eighteen years, sought shelter from the storm under a large tree, which was struck by lightning. Young Purviance was killed instantly. A lady, whose name could not be learned, was struck by lightning and killed at Beaver Falls.

Postal Statistics.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 27.—The annual report of Edwin O. Fowler, Chief of the Appointment Division of the Postoffice Department, for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1886, has been made and details furnished for publication. The appointments which this division has charge of are those of postmasters only. The report is summarized as follows; Number of postoffices established during the year, 3,481; increase during the year, 1,261. Number of postoffices discontinued during the year. 1,110. Whole number of postoffices June 30, 1886, 53,714; increase during the year 2,262. Number of presidential offices, 2,265; increase during the year, 32. Number of fourth-class offices, 51,349; increase during the year 2,326. Appointments have been made during the year as follows: On resignations and commissions expired, 9,612; increase during the year, 8,756. On removals and suspensions, 9,566; increase during the year 8,756. On deaths of postmasters, 587; increase during the year, 175. On establishment of new postoffices, 3,482; increase during the year, 1,361. Total number of appaintments made during the year, 22,747; increase during the year, 13,200.

The total number of money order offices at the close of the year was 7,356, a net increase of 227 over the previous year.

A Catholic legend says that the devil gave a hermit the choice of three great vices, one of which was drunkenness. The hermit chose this as being the least sinful. He became drunk and committed the other two.

No bald-headed men are enlisted now—it aggravates the Indians.

The Wool Outlook.

Pittsburgh Stockman.

The *Stockman* very early in the season, when wool was at its lowest, assumed the position that prices were lower than circumstances warranted, and that it was better to hold the clip for further developments than to sell it at the 25c. figure which manufacturers held must rule for washed fleece this season. We were almost alone in this expression, yet a great many flock-masters, on the strength of their faith in this paper, adopted its suggestion. All those who have done so have gained substantially by so doing, and the greater part of this class of producers who have sold at all have obtained from 3c to 6c per pound more than they would have obtained had they sold at the opening of the season.

Such is the history of the trade up to this time. While we have expressed confidence in the continuance of the conditions which have caused the current advance, it has been hazardous to say that still higher prices would be realized from first hands during the summer. There have been strong grounds for expressing hope, but the wool market has so often proved treacherous that prudence requires a conservative tone in discussing the future course of trade. However, we have all along felt warranted in predicting firm markets with the probabilities in favor of better than lower prices for the remainder of the season. The tone of the markets in the past week has been especially encouraging, and the outlook seems brighter now than it has for years. Not a single circumstance just now directly affecting the market fails to contribute some share of strength to the situation. Just how high prices may go no one may know—but if they are not higher before they are lower our judgment is at fault.

Baltimore Live Stock Market.

CATTLE.—The large majority of the offerings to-day were common cattle, and though prices at the opening and for a short time showed a slight improvement, the average sales throughout may be quoted lower as to quality than they were last week, but only a shade. There was no improvement in activity in trade over last week. Prices ranged from 2½ to 5¾c., with most sales from 3 to 4¾. Of the receipts, 1,034 head came over the Pennsylvania Railroad, and 450 by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

HOGS.—With an increase in the number of the receipts of nearly 2,000 head over last week's return, trade is reported in all the yards as fair to good, the supply being equal to a fairly good demand through all the yards. Prices have been well maintained at about the same figures as on last Monday, 6¼ to 6½c. for common to fair hogs, and 6⅝ to 6¾ for fair to good, and most sales at and near the latter figure. Same time last year hogs sold at 6@6¾c net, with some few rough hogs under the former figure. Of the offerings, 7,405 head came by the Pennsylvania Railroad, and 220 by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

SHEEP.—There is an improvement in the quality of the offerings as compared with those recorded last Monday, few good sheep being among them. Trade for good sheep and lambs has been fairly good but very slow for common stock, of which the bulk of the offerings consist. We quote sheep at 2½@3c. for common to fair, and 3½@4½, for fair to good; lambs are quoted at 3@5½ gross. Same time last year sheep sold at 2@4c. and lambs at the same figures as to-day.

Prof. E. Stone Wiggins, the Weather prophet, insists that the great storm he predicted for this fall will be on hand. He says he does not anticipate any further great change in the weather until fall. "September," he says, "will open cold and stormy, premonitory to any great storm commencing on the afternoon of September 29, and the great war of the elements will come as sure as the sun is in the heavens. It will be a storm of unparalleled violence, and after sweeping across the Atlantic and traversing the country will exhaust its energies upon the rugged front offered by the Rocky Mountains. Fishermen in the maritime provinces and in Newfoundland have not been slow to appreciate my predictions, and I have already received intelligence from many that they have made arrangements to be in port on the date of the destructive storm."

Judge Phillips, of the Superior Court of North Carolina, has decided in a test case for a prohibition county that it is not illegal for clubs to sell refreshments, such as liquors and cigars, to its members. This is the same division that obtained in Anne Arundel county. It is a practical nullification of the local option laws. The experience in Annapolis demonstrated that this club system is widespread in its effects and vicious in its influences.—*Balto. American.*

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Lerge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Friday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

—FOR SALE—A 1-horse wagon. Apply to E. H. Sincell.

—The original Green Castle Grain Cradle for sale by D. E. Offutt.

—Kingwood was visited by a very destructive fire Friday of last week.

—Mr. Wm. M. Wagner, of Grafton, paid Oakland a business visit last week.

—Dr. Stephen Hasbrouck and family, of New York, are stopping at Mrs. Hiram Tasker's.

82,537 feet of thoroughly seasoned white oak lumber for sale at a bargain. Apply to H. P. Tasker, Oakland, Md.

—J. B. Fay, Esq., editor of the *Democrat*, returned to Oakland this week from a visit to the Valley of Virginia.

—The printed laws passed at the last session of the Maryland Legislature are now in Clerk Tower's office for distribution. All persons entitled to copies should call soon.

—Dr. Hasbrouck's illustrated lectures Friday and Saturday nights, 30th and 31st, at Offutt's Hall, should be largely attended. Give him a full house. You will never regret it.

—A movement is on foot among several of the Cumberland business men and merchants to hold a grand military-civic celebration in that city at a near date in the future. It is proposed to hold a fete of two or three days' duration.

—Mr. H. Allen Ison, son of Rev. B. Ison, of Oakland, was married to Miss Josie Chessman, at the residence of her parents in Washington, D. C., Wednesday last. The happy couple, accompanied by the groom's brother, Maj. W. O. Ison, arrived in Oakland Wednesday evening, where they will remain about two weeks. Allen and his bride have our best wishes.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M., by Rev. Dr. Masden, of St. Louis, Mo., and at 8 P. M. by Rev. J. Engle.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. by Rev. C. W. Sechrist.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

St. Matthew's Church—Rev. J. Newman, Rector—Holy Communion at 8 A. M.; morning prayer and sermon at 11 A. M.; Sunday School at 4:30 P. M.; evensong 5 P. M. Wednesday evening prayer at 5 P. M.

K. of H. Pic-Nic.

Alta Lodge Knights of Honor, of Oakland, will hold a pic-nic at Mountain Lake Park on Wednesday, August 25th, 1886, to which the brethren of Cumberland, Grafton and intermediate points will be invited, with their families. An immense crowd is expected. We will give the railroad rates and fuller particulars in our next issue.

Go to F. G. Hyde, the Reliable Jeweler,

For watches, clocks, jewelry, silverware, eye-glasses, spectacles, etc., either wholesale or retail. The largest stock of reliable goods in this part of the country. Everything fully warranted to be just exactly what it is. I handle everything that appertains to the jewelry trade, at prices that will stand comparison with any responsible house. An inspection is requested.

F. G. HYEE.
7 17 tf Oakland, Md.

For Sale.

The property owned by the late Thresa M. Smithman, corner third and Water streets, Oakland, Md., will be sold at private sale. This is a very desirable property and will be sold in whole or in part, to suit purchaser. Terms reasonable. For further information call on or address

JOS. H. SMITHMAN,
5 15 tf Oakland, Md.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. D. Nydegger, Druggist, Oakland, Md.

—A communication from Mineral Springs was received too late for insertion this week.

—NOTICE.—I will be in my office in Accident on the 10th, 11th and 12th of August, 1886.

WM. HINEBAUGH.

Price List at Snartzer's New Cash Store

Corn - - -	60 cts per lbs.
Meal - - -	$1.25 per 100 lbs.
Chop - - -	" " " "
Good flour -	$5.50 to $6 25 per bl.
Clover seed - -	$8.00 per bus.
Timothy seed -	$2.50 " "
Granulated sugar -	8 cts. per lb.
Brown sugar -	7 " " "
Arbuckle's coffee -	15 " " "
Indigo blue calico -	7 " " yd.
American prints -	6 " " "
Allen's prints - -	6 " " "
Lace window curtains, ready made - - -	$2.00 per pr.

All other things in proportion. Come and see.

Mountain Lake Park.

The illustrated lectures of Dr. Hasbrouck were excellent. His illustrations exceeded anything in artistic beauty that had been here before them.

The Kintergarden, the Art and Elocution Schools are in session every day, and are getting along splendidly.

The Good Templars met last Saturday night and elected officers for the ensuing quarter.

Rev. C. P. Masden preached another of his eloquent sermons last Sabbath morning. After Sunday School Miss Jennie Smith conducted a very interesting speaking meeting, and at night Rev. Mr. Cadwalader, of Florida, preached an excellent sermon.

The ladies of the W. C. T. U. have very handsomely decorated the Auditorium for their convention which met this (Tuesday) morning. I notice among the active workers, Mrs. Buell, of Chicago, and Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Tudor, of Baltimore.

Prof. Rennels, who delighted us so much last year, is with us again, and will be among our lecturers in the Assembly this year.

Mr. W. H. Hagans, who began here at the Park Dining Hall, is gaining quite a reputation.

All the boarding houses and hotels are being well patronized.

J. A. E.

Grantsville.

One day last week Mr. Daniel Brenneman brought his little 10 year old son to town with a fractured arm, caused by falling from a wagon. Dr. Getty attended to him.

Mr. George Thistle and Mr. James Broadwater are convalescing slowly.

Mr. S. P. Bolden, of Oakland, drove into town Saturday afternoon at the rate of 2:40, whistling like a lark. He returned Sunday with his wife and Mr. Lowenstein's family.

Last Friday the Miller Bros. well drill got fast, causing considerable delay.

We notice a new porch in front of Dr. Getty's residence.

Mrs. Lowenstein is the possessor of the handsomest residence in town. Everything is as bright and neat as a new pin, and the yard and flowers are beautiful.

Mr. Charley Brown returned to Washington, D. C., last Wednesday.

Mrs. Thistle's sister and three nieces are visiting her.

Farmer's Boys.

How to keep the boys on the farm. This subject is one which aroused much discussion since, I surmise, Adam began gaining his bread by the sweat of his brow. If I mistake not, his sons gave him some trouble in this way, and ever since fathers of subsequent generations have echoed the wail: "What shall we do to keep our boys on the farm?"

In the first place, it does not follow, because a boy happens to be born the son of a farmer, that the life of a farmer will prove either fitting or congenial to him. There should not be an indiscriminate effort to tie every boy to the farm simply because his father is a farmer. The father should realize that different temperaments require different treatment. While one of his sons may possess a keen sympathy and warm interest in pastoral pursuits, another may find his pleasure—therefore his profit—only in business of the professions. It can not be too strongly urged that the parents observe closely the characteristics of their children, and educate them accordingly. The son whose tastes are for farm life should have no more stinted education than the son who is to be a minister, doctor or lawyer; but his studies should be chosen with regard to the life he is to lead. Chemistry, botany, mineralogy, zoology, etc., are studies that will add greatly to the farmer's enjoyment and appreciation of his surroundings.

Many boys leave the farm because of the few advantages farmers give their sons in the way of education and amusements. Hard, ceaseless toil and but little recreation is the rule to many farms, and boys can't be expected or compelled to like it.

A love of farm life, and therefore a disinclination to leave it, can be early instilled in the child by making the farm and home pleasant and cheerful, and by early giving him interests of his own in a pig or lamb, or a little garden bed for his experiments. Allow him to enjoy an undisturbed title to his property; and when the time comes for selling, let him use his judgment as to price, etc. Above all, do not discourage a child by letting an animal be his until sold, when you coolly pocket the cash. Such an action quenches his interest and destroys his ambition, while far more serious results are the loss of confidence and the sense of injustice he will but naturally feel toward you. Rather let the money be his and teach him to spend it judiciously.

If you desire your child to grow up to love his father's occupation, teach him, by precept and example, what a grand, free, independent calling is that of a farmer. Teach him to be intelligent, by furnishing your home with books and papers, pictures and music, and then give him time to enjoy them. Interest yourself in his enjoyments and pursuits; be a boy with him; gain his confidence and share his joys and vexations. Let him feel that your interests are his; take him into partnership. Give him reason to feel that his father is the best and nobles, kindest and most honorable man in the world. Give him as liberal an education as you can, and teach him to love nature by pointing out to him her beauties. Make yourself his companion and instructor, kind, yet firm, and if your boy is human, he will never wring your heart by ingratitude or dissipation.—*L. Bell, in Farm and Fireside.*

A Marked Youth.

Years ago there lived in the interior of New York a boy, the son of a farmer, who also worked at the trade of a potter. The boy was a marked youth, because he would do with might whatever he undertook. He was a leader in the ordinary sports of boyhood, and whenever the farm or the pottery relaxed their hold upon him, he would be found repairing some damaged article or devising a new implement.

His father was poor; the farm small and could only be enlarged by claring up the primeval forest. The boy was anxious to acquire knowledge, but his services were so necessary to his father that he could not be spared to attend the winter term of the common school.

But the boy was in earnest. With the aid of his brother, one year his junior, he chopped and cleared four acres of birch and maple woodland, plowed it, planted it with corn; harvested the crops, and then asked as his compensation, to be allowed to attend school during the winter. Of course the father granted the wish.

When the boy was seventeen the father's pottery business had so increased as to demand a more extensive factory. A carpenter was hired to build the new building, and the boy assisted him. So familiar did he become with the tools and the trade, that he determined, with the aid of a younger brother, to erect a two story frame dwelling house for his father's family. The two boys cut the timber from the forest, planned and framed the structure, and then invited the neighbors to assist at the "raising." They came from far and near to see what a lad of seventeen had done. When every mortoise and tenon was found to fit its place, and the frame was seen to stand perfect and secure, the veterans cheered the young architect and builder. From that day he was in demand as a master carpenter.

That boy was Ezra Cornell, the founder of Cornell University.

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

Fatally Shot by a Sheriff.

HAGERSTOWN, MD., July 25,—Henry Robinson, a desperate colored man, was shot about 4 o'clock this afternoon by Sheriff Cost and fatally wounded. The sheriff was called upon by Robinson's sister to remove him from her house, on Church street, where he was acting in a disorderly and boisterous manner. The sheriff went to the house, and in attempting to place Robinson under arrest a desperate struggle ensued between the two. The colored man knocked the sheriff to the ground and stamped him unmercifully. Bystanders interfered and released the sheriff from Robinson, but he again attacked the sheriff, who drew his revolved, firing two shots, both of which took effect, one in the left hand and the other in the breast at the top of the breast bone. Notwithstanding the fact that the last shot is a probably fatal one, Robinson continued the fight for some moments afterward. He finally fell to the ground and was carried to the jail, where he lies in a critical condition. The sheriff's action was clearly in self-defense.

A Few Fallacies.

From the Philadelphia Medical Times.

Perhaps the formulation of a few popular fallacies may not be without interest to our readers at this time, even if they be indisposed to accept the statements without some qualification. It is a fallacy to suppose:

That alcoholic drinks support physical strength during excessively hot weather.

That men and women should eat the same kind and amount of food when their manner of life is entirely different.

That pie is really indigestible, or in general, that the quality of indigestibility can be logically affirmed of any article of food absolutely and apart from the consideration of the digestive capacity of the particular stomach the powers of which are to be tested.

That the disease, in any given case, consists simply in the group of symptoms complained of by the patient, or morbid signs detected by the physician.

That all morbid processes are necessarily destructive in their nature, and are never conservative. Disease in certain cases may be nature's method of righting a wrong or overcoming the effects of some disturbing agent. A certain portion of the clinical picture of a disease is therefore made up of evidences of reaction as well as of direct morbid action.

That, in the production of cholera infantum, the elevation of the atmospheric temperature plays the most important part, or furnishes the principal indication for treatment.

That a person is well who feels well, and that sickness consists in feeling sick.

That specifics can be said to exist in modern medicine.

That the actual number of years of a man's life bears any direct relation to the conditions of the physical frame known as senile degeneration.

That the conditions of modern life in our highest civilization are most favorable for the development of a large, healthy and vigorous population.

That there are such things as "laws of health."

Cast a Line for Yourself.

A young man was listlessly watching some anglers on a bridge. He was poor and dejected. At last approaching a basket filled with wholesome-looking fish he sighed:

"If now I had these I would be happy. I could sell them at a fair price and buy my food and lodgings."

"I will give you just as many, and just as good fish," said the owner, who had chanced to overhear his words, "if you do me a trifling favor."

"And what is that?" asked the other.

"Only to tend to this line till I come back, I wish to go on a short errand."

The proposal was gladly accepted. The old man was gone so long that the young man began to be impatient. Meanwhile the hungry fish snapped greedily at the baited hook, and the young man lost all his depression in the excitement of pulling them in; and when the owner of the line returned, he had caught a large number. Counting out from them as many as were in the basket, and presenting them to the young man, the old fisherman said: "I fulfill my promise from the fish you have caught, to teach you whenever you see others earning what you need, to waste no time in fruitless wishing, but cast a line for yourself."

The Last Fight of Lee's Army.

Gen. Cadmus Wilcox, of the Confederate army, fought at Gaines' Mill and Frazer's Farm, commanding a brigade of 1,800 men, out of which he lost 1,055, the heaviest per cent of loss of any brigade in Lee's Army. At Gettysburg it was Gen. Wilcox who, reporting a disaster to his brigade to Lee, received the memorable reply: "Never mind, general, this is all my fault, and you young men must help me out of it." Col. Freemantle, a British officer, was near Lee at the time, and afterward wrote an account of it, in which he refers to Wilcox as a "general wearing a short, round jacket and a much-battered straw hat." In August, 1863, Wilcox was made major general, and commanded five brigades. At the final surrender, Wilcox and Sheridan were the first general officers to meet. They were both on the skirmish line, and, learning through a flag of truce that Lee and Grant were in correspondence, Sheridan said to Wilcox: "If this is true we should arrest this affair at once, and have no more people hurt." This ended the last fight of Lee's army.—*Ben. Perley Poore.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

In the Orphans' Court of Allegheny County, Pennsylvania.

Estate of JANE ORMSBY, Dec'd.

No. 77 June Term, 1849.
IN PARTITION

ALIAS CITATION.

To Jane O. Morgan, Robert Graham Ormsby and Augustus P. Ormsby:—

On the 11th day of July, 1883, upon the petition of Sarah M. McKnight presented to the Ceurt praying for a correction of a clerical error existing in said partition proceedings, viz. To change the word "eighty" to "eight" in the description of certain real estate embraced in the Inquest, the Court did award a citation to show cause, returnable on July 21st, 1883, at 10 o'clock A. M.

And on the 24th of July, 1887, the Court did also award an alias citation returnable on Saturday, August 28th, 1886, at 10 o'clock A.M. and directed publication to be made in the Oakland REPUBLICAN, Oakland, Maryland, and in *The Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette*, which notice is now given.

WM. M. WATSON,
7 31 3t Attorney for Petitioner.

BALTIMORE FEMALE COLLEGE.

By the terms of the endowment of the above college, one pupil from each county is entitled to free tuition in all the branches taught in the college, with stationery and use of books.

The scholarship for Garrett county is vacant at present, and the Judges of the Orphans' Court are authorized to fill the same by appointment.

Applicants will please file their applications at once.

SAMUEL LAWTON,
7 24 Register.

VALUABLE STOCK FARM FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 265 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE. AT A BARGAIN.

A large two-story frame house, with celler and basement, situated on the Oakland and Mountain Lake road, near the latter place, is offered for sale at a bargain.

There are about two acres of ground, good outbuildings, well of good water, and a number of large shade trees. One of the handsomest locations for a summer residence in this neighborhood.

For information apply to or address

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE!

Steam Engine, Saw Mill and Shingle Machine.

I am authorized to sell a Fifteen Horse Power "Page" Engine, Saw Mill and Shingle Machine, with carriages, &c., complete, the property of Mrs. Eva F. Riggs. The mill has been in use about five years and is in good running order. Will be sold cheap for cash or collateral which may be easily converted into cash. May be examined at Swanton, Md. Must be sold soon.

For price and terms address or apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,

OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.

OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.

Is the place to buy

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints,

Oils Varnishes,

Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c

Physicians Prescriptions

Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.

Give me a call.

W. D. NYDEGGER.

MEAT MARKET!

The undersigned will have on hand, at his meat market in Oakland, every day, from 5 A. M. to 11 A. M.,

Fresh Beef, Mutton and Veal,

of the best quality and at fair prices. He will also run his wagon to

MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK

every day, and to

DEER PARK

every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

7 10 T. W. CASTEEL.

HELP for working people. Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, grandly successful. 50 cents to $5 easily earned every evening. That all who want may test the business we make this unparalleled offer. To all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

ft 24 DAVID LITTLE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Notice to Tax-Tayers

In order to give the tax-payers in the various districts an opportunity to save the discount on tax bills, I will be at the following places on the days mentioned, viz:

Johnsons, Monday, August 9th, 1886.
Gregg's Mill, Tuesday, August 10th.
Bloomington, Wednesday, August 11th.
Swanton, Friday, August, 13th.
Selbysport, Wednesday, August 18th.
Johnstown, Thursday, August 19th.
Accident, Friday, August 20th.
Deer Park, Tuesday, August 24th.
Chisholm's Mill, Wednesday, August 25th.
Red House, Thursday, August 26th.
Oakland, Friday and Saturday August 27th and 28th.
Grantsville, Monday and Tuesday, August 30th and 31st.

A discount of 4 per cent, will be allowed on all taxes paid before September 1st, 1886, and 2 per cent. on all taxes paid between September 1st and and November 1st.

JONAS E. GNAGEY,
7 31 tf Collector.
P. O. address, Grantsville, Md.

ORDER NISI.

Arnold J. Bonafield, Plaintiff, vs. John W. Bonafield, } In the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Sitting in Equity, No. 865 Equity.

ORDERED, That the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings as made and reported by Gilmor S. Hamill, trustee to Arnold J. Bonafield, and made to him on the 21st day of July, 1886, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the Twenty-first day of August next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Md., once in each of three successive weeks before the eighteenth day of August next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $180.00.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk of the Circuit Court.

True copy—Test:
7 31 3t W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

MARYLAND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

Next Session Opens September 20, 1886.

Besides the regular Collegate Course, embracing ENGLISH, the CLASSICS and the SCIENCES, special Courses in AGRICULTURAL, CIVIL and MECHANICAL ENGINEERING and APPLIED CHEMISTRY are provided, under the direction of

A Full Corps of Professors and Eminent Lecturers.

A liberal equipment in the shape of a Chemical Laboratory and a Museum of Minerals, Woods, Seeds, Skeletons, Charts, &c., is also provided.

The Cadets are under Military organization and Discipline.

Send for Catalogue giving full particulars as to COURSES OF INSTRUCTION, TERMS and SCHOLARSHIPS.

Location unsurpassed for beauty, healthfulness and convenience of access.

Address: AUGUSTINE J. SMITH, President, MARYLAND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, Prince George's county, Md. 7 24

GOLD fields are scarce, but those who write to Stinson & Co. Portland, Maine, will receive free, full information about work which they can do, and live at home, that will pay them from $5 to $25 per day. Some have earned over $50 in a day. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required. You are started free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of snug little fortunes. All is new.

LAKE VIEW PLANING MILL

is now in full operation, and prepared to fill orders for

Flooring, Weather-boarding, Sash, Doors, Frames, Brackets, and Mouldings of all Kinds,

Will contract for the erection of buildings.

Orders solicited. Satisfaction guranteed.

C. RATHBURN,
MANAGER.
4 3 9m Mountain Lake Park, Md.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are warned not to dump garbage or dead animals upon my lands, west of the Washington Spring, as I will enforce the full penalties of the law against any and all parties so offending.

All persons having cross ties on my lands along the railroad between the Washington Spring bridge and Charles Shaffer's, will remove them at once.

7 10 3t JOHN BRADLEY.

HEADQUARTERS FOR VEGETABLES, FRUITS, &C., &C.

Always on hand, as they come in market.

NEW CROP OF

TURNIP AND RUTABAGA SEEDS.

ALL RELIABLE.

VEGETABLE PLANTS of all kinds in season.

(MOSS ROSE.)

ROSES, and all kinds of Flowering Plants.

CUT FLOWERS

AND FLORAL DESIGNS,

for Funerals, &c., at short notice, at our old stand on Railroad street near Depot.

Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

H. WEBER.
3 18 OAKLAND, MD.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS.

ACT I.

A hotel at the sea-side,
Some music, and a ball,
A partner for the lanciers,
A smile, and "Come and call."

ACT II.

A row upon the harbor,
A stroll a-down the pier,
A "Call on me next fall in town;
Now, won't you, that's a dear?"

ACT III.

A lofty brown stone mansion,
A richly-furnished room,
A servant-girl who comes anon
And tells you: "Not at home."

—*George William Ogden, in Century.*

CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

How Willie Saved His Uncle's Hard-Earned Money.

Brave and courageous deeds are being done about us daily, which the world outside seldom hears of. One of these deeds has lately come under my observation, and I am going to tell the boys who like to hear true stories, what another boy has done. On a small "homestead" farm, in one of our Western States, lives "Uncle" Joe Sampson. It is about five miles away from a village, and is a rather lonely place in the woods, with no neighbors nearer than two miles. Last fall a nephew of Joe's came to the city to visit him. Willie Dane was about fourteen, a quick-witted, courageous fellow, who had never been "in the woods" until that season. He brought a gun with him, and Uncle Joe, who is a great hunter and trapper, took great pleasure in showing his nephew how to hunt deer and such other game as abounds in the locality in which he lives. When the corn began to mature, Uncle Joe discovered "signs" of bear.

"I'll have to get the old trap out and clean it up;" he said to Willie. "When the corn gets ripe I think we shall be able to catch a bear or two. They'll come into the cornfield for something to eat, for the beechnuts and acorns will be gone by that time, because there isn't many this year."

So the old trap was brought down from the shedloft, and Uncle Joe oiled its stout spring and made such repairs on it as was necessary, and pronounced himself ready for Bruin whenever he was driven by hunger to seek food in the cornfield.

"I think it must be a pretty hard job to set the trap," said Willie, as he looked it over. "I don't see how you go to work to crowd the spring down."

"I'll show you about that some day," answered Joe. "It's easy enough when you know how."

Uncle Joe owed about fifty dollars on a span of horses he had bought in the spring. He had been cutting wood at odd spells during the summer, which was to be sold to the railroad running through the village. He could earn enough in this way to finish paying for his horses. One day he was notified by the agent of the railroad company to haul the wood to town. When it was there he could have his money for it. Accordingly he set to work at once, and at the end of the week the wood was all piled up at the depot, and he came back from town with enough money in his pocket to make the last payment on his team.

"I don't care to carry it about with me," he said to his wife that evening. "I'll put it in this box. It'll be safe enough here, I guess, till I get a chance to send it to Brown." So Uncle Joe put the money in a box that stood on a little shelf in one corner of the living room, and supposed that no one but himself, his wife and Willie knew anything about it. But, as he found out afterward, a tramp saw him put the money away. Tramps were numerous in that part of the country and were often discovered prowling about the house after dark, but he never once thought of such a thing as being seen by one when he put the money in the box. The next afternoon Uncle Joe came from the cornfield and said that a bear had been at work in the corn.

"We'll set the trap to-night," he said. "I'll show you how it's done now, if you'll go and bring it in." Willie went to the shed, took the trap down from the nail upon which Uncle Joe had hung it after oiling it, and brought it into the kitchen.

"Bring one of the hand-spikes that's out by the wood-pile," said Uncle Joe, and Willie did so. Then his uncle put one end of the lever in a crack between the logs of which the house was built, close to the floor and placed the stiff spring under it. By bearing down on the lever the spring was shut together, allowing the jaws of the trap to fall open. It was then an easy matter to fasten them open by turning a piece of iron over one of them and fitting the end of it in a notch at the side of the "pan." If anything touched this "pan," the pressure on it released the iron from the notch and the great spring would fly up and fling the jaws together like a flash, and whatever happened to be between them when they closed was sure to stay there until some one saw fit to liberate it.

"I see how it is done now," said Willie. "I wouldn't like to get my foot in there," he added, looking at the jaws of the trap, which had sharp teeth something like those of a saw, along each inner edge. Just then a knock was heard at the door and Mrs. Sampson admitted a boy who was greatly excited. He had come for help. Their nearest neighbor had been severely injured by a falling tree. His wife was afraid he would die and she wanted Uncle Joe and his wife to come at once. It was beginning to grow dusky when they went.

"I don't know when we'll be back," said Uncle Joe. "Not till late any way and probably not to-night. But you aren't afraid to stay alone, I suppose?"

"Of course not," answered Willie, and so he was left to take care of the house, while they went to help their neighbor in his need. He attended to the chores about the house and barn. When this was done it was quite dark. Then he ate his supper in the kitchen, and after that he took down his gun, which he had been using that day, and cleaned it carefully, thus using up an hour of the rather lonesome evening. He had just put the gun away when he heard the sound of steps on the path leading from the road. "Uncle Joe must be coming back," he thought. But he was mistaken here. The door opened, and a rather suspicious looking stranger came in.

"How d'ye do?" was his gruff salutation. "Keepin' house alone, ain't ye?"

"Yes, for a little while," answered Willie.

"I see the old man an' woman when they went away," said the visitor. "So I tho't I'd call 'round an' take a look into this 'ere box." When he said this he went to the shelf in the corner, took down the box in which Uncle Joe had put his fifty dollars, and drew out the money and put it into his pocket."

"Put that back!" cried Willie, in alarm. "It doesn't belong to you. That's what Uncle Joe is going to finish paying for his horses with."

"Do you s'pose he will?" said the tramp, with a coarse laugh. "I don't."

"But you don't mean to—to take it?" Willie hardly dared to use the word that was the proper one, under the circumstances.

"I don't mean nothin' else," was the reply. "I see the money put into the box, an' I've been a watchin' my chance to get at it ever sence. D'yes'pose I'd let such a chance slip to make a good haul? You must be green, if you do. But say, hain't you got nothin' to eat about the ranch? If y'have, dish up suthin', an' be lively about it."

"I'll see what I can find," said Willie, and went into the kitchen.

You may be sure the poor lad was in great trouble. Must he allow this man to take his uncle's hard-earned money? But how was he to prevent it? He happened to look at the trap, which remained on the floor where they had left it when the boy came after his uncle and aunt. A plan flashed into his mind. If he could catch the tramp in it! To think was to act. He had closed the door after him when he left the front room. The man on the other side of it could not see what he was doing. He placed the lever over the spring, as his uncle had done, pressed down on it with all his strength, and succeeded in fastening the jaws open. Then he placed the trap in front of the door opening into the kitchen.

The next thing he did was to take such articles of food as he found in the cupboard and put them on the table. When he had done this he placed the candle where its light would be thrown away from the door and the trap in front of it. A hasty inspection of his arrangement convinced him that the tramp, in coming into the kitchen, would not be able to see the trap that had been set for him. The kitchen floor was some inches lower than the threshold, and the man would be obliged to step down; therefore there was no danger of his discovering the trap by hitting his foot against it as he might have done had it been on a level with the threshold.

"If I fail to catch him, and he discovers what I have intended, there's no knowing what he'll do," thought Willie. "I must calculate for a possible failure. I'll get outside the kitchen-door before I call him. If he doesn't get into the trap I must run for it. In the darkness I can manage to keep out of his way."

He opened the kitchen-door, took up his position just outside it, and called out to the man that his supper was ready for him.

The door between the two rooms opened, the man saw the table with the food upon it, and then he stepped into the kitchen—and into the trap! the jaws of which closed on his foot with a vicious snap, as if they were glad to get hold of such game. The oaths and curses which broke from the man's lips when he realized that he was caught was fearful to hear, and yet they had a pleasant sound to Willie, for they assured him that the thief felt that he had been outwitted, and that he knew he could not escape. Willie's first act was to run around to the front door, through which he entered the living room and secured his gun. With this in his possession he felt himself master of the situation. The tramp started for the door with the trap fast to his foot. But the weight of it was so great that he could not make much headway, and the frightful grip of its jaws gave him so much pain that he sank down on the threshold just as Willie came back with his gun.

"Don't try to get away!" cried the brave lad. "You can't, if you try ever so hard. I've got a gun, you see, and I'll use it if you compel me to." He meant what he said and the tramp knew it.

"If you'll take this thing off I'll give you back the money," he said.

"I'm not quite green enough to do that," was the boy's answer.

"Then the money'll never do you or nobody else any good," cried the tramp, and taking it from his pocket he began to drag himself toward the candle, with the intention of burning it.

"Hold on, there!" cried Willie. "Don't do that! If you do——" and he raised his gun threateningly, while his eyes flashed fire—"if you do I'll shoot you."

The tramp changed his mind at once. He saw that the boy was in earnest, and he was too sensible to do any thing, under the circumstances, which would lead him to put his threat into execution.

"Throw me the money," ordered Willie. The tramp hesitated. The boy raised his gun.

"Take it, then," said the prisoner, with a great volley of oaths, and a moment later Willie had the satisfaction of putting the precious fifty dollars in his pocket.

"How long are you goin' to keep me here?" asked the man, sullenly.

"Till Uncle Joe comes back," answered Willie, promptly. Just as he said that he heard the gate open and some one came up the path.

"I wonder if it's another tramp?" thought Willie, in alarm. It was Uncle Joe.

"What's up?" he cried, as he discovered the lad on guard at the door.

"I set the trap and had the good luck to catch something in it," said Willie, drawing a great breath of relief. "Queer kind of game, isn't it, Uncle Joe?"

"Well, I should say so!" said Uncle Joe, in great astonishment, as he looked into the kitchen and saw Willie's "game."

"I was bound to save your money," said the boy. "Here it is. I wouldn't leave it in the box after this if I were you."

Uncle Joe took the advice, and the next day, when he carried the tramp to town and turned him over to the authorities, he sent the fifty dollars to the man he was owing, thankful that he had it to send. "I wouldn't have had it if it hadn't been for your pluck," he said to his nephew. "I tell you what it is, Willie, you did something a good many men wouldn't have dared do."

And Uncle Joe was right.—*Eben E. Rexford, in American Agriculturist.*

A PECULIAR FISH.

The Finny Inhabitants of the Lake of Galilee and the River Jordan.

The most characteristic fishes of the Lake of Galilee belong to the family of *Chromidæ*, three species of which are figured in Dr. Tristram's work. *Chromis Tiberiadis* is peculiar to the Jordan and its affluents alone. It is found in the most amazing numbers from the Lake Huleh to the head of the Dead Sea. "It is by far the most abundant of all the species in the lakes." "I have seen them," continues Dr. Tristram, "in shoals of over an acre in extent, so closely packed that it seemed impossible for them to move, and with their dorsal fins above the water, giving at a distance the appearance of a tremendous shower pattering on one spot of the glassy lake. They are taken both in boats and from the shore by nets run deftly round and inclosing what one may call a solid mass at one swoop, and very often the net breaks. They are also taken in large quantities by poisoned crumbs thrown from the shore on to the surface of the water. By casting nets hundreds are often taken at once." When they reach the Dead Sea, which they do in thousands, they do not get further than a few yards when they become stupefied, and turn over on their backs, "while cormorants and kingfishers perched on the snags of floating logs gorge themselves without effort, and often heaps of putrefying carcasses washed on the shore poison the atmosphere and afford a plenteous feast to the ravens and vultures." The propagation of *Chromis Simonis*, also peculiar to the Jordan system, and restricted to the lakes of Galilee and Huleh, is remarkable, but not unique, as some South American species also exhibit the same phenomenon—e. g., some of the genus *Arius*. The male takes the ova into his pharynx, and there hatches them. Speaking of the *Chromis Simonis*, Tristram quotes some of Dr. Lortet's observations: "The little ones rapidly increase in size, and appear to be much incommoded in their narrow prison. They remain in great numbers, pressed one against another like the grains of a ripe pomegranate. The mouth of the father nurse now becomes so distended by his progeny that his jaws can not meet. The cheeks are swollen, and the animal presents the strangest appearance. Some of the young, arrived at this perfect state, continue to live and develop among the folds of the branchiæ. Others have their heads turned toward the mouth of the parent, and do not quit the sheltering cavity till they are about four inches long and sufficiently active and nimble to escape their numerous enemies. It is difficult to understand how the male, who thus carries more than two hundred young for several weeks, can feed without swallowing along with his prey a great number of his fry. It is in the springs close to the lake that these fish spawn."—*Edinburgh Review.*

NOT EASILY DECEIVED.

A Young Physician's Diagnosis of His First Patient's Case.

Young Physician (to patient)—Let me look at your tongue. H-m, troubled with dyspep——

Patient—Not a bit. I can eat sole-leather.

Y. P.—Let me feel your pulse. H-m, wakefulness at night.

P.—Sleep like a top.

Y. P.—Let me see your tongue. H-m, dizziness and pains in——

P.—Nop.

Y. P.—Let me feel your pulse. H-m, easily tired, with an indisposition to mental exertion of any——

P.—Nop.

Y. P.—Let me see your tongue. H-m, headache and stiffness of the——

P.—Haven't had a headache in twenty-five years.

Y. P.—Let me feel your pulse. H-m, you are using too much tobbaco.

P.—Never touch it in any shape.

Y. P.—Let me see your pulse—er—I mean your tongue. H-m, too much confined to your desk. You need fresh air and——

P.—I'm a letter-carrier.

Y. P.—Let me feel of your tongue—that is, I should say your pulse. H-m, you have a tired feeling come over——

P.—Never.

Y. P.—Let me see your—never mind your tongue—feverish at times, with a constant desire for water.

P.—No, never.

Y. P.—Do you drink beer?

P.—O, yes.

Y. P.—To excess?

P.—No.

Y. P.—Tell me, how many glasses a day.

P.—Sometimes more and sometimes fewer.

Y. P.—I thought so. We members of the medical profession are seldom deceived in our diagnosis of a case.

P.—Am I in any danger, doctor?

Y. P.—No immediate danger; but it's lucky you called me.—*Puck.*

—The Woodstock Iron Company has erected at Anniston, Ala., a beautiful church of Anniston stone, the interior being all of cedar. It cost $40,000, and has been presented to the Protestant Episcopal Church.

CAROLINE HERSCHEL.

Some of the Idiosyncrasies of a Great Astronomer's Assistant.

One of the notorieties of Hanover forty years ago was old Caroline Herschel, the sister of the great astronomer, Sir William Herschel. She was his assistant, and it used to be said that the sister knew as much as the brother. After her brother's death, in 1822, she returned to her native place, Hanover, where she resided until her death, in her ninty-ninth year. She always insisted that she discovered Uranus, adding, with evident bitterness, "but my brother got the credit for it."

"We always worked together," said she, once, to an English clergyman who visited her. "We used to take turns at observing with the telescope. While one looked, the other noted down the observations. One night it was my turn to sweep the heavens. I looked through the telescope and saw the new planet. My eye first detected it, but my brother received the gold medal of the Royal Society for the discovery."

The old lady had one servant, a dwarf maid, as old-fashioned as herself, and the two read all the books they could find on one subject—love. The old maid would search the shelves of second-hand booksellers, for old books full of excitement envy and hatred, created by jealousy and love. These tales of passion the two lone spinsters eagerly devoured day and night.

It may be that the old woman's mathematical mind craved this excitement, after its fifty years of astronomical calculations. Alexander Dallas Bache, during the years he was superintendent of the coast survey, was in the habit of reading the trashiest of novels, after a day spent in mathematical work. He rested himself by reading everything that was exciting enough to make him forget angles, sines and figures

On the old lady's ninety-ninth birthday the King of Hanover sent her a kind message and a magnificent bouquet. The Crown Prince presented her with a beautiful sofa, as the most suitable gift for her declining years. She never sat on it, much less reclined on its soft cushion, holding it too sacred for plebeian limbs to rest upon. It stood in state in her parlor, and the old lady, seated in a high-backed wooden chair, called upon every guest to admire the princely gift. At her funeral the sofa was placed at the head of her coffin, according to her own instructions. The German pastor, in his funeral oration, after he had carried the mourners to the planets, the stars and the heavens, descended to speak of the royal present, which "had afforded the dear departed sister such a comfortable seat upon earth, in foretaste of a more exalted seat."—*Youth's Companion.*

GRAIN SPECULATION.

How the Operations of the New York Exchange Are Conducted.

Business begins in the "Pit" at 10:30 a. m. Buyers and sellers are indiscriminately blended in the compact, throbbing, surging mass. All offers and bids are on a unit basis of 8,000 bushels. Winter wheat is the only grain in mind. "I'll give 4½ [94½ cents per bushel] for May wheat," is the bid of a nervous, active broker, emphasized by uplifted hand and moving fingers. "I'll sell at 5," is the quick rejoinder of a neighbor. "I'll give ⅝." "I'll sell you at ¾." ⅝ is the only obstacle to a bargain. Long and furiously, or short and sharply, the conflict rages around that ⅝. The tug of war on the part of the seller is to pull the buyer up ⅛, and on the part of the buyer to pull the seller down ⅛. The contest is quite as exciting as aught in the intercollegiate games. But seldom is the battle drawn. Victory, hesitant in the vocal hurricane, decides for one of two parties. Bids and offers are usually regulated by telegrams from Chicago. The difference in prices between the two marts should be the cost of transmission from the latter to New York. Manipulation, or, in other words, gambling, at either point, defies all criteria of value. A "corner" in Chicago may raise wheat there above the normal price at New York; or a broken corner in New York may depress wheat below the healthful standard at Chicago. * * *

The facility with which sales and purchases for future delivery are made has enormously augmented the volume of trade. Foreign merchants avail themselves of it to provide for the prospective needs of different markets. It gives to the farmer a ready home market for his products at their full value, and affords to traders the opportunity of selling at a reasonable profit and at a moment's notice and to deliver at option within specified times, as may be agreed. The exports of grain and grain products from the United States in the fiscal year 1885 were valued at $160,370,821. Seventy-five per cent. or more of the whole was probably sold ten or twenty times over before it was finally shipped. Sales and purchases, charter of ships, bills of exchange for payment, sale of latter—all contemplated "future" delivery. Similar remarks are true of oil, tobacco, cotton and other commercial staples. The system is a device of necessity, the judicious adaptation of prospective supply to probable demand, the work of foreseeing prudence. It may be, and is, abused by gambling speculators, or prostituted to assist aggressive corner conspirators and in all such instances is shamefully demoralizing.—*Richard Wheatly, in Harper's Magazine.*

—When the city angler, with a gilt-edged basket and twenty-five dollar split bamboo rod, comes back to the country hotel at night weary and lame and with no trophies of his skill to exhibit and buys a big string of handsome trout of a ragged, barefoot urchin whose tackle is a crooked alder stick and a two-cent cotton line, it may be set down as a clear case of the boy caught.—*Lowell Courier.*

—Elevators in certain New York buildings are to run from 450 to 500 feet a minute. The latter figure is the present Chicago rate. Pittsburgh is going to have one to beat the record a 800 feet a minute.—*N. Y. Sun.*

TEMPERANCE READING.

HOW THEY GROW.

A Temperance Song.

How do pinks and roses grow?
Is it whisky, do you know,
Sprinkled over them each day,
Makes them bloom so fresh and gay?
No, no; let me tell you, no;
Water makes the flowers grow;
Rain-drops patter, dew-drops scatter;
So the fresh and cooling water
Wets the leaves and roots, and lo!
This is how the flowers grow.

How do the grapes and apples grow?
Do they all nice juices owe
To champagne and beer and ale,
Showering down on hill and vale?
No, no; let me tell you, no;
Water makes the sweet fruits grow;
Rain-drops patter, dew-drops scatter;
So the fresh and cooling water
Wets the vines and trees, and lo!
This is how the sweet fruits grow.

How do little birdies grow,
Flying, singing, chirping so?
Are they fed with wine and rum
In their dainty nesting-home?
No, no; let me tell you, no;
Water makes the birdies grow;
Rain-drops patter, dew-drops scatter;
So the fresh and cooling water
Wets their tiny beaks, and lo!
This is how the birdies grow.

How do little children grow?
Not by drinking rum, I know;
Brandy, cider, wine and beer
Never make them strong and fair.
No, no; let me tell you, no;
Water makes the children grow;
Rain-drops patter, dew-drops scatter;
Fountains fill and flow with water;
See, they bathe and drink, and lo!
This is how the children grow.

—*Baptist Weekly.*

THE VOICE OF SCIENCE.

Conclusions of Men of Observation and Experience, as Compiled by the "XVIth Amendment."

I have acted on the principle of total abstinence from all alcoholic liquors during more than twenty years. My opinion is that the most severe labors or privations may be undergone without alcoholic stimulants.—*Dr. Livingstone.*

We are of the opinion that the use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage is productive of a large amount of physical and mental disease; that it entails diseased appetites and enfeebled constitution upon offspring; and that it is the cause of a large percentage of the crime and pauperism of our large cities and country.—*Medical Association of the United States, Detroit, 1874.*

Most of the leading manufacturers have made strictly temperate habits an indispensable pre-requisite to employment, and the least departure therefrom a sufficient pretext for immediate dismissal. * * * What our Legislatures permit, that our manufacturing and industrial institutions, in order to protect themselves from ruin, are compelled to positively prohibited.—*A. M. Collins, M. D.*

Alcohol can not, in any sense, be considered a necessity for the maintenance of healthy life. It is not a food in any true and practical sense of that term. Labor of the severest kind, mental and bodily, can be carried on without it, and the steadiest and best work is best done without it.—*British Medical Temperance Association in 1880.*

I am convinced that a much larger amount of mental and bodily labor can be performed by those who abstain altogether from alcoholic drinks—a fact established by the recent experiments in casting the Lancaster shot in Woolwich Arsenal, where none could endure the requisite fatigue but total abstainers.—*Dr. Conquest.*

Your memorialists have no doubt that the rumor of a plague, or any other pestilential disorder which might sweep away thousands of their fellow-citizen, would produce the most vigorous and effective measures in our Government to prevent or subdue it. Your memorialists can see no just cause why the more certain and extensive ravages of distilled spirits upon life should not be guarded against with corresponding vigilance and exertion by the present rulers of the United States.—*College of Physicians of Philadelphia to Congress, in 1790.*

We can prove with mathematical certainty that as much flour as can lie on the point of a table knife is more nutritious than eight quarts of the best Bavarian beer; that a person who is able daily to consume that amount of beer, obtains from it in a whole year, in the most favorable case, exactly the amount of nutritive constituent which is contained in a five pound loaf, or in three pounds of flesh.—*Baron Liebig.*

Sir Astley Cooper, referring to his experience in Guy's Hospital, declared that the beer-drinkers from the London breweries, though presenting the appearance of the most rugged health, were the most incapable of all classes to resist disease—that trifling injuries among them were liable to lead to the most serious consequences, and that so prone were they to succumb to disease that they would sometimes die from gangrene in wounds as trifling as the scratch of a pin.—*Pacific Medical Journal.*

I have the evidence of my own personal experience, and the experience of the enormous numbers of people who pass before me every year; and I state that alcohol is not a helper of work, but a certain hinderer of work; and every man who comes to the front of a profession in London is marked by this one characteristic, that the more busy he gets, the less in shape of alcohol he takes; and his excuse is: "I am sorry, but I can not take it and do my work."—*Dr. Andrew Clark, one of the physicians to her Majesty, the Queen.*

I protest against the notion so prevalent and so industriously urged, that beer is harmless, and a desirable substitute for the more concentrated liquors. What beer may be, and what it may do in other countries and climates, I do not know from observation. That in this country and climate its use is an evil only less that the use of whisky, if less on the whole, and that its effect if only longer delayed, not so immediately and obviously bad, its incidents not so repulsive, but destructive in the end, I have seen abundant proof.—*Colonel Greene, President Conn. Mutual Life Ins. Co.*

Careful observation leaves little doubt that a moderate dose of beer or wine would in most cases at once diminish the maximum weight which a healthy person could lift. Mental acuteness, accuracy of perception, and delicacy of the senses are all so far opposed by alcohol, that the maximum efforts of each are incompatible with the ingestion of any moderate quantity of fermented liquid. A single glass will often suffice to take the edge off both mind and body, and to reduce their capacity to something below their perfection of work.—*Dr. W. Brinton.*

We are of opinion 1. That a very large proportion of human misery, including poverty, disease and crime is induced by the use of alcoholic or fermented liquors as a beverage. 2. That the most perfect health is compatible with total abstinence from all such intoxicating beverages, whether in the form of ardent spirits, or as wine, beer, ale, porter, cider, etc. 3. That persons accustomed to such drinks may with perfect safety discontinue them entirely, either at once, or gradually after a short time. 4. That total and universal abstinence from alcoholic beverages of all sorts would greatly contribute to the health, the prosperity and happiness of the human race.—*2,000 Physicians of Great Britain.*

We believe that the hereditary evils of beer-drinking exceed those proceeding from ardent spirits. First, because the habit is constant and without paroxysmal interruptions which admit of some recuperation; second, because beer-drinking is practiced by both sexes more generally than spirit drinking, and third, because the animalizing tendency of the habit is more uniformly developed, thus authorizing the presumption that the vicious results are more generally transmitted.—*Pacific Medical Journal, indorsed by the Home Life Ins. Co.*

We unite in the declaration that we believe alcohol should be classed with other powerful drugs; that when prescribed medicinally it should be with conscientious caution and a sense of grave responsibility. We are of the opinion that the use of alcoholic liquor as a beverage is productive of a large amount of physical disease; that it entails diseased appetites upon offspring, and that it is the cause of a large percentage of the crime of our cities and country. We would welcome any judicious and effective legislation—State and National—which should seek to confine the traffic in alcohol to the legitimate purposes of medical and other sciences, art and mechanism.—*200 physicians of New York and Brooklyn.*

Of all the intoxicating drinks it [beer] is the most animalizing. It dulls the intellectual and moral, and feeds the sensual and beastly nature. Beyond all other drinks, it qualifies for deliberate and unprovoked crimes. In this respect it is much worse than distilled liquors. A whisky-drinker will commit murder only under the direct excitement of liquor,—a beer-drinker is capable of doing it in cold blood. Long observation has assured us that a large proportion of murders, deliberately planned and executed without passion or malice, with no more motive than the acquisition of property or money, often of trifling value, are perpetrated by beer-drinkers.—*Pacific Medical Journal, indorsed by Home Life Ins. Co.*

The use of beer is found to produce a species of degeneration of all the organs. * * * Intellectually, a stupor amounting almost to paralysis arrests the reason, changing all the higher faculties into a mere animalism, sensual, sellish, sluggish, varied only with paroxysms of anger that are senseless and brutal. In appearance the beer-drinker may be the picture of health, but in reality he is most incapable of resisting disease. Compared with inebriates who use different kinds of alcohol, he is more incurable, and more generally diseased. It is our observation that beer-drinking in this country produces the very lowest kind of inebriety, closely allied to criminal insanity. The most dangerous class of ruffians in our large cities are beer-drinkers. Recourse to beer as a substitute for other forms of alcohol merely increases the danger and fatality.—*Scientific American.*

What the Matter Is.

Every clothing merchant is trying hard to sell his clothing at a great reduction from late reasonable prices, and yet he sees enough men go by his store daily, in need of a new suit, to exhaust his stock. Why don't they buy?

Simply because they have not the money.

Seven out of every ten of them have spent enough for cigars, tobacco or for liquor, to buy and pay for a new suit at the opening of every season, but they have to make one suit "hold on" as long as the seams will stay together.

But the saloonist makes no special effort. His trade is regular; his goods sell easy; his customers raise the money somehow, and he grows sleek and fat, and impudent and saucy.

Look on this picture and then on that, and you will have a bird's-eye view of the cause of "hard times." Turn the money which now flows into the absorbing channel of liquor into the respectable channels of trade, and there will be better times.

Close the saloons, and let the money which they handle accumulate in the pockets of the laboring people, and then they can buy bread and boots and clothes, and comforts and luxuries.

Stop the liquor leak.—*National W. C. T. U. Bulletin.*

It is not surprising that the people of Massachusetts see the necessity of a Temperance revival, when a leading religious journal can say of their chief city: "Boston, which has had laudable pride for its schools, now has seven liquor-saloons for every school, eight liquor-sellers, for every teacher, and spends annually $9,000,000 more for its liquors than for its schools. It has one church to every 1,756 persons, one preacher to every 878 persons, but one liquor-saloon for every thirty-six persons."

When the Queen of Madagascar shut up the saloons in her kingdom, and the ex-saloon-keepers asked for compensation, she replied: "Compensate those you have wronged, and I'll pay the balance!"

MARVELS OF PRECOCITY.

Painters and Sculptors Who Achieved Renown In Their Childhood.

The history of art is so rich in illustrations of precocity that it is difficult to select the best examples. Mantegna showed such marked ability as a child that he was taken up by a patron and entered by his master in the guild of painters before the completion of his eleventh year. Again, Andrea del Sarto is said to have shown fondness for drawing as a child, and at the early age of seven to have been introduced to the world of art in the shop of a goldsmith. Raphael seems to have been a painter from the cradle. He was sent to learn of Perugino when twelve years old, and at seventeen was painting on his own account. Tiziano showed as a child a decided preference for art over classics, and painted at the age of twelve a Madonna and Child in in the tabernacle of a house, and about two years later studied under Gentile Bellini. Tintoretto used as a child to draw on the walls of his father's house, and received the name by which he is most widely known at this early date. Hardly less striking in his precocity is Michael Angelo, who, as a lad, kept running off to the studies, and at fourteen was received by Ghirlandajo as a regular pupil. Turning from Italy, we meet with no less interesting illustrations of artistic precocity. Murillo displayed talent as a child, covering the walls of his house with his drawings. It is said that he painted pictures as a boy and sold them at the fair. Holbein, who was taught at an early age by his father, painted finished pictures at the age of thirteen. Ruysdael is said to have painted notable pictures at twelve. At the same age Cornelius painted original compositions in the Cathedral at Neuss, which show great talent. Vernet helped when a boy to paint his father's pictures. Ary Scheffer, the son of a painter, painted from early childhood, and exhibited in the Amsterdam Salon at twelve. Among sculptors Canova is said to have carved a lion at twelve. Thorwaldsen entered on a regular course of study at eleven. Coming to our own country we find instances of precocity which equal, if indeed they do not surpass, those furnished by other countries. Perhaps the most remarkable instance is George Morland. He is said to have taken to pencil and crayon almost as soon as he left the cradle. Sketches of his made at four, five and six were exhibited to the Society of Artists, and won praise for the child artist. Sir Thomas Lawrence was another childish marvel. As a small boy he could draw portraits, and at nine not only copied historical paintings in a masterly style, but succeeded in compositions of his own. At ten his childish fame was such that he was sent by his father to Oxford to paint Bishops, Earls and other notabilities—an experiment which brought great gain to his impecunious parent. At seventeen the period of his riper and more lasting fame commenced. With these instances must be reckoned Landseer, who, taught by his father, could draw well at five, and excellently at eight. When only thirteen he drew a majestic St. Bernard dog which was etched by his brother, and in the same year pictures of his appeared in the Royal Academy under the name of Master E. Landseer. Gainsborough was a confirmed painter at twelve. Turner, though hampered by poverty, made such progress that he exhibited at fifteen. Wilkie says he could draw before he could read, and he exhibited at fourteen. Flaxman amused himself when a sickly child by drawing in crayons, and exhibited busts at fifteen. —*Nineteenth Century.*

THE CITY OF ADEN.

An Ancient Town and Its Appearance Half a Mile From Shore.

At the foot of the Red Sea twelve rocks, termed the Twelve Apostles, are scattered close to the narrow straits of the "Gate of Tears," Bablemandeb, causing great anxiety to the Captain till we had cleared them and rounded into the Arabian Sea. A few hours more found us lying off Aden. Hidden behind a long bare ridge of rocks, only custom house, shipping and agents' offices, etc., appear from the sea and you see people, camels and vehicle, threading their way among the dark, bare rocks to the town behind. No sooner did we anchor about half a mile from shore than a little fleet of cockleshell canoes, each with one occupant, came dancing out over the waves and surrounded us. The owners had come to dive for buxeese, which was their trade and seemingly only means of livlihood. Any of them could easily have carried his boat under his arm and when jostled and upset it was emptied again in a trice by the owner as he floated alongside and then scrambled into it again. The passengers amused themselves by throwing small silver coin into the water and watching them dive and this sometimes they did from great heights off the rigging, reappearing after a long interval lively as ever and in possession of the coin. To save time they sometimes dived right below the steamer to reach coins that had been suddenly dropped from the other side to test their racing powers, and occasionally they would vary the monotony of sitting in their canoes by swimming behind while they pushed them on before them among the different ships lying at anchor. Nothing could be more at home in the tepid water than these uncouth, black African-Arab boys. Another group of natives now boarded us, carrying bunches of magnificent ostrich feathers for sale at most tempting prices and others brought coral jewelry, scented wood, wood ornaments, necklaces of Jerusalem camel bones, crosses of Lebanon cedars and wristlets of threaded shells, all of which were so familiar in the late forestry exhibition in Edinburgh.—*London Society.*

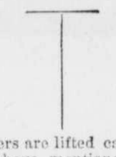
—Says the Thomaston (Conn.) *Express:* Our weekly editorial was written too late for this issue. Whether it will keep until next week or not we can't say, but we'll put it on ice and see.

THE BUDDING PROCESS.

A Species of Grafting Adopted for Stone Fruits and Flower Plants.

Budding is a kind of grafting in which buds with a shield of the adjacent bark are used instead of cions, and the union is formed between the wood of the stock and the bark of the bud by inserting the latter under the bark of the stock in such a manner that at least one edge of the bark of the bud is brought into close contact with the corresponding edge of the bark of the stock. This process is used for all the stone fruits—peaches, plums, cherries, etc.—also for various flowering plants, but chiefly for roses. The season is in the summer, when the bark is easily detached from the wood, and July and August is the most convenient time. The tools required are nothing more than a knife with a sharp broad blade; a small flat chisel, made of hard wood and tapered down to a thin end half an inch broad, and with which the bark is lifted, and some narrow bands of cotton cloth or basswood inner bark, by which the bud is held in its place until a union is formed.

The process is as follows. The bark of the stock is cut in the shape of a T, or as is here shown of the full size:



The corners are lifted carefully with the chisel above mentioned, and the piece of bark with the bud upon it in its center is carefully fitted under the raised bark so that its upper edge is brought into close union with the upper cut on the stock. The wound is then bound over with a band wound around it in the form of a figure 8, so that the cuts are covered, but the bud is left free and exposed that it may continue to grow. The bud is cut out from a twig of the present year's growth, and a plump and fully formed one is chosen. It is removed from the twig in the following manner: The knife is held in the hand, the thumb being held to the branch below the cut to guide the blade, so that the bark is separated with a small part of the wood under the bud. The cut is begun half an inch above the bud and comes out three-quarters of an inch below it, removing a piece of the bark of a long oval shape. It is important that the cut be so made as to remove the small piece of the wood under and attached to the bud, otherwise the base of the bud may be injured. Budding knives are made expressly for this work. These knives have a short, stout blade with an edge rounded at the point for the purpose of making the cross cut on the stock in a proper manner. The handle has the required flat chisel point for raising the bark, and is made of bone or ivory. A novice in the art should by all means procure a knife of this kind, as it will greatly facilitate the work. An experienced operator can use any tools which may serve his purpose, and which he may select or make for himself, but for business the best tool is always the most effective.

The piece of bark is then cut across the upper part to make a straight edge to fit the cut in the stock, leaving it of the shape here shown or very nearly of such shape.

The upper dot represents the bud, the lower one the stalk of the leaf directly below it. The leaf is cut off, leaving the stalk, which serves as a handle to hold the bud by. The piece of bark is then carefully placed in position under the raised corners on the stock, the straight edges being fitted close together and the raised corners being laid over the inserted bark. The bandage is then fitted and tied securely. The bandage may be made of any soft flexible material which is tough—coarse, soft yarn, the soft, thin inner husk of a corn ear, soft hickory or basswood bark, or strips of cotton cloth, but if necessary the bands should be softened by soaking them in water, by which they can be tied without breaking.

The bark will unite in ten or fourteen days and if the bud has taken or the union has been made, the bark will appear fresh and the bud plump and the leaf stalk will have dropped. In this case the knot of the band should be loosened to prevent strangulation of the stock and to permit it to grow freely. If the bark is shriveled and the dry stalk still adheres to it the operation has failed and may be repeated by using a bud which has been reserved for this purpose by wrapping the twigs in damp moss or cloth and keeping them in a cool dark place. When the bud has taken successfully nothing more is done until the following spring when the stock is cut off above it and the shoot is permitted to grow. To prevent the new shoot from being injured by high winds it is well to tie it to a stake if the position is exposed.

The new growth is, of course, the same variety as that of the tree from which the bud is taken, but occasionally some difference will occur in the fruit from the bud by reason of the effect of the stock. These pears budded on quince stocks will be dwarfed and the fruit will differ in quality, some pears being far better thus grown than on pear stocks; but, as a rule, there is no important variation. The operation is mostly performed on peaches, cherries and plums, the better kinds being budded on seedling stocks which would bear inferior fruit. The finer kinds of roses are also budded on strong growing stocks and sometimes on the wild brier to produce what are known as standards, which have the form of a small tree on a tall, upright stem.—*Henry Stewart in N. Y. Times*

—Mt. Holyoke Seminary, the pioneer in the higher education of women in the Connecticut Valley, has nearly completed the first half century of its unique and excellent work.—*Hartford Courant.*

MODERN WAR SHIPS.

What Would be the Cost of a Perfect Vessel Suitable for War Purposes.

The best rough measure of the value of a modern war ship is the weight of water she displaces, for this equals the weight of the ship and her contents, and the greater it is the larger her hull can be, the thicker her armor, the more powerful her engines, the heavier her guns and the greater her coal and ammunition capacity.

A perfect war ship would be one able to resist any projectile or torpedo and to pierce any armor made, and at the same time to throw a greater weight of metal per minute, to turn more rapidly and to steam faster and further than any other.

Ability to resist any projectile or torpedo would necessitate great thickness of armor and a heavy inner bottom; ability to pierce any armor would require very large guns; ability to throw a greater weight of metal per minute than any foreign war ship would render necessary a considerable number of guns, and these would require a considerable space to be protected, which means a considerable extent of armor.

We can see at a glance that the weight of guns and armor alone would be enormous, and that in consequence the ship would be immense, since she must be not only as large as a volume of water of equal weight, but larger, in order that she may possess sufficient reserve buoyancy to float her when a sea comes on board, or when a watertight compartment fills after a torpedo explosion or a collision. But the ship must be large enough to float, in addition, her machinery and coal, and these would be very heavy, since the boilers and engines must be very powerful in order to secure the necessary speed, and must have an enormous supply of coal at hand in order to steam the necessary distance.

Clearly, a perfect war ship would be an exceedingly heavy and expensive one. An English naval architect in a recent lecture before the Royal Naval College stated that a war ship, to be even approximately perfect, would weigh about 25,000 tons, and cost at least £2,000,000!

Since perfection can not at any practicable cost be attained in any one war ship, the only thing to do is to design a number for different purposes, seeking in each certain excellencies, and resigning others. In a heavily-armored ship, in which power of offense and defense must be very great, the weight allowed must be expended principally in guns and armor, so that great speed and coal endurance have to be abandoned. In a cruiser, on the other hand, speed and coal endurance are essential, so that armor and heavy guns must be resigned; while in a gun-boat heavy guns and great speed must be secured, and armor and coal endurance sacrificed.

Furthermore, speed is comparatively an easy thing to get in a ship, if we are at liberty to make her as long, as narrow and as deep as we please, and to place the boilers, engines and steam-pipes in convenient positions. But a long ship will not turn so quickly as a shorter one, yet handiness is almost as important in a war ship as speed; a long ship can not have so thick armor as a shorter one carrying an equal weight of armor, and she is easier to hit. To make a war ship deep forces on her the naval disadvantage of great draught, which prevents her from entering some harbors and from chasing vessels near some coasts; and boilers, engines and steam-pipes have to be crowded below the water line to protect them from projectiles. Is it a matter for wonder, then, that war ships are not so fast as some passenger steamers whose requirements are so simple?

It is sometimes urged that war ships should carry a great deal of sail in order to be able to stay a long time at sea without going into port for coal. But masts and spars are very heavy; they fall on deck when struck in action and kill men, and they present such resistance to the air that they decrease the speed when a ship is fighting under steam alone—which is the only way in which a ship can fight. Moreover, if a war ship should be caught under sail by a hostile war ship under steam alone, she would simply be in the position of a ship unprepared meeting a ship thoroughly prepared to fight; and while she had her men aloft furling sail and "clearing ship for action," the other could be knocking holes in her hull with heavy guns and killing the men aloft with Hotchkiss and Gatling machine guns.—*B. A. Fiske, Lieutenant U. S. N., in N. Y. Post.*

WALKING'S GOOD.

A Man Who Does Not Propose to be Bulldozed by a Wealthy Corporation.

"How much vhas a ticket to Lansing?" he asked at the Third street depot yesterday.

"Two forty."

"Make him two dollars."

"No, sir."

"But I like to go oudt undt see my brudder."

"The price is two forty, sir."

"How far was he?"

"Eighty-six miles."

"I gif you two dollars, und mebbe I go oudt again next fall."

"No, sir."

"You don't take him?"

"No, sir."

"My frendt, dot vhas all right. I like to see my brudder, but now I doan' go oudt."

"Can't help that."

"Mebbe you think my brudder comes in to see me und gifs you two forty. You vhas off. He vhalks eafery shtep of der vay, und you doan' get so much as one look mit his coat-tails! My frendt, good-day!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A woman whose liberal display of neck and arms at the New York Opera House last season was the object of many opera glasses, has gone to Europe to seek a cure for the horrible eruption that followed the use of a lotion that produced the dazzling whiteness thereof.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Some West India negroes carry a snake's poison under their finger-nails. A single scratch from a poisoned nail will cause death in a few hours.

A PERFECT WIFE.

Disraeli's Estimate of the Critical Partner of His Successes and Disappointments.

When Benjamin Disraeli married Mrs. Wyndham Lewis she was his senior by sixteen years. Yet five years after his marriage he gave her this character: "The most severe of critics, but—a perfect wife." Great men, and small men, too, do not usually take kindly to the criticisms of a wife, even when they are assured of her love and have confidence in her judgment. A man on his return home from an assembly or club, where he has been listened to as an oracle and referred to as a leader, is not usually in a mood to be criticised even by his affectionate wife. That Mr. Disraeli listened with meekness while Mrs. Disraeli told him, after a great debate in the House of Commons, what he ought to have said and what he should have left unsaid, indicates that she was a woman of exquisite tact, and that he—loved her devotedly.

She was a loved helpmeet, for their union of thirty-three years was one of unbroken harmony, confidence and affection. She believed in her husband, lived for him, studied his views and wishes, and served him with the zeal of an intelligent companion. The average husband is contented if his wife shows herself a good housekeeper, an attractive hostess and a wise mother. But Benjamin Disraeli, not being an average man, made his wife his companion and treated her as his intellectual comrade. She became "the most severe of critics" because of her intense love and admiration. She was made a "perfect wife" by her husband placing her on an equality with himself.

When Disraeli delivered his great speech in the Free-Trade Hall at Manchester—a speech which helped the return of the Conservatives to power—she sat in a box immediately opposite the platform whence he spoke. The interest of those seated on the platform was often transferred from the speech to the sympathetic face of the orator's wife, and then to the way which, from time to time, he lifted his head as if seeking her smile of approval.

When the oration was finished she drove rapidly to the house of their host in the suburbs of the city to receive her husband. No sooner were the carriage wheels heard grinding upon the gravel than she hurried to the hall. As she entered she rushed into his arms and exclaimed: "O, Dizzy! Dizzy! This is the greatest night of all! This pays for all!" At that moment she knew she could not live out the year—for three months before her physician had pronounced her death warrant—and every step of her movement to the door produced the acutest pain.

A well-known story also illustrates her strength of will and power of self-control when her love made them necessary. When Disraeli, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, rode to the House to introduce his last budget she accompanied him. On getting into the carriage one of her fingers was crushed between the door and its frame. She maintained her composure, though the pain was excruciating, through the ride, and until she saw him pass through the "members'" entrance, and then fainted.

The man who makes his wife a companion may hear severe criticisms, but he will be "known in the gates."—*Chicago Tribune.*

CURE YOURSELF.

Observance of the Laws of Man's Physical Nature the Best Physician.

The body, to a large extent, is a machine which, when disarranged, repairs itself. Physicians tell us of the *vis medicatrix naturæ*—the power to heal inherent in nature. It is natural to get well. The body's recuperative resources are not equal to every need, but they are very great. It is because of this even that the well man tends to keep well, if he conforms to nature's laws, for the system is ever full of poison from its own waste, the disposal of which nature has provided for better than any city has for the disposal of its deadly sewage.

Take the case of an ordinary wound. It needs only to have its disrupted parts brought together, and nature does the healing; and even in many cases where the parts are not brought together nature fills up the space with new flesh. So nature will mend a broken bone, on the simple condition that the adjusted parts be allowed the requisite rest.

Dyspepsia, whether induced by improper eating, the neglect of exercise, brain overwork, or care, worry and fret, will in time wholly disappear on removal of the cause and compliance with the laws of nature

The best physicians now freely admit that typhoid patients, in the great majority of cases, would recover without a drop of medicine; that they need medicine mainly to promote ease and comfort, and that pure air is better for them than all drugs. The same is true of some other diseases. More and more is it being admitted that, in no case, do drugs have any curative power, but only aid nature, as the surgeon aids in the case of a badly broken limb, by removing irritating bits, spicule, etc., and securing the proper adjustment and fixation of the parts.

The old-time doctors greatly overdosed people—in multitudes of cases literally dosed people to death. Within less than twenty years a personal friend, called to watch with a neighbor far gone in consumption, was shown eleven different medicines, each of which she was to administer during the night, according to the varying symptoms.

It can not be too strongly emphasized that those who observe the laws of their physical nature are likely to keep well—and even infectious diseases have little power over such persons, and would wholly disappear if all observed these laws.—*Youth's Companion.*

—An English humanitarian, Miss Liude by name, has set on foot a project for providing what she calls "A Home of Rest for Horses and Donkeys." The idea is that the usefulness of many creatures might be preserved could they have an occasional week or two of rest.

A SELECT DINNER.

The Charming Surprise Prepared by the Sultan of Turkey for Mrs. S. S. Cox.

Recently His Majesty the Sultan, entertained at dinner the German Ambassador, His Excellency M. de Radowitz and Madame de Radowitz, and the American Minister, S. S. Cox, and Mrs. Cox. There were thirty or forty members of the Turkish nobility present.

Dinner was served in one of the pavilions in the park, called "Chalet-Kiosk," the Sultan's private band performing during the repast. The table was superbly decorated with rare hot house flowers and the choicest fruits. In proceeding to table the Sultan gave his arm to Madame de Radowitz.

After dinner the party adjourned to the beautifully arranged conservatory, which on these occasions usually does duty as a drawing room, where coffee was served. Here a charming surprise awaited the American Minister and Mrs. Cox. The Grand Minister of Ceremonies, by order of His Majesty, handed to Mr. Gargiulo, the insignia of the Grand Cordon of the *Shefakat*, or Order of Benevolence, that he might invest Mrs. Cox with the order in recognition of the active co-operation of that lady in promoting the Life Saving system in America, of which her husband, the Minister, is the author. Mr. Gargiulo performed the ceremony amidst the congratulations of the assembled guests, who were then ushered into the music room and library.

When the guests were seated the Sultan entered into conversation with them through the medium of the Grand Master of Ceremonies who acted as interpeter. His Majesty was pleased to express the happiness it gave him to welcome his guests and addressed complimentary remarks and inquiries to them, indicating his knowledge of and interest in the concerns of their respective countries. To these M. and Mme. de Radowitz and Mr. and Mrs. Cox responded.

Mr. Cox specially thanked His Majesty for the distinction conferred upon Mrs. Cox and remarked that it was the four hundred and thirty-third anniversary of the establishment of the Ottoman rule in Constantinople, inasmuch as Mahomet II. entered the city on the 29th of May, 1453. This happy conjunction of circumstances afforded His Majesty the opportunity of saying that he was glad to recognize as friends of his dynasty and country the German and American nations represented by his friends, the Ambassador and the Minister.

His Majesty drew Mr. Cox's attention to a portfolio of large photographs just received from the President of the United States, a supplement to those presented by Mrs. Cox a week previous, and requested Mr. Cox to telegraph his acknowledgements to the President for this welcome gift.

The Sultan entertained his visitors with a short and choice concert in which the celebrated violinist, Herr Wilhelmj, performed, accompanied by Dussap Pasha, His Majesty's pianist. The concert concluded with the German national anthem, played at the Sultan's request by Mr. Wilhelmj, the company standing during its execution. At the close of the performance, His Majesty presented Herr Wilhelmj with a valuable souvenir and with the insignia of Grand Officer of the Order of the Medjidieh. Afterwards, at the Sultan's request, his Imperial Highness Tewfik Effendi sat down to the piano and played the Turkish national air and several other pieces and received the congratulations of the company on his proficiency and musical taste.

The Sultan then wished his guests a cordial "good-night," and the party separated.—*Constantinople Herald.*

A FISH-EATING PEOPLE.

The Tremendous Consumption of Fish and Vegetables in the Japanese Empire.

The Japanese eat very little meat. With a population of 30,000,000, the whole country contains less than one million head of cattle. Of these less than 600,000 are fit for food. It follows, there are but two head of cattle for every hundred Japanese, whereas there are seventy-three head of cattle for every hundred Americans, men, women and children. About one-half of the cattle slaughtered in Japan is eaten by the foreign population, and the residue is consumed by the Japanese army and navy. Consul-General Van Buren reports that the people live mainly upon fish, which includes cod, salmon, mackerel, herring, carp, eels, skate, mullet and catfish, while plaice are plentiful and cheap. The Consul also states that one-half of the people eat fish every day, and the rest two or three times a week. So as to secure a variety, many of the fishes are eaten raw. The Japanese, however, live mainly on vegetable food. They have an acorn which grows on a small bush four feet high, and is plentiful, cheap and very nutritious. This nut, it is said, should be naturalized in this country, as it has the merit of being free from bitter and astringent qualities. The Japanese, however, are not a strong people. They are a small and feeble race physically, as compared with Europeans. They have, however, a high civilization of their own, and are intelligent and industrious. The meat-eating races are, after all, the most virile and vigorous. It is the beef and mutton-eating Englishman and the Americans, who consume so much animal food, which are populating the earth. The rice and fish-eating nations of the East are not distinguished for either bodily or mental vigor.—*Christian at Work.*

—President Chauncey M. Depew is credited with the resolution to undertake a reformation among the brakemen on his railroads, regarding calling the names of stations. He made a study of the subject recently and found that "Hudson" was called out "Umpun;" "Schagticoke," "S-s-shoke," and "Poughkeepsie, ten minutes for refreshments," "Pohcepsy—'n-min's-for-reshments." Mr. Depew is going to see to it that brakemen call the names of stations distinctly. Those who don't do it will be taught how, and those who won't will be discharged. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A line of steamers is to be put on between San Diego, Cal., and Mexican ports.

—A newspaper has been discovered at Pekin, China, that was started in the year 911.

—A solitaire pearl set in a dark blue enamel ring is the most fashionable engagement ring.

—Charles Dudley Warner says Plymouth Rock is a good deal cracked and patched up, as if it had been much landed on.

—The labor question is a game of ball. Men go out on strikes and wait for judgment. — *Electric Light.* In some cases it would be better to make a home run.—*Gorham Mountaineer.*

—A young lady advertises in a French paper for employment in a railway restaurant, her accomplishments being that "she can speak German and make sixty sandwiches with half a pound of butter."

—Mrs. John Wallace, of Knoxville, Tenn., stepped to the gate to look for her five-year-old boy, and at that moment a runaway horse dashed by. It is thought that she supposed her boy had been run over, for she fell to the ground dead.

—The latest fad of the gay lasses at Deep River, Conn., is to keep track of the "tips" they receive. "Tips," they say, mean a lifting of the hat to them by some gentleman friend. The one hundredth "tipper" is the one who will surely marry them.—*Hartford Post.*

—A Los Angeles (Cal.) bank president is reported as saying that since the 1st of last January new-comers into that city have brought the enormous sum of $5,000,000 for investment in and around the city. The city valuation is $9,000,000 more than last year.

—"Mistah Johnsing, I t'ink you's sufferin' wid a affexion ob de heart. Yo' heart-beats is ter'ble irreg'lar." "Dat's all right, doctah; but, sah, yo' has yo' ear right gin my watch, an' it hain't varied a minit in de las' free months, sah. Wid all respec' to yo', I guess I go ter some older practitioner, sah."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—A year ago last February John Ertel, of Bleecker, N. Y., started to go to Silver Lake alone. He was never seen again, and it was thought that he had been frozen to death. The other day a party of Gloversville fishermen found, not far from the lake, an India-rubber boot containing the bones of a human foot. The boot has been identified as one worn by Ertel.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Old gentleman (to tramp)—"Now, if I should give you a nickel, my friend, would you spend that money as it ought to be spent or would you squander it for intoxicating drink?" Tramp—"How much did you say?" Old gentleman—"A nickel." Tramp (sadly)—"Well, I dunno. I wouldn't like to make any rash promises. I never yet have been able to stand prosperity."—*N. Y. Times.*

—Little Molly was indulging in the luxury of a copious crying spell, when the spectacle of a military procession in the street dammed the fountain of her grief. A sparkle came into her eyes, and her lips uttered exclamations of delight. But the relief was but momentary. No sooner had the procession vanished than she was heard remarking to herself: "What was I crying about—what was I crying about? O, now I know!" [Goes on boo-hooing for half an hour.]—*Harper's Bazar.*

—A citizen of Detroit has had his faith in human nature rudely shaken. One day when the rain was falling fast he saw a young man and a young woman paddling through the wet, umbrellaless. He was near his own door. So, with rare philanthropy, he thrust his umbrella into the hand of the astonished young man, saying: "Take this; you have a lady with you. You can bring it back to-morrow to that house there." The young man took the umbrella and the good citizen of Detroit hasn't seen it since.—*Detroit Tribune.*

—The young Emperor of China has been recently engaged in the occupation of selecting three ladies as brides from among the thirty-two assembled at his palace. These are collected from all over Manchuria from certain noble Manchu families and have traveled some of them for hundreds of miles to Pekin to undergo review. The future Empress is first selected and then two assistants called the Eastern and Western Empresses. This is the ancient custom of the empire since the Manchus became its rulers.

A Toilet for Sultry Days.

Very fresh and pretty for sultry days is a toilet of cream-colored etamine and mauve surah. The skirt is kilted its entire length and has at intervals fan-shaped openings through which the surah is visible. The crowning elegance, however, is the lace coat above, lined with mauve surah and decorated with pockets, cuffs and deep Charles IX. collar of Renaissance lace. The accompanying hat to wear on late afternoon drives, is of Leghorn braid, with the high crown crossed with mauve satin ribbons emerging from openings in the straw and ending in front in full tied bows of the ribbons, mingled with soft, fluffy mauve feather-tips, with a cluster of tea-roses tucked away beneath them. The parasol in harmony is of cream-colored faille, lined with mauve silk and edged with cream lace.—*N. Y. Post.*

German Sewing Machines.

A German newspaper estimates the number of sewing machines annually produced at 1,500,000, one-third of which are of German manufacture. Estimating the number of people in need of sewing machines at 500,000,000, the annual production allows one for every 300 civilized people. The newspaper in question adds: "America, it is true, is the home of the modern sewing machine, but in respect of variety, efficiency and finish German skill has triumphed over the American article." We may add that it was a German historian, Bottiger, who, in referring thirty years ago to the invention of the sewing machine, thought that "it did not seem to be a success.—*N. Y. Post.*

Milk for Young and Old.

Milk is popularly considered a perfect food. This, says the *Live Stock Journal*, at first sight appears to be indisputable, since the young live and thrive on it exclusively. But if we look into the matter a little we shall see that while it is a perfect food for the young and growing it does not follow that it is a perfect food for adults who have growth. In a certain sense it may be considered too perfect for the adult. It contains too much mineral matter, for one thing, to be suited to the adults as an exclusive food. His bones are already formed, and therefore he needs only just enough of the mineral elements to restore waste of bone. But the young have their bones to make, and this excess of mineral matter is just what is needed for the purpose. Then milk is highly nitogenous, containing an abundance of material for constructing muscular and other tissue. This makes it act on the kidneys of the adult too strongly, taxing them to throw off the excess of nitrogen, only just enough to restore waste being required, while this nitrogeneous material in abundance is just what children and the young of animals need, as they are building the whole system and must have these nitrogenous elements out of which to build it. Milk is, therefore, a perfect food in young animals and children, as it contains in the right proportions all the elements needed to promote their growth and development. But for old people milk is far from a perfect food, containing as it does both the mineral and nitrogenous elements in excess. For adults, who are undergoing considerable exercise and therefore requiring to replace a large amount of waste tissue, milk is better adapted than for the aged. Still for adults who may use up the nitrogenous portion through physical exercise there is an excess of bone making material, as the waste of bone is but slight compared with both the waste and growth of bone in the young. To sum up, then, milk is a perfect food for the growing young, but needs to be supplemented with other more carbonaceous and less mineral foods for the adult, and is quite ill y adapted to people of sedentary habits or much advanced in age, as the exces of nitrogen, more than the large percent of water which it contains, overtaxes the kidneys. The aged should, therefore take milk sparingly, which is the exact reverse of what the young should do.

Vegetables for the Farmer.

Pittsburgh Stockman.

Although farmers are those who should, above all other classes, enjoy the choicest productions of the soil, they are, on the contrary, very self denying in that respect. Many of them pay little attention to the garden, and while they no doubt produce the usual crops of cabbage and potatoes, a great many of them know nothing of forcing cucumbers, or of the methods of getting other vegetables early. We know of dozens of farmers who never grow celery, who never put out a bed of asparagus, and who take no thought of having sweet corn, peas and beans in succession during the season. Some of them buy from the city articles of food that could easily be produced at home. Vegetables quickly decay, and our friends in the city must buy peas that are too hard to cook, beans that are tough and woody, lettuce that is wilted, and other vegetables that are almost unfit for food. While the farmer should have a full supply of vegetables, he should have them fresh and good. When growing them for his own use he can have them early or late. If the growing of garden vegetables entails more labor, it is compensated for by the lessening of the table expenses, by health and by the satisfaction of knowing that he has the freshet and best.

Old Pete's boy had just returned from school. In relating an incident to his father he said:

"I saw the man——"

"What's dat? Come ober dat pint ergin."

"I say that I saw the man and——"

"Hol' on. Yer saw de man, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Saw him?"

"That's whot I said."

"I do think befo' de Lawd," the old man said, "de mo' yer sends er nigger ter school de wus he gits. Heah dat boy's been goin' ter school nearly five years, and now he come an' say dat he saw er man. Ah, Lawd, dar ain't no use'n try'n ter l'arn 'stronomy ter er nigger. Why doan yer say 'I seed er ginnerman,' sah?"

"Because that wouldn't be right."

"Nervy," speaking to his wife, "han' me dat plough line. Blame me ef he shell slaughter his mudder tongue in no sicher way. Oh, I ken beat all de schools in larnin yer sun thin."

Overheard at midnight on a Cunarder: "Ma, mar, my dinner won't stay swallered.

Gems for Thought.

To begin is nothing; it is perseverence that wins.

We all praise contentment. But how few of us practice it.

Wrong-doers are never secure of their greatness or gain.

We all have a life-work to do no matter where we are placed.

The purse had better be empty than filled with other folks' money.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong.

Manner is one of the greatest engines of influence ever given to man.

Candor bears about the same relation to bluntness that a refreshing breeze does to a cyclone.

Those who bravely combat adversity can with safety stand a little prosperity if they get the chance.

It is all well enough to talk, but mankind prefers luxury now, if obtainable, and to take chances against poverty later on.

The indolent man has at least one good trait of Character—he is generally contented, and that because he is too lazy to be otherwise.

Unselfish persons so thoroughly enjoy seeing others happy that if unhappy themselves they don't realize it and others don't know it.

It signifies little what we say of our acquaintances, so that we do not tell them what others say against them. Tale-bearers make all the real mischief.

"I've lived nearly forty years," says Moody, "and I've learned one thing, if nothing else; that no man or woman who treats parents disrespectfully ever prospers."

Married couples resemble a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them.

In looking back over life from the threshold of eternity, most of us will realize that we have prized most that which is of least value and neglected what was of intrinsic worth.

A few strong instincts and a few strong rules should govern us and among them one ought, if possible, to cherish an undying love of truth—not abstract truth, but the every day article.

The tone of good company is marked by the absence of impersonalities. Among well-informed persons there are plenty of topics to discuss without giving pain to any one present—without submitting to act the part of a butt, or of that poorer creature the wag that plays upon him.

It Was Little Phil.

Balto. American, July 20.

A rather dramatic scene occurred at the panorama of the battle of Bull Run to-day. Calvin Chase, the colored newspaper editor, was explaining to several friends the leading features of the battle when he was interrupted by a big, burly fellow, who announced himself as a Virginian who had owned a hundred negroes before the war, and who noisily demanded to know what right Chase had to discues questions relating to the rebellion. There were a number of people present at the time, and Chase, unwilling to be drawn into a quarrel with the man, who evidently was under the influence of liquor, modestly withdrew. The Virginian then in a loud voice declared that he could lick any Yankee that ever lived and directed his remarks principally to a stout, stocky little man standing near. The latter made a sharp rejoinder, which finally led to the Virginian inquiring the little man's name. "My name is Phillip H. Sheridan, present address War Department, Washington, D. C." was the unexpected reply. The Virginian raised his hat politely, and, extending his hand, said: "Beg your pardon, General. We tried for four years to lick you, and never fairly succeeded. I take it all back. You're a better man than I am. Shake." The General "shook," and there the matter ended.

An Enterprising, Reliable House.

W. D. Nydegger can always be relied upon, not only to carry in stock the best of everything, but to secure the Agency for such articles as have well-known merit, and are popular with people, thereby sustaining the reputation of being always enterprising, and ever reliable. Having secured the Agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, will sell it on a positive guarantee. It will surely cure any and every affection of Throat, Lungs, and Chest, and to show our confidence, we invite you to call and get a Trial Bottle Free.

Never think it is time to die until you are called; for the Lord leaves us till we have done our work, and never sends more sin and sorrow than we can bear and be the better for, if we hold fast by Him.—*Louisa M. Alcott.*

Humble love, and not proud science, keeps the door of heaven.—*Young.*

Can Sheep be Made Profitable?

Exchange.

Sheep being excellent foragers, and capable of picking up a portion of their subsistence, have been made to adapt themselves to those sections where the land cannot be profitably cultivated and where they are supposed to cost but little in proportion to that which may be derived from them. For this reason the American farmers have given their attention to the small, active breeds, such as the merino and native, which exist in large flocks more successfully than do those of larger size.

The objection to the large mutton breeds of sheep are that they require too much attention, and must have good pasturage; that they cannot well exist in large numbers, and must be protected from the heat and cold. It is no doubt true that the merino is hardy and requires less care than the large breeds, but the questions to be considered is whether it will not pay to give the large breeds that attention which many are not willing to bestow. We have the difference in methods as practiced in England and America. The Englishman does not attempt to produce wool, estimating the wool product as something that attends the production of mutton as a secondary adjunct and aims to secuse as large a carcass as possible. So great has been the progress attained by the English in the improvement of the mutton breeds that it is not uncommon to secure lambs weighing 100 pounds when they are only three months old, while 150 pounds is often reached by six-month old lambs. These weights are greater than those of our mature native sheep, and show that the farmer with the use of the improved mutton sheep, can derive a large profit without looking to the receipts from wool at all.

"Well," remarked the inquisitive passenger, "it seems that I've seen you somewhere, but I can't exactly place you. Are you from New York?"

"No, I'm from Missouri."

The I. P. moved away a foot or two, then inquired, with a scared look, "Any kin to the James boys?"

"No."

"Nor the Youngers?"

"No."

"Are you a striker?"

"No."

"Member of the legislature?"

"No."

"Escaped convict?"

"No-o-o."

"Ditto lunactic?"

"No-o-o-o."

"Book agent?"

"Look here, stranger, I'm a peaceable country preacher, and never fought in my life, but if you don't want a bruised frontispiece, I would advise you not to make any more inquiries regarding my pedigree and occupation. I can stand being suspected an ex-convict and a relative of the James boys, but when it comes to taking me for a book agent, I must have blood or an apology."

The I. P. apologized, but with a wondering stare, he gasped: "Then they do have preachers in Missouri. *Scraps.*

The Best Chill Medicine.

SALISBURY, MD., Aug. 1884.

Dear Sir:—I had the ague and chills and fever for six months, had taken several different medicines, but none done me any good. Through the recommendation of a friend I was induced to try "AROMANNA." I used one bottle and have not had a chill since.

JOHN PARSONS.

SALISBURY, MD., May 25, 1885.

Dear Sir:—I was cured of Dyspepsia by using two bottles of "AROMANNA."

MARY HEARN.

Price 25 and 85 cts. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland, Md.

"Kill anything?" asked a citizen of the suburbs who met a boy carrying a gun. "Naw."

"See anything to kill?" "Naw."

"Do you expect to see anything?" "Naw."

"Then why on earth are you tramping around in the slush and mud for?"

"'Cause it's my birthday."

"Well, what of that?"

"I've either got to do this or hold a birthday party. Guess you don't know what it is to be a boy."

Customer.—I say, Mr. Barber, I don't hear your scissors at work on my hair."

Barber.—"There is very little hair on your head."

Customer.—"That makes no difference. I pay my money and I want you to rattle the scissors on the bald place just the same as if it had hair on it."

"Do you pass the perfesh?" asked a seedy individual of the door-keeper of the theatre.

"What is your profession?"

"I'm a tramp."

"Pass right in. You're one of us, I see."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TRUSTEES' SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of an order of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, passed on the 5th day of July, A. D. 1886, in the matter of the Deed of Trust from John T. Davis, Philip Davis, William Davis and Daniel Davis to H. Wheeler Combs and Thomas J. Peddicord, dated the 23rd day of June, A. D. 1881, the undersigned were appointed to make sale of all the real estate described in said deed of trust. Therefore, the undersigned trustees, by the power and authority conferred as aforesaid, will,

On Tuesday,

THE 3d DAY OF AUGUST, 1886,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., in front of D. E. Offutt's store, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, offer for sale the following valuable real estate, to wit:

MILITARY LOT NUMBER 458,

containing 50 acres. Also all that part of a tract of land called

"TRIUMPH,"

which is contained within the following metes and bounds: Beginning at a White Oak marked "A", it being the beginning of the whole tract called "Triumph," and reversing the given line West 99 poles, then reversing a part of the twenty-fourth line of the original tract N. 102 poles, then running into the whole tract E. 214 poles, then South 102 poles to intersect the first line of the whole tract, and with it reversed to the beginning, containing 137 acres. Also all that piece or parcel of land known and described as

Military Lot Number 436

it being part of a tract of land called "Engrafted Vine," and contains 50 acres.

A large portion of said land is under fence and in a good state of cultivation; it is improved by a

FRAME DWELLING HOUSE,

barn, and all necessary out-buildings. It is well watered and is located in a good neighborhood, convenient to churches, schools, &c. Said farm is also improved by a young thrifty sugar camp.

This is a very desirable property and persons wishing to purchase a farm will find it to their advantage to be present on day of sale.

TERMS OF SALE—Cash.

Conveyancing at cost of purchaser.

FRED. A. THAYER,
EDW. H. SINCELL,
7 10 4t Trustees.

W. H. BUTLER'S

Cheap Cash Grocery

—AT THE—

"LITTLE BIG" STORE

ON SECOND STREET,

OAKLAND, MD.

May 18th, 1886.—tf.

Order of Publication.

Robert B. Leathers, vs. Alverta B. Leathers.	In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No 373.

The Bill of Complaint was filed in the above entitled cause by the plaintiff against the defendant for the purpose of obtaining a divorce a *vinculo matrimonii.*

The Bill states that the plaintiff and defendant were married on the 31st day of July, A. D. 1882, at St. Paul's Lutheran Church in Baltimore, Maryland, and that on the same day after the marriage was performed the said defendant abandoned and deserted the plaintiff and that the abandonment complained of has continued uninterruptedly for more than three years, and is deliberate and final, and the seperation of the parties beyond any reasonable expectation of reconciliation.

The Bill further states that the defendant lives in Washington City and the plaintiff in Oakland, and that the parties never have lived together.

The Bill further states that the conduct of the plaintiff has always been proper and without reproach.

The Bill then prays for relief and for a decree of divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*, and for an order of publication against the defendant.

It is thereupon ordered by the Court this 14th day of July, A. D. 1886, that the complainant cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for four successive weeks before the 16th day of August, A. D. 1886, giving notice to the defendant, Alverta, B. Leathers, and warning her to appear in this Court in person or by solicitor on or before the 17th day of November, A. D. 1886, to show cause, if any she has, why a decree should not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Courut.

True copy—Test:
7 17 4 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

WHITE BRONZE

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out-door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
6 17 t Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Shartzer's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

$200.000 in presents given away. Send us 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the $200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

ORDER NISI.

Emily T. Hinebaugh, et. al Plaintiffs, versus William M. Henline, et. al. Defendants.	In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. In Equity in cause No. 386.

ORDERED, That the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings as made and reported by Gilmor S. Hamill, Trustee, as made by him on the 14th July, 1886, at the town of Deer Park, be *ratified and confirmed* unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the Sixteenth day of August next, *provided* a copy of this Order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Oakland, once in each of three successive weeks before the said Sixteenth day of August next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $400.00.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test:
7 24 3t W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

ft 24 DAVID LITTLE.

MEAT MARKET!

The undersigned will have on hand, at his meat market in Oakland, every day, from 5 A. M. to 11 A. M.,

Fresh Beef, Mutton and Veal,

of the best quality and at fair prices. He will also run his wagon to

MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK

every day, and to

DEER PARK

every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

7 10 T. W. CASTEEL.

HELP for working people. Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, grandly successful. 50 cents to $5 easily earned every evening. That all who want may test the business we make this unparalleled offer. To all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

A HOME CHEAP.

I have a fifty acre lot, with small house and other improvements, about four miles from Oakland and two miles from Mountain Lake Park, which I will sell at a moderate figure. Application should be made soon.

W. H. TOWER,
7 17 tf Agent.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 30th, 1886.

GOING EAST.

No. 2		7.20 A. M.
No. 66		5.56 A. M.
No. 6		12.35 P. M.
No. 4		11.53 P. M.
No. 82—Accommodation		6.10 P. M.
Way		11.30 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 1		9.34 P. M.
No. 65		5.55 P. M.
No. 5		3.57 P. M.
No. 3		4.41 A. M.
No. 81—Accommodation		9.30 A. M.
Way		11.30 A. M

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y.

HENRY ALBRIGHT,

—Manufacturer of—

Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,

OAKLAND, MD.

☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done.

Nov. 21, 85.—1 y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

SIXTEEN ACRES OF LAND

at Altamont, Md., improved by a

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE

18 by 36 feet, two stories high. There are on this land two never failing springs of good water, and a running stream.

Situation Delightful!

Two miles from Deer Park, with excellent graded road

Excellent Situation for Summer Residence.

For particulars and terms apply to or address

J. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE,

TRACTS & MILITARY LOTS.

The subscriber offers for sale the following lands in Garrett county:

"Bank Property," 1625 acres on Backbone Mountain, near West Virginia line. There is on this tract good Poplar, White and Red Oak, Chestnut, Birch and Sugar Timber, and the land when cleared, will make good farms.

"Friedland," 175 acres, near Accident, part improved.

A fine building site near Fort Pendleton, lot containing two acres.

Also the following Military Lots, containing 50 acres each:

Lots Nos. 4031 and 4032, with the well known Boiling Spring, two miles south of Deer Park, with which it is connected by a good road.

Lot No. 1914, on B. & Ohio R. R., East of Wilson's store.

Lots Nos. 361, 363, 364 and 365, near Ben Davis'.

Lot No. 390, West of Garrett Moon's.

Lots Nos. 371 and 377, West of (late) Hugh Cooper's.

Lot No. 383, East of (late) Elisha Harvey's.

Lot No. 1252, near West Virginia line.

WILLIAM I. BROWN,
Box 41, Oakland, Md.

Sept. 5th, 1885.—1 y

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filing the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. 1621-y1

Sellers' Liver Pills.

Act Directly on the Liver.

CURES CHILLS AND FEVER, DYSPEPSIA, SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUS COLIC, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, PILES, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, DIZZINESS, TORPID LIVER, COATED TONGUE, SLEEPLESSNESS, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER AND STOMACH. If you do not "feel very well," a single pill at bed-time stimulates the stomach, restores the appetite, imparts vigor to the system.

They cure all diseases like magic. Get the right kind SELLERS' LIVER PILLS. Sold by druggists. Send for circular.

SELLERS MEDICINE CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence in Russell's brick house Second street.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

3 15 1y.

SURVEYING!

Military lots located. Estimates of timber lands a specialty. Sales negotiated on reasonable terms. Areas computed by Logarithms—the only correct method.

HIRAM P. TASKER.
11 6 tf Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

F. A. THAYER,

INSURANCE AGENT,

OAKLAND, MD.

Insures both Real and Personal Property at moderate rates.

☞ Represents Six First Class Companie

THE BEST FARM IMPLEMENTS.

Brown, New Champion and Delaware Wagons, Universal, Roland and Double Shovel Plows, Champion Reapers and Mowers, Spring Wagons and Carriages, Grain Drills Cider Mills, Orchilla Guano, Feed Cutters, Barbed Wire, Sewing Machines, Spring Harrows, Thomas Hay Rakes, Hay Forks and Carriers &c., &c.

EVERYTHING FULLY WARRANTED.

For sale by

J. M. DAVIS & SON.

February 24, 1886.—tf.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 10. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, AUG. 7, 1886. NUMBER 23.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

VEGETABLES,

FRUITS, &C., &C.

Always on hand, as they come in market.

NEW CROP OF

TURNIP AND RUTABAGA SEEDS.

ALL RELIABLE.

VEGETABLE PLANTS of all kinds in season.

(MOSS ROSE.)

ROSES, and all kinds of Flowering Plants.

CUT FLOWERS

AND FLORAL DESIGNS,

for Funerals, &c., at short notice, at our old stand on Railroad street near Depot.

☞ Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

H. WEBER.

3 13 OAKLAND, MD.

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,

OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.

OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.

Is the place to buy

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints,

Oils Varnishes,

Perfumery. Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

☞ Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c

Physicians Prescriptions

Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.

Give me a call.

W. D. NYDEGGER.

AVOID MALARIA!

AND BREATHE THE SEA AIR!

THE STOCKTON, Atlantic City, N. J., Corner Atlantic and Maryland avenues, is now open. Guests are supplied with every comfort and convenience possible. The best summer hotel on the coast. Terms moderate; special rates to families. KELSEY & LEFLER, Proprietors. [Mention this paper.]

FOR SALE

In Deer Park a

TWO-STORY COTTAGE,

Highly situated and containing seven rooms with front portico, back porch and bay windows. Good never failing well of water. Land in cultivation for garden with fruit trees and stable. Will be sold cheap and terms made reasonable. Title unquestionable.

Apply to

E. C. TILLSON,

7 5 tf Deer Park, Md.

Valuable Real Estate

FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.

For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov 20 1880 1 y.

HELP for working people. Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, grandly successful. 50 cents to $5 easily earned every evening. That all who want may test the business we make this unparalleled offer. To all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE.

NO. 1.

MILITARY LOT NO. 219,

lying near Chisholm's Mill, in Ryans Glade, Garrett county. Well timbered and underlaid with coal. Unimproved. Will be sold cheap.

NO. 2.

Military Lots Nos. 2305 and 2307,

Unimproved timber lots, lying near Grantsville, part of the estate of the late Holmes Wiley.

NO. 3.

An Elegant New Residence

on Oak street, Oakland, Md., containing 8 rooms. Large lot improved by stable, carriage house, ice house, &c. Well of good water. Terms easy. Price, $2200.00.

NO. 4.

THE "WOODLAND FARM,"

situated on the road leading from Oakland to Accident, two miles from Oakland, containing 97 acres, well fenced and cultivated. Improved by a large first-class mansion house, suitable for a summer resort. The farm would suit for a first-class market garden or general farming.

NO. 5.

HOUSE AND LOT

On Oak street, Oakland, Md., comfortable dwelling. Well of good water and convenient outbuildings. Will sell at a bargain.

NO. 6.

600 ACRES OF LAND,

covered with white pine, spruce and white oak timber, and underlaid with coal, iron ore and fire clay. Water fall 71 feet. Steam saw mill on the premises doing a good business. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 8.

HOUSE AND LOT

On Liberty street in Oakland, 8 rooms. Good property.

In all cases we will furnish purchasers with an abstract of title and prepare deed without cost to them.

Full discription of the property contained in the above list will be given upon application.

NO. 9.

NEW DWELLING HOUSE

On Oak Street, 8 rooms and good cellar. Large livery stable attached; room for 18 horses and 15 vehicles. Good stand for business. Excellent opportunity for any desiring to go into livery business.

NO. 10.

100 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND

Near Oakland. Well timbered. Title indisputable. Price, $8 per acre.

NO. 11.

GOOD DWELLING & LARGE LOT

Near Court House. 10 rooms and out-buildings. Good well of soft water. Terms easy.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,

Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

J. LEE HARNE,

Sign and Ornamental Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

VALUABLE

COAL & TIMBER LANDS

FOR SALE.

The undersigned offers for sale the following valuable Real Estate.

"BANK TERRITORY,"

containing 431 acres, and

"MOUNT PISGAH."

containing 470 acres.

Both of these tracts are well timbered and are underlaid with a vein of coal from 8 to 11 feet thick, an eleven foot vein being now opened and in operation on the tract known as "Bank Territory." This land lies on or near the line of the W. Va. C. R. R. I also offer for sale a tract of land containing 611 acres, lying and being situate in Grant county, W. Va., near Job Kesline's. This tract is also well timbered and is supposed to be underlaid with coal. All of the aforesaid lands are well suited to farming and grazing purposes.

For any information concerning these lands terms, prices, &c., apply to Peddicord & Thayer, Attorneys-at-Law, Oakland, Md.

EMIL J. DELVAILLE.

May 25th 1886.—3m*

WIN more money than at anything else by taking an agency for the best selling book out. Beginners succeed grandly. None fail. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. B. FAY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals. Also in adjoining counties of West Va.

☞ Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.

Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

EDWARD H. SINCELL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

(one door West of Sturgiss' Drug Store.)

Special attention given to Collections the negotiation of Loans.

Sept. 23, 1885.—1 y.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

T. J. PEDDICORD. F. A. THAYER

PEDDICORD & THAYER,

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 4 '84 1y

J. W. VEITCH. W. F. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

AND

SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.

July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

v3n47.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

All business attended to with promptness and fidelity. Particular attention given to Surveying and Investigation of land titles.

☞ Office on 2d Street. 519 tf

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,

RESIDENT DENTIST,

OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

v3 n48

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Offers his services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. Office and residence on Oak street, second house East of Catholic church.

Sept. 3, 1885.—1 y.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

2 5 3m

LAKE VIEW

PLANING MILL

is now in full operation, and prepared to fill orders for

Flooring, Weather-boarding, Sash, Doors, Frames, Brackets, and Mouldings of all Kinds,

☞ Will contract for the erection of buildings.

Orders solicited. Satisfaction guranteed.

C. RATHBURN,

MANAGER,

4 3 9m Mountain Lake Park, Md.

VALUABLE

STOCK FARM

FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

GOLD fields are scarce, but those who write to Sunson & Co. Portland, Maine, will receive free, full information about work which they can do, and live at home, that will pay them from $5 to $25 per day. Some have earned over $50 in a day. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required. You are started free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of snug little fortunes. All is new.

MARY'S ELOPEMENT.

Face to face we sat for some time in the cars, speeding across the country through Ohio.

Old he was, but erect of figure, keen and bright of eye, ruddy of cheek. He sat well forward on the seat as though accoutrements still prevented any lounging, and I noted him for an "old sabre" in a moment. He made the first advance with a preliminary "Hem!" the passing of his left palm over the upper lip, where the mustache ought to have been, and with a slight Irish accent.

"Beg pardon, sir; but I think yer in the service."

"Right you are," I replied, "and if I am not mistaken, you've been here, too!"

Then the right hand went to the forehead, in salute, and the body become rigid.

"Thankee, sir! I'm proud to say I have, and prouder to know I haven't lost the 'set up' yet. Forty-two years, eight months, five days, man and boy, I served the country in the field. Delany's my name—Sergeant Delany,—the cavalry—oncet—Dragoons—an' there's few officers or ould men of the ould army that don't know Sergeant Delany an' be willin' to speak a good word for him."

Then we talked and talked, he most through the long day. In the spirit begotten of comradeship, in the patronage the old blade felt for the young soldier, he gave confidences no other circumstances would have called forth, and, taking the cream of his story, the sum total was this:

"You could not have served so long and escaped wounds," I said, to lead him on.

"To be sure, no! But I haven't kept count. I've me hands on me shoulders an' a full complement of legs and arms, an' anything short of the loss of them I don't count. Sure, we take them in the line of duty—the way they come.

"I was, if I do say it myself, as tight a iad as ever straddled pigskin and wore blade, cocked me hat, carried a can, slapped me leg an' winked at the girls. But I was caught early and fast. I'm of Irish blood, ye see, though I was brought over here while a bit of a boy. But it's Irish I am, and so fightin' and love-makin's small credit to me; it's natheral as breathin'.

"I'd just got me corporal's stripes and were stuck up with 'em like I was a major gineral when the ould—Dragoons were quartered at ——, and there I met as nate an Irish lass as ever wore leather, and in a week I was a married man, and a better enlistment paper I never signed. I always needed strict discipline; then I had it at home and while on duty, and it was the savin' of me.

"Faith, it didn't seem longer than from reville to retreat afore a year slipped around and I was a sergeant and the father of a daughter. Mary we called her, after the mother I loved well but was a troublin' son to; and I can say it bouldly, no purttier creature ever came on earth; and the manners of her, as she growed, were that astonishin' that though her mother were a well-mannered, brisk, modest woman always and I were ever a prompt, disciplined soldier, yet where Mary got the high breedin' ways were continual the worst of puzzle to me.

"There may have been and be men who love their little ones well as I, but ther' were never a man loved daughter better since God gave daughters to men. When she first came I were some put out because she weren't a boy; but I had no thought of that when I found the tenderness of her baby heart. But I taught her all a boy should know. She could swim, ride, shoot, skate afore she was seven, and whistle like a canary. It's many's the time I'd laugh when they'd tell me the ould sayin' about 'whistlin' girls;' and I'm always the notion of music, thou' mighty little talent, but be hard work, after nearly drivin' me wife and all the garrison crazy with me practicin' I learned to make a fair fist, or mouth, with the fife, and could give Yankee Doodle, Garryowen and sich to the satisfaction of me friends and meself and to every one but the regular mimbers of the band. Well, she, Mary, could bate me hollow on that fife in no time, and proud to the very height of pride I was of her.

"We lived well and happy, when we weren't fighting, till she were sixteen years ould. You see, sir, you talkin' of wounds set me on this trail, and I'll tell you how a man can get a worse wound from a friend than ever the bullet or sabre of an enemy can give him, and how he can wound himself worse nor all.

"She were sixteen, as I said, and well educated for her place in life. We were in garrison then, and to fit her for takin' care of herself we let her go into the town to learn the dressmakin'—and never a girl had the good taste in dress like her.

"Well, ther' were a young leftenant came to our troop, then a gay, handsome, brave young chap as ever you see, Barton be name. I respected him as an officer and I loved him as a son.

"It were some ten months after he come, when one night I went to my quarters at the barricks and Mary wasn't there to sit at the table with me. That night before I wint in Leftenant Barton came to me with his bright smile and friendly way, holdin' out his hand. 'Good-by, sergeant,' 'I'm off to-night.' 'Off where, sir?' says I. 'I resigned two weeks ago and my papers has just com in,' says he.

"That onsettled me. I'me hasty tempered at times, and when I went home the wife says, says she, 'you're late, but there's the illigent stew for you.'

"'The devil fly away with your stew, Mrs. Delany,' says I. 'Where's my daughter?'

"'Tain't one of me knows,' says she, 'I specke she's kep' late. Ate your stew, man, and don't be cursin' me, for I won't take it off you nor no man.'

"I'm fond of Irish stew, sir, and no woman makes it better nor Mrs. Delany, but with this and that I were so put out I never enjoyed a bite less.

"Eight o'clock came and I was worried more and more. Then the wife came out from the room where Mary slept with a bit of a note in her hand. I read it: 'Dear father and mother, I have gone with my Barton that I love with all my heart.'

"I was struck cold, sir; I saw it all. Afore I could catch my breath there were footsteps running up the barracks stairs, and Mary burst in, all in silks and satins and velvet.

"'Oh, father! daddy! Oh, mother!' she cried, 'I couldn't go, after all, without seein' you!' Her mother would have rushed to her girl, but I stepped between them.

"'You're no daughter of mine!' says I. 'Mrs. Delany, don't touch her! Girl, go! I'll hear no word from yer mouth. Go! before I disgrace me uniform by strikin' you, before I break my heart with cursin' you!'

"She looked at me; she knew what my temper was when it up was, and she turned and went.

"Ah, sorrow like that is hard to bear. It's the broken heart I carried in my breast them days, and long after. Men tried to speak to me of her and him, but I swore I'd kill the first man that named her name, and I'de done it. I could not face the men and officers, who'd known me so long. I had the right to ask my discharge after that length of service, and I did it and got it, and went where I'd never see a face that knew me.

"The wife never troubled me about the hardness, but I knew no other trade but the soldiering, and things didn't go well with us.

"Mary kept, somehow, knowledge of all our changes, and every month would come a letter with fifty dollars in notes to me. No word—no way I could tell from where it came. Christmas times the notes would be for a hundred, so I knew she was not in want.

"The Bartons were rich and a high family. Often I swore to go to them with the story of the ruin of my girl; but the love Estelle had for her and me own pride held me back from exposin' the trouble. I never played the fife, never thought of the ould thing after, and it's a hard life the wife had with me tempers, but she bore it well.

"The wound me daughter, me officer and meself had given me were killin' me with anger and despair. That wound hurt me longer, hurt me sorer and hurt me worse to the life core than any I ever got from Mexicans, Injuns or rebels, and I got them from all.

* * * * * *

"Well, sir, it was just five years from the time I got deadly hurt, and we were livin' in ——, with hard scratchin' to get along on me pension and what I could make laborin', for I was gettin' ould. I'm past seventy now."

"I came in rather late one night and the wife says: 'You're wanted immediately to the Union Hotel,' says she; 'you've been sent for twice.' 'Why is it?' says I. 'I don't know,' says she; 'but brush yourself up and go at onct,' says she, 'and I'll have a nice stew for you when you get back. Maybe its good luck comin'.

"So I trimmed up for inspection and review. I'd been trying to get a watchman's place on a railroad, and thought maybe some of the masters were waitin' to see me 'bout that.

"I soon go to the hotel. 'My name's Delay,' says I to the clerk. He taps the bell and says to the black man, 'Show the gentleman up to Parlor B,' says he.

"'Gentleman!' thinks I. 'Parlor B,' thinks I. 'It's risin' in the world I am. Maybe they'll be making a superintendent of an ould soldier,' thinks I, and I followed the blackie, all in a blind of wonder.

"It's a fine room I were shown into, and nobody in it. The sarvent left and I was smoothin' my hair before a big looking' glass that was there, when I heard a swish like a dress aside me. I turned and there was Mary—my Mary!—so beautiful, so like a queen, with her darlin' blue eyes lookin' so wistful at me.

"'Oh, daddy!' she cried, holdin' out her two arms, and callin' me by the name she called me when she were my own innocent little baby. 'Oh, daddy, listen to me now.'

"The anger rose up hot in me, though me heart were beaten' like 'twould burst me breast and a lump in me throat were chokin' me.

"'Not a word,' says I. 'not a word with deserters, and traitors, and worse! You're dead to me! You were no more Mary Delaney from the night you left your parents!'

"'No!' says a deep, clear voice, 'but she's Mary Barton, and has been from that same night,' and out of a room door, leadin' into the parlor steps my old leftenant and put his arm around her so bold and lookin' so handsome, that I was speechless.

"I struck the tears from my eyes, and heard a little voice say 'Drandad!' an' I looked down, and there was my little Mary, three years ould, lookin' up at me, an' holdin' in her hands that ould fife.

"I looked from the child to the mother, to the father, and I saw what an ould brute and fool I'd been. No need to tell me a word more.

"Tiss me, drandad!' says the little one, and I gathered her up, and I, that had never shed a tear for sorrow or pain, run the eyes out of me with cryin' for joy.

"We talked and we talked. They told me how they had been in England and France, for Mary's education, how the leftenant's people joined them in Paris the year before, and how they all loved and thought there was nobody like the ould sergeant's Mary, the son's wife. And all this time, God forgive me for bein' selfish, I were forgettin' the poor ould mother.

"The baby was bundled up, holdin' the ould fife that Mary had taken with her when she went, and that baby had always played with, and were soon in a carriage rolling off to my poor home.

"I was in first, little Mary in my arms. Mrs. Delaney was in bed in the back room. 'What kep' ye sargint?' sez she. 'I hope 'twas good luck. Ye'll find th' stew on the stove.

"'The devil fly away with yer stew Mrs. Delany,' says I. 'Come out here and see the stew I've brought you.' But before she could move from the bed Mary was on her, and—well, you can guess the rest, the happiness, the talk, the tenderness of that night! I waked the whole house with Yankee Doodle and Garryowen on that fife, and with me fellin's all worked and bein' out of practice too, they were played bad enough to wake the dead.

"There ain't much more to tell Our troubles and heartaches were over. The next mornin' talking to Mary and the leftenant, I says, takin' a lot of letters out of my pocket, 'If you young people are short of money, here's over three thousand dollars that belongs to you, that's been sent to me for five years back.'

"'Oh, you dear, proud old daddy!' cries Mary, with her arms about my neck and tears in her eyes and voice, 'and you wouldn't use it in all your needs? I might have known it, thinking what you did of me.'

'Well, sir, that money went to buy a little farm where I and the ould wife live like a lady and of course it will go back to them that gave it when we die.

"There's a boy now, sir. I'm going to see him christened Delany Barton, and he's to be a soldier. They're none

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A SONG OF SERVITUDE.

This is a song of serfs that I have made;
A song of sympathy in grief and joy.
The old and young, the proud and the betrayed,
All, all must serve, for all must be obeyed.

There are no tyrants but the serving ones,
There are no servants but the ruling men:
The Captain conquers with his army's guns,
But he himself is conquered by his sons.

What is a parent but a daughter's slave,
A son's retainer when the lad is ill?
The great Creator loves the good and brave,
And makes a flower the spokesman of a grave.

The son is servant in his father's halls;
The daughter is her mother's maid-of-work.
The wren must answer when the robin calls;
And earth must take the raindrop when it falls.

There are no "ups" in life; there are no "downs;"
For "high" and "low" are words of like degree:
He who is light of heart when Fortune frowns,
He is a king, though nameless in the towns.

None is so lofty as the sage who prays,
None so un-high as he who will not kneel.
The breeze is servant to the summer days,
And he is bowed to most who most obeys.

These are the maxims that I take to heart;
Do thou accept them, reader, for thine own.
Love well thy work; be truthful in the mart,
And foes will praise thee when thy friends depart.

None shall upbraid thee, then, for thine estate,
Or show thee meaner than thou art in truth.
Make friends with death; and God, who is so great,
He will assist thee to a nobler fate.

None are unfit to serve; none on their knees
Unfit to pray, when sound the bells of doom.
The flowers are servants to the pilgrim bees,
And wintry winds are tyrants of the trees.

All things obey; all things incur a debt;
And all must pay the same, or soon or late.
The sun will rise betimes, but he must set;
And man must seek the laws he would forget.

There are no truants in the universe,
No false accounts, no treachery, no contempt.
The work we do, the good things we rehearse,
Are boons of nature basely named a curse.

"Give us our daily bread!" the children pray.
And mothers plead for them, while thus they speak,
But "Give us work, O, God!" we men should say,
That we may gain our bread from day to day.

'Tis not alone the crown that makes the King;
'Tis service done, 'tis duty to his kind.
The lark that soars so high is quick to sing,
But proud to yield subservience to the spring.

And we who serve ourselves, whate'er befall—
Ourselves and those we need, and those we love—
Dare we forget, at joy or sorrow's call,
The service due to God, who serves us all?

—*Eric Mackay, in N. Y. Independent.*

A QUIXOTIC FANCY.

How It Was at Last Quite Dispelled.

I thought her the most beautiful woman in the world. I worshiped her with a passionate girlish adoration that can only be comprehended by those who have had a like experience to my own. How it came about that an intimacy should have sprung up between the fashionable Mrs. Dalyel, of Dalyel Court, Warnshire—a Frenchwoman by birth, but now the widow of a wealthy Englishman—and my small insignificant self, will be seen by the conversation which took place the morning after I arrived on a visit to her at Bath. We were sitting in a private room of the Grand Hotel, overlooking the busy thoroughfare of Stall street, and were watching with a melancholy interest the numerous Bath chairs with their sad-eyed occupants passing in endless succession to and fro. Contrasting the lot of these poor sufferers with my own, my heart overflowed at the thought of all Mrs. Dalyel had done for me, and turning to her I tried to express in a few broken words some of the gratitude I felt. She silenced me at once. "Dear Lucy," she said in her musical voice, with the slight touch of foreign accent which gave to her speaking such a charm; "dear Lucy, after all what is it that I have done? Why, truly nothing! You exaggerate the facts, my child. I was in London for the season, and, like others of my friends, I took the pottery craze, and joined a class at Powell and Storm's. You taught that class, and I took a wonderful liking to my charming little teacher. The other day a celebrated physician spoke to me extollingly of Bath. I decided at once to come here—as a preventive rather than a cure, for, thank heaven, my health is excellent. I came, but found it dull; oh! so dull. Then suddenly remembering that your holidays were now going on, I wrote inviting you to join me here. In short, I wanted you to amuse me, Lucy. You owe me no thanks for that."

"My poor father——" I began.

"He was ill, blind, dying, when I knew you first. That accounted for your poor little white face and oft-times tearful eyes. You had to toil and slave to earn money, that he might not want for necessaries. When I learned this my heart bled for your trouble, and I—who had more money than I could spend upon myself—gave you some of it for him. I sent also a little fruit, a little wine, a doctor. Ah! I believe he was a little doctor too! Say, was it not so?"

"Dear Mrs. Dalyel, do you count it nothing that you made my father's last days happier, that you gave him what all my loving toil could not procure? My gratitude——"

"Pshaw! Child, speak not of gratitude. It consists but in the name. It is the rarest——"

"But mine——" I protested.

"Ah, yours will doubtless bear fruit such as the world has never known. It will enable you to move mountains—to give up kingdoms for my sake."

"Why do you laugh?" I asked, much pained. "Since I can remember any thing I have lived only for my father—and my art. From to-day I shall live for something more; to prove to you that there is such a thing as gratitude."

"Dear little enthusiast!" exclaimed Mrs. Dalyel, with a laugh. "Then be it so. Convert me to your belief as quickly as you will. But see how the morning passes. I must go and drink the water."

A few moments later we crossed the street and passed under the colonnade to the pump-room where Mrs. Dalyel took her glass of water from an attendant and sat down at one of the small tables within the cordon, signing to me to do the same. Though every thing was new to me, I glanced but carelessly about the room, at the well known statue of Beau Nash, the King of Bath, at the anxious faces of the water drinkers. I sought for something else, and found it soon in the shape of a white board bearing in large black characters the words: "To the Roman Baths," on which also was a hand with index finger pointing out the route. It was there I had promised to meet Horace, but what excuse could I frame for leaving Mrs. Dalyel? Happily none was needed, for at that moment she happened to look up, and her eyes following mine, she said:

"No need to sit here all the time with me, dear child. Go down and see the newly-discovered Roman Baths. I have seen them once; for me that was enough. In half an hour you can rejoin me here."

I thanked her with a somewhat guilty conscience and left her lingeringly. On passing out of the pump-room I found myself in a narrow passage with doors on either side. Presently I came to a small spiral staircase which brought me to a vaulted corridor hot with the fumes of baths; then, descending a steep wooden ladder I emerged suddenly into the open air on to the scene of the recent excavations. The hot August sun poured down his intensest rays from a heaven unflecked by cloud. Around lay heaped, in picturesque confusion, frieze and capital and column. I glanced momentarily at the few persons inspecting the ruins, but all were strangers to me. I paused on the broad stone steps laid there by our mighty conquerors sixteen centuries before, and gazed down into the dark waters of the bath. Presently a little pebble, so small it scarcely caused a ripple, was flung into the water close to me. Guessing it to be a signal, I turned instantly in the direction whence the pebble came and stepped out of the sunshine into the shadow of some vaulted masonry. There before an easel stood the "one man in the world to me." He drew me to him in the shade, the large canvas on the easel forming a friendly screen before us. He looked into my eyes, and kissed my lips; and I—what wonder that my pulses throbbed, and that my heart beat high with happiness? My short life, hitherto so weighted with care, seemed bathed in sunshine now.

"I may tell Mrs. Dalyel our secret?" I asked Horace as we were about to part to meet again on the same spot next day.

"No, Lucy," he said, "not yet; but soon." And as his will was mine I agreed to keep the secret of my engagement yet a little longer.

Three days went by, three happy days; for each morning I met my lover at our chosen and apparently safe trysting place. But on the fourth, as we sat in our cool retreat, I saw to my inexpressible dismay the tall and graceful figure of Mrs. Dalyel crossing leisurely the open space before us. Horace, whispering me to sit still, rose, altered quickly and dexterously the position of his easel—so that while it still served as a screen to me, he himself stood out in the sunshine—then took up his brush and palette and began to paint. Mrs. Dalyel saw him instantly, and I was struck with the look that came into her face on doing so. It was unmistakably one of recognition and of startled, glad surprise.

"Mr. Lorenzo!" she exclaimed, when she had come quite close to him. Horace raised his hat, but apparently did not see the outstretched hand.

"No doubt you are surprised to find me here, Mrs. Dalyel," he said. "I left Rome about a month since and came to London. I ran down here because——" The pause he made appeared significant.

"You knew that I was in Bath? You came to seek me?"

Her voice was so soft and low, it thrilled me. What a revelation it contained. Scarcely breathing, I awaited his reply.

"Here is my excuse," he answered, evasively, calling attention to his work. "You see I am painting a picture of this place. I am building up these ruins as they may have been in the golden days of their glory, and peopling them with figures of the past."

"The past!" she echoed. "O, at seeing *you* again, I can think but of *one* past. The time, five years ago. The scene, Rome. The actors, you and myself. Have you quite forgotten, Lorenzo?"

"I have forgotten nothing," he answered, in the hardest, bitterest tones I ever heard; and he continued to paint vigorously, while Mrs. Dalyel, from beneath the shadow of her deep lace-bordered parasol, watched him with a feverish look in her fine dark eyes.

"Since we parted, Mr. Lorenzo," she said gently, "I have seen your name rise gradually to fame. Fortune has been kind to you, whilst I——"

"Whilst you are as handsome as ever; as rich, and I trust as happy." She laughed, a little disdainfully, it seemed.

"You judge by appearances," she said. "To tell you the truth, I am most greatly changed."

"Not in my eyes, at least," he answered, in deep, concentrated tones that made me shiver and turn cold. Then she bent her proud head close to his—so close—and spoke rapidly a few words that I could not hear. But he drew back, and to all appearance irrevalently asked: "You are not alone here, Mrs. Dalyel?"

"No. I have with me a little protegee; a young girl whom I have taken up."

"Another whim of the moment!" he asked, bitterly.

"What would you?" she returned, with a slight shrug and her most pronounced French manner. "We idle women who have no ties—we take what you English call 'a craze' for this or that——"

"When 'this or that' means man or woman, then I say the play is sometimes dangerous for the victim," he interrupted. "Perhaps I speak too feelingly. This is scarcely the place, nor is it yet time to enter on——"

"Come to the hotel," she said, not allowing him to finish his sentence. "When may I expect you?"

For a moment he seemed to hesitate, then said in a firm, low voice: "It was my intention to call on you this evening. I will do so."

He went on painting. I saw a flash of triumph leap into her eyes. Then she bowed and turned away. I rose from my dark corner, thinking to pass Horace unperceived. He had dropped his brush and stood gazing after Mrs. Dalyel, seemingly lost in thought—thought that was pleasurable, for he smiled.

"Don't run away like that, Lucy!" he cried, hurriedly catching at my dress as I brushed by. I dared not trust myself to speak, much less to remain, but shaking myself free from his detaining hand, I fled across the open space and up the wooden ladder, scared and breathless. There I turned, and looking down on the scene I had quitted, saw the sunshine gilding the broken columns, glistening in the waters of the bath, and Horace standing where I had left him with a bright smile on his lips. I pressed my hands before my eyes to shut out the sight, and, shivering, made my way back to the hotel.

Too miserable, too mystified, to dare to meet Mrs. Dalyel at lunch, I made an excuse to remain in my own room, but on joining her later, was struck with the change in her. Her cheeks were flushed, her beautiful eyes beamed with a new light in them. She looked handsomer than I had ever seen her. And I—I watched her with a pain at my heart that was new and strange to me. When the wretched dinner was over—which one of us could not touch for happiness, the other for very misery—I was about to leave the room, but Mrs. Dalyel called me to her, bidding me be seated on a low stool at her feet, my hand close clasped in hers. She said: "Lucy, my liking for you is no idle whim. I love you dearly. As a proof of this I have something to tell you that concerns you very closely. But first of all I shall make a confession to you that regards myself. You love me, child?" she asked, leaning over me.

For sole reply, I pressed my lips upon the hand I held, while she continued:

"When quite young I married Mr. Dalyel. My parents arranged the marriage according to the approved French custom. Six years ago my husband died, leaving me a large fortune, the bulk of which, however in the event of my making a second marriage, goes to his only relative; a man of whom I know nothing, except that he disgraced himself in my husband's eyes by going into trade. The first year of my widowhood over, I went to Rome. When there I took a craze for art, studied for several months under one of the first artists, and became acquainted with a young man named Lorenzo, also studying in the same studio. He was many years younger than myself; very handsome, a charming companion, devoted to art, and very soon became equally—or perhaps rather more—devoted to me. Well, what would you? I encouraged him—as a pastime, of course—but never for one moment believed he was sufficiently infatuated and presumptuous to ask me to marry him. He not only asked me to be his wife, however, but seemed astounded by my refusal. I laughed at him, ridiculing to scorn a proposal from a man so young, unknown, and above all penniless. We parted in bitterest anger; for he was proud, high-spirited, passionate as myself. But as time went by, I found, too late, alas, that I loved this proud young artist, whom I had scorned in Rome—loved him with a love your girlish heart could not understand. I said 'too late;' I thought so then; but now, thank heaven, I have seen him once again. He is coming here to-night, and I will tell him——" Bending over me once more, she kissed my forehead, speaking the last words in a whisper: "Can you guess, my child, what I will tell him?"

"That—you love him!"

"Yes!"

"But Mrs. Dalyel, forgive me, are you quite sure that he—that he still loves you?" I asked, trembling, surprised at my presumption; for, could anyone who had once loved her, fail to love her all his life?

"Do you suppose, Lucy, that having once loved me——?"

Ha! It was an answer to my thoughts. She broke off suddenly; then continued in a different tone.

"After all, this is only leading, my child, to what I have to say. Your future, Lucy, is as interesting to me now as is my own. I have found a husband for you. The man to whom, if I marry again, my fortune goes is coming here. I have corresponded with him through my solicitor, and this letter, concerning the affair reached me to-day. I took it this morning to the Roman Bath, to read to you, but we missed each other somehow, and since then other thoughts have filled my mind. He says: 'I am ready to marry your protegee as soon as she will have me, and will call upon you on the evening of the day you receive this letter.' It is short and to the point. He has plenty of strong, good sense, this dear stockbroker cousin, you may be sure! My solicitor tells me he is not rich. Stockbroking has not flourished with him it seems. But with my fortune—mine that I shall forfeit to marry the man I love—you will make quite a grand match, my child. Stand up and let me look at you, little bride elect."

Mechanically, at her bidding, I stood up. What else was there for me but to obey?

"What a poor little trembling mouse it is! How white and scared you look. Oh, but you will be very happy with your stockbroker—far happier than painting pots and plates, my dear. He will be here to-night—and my lover too."

I was still standing in front of her and she was looking at me with her beautiful eyes and smiling red lips. I tried to speak but knew not what to say. In my agony, my right hand clutched a little cord about my throat. So strong was the grasp that the thread snapped suddenly, and a large medallion, till then concealed, fell to the ground at Mrs. Dalyel's feet. She saw at a glance it was a miniature of Horace, and looked at it closely as she took it in her hands, then from it to me.

"How came you by this?" she asked, in a tone in which pride was strangely mingled with surprise.

"Mrs. Dalyel, I painted it from memory."

"You! Is it possible you know Mr. Lorenzo? Why are you so slow in answering? Speak, Lucy."

"I knew him many years ago," I replied, in a voice I did not recognize as my own. "He lodged in our house. We were always poor, you know. He lodged with us in London before he went to Rome. I was a child then."

"But this is a picture of him as he is now. It is like, wonderfully like," she said, looking at it absently, then suddenly up at me. "But, child, child, why do you look like that? There is something more. Tell me, for heaven's sake tell me——" She caught my hands and held them so tightly that she hurt, while her eyes seemed to burn like fire into mine. "Tell me—what is this man—to you?"

"To me? To me?" I gasped, all the suppressed passion in me rising at her words: "Mrs. Dalyel, how can you suppose that he is any thing to me? Have you not said he is—your lover?"

And snatching my hand away, I fled swiftly to my room. On reaching my own little chamber I sat down at the toilet-table dazed and helpless. A long time must have passed for it was dark when some one knocked at my bed-room door. It was Mrs. Dalyel's maid.

"Will you please go to the sitting-room, Miss Vane," she said. And the next moment, without a pause for thought, I was turning the handle of that door.

The bright light dazzled me at first, but I was able to perceive that there were two persons in the room—Mrs. Dalyel and a gentleman. He had his face turned from me; he was partly hidden by the window-curtains.

Mrs. Dalyel rose. She was deadly pale; her lips compressed and bloodless; her head was thrown back proudly. She scarcely seemed to see me, but the look in her eyes was terrible.

"Lucy Vane," she said in a hard, set voice, out of which all the old music had departed: "I told you that I was interested in your welfare, and that, in accordance with the custom of my country, I was arranging a marriage for you. You are aware that my late husband's cousin is ready to marry you. He is here, and desires that I present him to you. Miss Vane—Mr. Horace Dalyel."

So saying, and drawing herself up to her full height, she swept proudly from the room. Horace! I started at the name, then raised my eyes to the man who, after she had pronounced his name—and not before—turned and came a few steps towards me. My heart gave a bound and then stood still at sight of him.

"Ah, what a charming little comedy this has been!" he exclaimed, laughing, as he came forward eagerly with outstretched hands; but I clasped mine behind me and drew back.

"Lucy, won't you speak to me till I explain? Well, then, my darling, sit down here while I tell you my story as short as I can make it, for I want to see you your own dear, smiling self again."

I sank mechanically into the chair he placed for me, and he continued:

"You know when I lodged with you that I was bent upon being an artist, but I did not tell you my real name, or that my cousin—many years my senior and my guardian—did all he could to dissuade me from my intention. I determined to be the master of my own destiny, however, and, without informing anyone except your father, I went to Rome and studied there under the name you know me by—Lorenzo. In order to enjoy my freedom to the fullest and to 'snap all links of habit,' I gave out that I had gone upon the Stock Exchange. It was a happy thought, for by that means I completely ostracised myself from my cousin and his set."

He paused a moment, then went on more rapidly:

"In Rome, many years afterwards, by a strange fatality, I encountered my cousin's widow, and—I do not deny—fell desperately in love with her. She gave me every encouragement, and it did not appear to me presumptuous to believe her passion real, knowing as I did, that according to my cousin's will, if she married again, the bulk of her fortune would be mine. But she behaved infamously: refused me with the utmost arrogance, calling me adventurer, fortune hunter, I know not what; little thinking that a marriage with me was the sole way to keep her wealth, instead of forfeiting it. You may be sure I did not enlighten her on the point; but I swore to be revenged. A rare opportunity presented itself on discovering you to be her protegee. Another, still more unique, occurred when, a few days since, she wrote to her lawyer to negotiate a marriage between the poor, despised, plebeian stockbroker cousin and her dear protegee, Lucy Vane. The letter was forwarded to me here and I made a draft of the answer to be copied by the lawyer's clerk and re-inclosed to Mrs. Dalyel.

"Lucy, the little comedy is ended. The denouement came about most satisfactorily, and behold me, your true lover, here by Madame, my cousin's orders, to make love to you!"

He laughed out merrily, but stopping suddenly: "you scarcely seem to——understand!" he questioned, in an altered tone.

"You—you expect me to enjoy 'the little comedy'?" I asked with a half sob, which I in vain tried to suppress.

"Why not?" and he sought to take my hand.

"Because to me it is more tragedy than comedy," I answered, striving to brace every nerve to calmness, and succeeding to all outward show.

"We view the matter through different lights, it appears, Lucy. And it is hard—just a little hard on me, I think, to take it as you do. You are so utterly unlike your old dear self—is it Mrs. Dalyel's baneful influence? You know I strongly objected to this visit, but you were perfectly infatuated with the woman——"

"Mr. Dalyel, I must leave you. All is at an end between us," I said, getting up and going towards the door.

"But, Lucy, my own darling, this is simply madness! Whatever has come over you? You surely are satisfied that I do not love that woman?"

I can not argue. But I have my own reasons for assuring you that from now we must be strangers. Nothing that you can say will alter this determination. Please let me pass."

"Then you have no right to keep these reasons to yourself. It is the barest justice that you tell me what they are."

O, how could I? How could I, since he did not know, or sought to conceal from me, the fact that Mrs. Dalyel loved him?

"Mrs. Dalyel is so beautiful, so good——" I stammered.

"But, my dearest girl, when I tell you my heart is yours, and that I do not love Mrs. Dalyel?" A ray of light shone on the difficulty.

"Are you quite sure that I—love you?" I asked, crimsoning at the bare thought of the untruth I was about to act.

"Lucy, if you, laying your hand in mine and looking at me with your truthful eyes, can say: 'Horace, I do not love you,' I will believe you, and will give you up. Not otherwise, I swear."

"Then heaven pardon me, for you drive me to it," I exclaimed, in desperation. "Horace, I do not love you." I neither laid my hand in his, nor looked at him. I said the words clearly and firmly that were to part us forever, and before he had recovered from his consternation I had fled from the room. The ordeal was over. My sacrifice was made.

Mrs. Dalyel I did not see again until next morning. I was dressed ready for departure, my portmanteau on a cab before the door.

"Mrs. Dalyel," I said, falteringly, "I have come to wish you good-bye."

She turned and looked at me, her face cold and stern as it had been the night before. There was a scornful smile on her beautiful red lip.

"Where are you going?" she asked, coldly.

"To my old life. To the home in which you found me; and I shall have all I want—all that is good for me," I corrected, hurriedly.

"Go, then."

"Yes. But I can not go like this." Her coldness cut me to the heart. "Will you not kiss me first? I have loved you so?"

"I would as soon kiss an adder," she cried, her eyes blazing with anger. "Go, go; never let me see or hear of you again."

With a choking sensation in my throat I turned away. Pulling down my vail, I left the hotel and started on my sad and solitary journey back to town. How dreary looked my two small rooms in the dull, narrow street of Kensington, despite the warm welcome of the kind, motherly woman with whom I lodged! But I was determined not to repine. I must accept my life as it was and make the best of it. Besides, had I not still my art? So I set about putting my little studio in order, taking from where I had stowed them, my bits of china, my tapestry, my specimens of painted glass. This done, I sat myself down to paint a plaque. But alas, my hand seemed to have lost its cunning, my eyes their sense of color. Ah, how I have laughed since at the sorry sight that unlucky plaque presents, for I continued to paint at it long after it was too dark to see. And then—and then, I suppose, I dropped asleep.

"Thank heaven, you are awake at last!" a well-known, much-loved voice exclaimed.

I had lifted my head from the table on which it had been resting, rubbed my eyes and began to look about me. The gas was lighted. Was it a dream that Horace stood before me?

"I followed you from Bath by the next train," he went on, excitedly. "And now tell me, Lucy, tell me that you did *not* mean what you said to me last night."

"I *did* mean it. I can never, never marry you," I answered, recovering myself. I knew now it was no dream; but that Horace was really there demanding—as he undoubtedly had a right to do—an explanation of my conduct.

"Why can not you marry me?"

"Because——" O, how could I explain?

"I *know* you love me, Lucy."

"This is cruel, wicked of you!" I cried, turning away my face.

"And loving me—knowing also that I love you—it is cruel, wicked of *you*," he continued, using my own words, "to doom us both to misery for no reason that I can understand. If you persist in refusing to have any thing to say to me, pray who will be the gainer?"

"Mrs. Dalyel."

"Great heavens, child! Do you imagine that she is at last in love with me? I confess I had not thought of that!"

"Then do think of it Horace. You have met again. It is—it *is*—quite possible.

"This is indeed too rich a joke. What then?"

"She has been so good to me—so good! It would be such base ingratitude——"

"Ah, now I begin to see! You would sacrifice your happiness to a Quixotic fancy. But in that case, Lucy, you should take care to be the only sufferer. You have no right to spoil my life, too."

"But would it spoil yours? Suppose she loved you and was ready to marry you to-morrow?"

"I would not have her if there were not another woman in the world! I love you, Lucy, and you only. Come, sweetheart, put all these far-fetched ideas of gratitude aside. Unsay the cruel words you spoke last night. Tell me that——" He paused; we stood close together now. He caught my hand and pressed it unhindered to his lips.

"I love you, Horace," I whispered, "and decided wrongly. O, can you ever forgive me?"

He did forgive me; but Mrs. Dalyel did not. I have never seen her since that—to me—most wretched day at Bath. She has a new "craze" now, I hear, and I am glad of it, because I believe if she has that she is happy. Dressed in sable garments, covered by a long dark cloak, she goes at night to visit amongst the London poor, there, with a generous hand, ministering to their needs. They look upon her as an angel of mercy, and her name is blessed by the miserable and the afflicted. Am I then right in calling it "a craze?" Is it not rather that her heart has softened, and that what must have been a real trouble to her has opened it to Paradise?

I have married Horace, and am happier than I had thought it possible to be here below. I realize now how wrong I should have been had I given him up forever, and so spoilt and, perhaps, wrecked two human lives. I have never seen Mrs. Dalyel since that fatal day at Bath, but something whispers to me that the hour is not far distant when we shall meet once more and she will restore to me all the affection so freely lavished upon me in the days gone by.—*E. M. Davy, in The Argosy.*

—A swine breeder says that in weaning pigs there is something more to be considered than simply taking them away from their mother. They should be weaned gradually, so as not to get any stunt or set back. To take pigs away before they have been taught to eat gives them a check for at least two weeks. Feeding them in a separate place to which they have access will accustom them to eating.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Although it has the ugliest name Squam lake is said to be the most charming lake in New England.

LIFE'S BATTLE.

Success or Failure Dependent Upon the Measure Used in Determining Them.

One of the most pathetic and distracting of life's puzzles is that of success or failure. The difference between men who succeed and fail is in many cases not perceptible. Between the extremes—as between the industrious and the indolent, the sober and the inebriate, the shrewd and the dull, the economic and the extravagant, the reason is plain enough. But inside of these limits there are large numbers of men who differ so little in their habits, temper and abilities, that it is next to impossible to say why one, or rather ten if not a hundred should fail and one succeed.

Many a man has had occasion to ask himself this question. His investments made with apparently as good judgment as his neighbor's go to pieces; his neighbor's grow like a rolling snow-ball. He writes a book. If he is so fortunate as to get it published, it brings back nothing and falls as unnoticed as a November leaf in an uninhabited forest. His neighbor, apparently no cleverer, no wiser, no more industrious than he, puts forth a book or a play and fortune and fame come to him at almost telegraphic speed. The shallowest catch-penny, the sneak, the loud-voiced and leather-lunged are always at the front, the painstaking artist, the scientist, the truth-seeking and truth-speaking politician in the rear.

In spite of numerous books on the subject of "How to succeed in Life," and biographies of men who have succeeded, it is doubtful if the proportion of failures to successes has much diminished. Many are still called but few chosen. An association in Great Britain for procuring and disseminating useful information has recently sent out a large number of circulars to ascertain the causes of the failure of unsuccessful men. But the plan itself does not seem to be a success. Several to whom circulars were sent returned them in the shape they received them, as much as to say: "This is none of your business." Some who received the letters of inquiry about the cause of their failure in life thought they were sent to them by mistake and for that reason returned them. Not a few considered themselves insulted, and so informed the secretary. Several women took the matter up and sent letters to the officers of the association, indignantly asking by what right they called their fathers and husbands failures. On the other hand, several persons who were not regarded by the officers of the society as failures have sent for blanks to be filled out.

The whole question apparently depends upon what men call a success or a failure: and in each man's case that definition depends upon the individual's temperament. If he is of a sanguine, good-natured, contented disposition, interested in other people more than in himself, easily diverted and usually pleased with his own conduct, and especially if he be conceited and self-reliant, he will be inclined to believe himself successful in what he undertakes: or if not, that he will be before he dies. If he is the opposite of all this he will think himself more or less of a failure, no matter how successful the world may account him.

The question of success or failure depends, therefore, upon the measure or standard that is used to determine it. If one trusts what most so-called successful men have to say about their mother's influence, those humble, obscure, but good, strong women, achieved in their sons' greatness a splendid success and were not the apparent failures which, in the seclusion of their chimney corners, the world supposed them to be. Many a man happily married, the father of children who bring him comfort and do him honor, for whom by industry and good sense he is able to earn a livelihood, and to give them as fair a start as the large majority of their associates have, ought, as things go in this world, to set himself down as a success and not a failure.

But what is generally meant by success are the prizes in the lottery of life. Life is, in fact, a lottery which has comparately few blanks. To nearly all who share in it, it secures some return. But its great prizes are few, and they who lose them are pronounced failures. Besides all this, it may well happen that those who draw these prizes have failed to secure many a blessing that the lower shares confer upon those who draw *them*. For the high prizes often bring with them responsibility, anxiety, envy, distrust of one's fellowmen, a thousand cares, often a barrenness of domestic joys, if not domestic discord, the clamor of beggars, the fierce conflict with rivals, and, to end all, some blasting disappointment rendered all the more bitter by previous success. Any thoughtful, upright man of decent behavior might well hesitate to pronounce his life a failure even if it had not brought to him the highest prizes. "To do all the good we can, and no harm that we know," said a business man whose pecuniary success was undoubted, "is my idea of a successful life," and any life of which a man has made the most, as near as his vision let him see his opportunity and capacity, has achieved success. For we often determine our failures by our enlarged experience afterward instead of by our judgment and insight at the time, which was all we had to guide us.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Some Sort of Sad News.

"Thunder and lightning, Carter, is this you?"

"Yes."

"Why, I thought you were dead."

"No, I was never dead."

"Are you quite right sure of that?"

"Yes."

"Why, I'm pretty sure I saw something in a paper about you being dead."

"I guess you read about me getting married."

"Well, may be it was that. I know it was some kind of sad news."—*Kentucky State Journal.*

—The art of thinking, then, is well worthy of cultivation, whether the individual is naturally endowed with logical capacity or represents only indifferent ratiocinative capacity—*N. Y. Medical Monthly.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The Friends (Quakers) in England are decreasing in numbers quite rapidly.

—The University of Southern California partitions itself, and has college departments in six towns.

—The largest Protestant Sunday-school in Philadelphia is the Bethany Presbyterian with 2,456 scholars.

—Dr. Newman Hall has nineteen Sunday-schools in connection with his church in London, in which there are 5,600 pupils.

—It is estimated that the total cost of the new Roman Catholic Church of the Sacred Heart, Montmarte, Paris, will be 26,000,000 francs, or £1,040,000.

—Eighteen of the fifty-seven surviving members of President Dwight's Yale class of 1849 were present at his inauguration. The class numbered ninety-four at graduation.—*Hartford Post.*

—Prof. Peabody in a sermon at Harvard University suggests the danger that "athletic culture" be carried "beyond the needs of a liberal education" and sometimes to a "perilous extreme."

—A missionary in India sends home a strong protest against church lotteries, husking-bees, raffles and all similar devices for raising money. He fears lest the heathen hear that such methods are used by some Christian churches, and and denounce them as discreditable to any religion.—*Christian Union.*

—The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South took strong ground upon the subject of divorce. Ministers of that church are forbidden to solemnize marriage between divorced persons while both parties to the divorce are still living, except in cases where there was Scriptural reason for granting the divorce.—*N. Y. Times.*

—The "Gospel wagon," which the Central Union Mission of Washington is using, commends itself as being the outcome of practical common sense. It is an ordinary omnibus, and contains a cabinet organ, a good choir and several speakers. Every Sunday afternoon it is driven to regions where the inhabitants do not often hear the Gospel preached and religious services of an interesting character are held.—*Washington Post.*

—Colonel D. B. Sickels, formerly the representative of the United States in Siam, has received from Bangkok a letter which says: "His Majesty is so well pleased with the results of the system of public education for males, which was established a few years ago at your suggestion, that he has decided to establish a school in this city for the instruction of the native women, and it is probable that a prominent missionary lady will be placed at the head of the institution."—*N. Y. Independent.*

—The superintendent of the Buffalo schools at a recent commencement said: "Our common school system should be shaped so as to best serve the needs of the industrial masses. The training of the mind should go hand in hand with that of the body to develop healthy and favorable conditions of both, and to better fit graduates for life's duties. To this end educators are looking ahead to the time when Buffalo will catch the popular spirit of progress that is giving prominence to several sister cities in this direction, and furnish the higher grades an opportunity to receive elementary training of an industrial character."—*Buffalo Express.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—There are many people who know enough to stir up contentions that don't know enough to keep out of them.—*Chicago Ledger.*

—People open their hearts and expand when they marry. At a wedding they should not be called the contracting parties.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—Much of the world is prejudiced against facts, because facts stick to the text and don't go out of the way to concoct a palatable medium for the world's own genteel taste and wise opinions.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Chicago Life.—"Say, bub, is that your mother sitting on the front steps?" "Naw; that's the hired girl, Jenny." "Can I see your mother?" "Easy 'nough; go round to the kitchen door."—*Chicago News.*

—It is said that much suffering is caused an animal by defective shoeing. This will be readily understood by noticing a woman shoo a hen. The poor bird does not know which way to go.—*Boston Post.*

—Little boy (looking up from a newspaper)—"Uncle, what is the 'The Great Woman Question' that the papers say so much about?" Uncle, (who is a cynical old bachelor)—"The great woman question, did you say? I suppose it is, 'What did she have on?'"—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—Physician (with his ear to patient's chest): "There is a curious swelling over the region of the heart, sir, which must be reduced at once." Patient, (anxiously): "That 'swelling' is my pocket-book, doctor, please don't reduce it too much."

—Customer (in barber's chair)—"Were you ever a butcher?" Barber—"No, sir. But my fadder vas a butcher by dot Vashington market. He vas a good butcher." Customer—"You have inherited his talent. Only once over, please.—*Life.*

—The Most Important Commandment.—Sunday-school Teacher—"Can any one of you little boys tell me which of the commandments is the most important to keep?" Little Johnny (whose father is an editor)—"I can, sir." "What commandment is it, Johnny?" Johnny—"Take your home paper!"—*Texas Siftings.*

—Bebe is given two oranges because she has behaved well. "Come," said her mother, "don't be greedy. Give one of them to your little brother." Bebe, with very good grace, holds out the fruit to her brother. "You may choose," said she, "but don't take the biggest one."—*Chicago Journal.*

—A young man, recently married, suggested to his wife that they should argue some question frankly and fully every morning. The first question happened to be "whether a woman could be expected to get along without a hat." He took the affirmative; and when last seen he had climbed into a hayloft and was pulling the ladder after him.—*Prairie Farmer.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A SPLENDID TIME.

With acorn cups and saucers,
And lovely oak-leaf plates,
A paper for a tablecloth,
And bits of stone for weights—
Because the wind in frolic
Might blow it all away—
We children had a company
In Cedar Woods to-day.

We had a loaf of gingerbread
From grandma's best receipt,
The very nicest kind of cake
For hungry boys to eat.
We had Aunt Sarah's cookies,
And biscuits made with yeast,
And sandwiches, of course, beside,
A really royal feast.

We'd asked our Cousin Lucy,
And Dr. Perkin's Fred,
And pretty Lottie Sanderson,
And merry Jack and Ned.
But, sitting by her window,
As dull as dull could be,
We saw, as to the woods we went,
That fretful May McGee.

"Poor little lonesome cripple,
No wonder she is cross;
We all of us might be the same,"
So pleaded darling Floss;
And as we looked and listened,
We thought about a way
To make a sort of litter,
And carry little May.

You should have seen her wonder,
You should have heard her laugh;
We had a splendid time with May,
A better time by half
Than if we'd left her pining
Ap risoner by nerself,
As lonely as a single cup
Upon the kitchen shelf.

And since we've thought about it
We mean to have a care,
And always in our pleasant things
Let some forlorn one share:
And thus, our mother tells us,
We'll keep the Golden Rule,
And send the happy times along,
At home, at play, in school.

—*Mrs. M. E. Sangster, in Congregationalist.*

A GOOD LESSON.

Sam Wadley's Manly and Heroic Way of Making Reparation.

"The good lands! what's that!" excitedly cried frightened Aunt Deborah.

Aunt Deborah might well exclaim in surprise. For as she sat knitting quietly and humming a quaint old tune of long ago, one she had learned as a child—c-r-rash! bang! came a stone into the room, shivering the window-pane, just missing the swinging lamp in the hallway, making an ugly scar on the cabinet, and breaking into fragments a handsome vase. Then, as if satisfied with the mischief it had done, it rolled lazily across the floor, and finally stopped under the table, an inert, jagged bit of granite.

Aunt Deborah, as the stone pursued its reckless course, placed her hands over her head and shrank back into her chair, a frightened and unwilling witness to the destruction of her property. It was quite distressing. Besides the nervous shock, there was the broken window; there was the cabinet showing a great white dent that could not easily be removed; and there, too, was the vase she had kept so many long years, lying shattered and ruined before her eyes.

Aunt Deborah was one of the best and most kind-hearted of women; but—she was human, and the sudden havoc wrought by the missile exasperated as well as frightened her. She rushed to the window and opened it in time to see three or four boys scampering down the street as fast as their legs could carry them.

"Oh, you young scapegraces!" she cried. "If I could once lay hold on you, wouldn't I teach you a lesson!"

But the boys never stopped until they had disappeared around a friendly corner. Aunt Deborah was so overcome by the accident, and so intent on watching the retreating boys to whom she desired to teach a lesson, that she did not at first notice a barefooted lad standing under the window on the pavement below, holding a battered old hat in his hand, and looking up at her with a scared face and tearful eyes.

"Please, Miss," said the boy, tremulously.

"Oh! Who are you? Who threw that stone at my window?" called out Aunt Deborah, as she spied him.

"Please, Miss," pleaded the boy, fumbling nervously his torn hat, "I threw it, but I didn't mean to do it."

"Didn't mean to do it, eh?" replied Aunt Deborah, fiercely. "I suppose the stone picked itself up and pitched itself through my glass!"

"I was going to throw it down the street, but Bill Philper touched my arm, and it turned and hit your window," he explained.

There was an air of frankness and truth about the boy, and the fact that he had not run away like the others (whom, somehow, Aunt Deborah held chiefly responsible for the outrage), caused her to relent a little toward him.

"Come in here," she said, after eyeing him closely for a moment.

The lad hesitated; but summoning all his courage, he went up the steps, and soon stood in her presence.

"Do you see that," she said, pointing at the window—"and that"—(at the cabinet)—"and that?"—(at the broken vase)—"and that?"—at the stone.) "Now, isn't that a fine performance?"

"I am very sorry," said the boy, the tears welling into his eyes again.

He looked ruefully about at the damaged articles, and glanced at the stone, wishing heartily that he had never seen it.

"Now, what's to be done about it?" asked she.

"I don't know, ma'am," said he, very ill at ease. "I will try to pay you for it."

"What can you pay, I should like to know?" she said, glancing at his patched coat and trousers and his torn hat.

"I sell papers," said he; "and I can pay you a little on it every week."

"What's your name?" she asked.

"Sam Wadley," answered the boy.

"Have you a father?"

"No, ma'am," replied Sam; "he's dead."

"Have you a mother?"

"Yes, ma'am?"

"What does she do?" continued Aunt Deborah.

"She sews, and I help her all I can, selling papers."

"How can you pay me any thing, then?"

"Please, ma'am, I'll tell mother all about it, and she'll be willing for me to pay you all I make."

"Well, now, we'll see if you are a boy to keep his word," said Aunt Deborah.

"How much must I pay?" Sam inquired, anxiously.

"Let me see." Aunt Deborah put on her spectacles and made a critical survey of the room. "Window—fifty cents; vase—one dollar—I wouldn't have had it broken for five!—That'll do—one dollar and a half. I shan't charge you for the dent in the furniture."

"I'll try to pay you something on it every week," said Sam. "There are some days when I don't make any thing; but when I do, I'll save if for you."

"Very well," said Aunt Deborah; "you may go now."

He thanked her, and went slowly out, while Aunt Deborah began to pick up the fragments strewn over the floor.

"Oh, wait a moment!" she cried.

Sam came back.

"Take this stone out with you, and be careful what you do with it, next time," she said. "By the way, if you wish to keep out of trouble, you'd better not keep company with that Flipper boy—"Aunt Deborah had a rather poor memory for names—"if I had him, wouldn't I give him a lesson!"

She uttered the last sentence with such a relish, that Sam was glad enough to get away. He was afraid she might conclude to bestow upon him the salutary lesson which she had proposed to give "Flipper," as she called him.

Sam hurried home as fast as he could. His mother, a pale, delicate woman whose wan features and sunken eyes showed the effects of too hard work, heard his simple tale, wiped away his tears and encouraged him in his resolve to pay for the damage he had done. From that day, Sam began to be very diligent, and to earn pennies in every honest way possible to him. And every week he carried some small amount to Aunt Deborah.

"That boy has some good in him," she said when he had brought his first installment. And though she grew more kind toward him every time he came, occasionally giving him a glass of milk, a sandwich or a cake, she rarely failed to warn him against the influence of that "Flipper" boy.

His young companions laughed at him for paying his money to Aunt Deborah, and called him a coward for not running away when they ran; but all they said did not turn him from his purpose.

One evening he went with a cheerful heart to pay his last installment. As he passed the window of the sitting-room he glanced in. There sat Aunt Deborah, earnestly knitting. The lamplight fell upon her sober face and Sam wondered if she ever looked really smiling and pleasant. "It doesn't seem as though she would be so stiff with a fellow," he said to himself. Then, in response to her "Come in," he entered the room and handed her the money.

"I believe that is all, ma'am," said he.

"Yes, that pays the whole sum," said Aunt Deborah; "you have done well."

"I am still very sorry I have troubled you, and I hope you forgive me," he said.

"I do, with all my heart," she said, earnestly.

"Thank you," said Sam, as he started out, picking his old hat from the floor, where he had placed it on entering.

"Come back," said Aunt Deborah. "I've something more to say to you."

With a startled look he turned into the room. Aunt Deborah went to the cabinet and unlocked it. She first took out a pair of new shoes, then half a dozen pairs of socks, some underclothing, two nice shirts, a neat woolen suit, and lastly a good felt hat.

"Sam," said she to the astonished lad, "I have taken your money, not because I wanted it, but because I wished to test you. I wished to see whether you really meant to pay me. That Flipper boy would never have done it, I am sure. You have done so well in bringing me your little savings that I have learned to like you very much. Now I wish to make you a present of these articles. In the pocket of this jacket you will find the money you have paid me. I wouldn't take a cent of it. It is yours. You must keep working and adding to it, so that you can soon help your mother more. Go to work now with a light heart, and grow up a true and an honest man. Tell your mother that I say she has a fine son."

In making this speech, Aunt Deborah's features relaxed into a pleasant smile; and Sam smiled, too, and was so pleased that he could hardly utter his thanks.

"And mind you," continued she, suddenly changing the current of his thoughts, "don't associate with that Flipper boy!"

"Please, ma'am," said Sam, feeling a twinge of conscience that his former companion should bear so much of the blame, "you have been very kind to me, but Bill Philper didn't know the stone would turn as it did, and break your window."

"Then why did he run away?" inquired Aunt Deborah, somewhat fiercely. "It's quite proper that you should try to excuse him, Sam; but I should like to teach him a good lesson."

"You—you—have have taught me a good lesson," said Sam, with a blushing face, "and I—I—thank you very much for it."

Aunt Deborah smiled benignly again, and warmly bidding Sam to come often to see her, she let him out at the door. She felt very happy as Sam disappeared down the street, and he was very happy, as he hurried home with his great bundle, and told his mother all about it, which made that good woman very happy, too. So they were very happy all around. And it all came about because Sam had stood up like a brave boy to confess his wrong, which is always manly, and had offered reparation for it, which is always right, and had gone forward, in spite of the taunts of his companions, denying himself pleasures and comforts in order to do that which he knew to be right, which is always heroic.—*St. Nicholas.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Nothing adds to the value of a farm more than good roads in the country adjoining it.

—According to the Toronto *Globe* a hen set at evening instead of by daylight "will be more sure to stick to the nest."

—Among various and destructive insects perhaps none is better known or proves more troublesome than the tent caterpillar.

—Clean out all the rose bushes by taking away the old wood and then shortening the stronger shoots one-third. The growth and appearance will be greatly improved thereby.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

We have watched fields that have been fertilized almost wholly with commercial fertilizers, and on being seeded to grass no such results follow as come from a liberal use of manure.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

—Plain Cake: Break two eggs in a cup, fill it up with sour cream, add one cup of sugar, stir well, a salt-spoonful of soda, one and one-half cups of flour, salt and nutmeg. Bake three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven.—*The Household.*

—A Dream Cake: Make a rich batter, and bake it in three layers. The layers should be frosted with confectioner's sugar and the white of eggs. The frosting for the first layer should be flavored with lemon, for the next layer with vanilla, and the top layer should be flavored with a few drops of rose water and thickly covered with cocoanut.—*Boston Globe.*

—Creamed Chipped Beef: Shave beef very thin, freshen by placing in cold water and bringing to a scalding heat; pour off water, add a piece of butter washed free from salt, a little pepper, let fry a few minutes, then add one-half teacup of sweet cream, in which you have stirred one teaspoon corn starch. Simmer five minutes and serve very hot.—*Exchange.*

—To take cinders from the eye, in most cases, a simple and effective cure may be found in one or two grains of flaxseed, which can be placed in the eye without pain or injury. As they dissolve a glutinous substance is formed, which envelops any foreign body that may be under the lid, and the whole is easily washed out. A dozen of these seeds in the porte-monnaie should be added to every traveler's outfit.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—The *Sanitary Engineer* gives the following as a method of getting rid of cockroaches: "Give the bug a kind of phosphorate paste. A few of the bugs eat some. Then those cockroaches who do not get any set to work and kill those who were fortunate enough to get some, and tear open their stomachs, so possessed are they to get some of the paste. These bugs in return are killed by others, until there are no cockroaches left. The paste kills the last set."

—An old horseman has this to say about the use of blinds on horses: "Usually the use of blinds causes the very evil it is intended to remedy—shying. The horse shies because he sees something imperfectly, or can not see at all an object which makes a noise, the nature of which he does not understand. If he has not blinds to interfere with his sight he will shy less often. If you have a horse addicted to shying, remove the blinds and be kind to him for a few days, until he has gained confidence in himself and in you. This will effect a radical cure.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

WILLOWS FOR FUEL.

The Promising Experiment Made by a Western Iowa Farmer.

A few weeks ago I put out 1,500 willow cuttings on the shoulder side or space between the ridge of a machine made ditch, 230 yards long, plowed out last spring, and it is expected that they will grow one-third faster, and as much larger, in six or seven years, than they would in high and dry soils.

In this State, and others of the Northwest, there are a large number of bogs or sloughs—narrow and awkwardly formed parcels of marsh land—which are most of them quite wet several weeks in spring, producing only a profusion of large weeds and coarse grasses that are not suitable for grazing or hay. Scores of miles of ditches were plowed through these scattered and numerous sloughs last spring, cutting many of them in two lengthwise.

In my own case, there are only two sloughs, varying from four to a dozen or sixteen rods in width, and the ditch and its excavated bank will make an earth basis for a good and necessary fence. As this willow grows so freely on moist land, both here and in England, I have decided—if I survive till next spring—to set out strong willow cuttings, 15 to 20 inches long, on enough of the moist, narrow strips of marsh land to raise wood lots for fuel for one or two small farms.

There was temporary doubt at first about preventing the newly set cuttings from being shaded and smothered by the rank growth of natural grass and weeds produced on this slough soil. But on consideration it is found that mulching with coarse manure, old straw, etc., will keep the grass and weeds down, and allow the willows to grow up and get a tall start in the first two seasons, without check.

The width apart of these wood-lot willow rows may be from 6 to 10 feet, and the distance between the set cuttings in the rows from 2 to 4 feet, according to size of cutting, depth of soil, etc., the greater width between the rows being to admit teams and wagons or sleighs in drawing wood for fuel six or seven years hence. If the rows average 8 feet between, this will be four rows to the rod; and as, when seven years grown, 2½ rods in length of a single row will supply a cord of willow wood for fuel, a single row of 40 rods each in length, will probably supply sixteen cords of home-raised willow wood fuel—enough to serve a large farm-house for six months with firewood; and only ten such rows, 40 rods each in length will supply fuel permanently for a century, if fire is kept out of the plantation and reasonable care is exercised in cutting the poles off smoothly.—*J. W. Clarke, in Country Gentleman.*

SUCCESSFUL HYPOCRITES.

The Number of Gifts Which They Must Necessarily Possess.

So far as our own observation has gone, we are driven to the conclusion that the hypocrite of fiction is a person who appears in fiction and nowhere else. To deny that there ever existed such a person as Joseph Surface or Mr. Pecksniff would be injudicious, for the simple reason that we are not acquainted with all the people who have existed, and it is difficult to set a limit either to the moral or the physical freaks of nature; but it is by no means difficult to prove that such a character is as truly abnormal as the Siamese twins or the "two-headed nightingale." Of course, it can neither be reasonably denied that there is such a vice as hypocrisy, nor affirmed that its manifestations are particularly rare. Hypocrisy is, indeed, unpleasantly common, but it is very different, a much less amusing and a more dangerous quality than the counterfeit presentment which stands as its substitute on the boards of the stage and in the pages of the novel. The one distinguished peculiarity of the hypocrite of fiction is that he is a conscious and deliberate humbug. He does not believe in his own professions of religion and philanthropy, but adopts them, as the peripatetic card sharper adopts his rustic garb and his innocent expression, in order to deceive and swindle his neighbors. It is clear that if this be the ordinary type of hypocrisy the successful hypocrite must be a singularly clever person. He must possess in a high degree a number of qualities which, while singly more or less rare, are in combination hardly to be found anywhere. He must have insight into character, that he may gauge the gulibility of each victim; he must have wonderful tact to keep him from mistakes as to the best method of approach; he must, for reasons too obvious to be particularized, have a fine histrionic gift; and he must, moreover, possess sufficient sympathy with true religous emotion or lofty moral impulse to imitate its manifestations with some decent approach to verisimilitude. A man of this kind would have so many resources that he would be extremely unlikely to tie himself down to the very troublesome plan of making his way by affecting to hold convictions with which he had no sympathy, and conditioning his life by altogether distasteful limitations. The villain in a transpontine melodrama, who is generally as much of a fool as a knave, every now and then exclaims: "I must dissemble;" but if a clever man were to set himself to dissemble through every hour of his life he would soon come to the conclusion that the game was not worth the candle.—*Longman's Magazine.*

A Small Dakota Cyclone.

Eccentric as these storms are, we maintain that when it comes down to a genuine accommodating hurricane Dakota again takes the lead. A good example of this occurred in this county. John Eckers had pre-emption and homestead claims adjoining, and about the time of the following remarkable occurrence he had just proved up on the former. A day after his proof had been made he was eating his evening meal in his log shanty with a neighbor. "Say, pard," he remarked, "now I've got my pre-emption I'll have to move this house onto the homestead claim, as it will be cheapar than putting up another." Hardly were the words out of his mouth when one of these sudden, small cyclones struck the shanty, and, strange as it may seem, lifted the house off the pre-emption and set it down on the homestead, without breaking anything except a shaving-cup.—*Wahpeton (Dak.) Mercury.*

An exchange says that "a race of hairless Americans is probable." Please give place and date; also excursion rates.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Is it Really Consumption?

Many a case supposed to be radical lung disease is really one of liver complaint and indigestion, but, unless that diseased liver can be restored to healthy action, it will so clog the lungs with corrupting matter as to bring on their speedy decay, and then indeed we have consumption, which is scrofula of the lungs, in its worst form. Nothing can be more happily calculated to nip this danger in the bud than is Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." By druggists.

An attached couple that are always separating—a pair of shears.

A Hudson River yacht is named "Corn," which would seem to be a more appropriate name for a toe-boat.—*Troy Times.*

Fish is good brain food, except in instances when it doesn't find any thing to assimilate with.—*Burlington Free Press.*

There was a great deal of poetry quoted the Fourth of July. The small boy had Burns at his fingers' ends.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Customer—"I should like to look at a fat goose." Shop-boy—"If you'll wait a minute, missus will be here directly."—*Boston Post.*

The difference between a buzz-saw and a bull-dog is that when the former is most dangerous it never shows its teeth.

An exchange says: "Mountains have no eyes, but we've seen a mountaineer." If without eyes, how can a mountain peak?

In 1701 Yale had but a single student. He must have had a soft thing on the college base-ball and sparring championship.

"Where are the most mis-marriages?" "In England, because nearly every woman that marries is a miss."—*Berlin Journal.*

The most afflicted part of the house is the window. It is always full of panes, and who has not seen more than one window-blind?—*Boston Budget.*

A North Adams (Mass.) woman is spoken of as "quarrying stone like a man." Probably she thinks a stone man is better than none.

The New Haven *News* says that oleomargarine should henceforth be called orphan butter. Let it go no father.—*Lowell Courier.*

"I say, Jack, have you heard about the conflagration?" "No; what conflagration?" "Why, the faculty have fired Snodkins."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"Say, I've got the hiccoughs. Frighten me, won't you." "Lend me a five." "Thanks, it's all over now."—*Burlington Free Press.*

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is the sum Dr. Pierce offers for the detection of any calomel, or other mineral poison or injurious drug, in his justly celebrated "Pleasant Purgative Pellets." They are about the size of a mustard seed, therefore easily taken, while their operation is unattended by any griping pain. Biliousness, sick-headache, bad taste in the mouth, and jaundice, yield at once before these "little giants." Of your druggist.

The Fall River *News* says a new yarn mill is to be started there. Wonder what they want another newspaper there for any how!—*Lowell Citizen.*

Hall's Hair Renewer is cooling to the scalp and cures all itching eruptions.

For ague, bilious, intermittent, breakbone, and swamp fevers, use Ayer's Ague Cure.

A man seeing on a dentist's sign: "Teeth extracted without pain," remarked: "I never could get any teeth extracted without payin'."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

The "Favorite Prescription" of Dr. Pierce cures "female weakness" and kindred affections. By druggists.

If a brooklet is a little brook, what is a goblet.—*Springfield Union.*

Shun Ointments and Lotions for skin diseases, cuts, sprains, bruises, &c., and use Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, Black or Brown, 50c.

"By their works ye shall know them."—Watches.

The best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c.

After all this world is a dangerous place—very few get out of it alive.

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"All the world's a stage," but the fare does not suit every body.

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SATURDAY, AUG. 7, 1886.

The administration has very few friends among the newspapers of New York. Here is an extract from the New York *Sun*:

"In the sixteen months from March 5, 1885, to June 30, 1886, the present administration has reduced the interest-bearing national debt by the sum of $50,143,000. In the sixteen months preceding March 5,1885,when the present administration came into power, a Republican administration had reduced the interest-bearing debt of the country by the sum of $116,-297,000. Is it any wonder that the Democratic leaders of the House of Representatives are dissatisfied with this record, and that they should seek to improve it before next autumn's elections?"

The following communication,signed "Mountaineer," appeared in a recent issue of the Cumberland *Daily News*:

The possession of the next House will be of supreme importance to the National Republican party, as preliminary to the succeeding Presidential contest. The party cannot afford to fritter away its chances at this time. All questions of personal ambition ought to be subordinated to the greater question of party success, for the Republican party represents great aims and ideas that painfully need to prevail in National affairs at this time. The party is greater than any of its members, no matter how illustrious their names or deserving their record. The question for the Republicans for this Congressional district to consider just now is narrowed down to the simple issue as to who can carry it for us beyond a reasonable doubt. Does any one fancy that McComas' last tremendous majority can be overcome if he runs again? Does any one believe that any other candidate is so absolutely sure of election? These questions admit of only one answer. We must nominate McComas or run a chance, a big chance, of defeat! This will explain the zeal of the *Times* to have somebody else nominated, and the very fact of McComas' unquestioned ability to defeat any Democrat who may be set up against him is the feather that wings the shafts of the bitter and vulgar assaults made upon him. "Does Job serve God for naught?"

When a young Congressman shows that he has in him the material out of which National reputations are made, he should be kept there, for his usefulness and influence must increase with each succeeding term. Congressional representation is not a thing for experiments,nor is it a prize to be hawked around among party leaders, in accordance with "claims" real or imaginary of this or that locality or individual. Such considerations are silly and puerile. It is a great trust that the people should zealously guard—a trust that should not be taken from worthy and competent hands. Mr. McComas' work in Congress has been strong, practical and judicious. He has been a hard-working, faithful and efficient servant of the people. His speeches have shown a laborious research, a mastery of details, a scholarly depth, a statesmanlike breadth and a literary finish that have given him a National reputation in a body where brains are the only thing that can give a man standing. To remove such a man at a time when he is only at the threshhold of a most promising career would evince a degree of party stultification for which I think the Republicans of the Sixth Congressional district are hardly yet ripe.

The Tucker county *Pioneer* says it may be possible that the town of Davis will take Tucker county out of the Democratic ranks. It is reported that the men who have moved in and about that growing place are Republicans to the tune of 300 majority, which will more than offset the county.

To become an able man in any profession, there are three things necessary—nature, study and practice.

It is very dangerous for any man to find any spot on this broad globe that is sweeter to him than his home.

A Curious Complaint.

A "Member of Congress" who did not need to conceal his name, since he only says distinctly what many other Democrats have been saying with more emphasis and sulphurous embelishment, sets forth in a long letter in *The Herald* the grounds of the Democratic complaint against President Cleveland. The short-comings of the party in Congress had been pointed out, and it had been shown that the party had broken many pledges, had done no good and some mischief, and had been prevented from doing great and irreparable mischief only by the steadfast opposition of Republicans. But the "Member of Congress" replies that the blame does not lie with Congress, but with the President. It was his duty to be the leader of his party; "not to plant himself on an ideally perfect policy and let the party go to pieces, but to bring it to an agreement upon a course which, if not ideally the best, should yet be in the line of its duty to the country." Instead, Presifient Cleveland has taken an attitude "of suspicion and of contemptuous opposition—the attitude of a school-master." He has "isolated himself from the leading minds of his party in Congress;" has "not influenced ten votes in the House on any question;" his "narrow and ill-informed mind has never tried to grasp the opinions of the whole country;" he "thinks men who do not agree with him are either insincere or lacking sense;" he keeps "a cross-roads lawyer from Arkansas in the Attorney-General's office;" and "it is natural that he should despise a party whose master he thinks himself. But he is deceived." So the "Member of Congress" concludes,that his associates are "no doubt often ill-informed and prejudiced, and moved unduly perhaps by the supposed needs or demands of their localities," but "they cannot be bullied."

Does it occur to any of those who helped elect Mr. Cleveland that all this was precisely what Republicans urged as one of the chief objections to his election? He was "a man of narrow and ill-formed mind," Republicans told the country; his party was not fit to be trusted by itself, and he entirely lacked the qualities and the training to become a competent or safe leader of such a party. Was not all this true? If it was, why did Democrats want to elect such a man? They must have known, indeed,some of them said openly, that Mr. Cleveland's exceeding unfitness, matching so lamentably the unfitness and untrustworthiness of his party, would make his election a terrible disaster to Democracy. But the party was so absurdly unfit that it worked for him and brought upon itself the disaster,nevertheless. Why? Because it has one effective motive—insatiable hunger and consuming thirst. It saw disgrace and disaster a little way off, but Federal pap within reach, and it went for the pap regardless of the disgrace and impending ruin. Of course such a party deserves such a President. It needed a great leader, but contemptuously spurned the men who might have taken that place. Instead, it set up a man of whom little was known except that he knew little.

So the party has its reward. This member of Congress says: "We are all going home to our constituents in a few days, and we go there, not boasting of what the Democratic Administration has accomplished, but excusing as well as we may be able its failures and mistakes." That tells only a corner of the truth. Nine-tenths of the time of Democratic members, when they go before their constituents, will have to be spent, not in excusing failures of the Administration, but in apologizing for the crimes of Congress. That is the especial difficulty, Had Democrats in Congress been fit for their trust, they would not have needed a leader to save them from themselves. They were not fit, did need such a leader, spitefully drove out of place and influence the only men they had who were in any degree capable of wise leadership, and have been going to the bad ever since. Now they whine because Mr. Cleveland was not large enough and wise enough to make his party decent in spite of itself.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Senator Miller's Successor.

SACTAMENTO, CAL., Aug. 3.—Both Houses of the Legislature met at 12 o'clock this morning and immediately proceeded to elect a United States Senator to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Miller, and A. P. Williams, who was nominated at the Republican caucus a few hours before, was nominated, and received a majority of the votes in both Houses. The Democrats nominated Senator Hearst. The vote of both Houses stood as follows: Williams, 70; Hearst, 24.

The appellation of gentlemen should never be affixed to a man's circumstances, but to his behavior in them.

The Oleomargarine Bill Signed.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 2.—The President to-day signed the oleomargarine bill and sent a message to the House stating his reasons for approving it and suggesting some additional legislation. The President says: "It has been urged as an objection to this measnre that while purporting to be legislation for revenue its real purpose is to destroy, by the use of the taxing power, one industry of our people for the protection and benefit of another. If entitled to indulge in such a suspicion as a basis of official action in this case, and if entirely satisfied that the consequesces indicated would ensue. I should doubtless feel constrained to interpose executive dissent. But I do not feel called upon to interpret the motives of Congress otherwise than by the apparent character of the bill which has been presented to me, and I am convinced that the tax which it creates cannot possibly destroy the open and legitimate manufacture and sale of the thing upon which it is levied. If this article has the merit which its friends claim for it, and if the people of the land, with full knowledge of its real character, desire to purchase and use it, the tax exacted by this bill will permit a fair profit to both manufacturer and dealer. If the existence of the commodity taxed and the profits of its manufacture and sale depend upon disposing of it to the people for somethiug else which it deceitfully imitates, the entire entire enterprise is a fraud and not an industry; and if it cannot endure the exhibition of its real character which will be effected by the inspection, supervision and stamping which this bill directs, the sooner it is destroyed the better, in the interest of fair dealing."

The President suggests, however, that it is adviseble that the taxed article be more clearly and distinctly defined than appears in the act, and says that two sections are in danger of being construed as an interference with the police powers of the states. He intimates that Congress may deem it wise to amend the bill in these respects.

CHICAGO, July 31.—A statement that Dr. Leonard, formerly of Pittsburgh, the Prohibition candidate for Governor of Onio, had publicly stated that Francis Murphy was being led by a pack of knaves, has brought out the following reply from Mr. Murphy:

"This non-partisan movement has paralyzed the third party political movement in Ohio. People wishing good to their fellow-men are satisfied that they cannot do it by a third party, and so have united the Republicans, Democrats and Prohibitionists, feeling that non-partisan action is right. It is very conspicuous just now that the leaders of the third party hate individuals more than rum. The political third party have not got a man to sign the pledge that I know of. They don't offer a pledge. Their business is to organize a party and get elected to office by denouncing Democrats and Republicans. This is not temperance, nor is it worthy the name of temperance. I believe the third party movement has injured the cause of temperance everywhere. I regard the Prohibition nominations at Canton as so many obstacles to true temperance reform. The cause of temperance can never be triumphant by making it a party issue, and it is the greatest mistake to cast it into the lottery of politics. As well treat in the same way the cause of the school house and the religion of Christ. Liquor is not removed by legislation, but by individual abstinence."

Growth of the Anti-Saloon Movement.

From The N. Y. Mail and Express.

The only really hopeful and practical movement that is under way in the interest of the cause of temperance, is that which originated with some of the most earnest friends and advocates of temperance in the Republican party and which proposes for the Republican party a total separation from all the interests that are included in the phrase, "the saloon." and a ceaseless war against all that is implied in this phrase. It is a movement that has not been lightly undertaken and that owes its origin to a vast deal of earnest thinking on the growing evils of the rum and beer traffic, on the increasing audacity and ambition of the rum and beer powers and on the Republican necessity of keeping within the party ranks the temperance elements and of winning temperance men from the Democratic party. All things considered, we are surprised at the rapid, healthy and entirely solid growth of the Anti-Saloon Republican movement.

A workshop of the stone age has been discovered near the gates of Paris, and has yielded nearly 900 hand-worked flints, including pieces of polished hatchets, scrapers, blades, points and two or three little polishers.

The amount of emery stone annually shipped from Smyrna to Great Britian, the United States, France, Germany and Belgium averages 7,000 tons, the relative quantity consumed in each country being in the order named.

Bill Arp's Reminiscences of the First Battle of the War.

Atlanta Constitution.

Twenty-five years! A quarter of a century has passed since the first battle of Manassas. What an awful scene it was, that first battle. At home it was awful when one man was suddenly killed. It startled a whole community, and the news of it was carried from neighbor to neighbor until it was the talk of the county. Here were men, young men, healthy and strong and brave, shot down by the score. Many were dead and many were dying, and they were all around me, The pine thicket and the open field close by, where the Eighth Georgia and Fourth Alabama fought side by side, was specked with them. That pine grove and field was a shock to me, for my friends were there and some of my kindred. The dead seemed asleep with their arms near by. The wounded asked for water. Their surviving comrades had left them to pursue an enemy that was still fighting, though retreating. We hurried to the branch for water. We rode to the rear for help for ambulances. We found the wounded all along the route and the news was that Bartow and Bee were killed and Col. Gardner was wounded, and a prisoner. Shout after shout was heard as the front advanced and the enemy retreated. Everywhere there was wild hurrying to and fro. Ambulances went on the run to the battlefield. Couriers with orders flew in hot haste over hill and plain. Generals with their staff galloped from hill to hill to overlook the movements of their troops who were surging and swaying at double quick and yelling like wild Comanches as they drove back the enemy and broke their columns. The air was filled with smoke. The minie balls rattled through the pines or spent their force against the fences or upon the ground. The cannonading was incessant and was continued long after the enemy was out of reach. The terrible sound of it lent wings to their flight and they left everything behind them.

Night shut down upon the scene and brought rest—rest to the weary, but not to the wounded. All night long we watched and waited, and nursed and comforted them as best we could. The surgeon's knife was busy, and as one poor fellow was attended to and moved aside the doctor wiped the perspiration from his brow and hurriedly said, "Next." There was not a groan nor a moan as arms and legs were hastily amputated. I don't believe the boys had much feeling then. The excitement and the victory had wrought them up to a pitch that smothered feeling. They talked and laughed and cried as the surgeons dressed their wounds. I saw Dr. Miller cut a ball from Jet Howard's hip that had come nearly through from the other side, and Jet stood up to have it done, and as the ball dropped into the doctor's hand he seized it and said, "I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for this." It was Sunday. What a day for such deeds of carnage. The next day was devoted to the dead. Our own dead were buried in spots selected by their friends and some rude headboard marked the name. The Federals were lined in trenches with head to feet in nameless graves. They were thick in some places, so thick that one could step from corpse to corpse. It was the third day before some of them were burried, and they had swollen and looked fat and bloated, and some of their clothing had bursted with swelling flesh. There was a company of Zouaves in Turkish costume, who looked like a race of giants sleeping there. Dead horses strewed the ground, and they were swollen too and their legs stood out without touching the ground, and the buzzards sat upon their heads and feasted upon their eyeballs as the sweetest morsel to begin with. Artillery horses fell dead upon each other and were cross and piles and the harness had to be cut away.

The soldiers are having re-unions now, and I am glad to see they are becoming so universal at the South. It is sad to see how few of a company have survived the perils of the war and the surer perils of death since the war. One by one they go. But let them meet and take comfort, and let their hearts twine together as they talk over the sad but glorious past. A regiment—will make about a company now, but in a few more years it will take a brigade. But few are under forty-five, and many have a wound that has never healed or a disease that will not cure. God bless them all, and inspire their children to love their country as their fathers did.

Gen. Grant at Appomattox.

He had indeed long felt that when the war was ended there should be no vindictive policy toward the vanquished, and he informed Lee at once when they met that he meant to accept paroles; but the important final provision, that which gives all its peculiar character to the capitulation was unstudied and its language spontaneous. Yet the language is as precise as words can make it, and enunciates a policy which has done as much as victory itself to secure the results of the war: "Each officer and man will be allowed to return to his home, not to be disturbed by the United States authority so long as they observe their paroles and the laws in force where they reside."

The terms, however, were not in the least the result of chance or carelessness, or indifference. They were the legitimate outgrowth of Grant's judgment—the consequence of all that had gone before—embodied then for the first time, because then for the first time the necessity for the embodiment had arrived. In this way Grant always did the greatest things. It may be strange or inexplicable,but he could not often explain his methods, nor, indeed, always his reasons.

He had at this moment no defined large views about separating the military from the civil power, far less any intent of encroaching on the domain or prerogative of politics. He did not even, like Sherman, take into consideration the fate or condition of other forces of the enemy,although he was general-in-chief; he confined himself to the business before him—the disbanding and dispersion of Lee's army. He wanted to secure that neither that army nor any of its members could ever again confront the national authority; and when this was determined he was unwilling to inflict on one of those members a single unnecessary humiliation or suffering. He was, I am sure,unconscious af any special magnanimity in this course. He thought nothing of himself, and little as yet of the far-reaching effect of his terms on the population of the south. What his hand found to do, it did,and no more; in peace as well as war.

The corroboration of all this is the fact that the idea of allowing the officers to retain their side-arms and personal effects were suggested to him as he wrote. He wore no sword, having been summoned hastily from his own headquarters two days before to a distant portion of the field with no opportunity of returning afterward. Lee, however, had dressed himself with care for the ceremony. His headquarters train had been burned by Sheridan in the pursuit, and Lee and his officers, able to save only a single suit of clothes, had secured the finest. In this way Lee was handsomely clad; he wore embroidered gauntlets and the sword presented to him by the ladies of Virginia. The conqueror, battle-stained, in a common soldier's coat, looked up at his foe, elaborately arrayed, and the glitter of the rebel weapon suggested to him to spare the conquered the humiliation of surrendering it. Then he wrote the lines permitting officers ts retain their side-arms, horses and personal effects. This statement has been questioned,but I give it on Gen. Grant's authority. He saw and corrected the account of the interview in my history of his campaigns.

I stood near him as Lee left the room and thus happened to be the first to congratulate him upon the result. I said something about the event being one that would live forever in history. I am sure the idea had not occurred to him until I uttered it. The effect upon his fame, upon history, was not what he was considering. He was thinking of the captured soldiery returning home without their weapons, to work their little farms; of a destitute country ravaged by war, but now to be restored.—*Adam Badeau's Letter.*

Excitement in Texas.

Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity of Paris, Tex., by the remarkable recovery of Mr. J. E. Corley, who was so helpless he could not raise his head or turn in bed; everybody said he was dying of Consumption. A trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery was sent him. Finding relief, he bought a large bottle and a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills; by the time he had taken two boxes of Pills and two bottles of the Discovery,he was well and had gained in flesh thirty-six pounds. Trial bottles of this Great Discovery for Consumption free at Wm. Nydegger's.

NEW ADVERTISEMNTES.

A HOME CHEAP.

I have a fifty acre lot, with small house and other improvements, about four miles from Oakland and two miles from Mountain Lake Park, which I will sell at a moderate figure. Application should be made soon.

7 17 tf W. H. TOWER, Agent.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are warned not to dump garbage or dead animals upon my lands, west of the Washington Spring, as I will enforce the full penalties of the law against any and all parties so offending.

All persons having cross ties on my lands along the railroad between the Washington Spring bridge and Charles Shaffer's, will remove them at once.

7 10 3t JOHN BRADLEY.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MEETING OF DIRECTORS.

MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK, MD., Aug. 3d, 1886.

The Stockholders of Mountain Lake Park Association will hold their Annual Meeting on Tuesday, August 24th, 1886, at 10 o'clock A. M., in their office, for the purpose of electing a President, Board of Directors, and the transaction of other business.

8 7 1 J. M. DAVIS, Secretary.

TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

IMPROVED FARM FOR SALE!

I will sell my farm, on the headwaters of Deep Creek, adjoining lands of Ransey Browning, A. C. Browning and others, on the easiest terms. The farm contains one hundred acres of land, all under fence, and about 60 acres cleared. The improvements consist of a

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE

and large frame barn, young fruit trees, &c., &c. This farm is in a good neighborhood, about 4 miles from Deer Park, and about 3 miles from Oakland.

Reason for selling—advanced age.

Apply to or address

LUKE WOOD,
8 7 tf. Deer Park, Md.

TRUSTEES' SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
TIMBER
—AND—
MINERAL LANDS.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in the State of Maryland, standing as No. 372 on the Equity docket of said Court, in which John Swan and others are complainants and Willie Swan and others are defendants, the subscribers will sell at public sale,

ON SATURDAY,
THE 2D DAY OF OCTOBER, 1886,

at 11 o'clock A. M., at the Glades Hotel, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, the tract of land known as

"Yough Manor,"

containing about 9,000 acres of land more or less. The said tract is situated on the

"YOUGHIOGHENY RIVER,"

in said county, and extends from said river to the West Virginia line, and is about 15 miles from Oakland, on the Baltimore & Ohio Rail Road, and about 15 miles from Confluence, on the Pittsburg & Connelsville Rail Road.

It is valuable for the large quantities of Pine, Oak and other varieties of timber common to the region, and now upon it; also for the large veins of bituminous coal, iron ore, lime stone and fire clay upon it, and lying in convenient proximity to each other. It also contains a large quantity of good tillable land, a small portion of which is improved and in cultivation.

THE TERMS OF SALE Provided by the decree are: One-third of the purchase-money to be paid on the day of sale, one-third in one year and the balance in two years from the day of sale, or the whole in cash, if the purchaser prefers it. The deferred payments, if any, to be secured by notes of the purchaser with security to be approved by the trustees.

WM. J. READ,
D. W. SLOAN,
J. H. GORDON,
8 7 3t Trustees.

ORDER NISI.

In the matter of the Deed of Trust from John T. Davis, et. al., to Thomas J. Peddicord and H. Wheeler Combs, Trustees.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County. No. 370 Equity. August 3d, 1886.

ORDERED, That the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings made and reported by Edward H. Sincell and Frederick A. Thayer, Trustees, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the Thirtieth day of August; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Oakland, once in each of three successive weeks before the said Thirtieth day of August, inst.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $960.00.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test:
8 7 3t W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

Notice to Tax-Payers

In order to give the tax-payers in the various districts an opportunity to save the discount on tax bills, I will be at the following places on the days mentioned, viz:

Johnsons, Monday, August 9th, 1886.
Gregg's Mill, Tuesday, August 10th.
Bloomington, Wednesday, August 11th.
Swanton, Friday, August, 13th.
Selbysport, Wednesday, August 18th.
Johnstown, Thursday, August 19th.
Accident, Friday, August 20th.
Deer Park, Tuesday, August 24th.
Chisholm's Mill, Wednesday, August 25th.
Red House, Thursday, August 26th.
Oakland, Friday and Saturday August 27th and 28th.
Grantsville, Monday and Tuesday, August 30th and 31st.

A discount of 4 per cent, will be allowed on all taxes paid before September 1st, 1886, and 2 per cent. on all taxes paid between September 1st and and November 1st.

JONAS E. GNAGEY,
7 31 tf Collector.
P. O. address, Grantsville, Md.

In the Orphans' Court of Allegheny County, Pennsylvania.

Estate of JANE ORMSBY, Dec'd.

No. 77 June Term, 1849.
IN PARTITION
ALIAS CITATION.

To Jane O. Morgan, Robert Graham Ormsby and Augustus P. Ormsby:—

On the 11th day of July, 1883, upon the petition of Sarah M. McKnight presented to the Court praying for a correction of a clerical error existing in said partition proceedings, viz. To change the word "eighty" to "eight" in the description of certain real estate embraced in the Inquest, the Court did award a citation to show cause, returnable on July 21st, 1883, at 10 o'clock A. M.

And on the 24th of July, 1886, the Court did also award an alias citation returnable on Saturday, August 28th, 1886, at 10 o'clock A.M. and directed publication to be made in the Oakland REPUBLICAN, Oakland, Maryland, and in *The Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette*, which notice is now given.

WM. M. WATSON,
7 31 3t Attorney for Petitioner.

BALTIMORE FEMALE COLLEGE.

By the terms of the endowment of the above college, one pupil from each county is entitled to free tuition in all the branches taught in the college, with stationery and use of books.

The scholarship for Garrett county is vacant at present, and the Judges of the Orphans' Court are authorized to fill the same by appointment.

Applicants will please file their applications at once.

SAMUEL LAWTON,
7 24 Register.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Lenge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Friday ntghts of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

—Ginger ale and pop on ice at Harne's.

—FOR SALE—A 1-horse wagon. Apply to E. H. Sincell.

—The original Green Castle Grain Cradle for sale by D. E. Offutt.

—Mr. W. C. Davis is entertaining his friend and class-mate, Mr. C. W. Durbin, of Fredericktown, Ohio.

—NOTICE.—I will be in my office in Accident on the 10th, 11th and 12th of August, 1886.

WM. HINEBAUGH.

—Married, Aug. 3d, by Rev. Benjamin Ison, Mr. Simon P. Baker to Miss Elizabeth E. Warnick, all of this county.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Mauldin and daughter, Henrietta, of Baltimore, who spent a few days with Mrs, Sincell, returned home Monday.

—Maj. W. O. Ison killed a rattlesnake over 3 feet long, with 3 rattles and a button, Saturday last, at the foot of Shaffer's Hill, near the Washington spring.

—Mr. Fred Gortner had on exhibition in Oakland, Saturday last specimens of oats 6 feet 8 inches and Timothy 6 feet 2½ inches high, raised on his farm this season. The land had been heavily limed.

—Spanish peanuts 1 cent a glass at Harne's.

—Died, at his residence in Oakland, Thursday, July 29th, after a long illness, Mr. Nimrod Paris, aged about forty years. Deceased came here with his family about a year ago, and was acting as local agent for the Singer Sewing Machine Company until prevented by illness from leaving his house. He was a good citizen and a consistent Christian. Deceased leaves a wife and six small children, who removed this week to their former home in Keyser, W. Va.

—A report reached here last week that Mr. W. P. Pritchard had been arrested and was held in the jail at Staunton, Va., charged with horse stealing. The report was at first discredited, but was afterwards confirmed. On Wednesday last the Sheriff of Preston county, W. Va., passed through Oakland, on his way to Kingwood, having Mr. Pritchard in charge. The horse found in Mr. Pritchard's possession was the property of a Mr. Spurgin, of Glade Farm, Preston county. Mr. Pritchard claims that he purchased the horse, and the strong probability is that he will so prove on the preliminary examination which will be held soon. We hope and believe that he will clear himself from the charge. He is of a good family and has always borne a good character for honesty in this neighborhood, where he is well-known.

—ISON—CHEESEMAN.—At high noon last Tuesday Mr. H. Allan Ison, of Oakland, Md., was married to Miss Josie Cheeseman at the residence of her father, Major R. C. Cheeseman, 1310 G street northwest. The parlors were tastily decorated, and standing under a floral marriage bell of water lillies the young couple were united by the father of the groom, Rev. Benjamin Ison. The bride, who is a handsome brunette, was neatly attired in a suit of white surah silk draped with white tulle. Messrs. W. O. Ison and James Cheeseman acted as attendants. A number of handsome gifts were shown. After the ceremony Mr. Ison and wife left on the 3:50 train for Oakland, where the honeymoon will be passed. Among those present were: Hon. J. K. Toole, of Montana; Miss Nina Jackson, of Virginia; Misses Alice Wilson and Lydia Harris, of Bellefonte, Pa., and Mrs. Russell Brown, of Toronto, Canada.—*Washington Capital, of Aug. 1.*

—Go to Harne's for oranges, lemons, bananas, cocoanuts, peanuts, candies, &c.

Church Services--Sunday.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M., by Rev. J. S. Moser, of Virginia.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M., by Rev. Sargent, of Ohio, and at 8 P. M. by Rev. J. Engle.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M., by Rev. Thos. Fullerton, D. D., of Georgetown, D. C., and at 8 P. M., by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

St. Matthew's Church—Rev. J. Newman, Rector—Holy Communion at 8 A. M.; morning prayer and sermon at 11 A. M.; Sunday School at 4:30 P. M.; evensong 5 P. M. Wednesday evening prayer at 5 P. M.

Jubilee Concert.

A grand Jubilee Concert will be given in Offutt's Hall, Wednesday ovening, Aug. 11th, 1886, the proceeds to be used in the rebuilding of the A. M. E. Church, Frederick street, Cumberland. The choir of that church will be present and will be assisted by our home humorist, Albert Lee, and by the noted comedians, P. A. Smith and Stewart McNeal. A rare treat is in store for those who attend, as Lee, Smith and McNeal are a circus, with brass-band and clown included, within themselves, to say nothing of the vocalists who come from Cumberland. Admission 15 cents; reserved seats, 25 cents.

Price List at Shartzer's New Cash Store

Corn	60 cts per lbs.
Meal	$1.25 per 100 lbs.
Chop	" " " "
Good flour	$5.50 to $6 25 per bl.
Clover seed	$8.00 per bus.
Timothy seed	$2.50 " "
Granulated sugar	8 cts. per lb.
Brown sugar	7 " " "
Arbuckle's coffee	15 " " "
Indigo blue calico	7 " " yd.
American prints	6 " " "
Allen's prints	6 " " "
Lace window curtains, ready made	$2.00 per pr.

All other things in proportion. Come and see.

Go to F. G. Hyde, the Reliable Jeweler,

For watches, clocks, jewelry, silverware, eye-glasses, spectacles, etc., either wholesale or retail. The largest stock of reliable goods in this part of the country. Everything fully warranted to be just exactly what it is. I handle everything that appertains to the jewelry trade, at prices that will stand comparison with any responsible house. An inspection is requested.

F. G. HYEE.
7 17 tf Oakland, Md.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses were granted to the following parties during the month of July:

Levi S. Jenkins and Floma Catharine Minier.
James Close and Emma Arnold.
Frank Hostler and Ella Robinson.
Samuel Reisinger and Lide Hankins.
Wm. Jankey and Martha Marvil.
Dorsey Blake and Nettie Amanda Rogers.
Charles Barnard and Almira Wilson.
George W. Daniels and Mintie Poland.
Chas. C. Fike and Clara M. Guard.
Jefferson R. Wilt and Matilda Sheetz.
S. D. Brown, Jr., and Clara B. Whitwam.

And two with request not to publish.

The New Railroad.

Monday's Baltimore *Sun* says: "The Piedmont and Cumberland Railway company, an auxiliary of the West Virginia Central, has issued $650,000 mortgage 5 percent bonds to pay the cost of construction and equipment. The road is to be 31 miles long, connecting with the West Virginia Central at Piedmont, and running to Cumberland. The feature of public interest in connection with this announcement of this loan is the fact that a contract has been made with the Pennsylvania Railroad company under which at least one-half of all the traffic of the West Virginia Central and Piedmont and Cumberland roads must be given to the Pennsylvania road. The Pennsylvania agrees to set aside 5 percent of the gross receipts from freight traffic as a guarantee of the interest of the new loan. The covenant is signed by Henry G. Davis, president of the West Virginia Central; Stephen B. Elkins, president of the Piedmont and Cumberland, and George B. Roberts, president of the Pennsylvania. By this agreement the West Virginia Central will become an important feeder of the Pennsylvania system at Cumberland."

Forks.

After the heavy rains of the past few days the sun is again shining brightly and haymaking is in full blast. Mowing machines may be heard in every direction. Crops of all kinds are good.

Our Sunday School is being successfully conducted by Mr. Jacob Brenneman, Superintendent.

There will be a picnic in this settlement, near the Lutheran church, on Saturday, August 14th.

Mr. P. P. Lohr has rented the store room now occupied by C. E. Ellithorpe and intends filling it with goods by October 1st.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. D. Nydegger, Druggist, Oakland, Md.

Reception.

The reception tendered by Rev. and Mrs. Benj. Ison to their son Allen and his charming bride on Friday evening last, was a most delightful affair. By invitation the guests began to assemble at 8:30, and by 9 o'clock the parlors were filled with the friends of the happy couple, who were received in a manner characteristic of the genial hospitality of the family.

The bride was attired in a lovely dress of white silk, and tulle; Mrs. Ison, mother of the groom, wore black silk and velvet; Miss Ison, pink albatross and white lace with pink ostrich tips; Miss Georgie Smith, white lace; Miss Lou Thayer, handsome black silk; Miss Jennie Delawder, brocade velvet and lace, with jackquemot roses; Miss Hester Dorsey, pink albatross and lace, with marechal niel roses; Miss Cora Tower, black silk with moss rose buds; Miss Maggie Tower, black cashmere with jackquemot roses; Miss Mary Davis, London smoke cloth; Miss Mollie Peddicord, blue cashmere and velvet; Miss Lessie Lakin, sea green albatross and velvet; Miss Annie Lakin, white mull; Miss Mollie Kepner, black cashmere with pink rose buds; Miss Emma Brooke, black cashmere with marguerites; Miss Kate Townshend, cream bunting and scarlet velvet with pansies; Miss Mary Townshend, white mull; Miss Annie Spedden, white albatross and lace; Miss Kate Spedden, brown silk with chrysanthemums; Miss Susie Hamill, black satin; Miss Foulk, lavender satin with pink rose buds; Miss Stella Jarboe, cream albatross and lace.

The gentlemen present beside members of the family, were Messrs. E. Z. Tower, J. C. Peddicord, J. S. Lakin, Arthur Townshend, Chas. E. Boyer, Ed. H. Sincell and Percy Veitch.

The evening was spent in pleasant conversation intersperced with music and at 10:30 the guests were ushered into the dining-room, where refreshments of the choicest kind were served and thoroughly discussed. Shortly after eleven o'clock the guests took their departure, wishing the happy couple a long prosperous and happy wedded life.

The following were among the presents received: Walnut bedroom set, fine Bible, traveling trunk, wall pocket, work basket, gold headed umbrella, Japanese work box, fancy glass vase, large etching, volume of poems, white satin fan, Egyptian ware, handkerchief receiver, embroidered bureau scarf, porcelain flower vase, silk lamp shade, silver pickle stand, silver fruit knives, white plush pin cushion, dozen fine handkerchiefs, large water-color, handsome plate-glass plush and bronze mirror, plush pin-cushion, cream lace, lace bed-set, purple plush pin-cushion, hand-painted; silver pickle stand, head of Madonna, in oil, jewelry and set of furniture, large album, pair vases, set cut-glass tumblers, set silver fruit knives, pair vases, panel figure, solid silver card-receiver, solid silver teaspoons, gold soup-ladle, dressing case and toilet set, handsome drugget, Gen. Grant's memoirs, 2 vols., Burmese ware, decorated water-pitcher and fruit service 14 pieces; silver egg stand, silver call bell and vase, solid silver pickle stand, perfumery, silver sugar bowl, set of solid silver teaspoons, from the associates in the office; visiting cards and napkins.

Mineral Spring.

For the benefit of your readers at a distance I think it best to state that this settlement is more widely known as Mill Run, a stream which has its source in Keyser Ridge and flows westward. On the banks of this stream we have a woolen factory, two stores, two grist mills, two black smith shops, tin shop, postoffice, six saw mills, school house and church, and in its waters the speckled beauties which lure the angler. We also have a spring strongly charged with mineral, hence the name Mineral Spring. For more than twelve years we have been enjoying the benefits of a postoffice, mainly obtained through the efforts of Mr. P. T. Garthright, a former citizen, and now a leading merchant of your sister town, Mountain Lake Park.

The annual music of the mowing machine is heard on every hand and the air is filled with the fragrance of new-mown hay.

Mr. Chas. Fike and Miss Clara M. Guard were married on the 22d inst., by Rev. Brenninger, at Mr. John Mellinger's. We wish the happy couple peace and plenty, health and contentment.

Mrs. Mary Speelman and Miss Mary Rishebarger, of Petersburg, Pa., are visiting friends here.

F. G. Swalp, in experimenting on breaking colts a few days ago, got landed in a laurel bush—unhurt.

Messrs. A. Wass & Son added to their premises a pair of scales for weighing large commodities.

Mrs. John Watson, who has been sick all spring and summer, is improving slightly. G.

Mountain Lake Park.

The W. C. T. U. convention met promptly on Wednesday morning of last week. The address of welcome was delivered by Mrs. E. J. McComas, of Oakland, and responded to by Mrs. S. H. Tuder, of Baltimore.

In the evening a splendid entertainment was given, at the close of which ice cream and cake were served to a large number of people in the grove near the Auditorium.

Thursday morning after devotional exercises and normal class, Hon. G. W. Atkinson, of Wheeling, gave a splendid address, which awakened quite a discussion pro and con., on the third party movement. Mr. Atkinson stated that the Republican party would take up and carry prohibition.

Mr. Geo. W. Bain, of Kentucky, who was to deliver an address at 2 o'clock, arrived on the noon train. A large procession of Good Templars formed in line from the Terra Alta, Oakland, Deer Park and Mt. Lake Park Lodges, and marched to Grace Cottage, from which they escorted Mr. Bain to the Auditorium. A better address we have never had the pleasure of listening too. He gave us another equally as good in the evening. They were grand helps to the temperance movement in this county.

Friday was devoted to special work of the convention. In the evening a splendid address was given by Rev. J. W. Carter, of Parkersburg, W. Va.

Saturday morning was taken up principally in the minute talks on the best methods of influencing public opinion.

Mr. J. L. Thomas, of Cumberland, gave an earnest address in the afternoon.

At the close of the afternoon session the convention voted that they would have two thousand copies of *The Freeman* printed for distribution, and nearly another thousand was engaged by individuals.

Mrs. S. H. Martin, of Baltimore, conducted the closing meeting in the evening, which was very pleasant and profitable.

The ladies conducted the meetings morning and evening on Sabbath.

The Sunday School Assembly began yesterday (Tuesday) morning, and will continue until next Friday, 13th inst. The Greek, the C. L. S. C. and the normal classes will meet during the day and the lectures will be given at night, as follows:

Friday, August 6.—Lecture: "Formation of Character," by Rev. C. P. Masden, D. D.

Saturday, August 7.—Illustrated Lecture for the Children: "A Change of Heart," by Rev. N. L. Reynolds.

Monday, August 9—Lecture, illustrated with Charts and Drawings: "The Ice Age," by Rev. N. L. Reynolds.

Tuesday, August 10.—Lecture: "Eyes; or, The Art of Seeing," by Rev. George W. Miller, D. D. of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Wednesday, August 11.—Lecture: "Our Country, and Some of its Problems," by Rev. George W. Miller, D. D.

Thursday, August 12.—Lecture, illustrated with splendid Stereopticon Views: "The Great Cities of the New Testament World," by Rev. Jesse Bowman Young, A. M. of Harrisburg, Pa.

Friday, August 13—Lecture, illustrated with fine Stereopticon Views of Lakes and Mountains, Cities and Landscapes, Towers and Castles, and other features of Scotish Scenery: "An evening in Scotland," by Rev. Jesse Bowman Young, A. M.

On Saturday evening, the 14th, a special entertainment will be given by the Misses Muller and others, who delighted the people so much last year.

I cannot stop to tell you who all are here, but come and see what a great place, great things and great people we have. J. A. E.

[Communicated.]

Last week a party stopped at "Cliff Cottage," (Mrs. H. P. Tasker's) who were enjoying a rather romantic tour. It consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Finley, and the Misses Ayre, from Zanesville, Ohio. Possessing an amount of cheerful courage and determination, they departed from the beaten routine of summer travel, and marked out a path for themselves, aided by *Harpers* inimitable sketches, "By-Paths in the Mountain." They were charmed with their novel experience at Blackwater and other points, generally considered inaccessible to ladies. They fished, sketched, walked, rode, abode in tents or dwelling houses as the mood took them. Probably many rich, laughable incidents were stored with which to regale the ears of those at home. Their pleasant experience may lead others to follow the "By-Paths of the Mountains.

Grantsville.

About 3 A. M. Thursday, 29th inst., Messrs. Rumbaugh & Stone's steam saw mill, two miles east of here, took fire and burned to the ground. There were about three thousand feet of lumber on the mill, besides various tools, the circular saws, &c., which were all distroyed. The loss will probably be upwards of a thousand dollars. There was some talk of it being incendiary, but it is generally believed to have been carelessness. No insurance.

Mr. Jas. Broadwater, aged about twenty-five years, died Monday morning of typhoid fever. He leaves a wife and infant child.

Mr. Lup Frantz's infant child is not expected to live. It is suffering from spinal affection.

Deer Park.

August 3d and cold enough early this morning for frost—quite a contrast to last week's weather, which was unusually warm and sultry for Deer Park.

Mrs. A. S. Steele has been in our town for a week or so, on her way from Chattanooga, Tenn., to New England. She intended leaving on Saturday last, but was prostrated by an attack of malarial fever, from which she is still suffering, though somewhat better than she has been.

Miss Bessie Miller, of Sandy Spring, Md., is visiting Miss Kate Davis.

Miss Bertha Berry, who has been spending some time with relatives in Deer Park, left for her home in Portland, Maine, last week, intending to spend some time at Newport on her way.

Messrs. Geo. Spates and Robert Cummins and Miss Marie Maulsby, of Baltimore, are visiting Mrs. A. C. Lott and family.

Messrs. Suter, Kight and some others from Piedmont, with their families and friends from Cumberland, had a pic-nic in the woods near here last Saturday.

Some of our charitable ladies have organized a Children's Home in our town, for the benefit of orphan and other needy children of the county. The store and dwelling house combined, belonging to Mrs. Steele has been donated by her for that purpose and is now undergoing alterations and repairs necessary. A full list of officers, &c., will be given later.

One evening last week aunt Phebe Pogue, an old colored woman living in Deer Park, who has been sick and unable to work for sometime, received a very pleasant surprise. The colored waiters and nurses from the Hotel surrounded her house about ten o'clock, and by their singing called her to the door. The President of the deputation then delivered an address to the effect that it was considered the duty of the colored race, wherever they might be to discover and assist persons of their own color who were in need, and therefore they had visited her, and begged her to honor them by accepting their testimonials of esteem and good will. The testimonials were—fourteen dollars in money and seventeen packages of groceries. Aunt Phebe replied in an appropriate and elaborate speech, thanking them heartily for such substantial assistance, and welcoming them to her house, and a lively evening ensued. The whole affair reflects great credit on the charitable men and women who were so ready to relieve the wants of one of their own race, and their conduct is not unworthy of imitation.

The aquatic feats of the swimming master at the natatorium connected with the Hotel was quite an attraction one evening last week.

Mr. R. J. Heads birthday was celebrated last Sunday by the gathering together of his children and grandchildren at his residence about two miles from here.

Registered at Wing-and-Wing:

Aurora, W. Va.—Lillie McCrum Gertrude Rector.

Mt. Pleasant, Pa.—Samuel Warden and wife, Miss Mary Warden, Miss Eliz. Andrews.

Mansfield, Ohio—A. K. Webster.

Alton, Ohio—Ed. McGhirchay, wife and three children.

Parkersburg, W. Va.—A. D. Casteel.

Baltimore, Md.—E. E. Montell, Mrs. H. C. Montell, Miss Mary Montell, Miss Bessie Montell, Master Eddie Montell, W. C. McClung.

Oakland, Maryland—W. McCulloch Brown.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Miss Minnie Hoskinson, Hiram Miller.

Wheeling, W. Va.—Charles Chadduck. ***

For Sale.

The property owned by the late Thresa M. Smithman, corner third and Water streets, Oakland, Md., will be sold at private sale. This is a very desirable property and will be sold in whole or in part, to suit purchaser. Terms reasonable. For further information call on or address

JOS. H. SMITHMAN,
5 15 tf Oakland, Md.

—Last Tuesday J. B. Brant was badly hurt by a roller flying from a turning lathe at which he was working. Physicians were summoned and upon careful examination found no bones broken but severe bruses. At this date Mr. Brant is recovering slowly, and is able to walk about.

The Growth of Newspapers.

The wonderful growth of American newspapers is shown by a comparison between the directories published in 1786 and in the present year. The one contains in its sixteen small pages a list of thirty-seven newspapers which were published in this country 110 years ago. The other is almost as large as an unabridged dictionary, and in its 2,000 pages contains the names of 14,160 nespapers and periodicals of all classes. Of this large list, only seven were found in the directory of 1776. The net gain of the year has been 666. The daily newspapers number 1,216, a gain of 33. There are about 1,200 periodicals of all kinds which presumably enjoy a circulation of more than 5,000 copies.

The increase in the rural weekly press, comprising about two-thirds of the whole list, has been most marked in states like Kansas and Nebraska. Kansas is also accredited with the greatest gain in daily newspapers. In Massachusetts the weekly press is growing, but magazines and monthly publications are losing grounnd. The tendency of this latter class seems to be toward New York city, as at least twenty-three monthly periodicals have been established here during the year.

Among the many newspapers published in this country, almost every social movement and industrial interest finds expression. A glance at the long list reveals many curious facts. There are about 700 religious and denominational newspapers, nearly one-third of which are published in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago. New York is far ahead in this respect, while it will be a surprise to many to know that Boston is behind Chicago.

Three newspapers are devoted to the silkworm; six to the honey bee; thirty-two to poultry; eighteen to dentistry; and nine to phonography. There are three publications issued in the exclusive interest of postage stamp collectors, and one of dancers. The prohibitionists have 129 papers, and the liquor dealers 8. The organs of women's suffrage number 7, of candy makers 3, of gastronomy 3, and gas 2. Of the foreign newspapers, there are about 600 in German, and 42 in French. New York, New Orleans, and Worcester, Mass., each has four French publications. Two dailies are in Bohemian. Besides these, there are papers in the Swedish, Finnish, Polish, and Welsh, languages. There is one publication in Gaelic, one in Hebrew, one in Chinese, and one in the Cherokee language.—*Scientific American.*

From a Grand Army Man.

ELLICOTT CITY, MD., 6 8, 1884.

Dear Sir:—I have been a sufferer for a long time with dyspepsia, and have tried most everything in the way of medicine, but nothing gave me any relief. I procured one bottle of your "AROMANNA," and had only been taking it about six days when I began to feel it was doing me good. I told a number of my neighbors what it had done for me and they commenced using it, and all agree with me that it is the only medicine that will do all that it is recommended to do. One thing about "AROMANNA," while it is acting and cleansing the system it does not weaken, but builds up, adds new strength and imparts new vigor. I do not think I can say too much in favor of it. You are free to use my name in any way you see best, to proclaim the merits of "AROMANNA." It will pay any sufferer to try it.

J. C. MOONEY, Adjutant
A. D. Reynolds, Post No. 23, G. A. R.

Price 25 and 75 cts. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland, Md.

Baltimore Live Stock Market.

CATTLE.

Trade on the hill to-day was only fair. The quality was of a rather better average throughout than last week, there being in proportion to the numbers—of which there was an increase of 755 head—more good cattle than last week and fewer, and not as common, of low grade. Prices were off ½ to ¼c., and, in a few instances, ⅜, and they ranged from 2½ to 5, with a few choice a shade higher, most sales from 3 to 4⅜. Of the offerings 1,794 head came over the Pennsylvania Railroad, and 445 over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

HOGS.

The offerings, numbering some 2,500 head less than on last Monday, constitute a fair supply and about equal to a fairly good demand. The quality is not as good as it was last week, more grass hogs being among them. Prices show little or no variation from those ruling last week, and now range at 6@6¼c. for common hogs and grassers, and 6¼@6¾ for the better grades, with most sales at 6½c. net. Prices same time last year at 6@7¼c., and the year before at 7@8¼. Of the offerings 5,040 head came over the Pennsylvania Railroad, and 56 by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

SHEEP.

The offering, though some 600 head less than last week, are fully equal to a very slow demand prevailing in all the yards. The quality of the offerings shows a falling off in that regard from that of last week's receipts. Prices for sheep range from 2 to 4c., less; lambs 3@5¼, with few at either extreme; most sales 3½@5. Stock sheep are quoted at $1 50@$2 50 per head. Prices of sheep same time last year were same as to-day, and lambs at 3@6c., and the year before sheep sold at 3@4¾ and lambs at 3@5¾.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE OLD SCRUB.

She stands there alone with her back like a rail,
Not a beautiful line from her head to her tail,
With one horn turning in, and the other a stub,
This bony old creature—the scrubby old scrub.

She hasn't an ounce of "blue blood" in her veins,
She don't know enough to go in when it rains;
Her hide bears the marking of stone and of club,
And yet she is patient—the scrubby old scrub.

Yes, these are her children; they haven't a trace
Of her scrubbiness left—see the scorn on their face
As they look at the patient old scrub by the gate,
And wonder and wonder what iron-willed fate

Has thrown such a bundle of bones in their track.
Could they turn the great curtain of weary years back,
And see how the patient old scrub worked alone,
Without petting or praise, they would surely atone

For their conduct—they hook her and drive her about,
She is ugly, you know—they would soon drive her out;
When a face shows the deeply cut markings of care
We are apt to forget it was once young and fair.

And yet, she's the best of the whole herd to me,
As I think of her long years of service, you see,
There's a soft spot on memory where she can rub:
She shall live her life out—this poor scrubby old scrub.

—*Rural New Yorker.*

LIFE IN A MAD-HOUSE

As Described by One Who Had Been There.

Fact and fiction sometimes touch, and the most improbable incidents in a sensational novel or incredible scenes of a thrilling melodrama are often reproduced in real life. About a year ago I was confined in one of our country lunatic asylums. I have no personal grievance, I was properly restrained and kindly treated, but while there some peculiar facts came to my notice which I think will interest the public generally and especially the relatives and friends of lunatics. If such things can occur in public asylums, what may not happen in private ones, where the unfortunate inmates have no chance to complain of their treatment? Shortly after my reason had returned, I heard the superintendent say to a patient, who was surrounded by a group of supervisors, overseers of the poor and other officials:

"I think that this is a clear case of kidnaping."

My curiosity was aroused and I asked him, as soon as I could find an opportunity to speak to kim privately, about his case.

"I commenced," he replied, "a suit against my father for alienation of my wife's affections; he thought that the easiest way of settling the matter was to shut me up here. I've never been insane for a moment and it's a strange state of affairs that a sane man can be treated as I've been. Don't you think so, too?

"What doctors examined you?" I asked.

"Drs.——and——," he answered, naming two well known Long Island physicians.

"Don't they know the difference between insanity and reason?" was my comment on this statement."

"They ought to," he said; "they've had experience enough. I'm inclined to think that they took my father's word for it, for my examination was careless and superficial. I've engaged a smart lawyer, however, and hope to be released soon."

I questioned the keepers, with whom I was on very good terms, about this patient, and they all declared that he had never shown the slightest sign of insanity and all thought that it was a shame to have placed him in the asylum at all. Yet he was kept there for over two months, when he was finally released. If his father had been shrewd enough to put him in a private asylum he would probably have been confined there until this day. It seems to me that this incident shows that there is something radically wrong in our insanity laws. Any two physicians, young or old, expert or inexperienced, can deprive a man of his liberty and consign him to a living death. Unprincipled doctors in the past have been bribed to certify to the insanity of sane persons and may do so again in the future. This case proves that, even when honest, they may, through carelessness or ignorance, imprison men in their right minds. It is placing altogether too much power in individual hands. There is not any good reason why any one accused of having an unsound mind should not always have a regular jury trial, so that, with the aid of an able lawyer, he can have an opportunity to show the facts of the case. As the law now stands he can have a trial in special cases, but that is not enough. There should be a public hearing of the matter under all circumstances.

Here is another remarkable case. A patient who told me that he never was insane, but that his father shut him up because he went on occasional sprees, was shortly after his confinement made night watchman. A crazy night watchman! This fact alone is evidence enough of the truth of his story. He naturally took advantage of his position to escape, and made a voyage to Florida as a sailor. On his return, although in full posession of all his senses, he was arrested as an escaped lunatic. He had been kept in the asylum when I was there for over a year at the county's expense. He was strong, healthy, able and willing to support himself, yet he was imprisoned without rhyme or reason, and when he asked for his release was quieted with plausible promises, which were never kept. I offered to send him a lawyer, but he seemed to think that his father would soon consent to his release—the rule being in this asylum that a patient must stay there, sane or insane, until his relatives consent to his release. As he would not accept my offer I had to leave him to his fate, and he may be there yet for all I know.

There was not any separation of the patients into different classes, the violent and quiet, the healthy and those suffering from loathsome and contagious diseases were all huddled together. At night the patients were all locked in their rooms at the top of the building, which was furnished with narrow and crooked stairs. In case of fire the loss of life would inevitably have been very great. The drainage was so imperfect that the air was always tainted with repulsive and unwholesome odors. For over sixty patients there was only one closet, with room for one person at a time. The brutality, cruelty and inhumanity of the keepers was incredible. I would not have believed that such a state of things could have existed in a civilized community if I had not seen it with my own eyes. If a new patient was quiet, well and good. If not, his spirit was broken. I have seen three keepers throw a patient on the floor, strike him with their fists, kick him in the face and so abuse him that I thought he would die under their hands. I often heard them say: "I wonder we didn't kill that fellow." The head keeper walked up and down the room when he felt out of humor, striking the men right and left with a leather strap and sometimes pushed them down a flight of steps by way of variety. I have seen men driven from their meals by blows over the head and then seen them running about the yard with blood streaming down their faces. I have seen an epileptic beaten over the head until the blood gushed from his nostrils because he did not give up a box of dominoes quick enough to suit the keeper. When the asssistant superintendent saw him the next morning he said:

"What's the matter with your face?"

"He's got the mumps," said a keeper with a sly wink, and they laughed over the matter as a good joke.

"You think we're cruel," said a keeper to me one day. "You ought to see how they treat them in Poughkeepsie. We're kind in comparison to the way they treat them there."

The manner in which patients are treated in our public and private asylums is a disgrace to our civilization. There will never be any change for the better until a different class of keepers are employed. Young medical students or graduates, who wish to make a specialty of nervous diseases, could find no more suitable place to study their symptoms than in an asylum, and I have no doubt would willingly act as keepers, or, as they euphoniously call themselves, attendants. Keepers are not only brutal, but are also ignorant. They mistake the hallucinations and vagaries of insanity for ugliness or bad temper, and they try to cure it by punishment. I saw a patient suffering from melancholia given a cold bath, and afterward knocked down because he would not behave himself properly. If a patient says any thing insulting to them they resent it as quickly as though he was in his right mind. I have seen an old man over seventy have his ears soundly boxed for daring to criticise a keeper's base-ball playing. When they are not abusing the men they are teasing them for amusement, or in order to kill time, so that in one way or another they are always doing something to aggravate mental disease and change temporary into chronic insanity. If I had been treated as most of the patients were I would never have left the place alive, as I am naturally of an unusually delicate constitution. Fortunately I was a boarder, and to this circumstance alone I owe my recovery.

I would earnestly entreat the relatives and friends of lunatics never to put them in an asylum if there is the slightest hope of their recovery. In these institutions every thing is against their improvement—the associations for one thing. Imagine a consumptive, for instance, shut up with fifty other consumptives; the sympathetic action would certainly increase the violence of his disease and retard its cure. The same thing is true of mental diseases. Again, a person is taken from a home where he has delicate food on a table furnished with respectable, for want of a better word I will say, furniture, clean cloth, dainty dishes, glassware, etc. There he must eat off a bare plank, with ill tasting knives and spoons, made of pewter, while all his food is mixed together on one plate. All around him are his fellow lunatics, eating like hogs with their fingers and muttering to themselves. The keepers meanwhile are cursing and swearing or throwing potatoes at the men for a joke. Your appetite is destroyed, and the little food you manage to force down is not digested and barely suffices to keep body and soul together. I have no special fault to find with the quantity and quality of my food, although I was never able to eat the beefsteak, and as for the tea and coffee—well, the paupers had enough to eat such as it was.

Finally the patients in asylums are always more or less cruelly treated. The medical attention is purely perfunctory and all the officials are indifferent to everything except their salaries. If you want to see poor human nature at its worst spend three months in a mad-house. If you want to realize the value of money and what it can do for you live in a public insane asylum. I've been a miser ever since I left it. A good private nurse and a skillful doctor can often restore a patient to reason who would never recover if placed in an asylum.

A word or two to indivlduals suffering from nervousness, a mild form of insanity, and which is always liable to develop into a serious mental disease. Never, under any circumstances, use either liquor or tobacco; the fewer drugs, the better. All these things render the nerves more sensitive, and I can say from bitter experience do far more harm than good. Avoid anodynes as you would poison. You had better lie awake all night than suffer from the effects that invariably follow from their use. Fresh air, gentle exercise—violent exercise is very injurious—and suitable employment are the remedies that will alleviate this disease. Don't think about yourself; get outside of yourself as much as possible. I accomplish this by frequenting places of amusement and losing self in the woes of the hero. I forget myself and my troubles, most of which are equally fanciful. But the best of all specifics is music, which acts like a charm to soothe the aching and feverish nerves. Make up your mind to avoid everything that injures you, screwing your courage up to the sticking place, bearing always in your mind the mad-house. If you do not exert your will power, its doors may close on you, perhaps for life.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

HELPING A POOR MAN.

Daniel Webster's Phenomenal Success as a Seller of Potatoes.

Among other anecdotes related about Daniel Webster by his New Hampshire friends, was one which Colonel James Wilson used to tell about his visit to the house of a lawyer in the Granite State in the spring of 1817. It will be recollected that the summer of 1816 was so cold that few crops ripened in New England, especially potatoes. Among the few who put into their cellar a supply of this vegetable was the lawyer at whose house Mr. Webster was a guest, and he saw them doled out to purchasers at large prices for the ready cash. One day, in the absence of his entertamer, Mr. Webster was standing on the doorstep when a poor man from a distant part of the town drove up to the door with a cart and oxen. He seemed a very clever, honest man, but much reduced in circumstances and was greatly disappointed on learning that his errand was likely to prove fruitless. It appeared from his own statement that he had called some days before and requested to be furnished with a few bushels of potatoes for planting; but as he could not pay for them down he had received an evasive answer. Bold from the necessity of his situation and the want of his family, he had, however, hired a neighbor's team and come over with the forlorn hope of teasing the fortunate man out of sufficient for a small crop. Mr. Webster heard the countryman's tale, and perceiving his downcast and saddened look on retiring, remarked to the lady of his friend that the poor man's case seemed an unusually hard one, as not only was he very poor and his family probably in want, but he would undoubtedly be obliged to give a day's labor in return for the team he had brought over on his fruitless errand and said that if she would not object, he would take the responsibility of furnishing the farmer his supply. To this she readily consented, and forthwith the lawyer followed the man to his cart and asked him to drive round to the barn, remarking that he would see if he could do any thing for him. The compliance was indeed ready and joyful.

In the meantime, having hunted up a huge coal basket, holding a multitude of pecks and clambered into the potato bin, it was soon filled with a load at which even the giant Senator tugged right heartily. It was filled several times, when the farmer said he had received as many basketfuls as he had expected bushels. The lawyer inquired "if that were as many as he could plant?" "O, no; but as many, he feared, as he should be able to pay for." "Very well," said the lawyer, "here seem to be potatoes enough. How many can you plant?" The other named a certain number of bushels, and the basket was once more in motion till it had passed the given number of times.

The lawyer then inquired of the farmer how he proposed to live and support his family while these were growing. "O," said he, "I intend to cut off the seed ends and plant them, and save the other part for eating; we have nothing else." "But," returned the lawyer, "in that case your crop may not be so good. Here seem to be potatoes enough, and you had better take a few more bushels to live upon while they are growing." The man protested he could not pay for them. "No matter, here are potatoes enough," and without heeding remonstrances the lawyer tugged on till the cart was full to overflowing, and then bade the driver "go home and remain an honest man."

His money-loving friend returned in due time, and his wife breaking the subject, mentioned the visit and errand of the neighbor. "Of course you gave him none," said he. "But he was very urgent." "Ah, well, he will never pay for them." Here the "defender" took up the case, if not with the energy with which he met General Hayne, yet with so much success that he caused his entertainer to promise never to apply to any other person for his pay than the man who loaded the cart.—*Ben: Perley Poore, in Boston Budget.*

A Truly Noble Husband.

A man and woman who were evidently husband and wife, and probably journeying to some point on foot, sat on the steps of the Mechanics' block with their bundles the other noon to eat luncheon. The man spread a handkerchief on his knees and pulled out a hunk of bread, a piece of meat, two bananas and two onions, and began eating. The wife made no attempt to help herself, nor was any thing offered her. The man got away with the bread and meat and one banana, and he was peeling the other when a lawyer's clerk who had been interested in the affair remarked:

"Aren't you going to share with your wife?"

"Allus have," replied the man as he bit the banana in two, "and I allus shall. Here, Bets."

He selected the smallest of the two onions and handed it to her, and she smiled her gratitude at the clerk as she vigorously munched away.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A ten-year-old lad of Conyers, Ga., has a complete piece of mechanism, made by himself, in the shape of a chair made inside of a bottle. The bottle is about an inch square, and the mouth is very small. The chair was made by putting in and arranging one piece at a time.

SENATORIAL BILLIARDISTS.

Some of the Members of Congress Who Can Handle the Cue Skillfully.

At the National Hotel a few nights ago was seen one of the finest amateur billiard exhibitions ever witnessed in this city. The participants were legislators and all Southern men. It was a three-handed game, the cues being wielded by the one-legged Senator from Arkansas, Berry; Robertson, of Kentucky, and King, of Louisiana. All three are good players, but Berry proved himself to be the finest shot among Washington statesmen. He made no very high runs—thirty-two being the highest to his credit—but he kept up an excellent average. His strong point is draw shots, many of which are as surprising as Schaefer's. One shot in particular elicited wild applause from the Southerners who frequent the National. The object balls were apart by nearly the full length of the table and in a straight line. The white sphere was near the center of the table. The Senator made the shot by a wonderful draw and cushion stroke, at the same time bringing the balls into a position which insured a "picnic." The "picnic" netted him twenty-one. His average was ten on the whole game. King came next, with an average of seven, and Robertson something over six.

Senator Berry's principle recreation is billiard playing. He has certainly had practice enough to make him an expert. While he was Governor of Arkansas he was widely known as a patron of the science. A good player always found welcome at the Executive Mansion and had social attentions showered on him. The Governor had a table and a set of cues which were said to have cost a year's salary.

Robertson is known as one of the best cue wielders in Kentucky. He is not so devoted to the game as Berry, but when he takes a hand the others get left. He plays with great rapidity, seeming hardly to observe the position of the balls; still he makes them click quite often. King seems to have inherited his skill from his father, Hon. Thomas Butler King, who had no equal in Louisiana twenty years ago. He is slow and painstaking and makes many scientific shots.

These are not the only statesmen who handle the cue effectively. Senator Warner Miller is a very fair player. He is occasionally seen at Willard's engaged in a game. His science has deteriorated, however, since Senatorial ease has added many pounds of flesh and made him rather awkward in getting around the table. Senator Butler, of South Carolina, also plays well. He is often seen in the Metropolitan billiard room, his antagonist generally being Ransom, of North Carolina. Senator Don Cameron used to like the game when he first came here, but his health has become so bad that he no longer seems to care for any kind of amusement. Frank Hiscock gave an exhibition of his skill at Riggs' about two weeks ago. Runs of twenty-two, eighteen and fifteen showed that he was not a novice. Reed, of Maine, while city solicitor of Portland, had the reputation of being the finest shot among the lawyers of that city. Congressional life has made him very fat—so fat, indeed, that he now handles the cue with difficulty. Warner, of Missouri; McComas, of Maryland; Reed, of North Carolina; Crisp, of Georgia; Hepburn, of Iowa, and Belmont, of New York, are quite passable players. *Washington Letter.*

FRONTIER LIFE.

A Brave Young Girl's Unselfish and Unparalleled Heroism.

Three years ago Thomas Ferguson lived with his family in the valley of Southern Missouri, himself, his wife, wife's mother and four children making up the family group.

The land was poor, times were hard and Ferguson found it up hill work to fill with bread the mouths dependent on him. He had heard of the rich and boundless West, and leaving his family to follow at some time in the near future, had sought the setting sun. Locating after some months' wandering on Bear river, in Idaho, he improved some land and was nearly ready to send for his family when an accident stretched him on his back and swallowed up the earnings which were to have reunited the father with his family. That family he had double reasons for wishing to see, for a few months after his departure from his Missouri home his wife had presented him with a fifth child. Misfortunes came in company, and soon after the receipt of the letter announcing the accident to her husband the wife sickened and died. Now, Mary, the eldest girl, was the sole hope and prop of the helpless family. She at once determined to take the little children and the aged "granny" to her father. The poor home was deeply mortgaged, but it was sold, and with the pittance remaining after the debts were paid, the old wagon and ponies, the brave child started on her long journey. Passing through Kansas the old wagon rolled during the summer for the Nebraska line. The little heroine met with innumerable mishaps and innumerable kindnesses. Many a rough hand helped her on and many a rough voice wished her "God speed." Just within Nebraska she found a resting place for the winter, and this spring again took up her burden.

In a miserable wagon, drawn by two half-starved ponies, there recently passed through Cheyenne an old woman of eighty and five great grandchildren. The eldest of these grandchildren was a girl of twelve and the youngest was a wee toddler of two. When asked "if she was not afraid and did she not grow weary," she raised her eyes, in which shone the light of faith, hope and love, and answered simply: "Are we not going to our father?" and so, with the rising of the sun, the old wagon rolled on, guided by the hands of the child-woman, made strong and enduring by her own brave heart toward that lonely ranch amid the Idaho mountains, where the stricken father awaits the coming of his children.—*Cheyenne (Wy. T.) Leader.*

TEMPERANCE READING.

BRIDGET IN THE ALLEY.

"I wint down the alley," said Bridget McFlynn,
"And a poor place it was for me fate to be in;
For the glimpse that I got of the people's back doors,
Of the ashes and paiens and babes on the floors,
Of the men wid the pipes sending up sich a smoke,
Ye'd think that the pigs and the poultry might choke,
And the smell of the place and the oaths and the din—
Sure the angels would never be made to come in,
Since it even disgusted poor Bridget McFlynn.

"Oh! the looks of thim windows, wid niver a blind
To kape out the glances of eyes too unkind.
Sure I saw at one window, forgivin' the dirt,
A woman and child weepin' there wid a hurt,
And a scarred face it was pressed so close to the pane,
Wid the tears streamin' down like the thick drops of rain;
And a man wid a face all discolored and big,
Wid not more intelligence there than a pig.

And the cries of the childer, and looks of thim all—
Sure there's nothing more certain to me than the fall.
Ough! even the childer were stained, and so wild
Wid the sin of the fathers, the looks of a child
Was gone from each brow, and a bad look instead
Jist fell on me heart like a piece of hot lead.
And I thought, perhaps, to wash thim within and without
Wid some pure running water, would change thim about;
But the filth is so deep that I prayed in despair,
While me tears began falling to ease me heart's care.

"But last up the alley I saw the saloon—
The plague of the ally—I thought I should swoon.
The odors breathed out like the hot mouth of hell,
And the childer went dipping their jugs in its well,
And coming and running, and supping and blinking,
I saw the whole alley were given to drinking.
And out of that reservoir, filthy wid sin,
Flowed the rivers of fire that entered widin
Every home, every heart, every soul in the place,
And I pointed and cried: 'There's the fount of disgrace!'

"Ough! the laughter, and wailing, and cursing rose up,
As they drank the vile dregs of each sin-poisoned cup.
There were tears of mad hearts in them sobs of despair,
There was even the blood of poor souls mingled there;
And they roared and they cursed and they laughed, as I know
The demons of murder and hate laugh at woe,
And I ran from the alley and the hot breath of sin,
As if demons were after," said Bridget McFlynn.

—*Fannie Bolton, in Union Signal.*

CLOSING A LIQUOR SALOON.

The Final Triumph of a Patient, Persistent Presbyterian Clergyman.

No citizens are so tenacious of legal rights as rumsellers are of their opportunities to ruin their fellow-men for their own gain. Probably few of the good people who join in demanding, through the press, and in speeches at respectable assemblies, that liquor shops should be closed have any adequate knowledge of what is required to enforce their demand in New York. There is a great deal of complaint that laws are not enforced, and a great deal is unjustly said of the complicity of police and officials with the law-breakers; but making due allowance for inefficiency and neglect, there is much to be said of the difficulty of carrying out good laws, even when both intention and effort are active and devoted to their enforcement.

In illustration of this statement, let me give a leaf from personal experience, which could doubtless be matched in essentials by Rev. Dr. Crosby and others. Some years ago, while pastor of a church in this city, I received a letter from the owner of a house next to mine asking me to buy his property, and adding that, if I did not do so, the owner would turn it into a "road-house." I declined to be forced into such a bargain, and wrote in my answer "that if a 'road-house' was opened next door to me I would try the Gospel on it, and, if that failed, would try the law.

The man proceeded to put his threat in operation, and leased the house to a fellow-countryman who had some experience in the business. Sheds were erected, a bar was set up and a stock of liquor brought in. A license was duly applied for, and as soon as the application was filed with the excise board, the drunkards of the neighborhood and their friends were invited to come to a house-warming.

Meanwhile, I had not been idle. The police captain of the district had been visited, and to his honor be it recorded that Captain Speight said upon hearing the facts: "You may count on me every time. Every complaint you make shall be carried as far as you are willing to go." A remonstrance had also been entered against granting the license, and the facts set forth for the information of the excise commissioners.

I made a friendly visit to the unwelcome neighbor, and endeavored to dissuade him from his effort. He said: "I must live, and have a family to support." I told him that I would make no opposition to a grocery or a butcher shop, or to any business but that of making men drunk; and when he said that "men would have liquor, and he might as well make the money as the next man," I frankly told him that he should conduct his business *within the law*, and that I would have him arrested whenever he violated the law.

And I kept my word. The next Sunday he broke the law, and Monday morning he was arrested and taken to the court and fined ten dollars. He laughed at the fine, but was more careful the next Sunday. I got a member of the Excise Board to visit the place personally, and showed him that there was no need of the additional dram-shop. He promised to report the matter in the board, but it took a good while to do it. The newspapers treated the matter, when they noticed it at all, as a good joke that a clergyman should try to shut up a rum-shop, and some of them intimated that it was none of his business to meddle with laws and politics and such matters.

Meanwhile, I watched, and after one midnight orgy I called upon a policeman to arrest a pack of drunken brawlers who were coming out of the barroom. He was a coward and allowed them to get away, but he was sorry for it when the commissioners heard the testimony, and fined him ten days' pay for neglect of duty. He never forgot the lesson, and was very careful for years afterwards to see that I kept my sidewalk cleared from snow and ice. But the liquor dealer held on. A complaint against the house as "disorderly," only resulted in the visit of a drunken inspector to the parsonage (!) which he afterwards reported to the board as "very well kept and in no way disorderly." The Excise Board was of very little help to me, except that the license was not granted; it was, however, held in abeyance, not refused, and so the man went on selling his poison, and making persistent efforts to extend his trade.

I was sorry for his poor wife and two little children. He evidently loved them, and sometimes would play with the little ones. But oftener he was cross and hard spoken, for it was pretty evident that he drank with his customers. Every time that he broke the law, to my knowledge, I went to the captain, and true to his word he would send and make the arrest, and I would go with my witnesses, sometimes in the wagon with thieves and other disreputable characters, to the justice's court, and wait the turn, wasting precious hours, of ten in a foul atmosphere, and getting the scanty satisfaction of a small fine. But persistent effort began to tell. After a year of this sort of thing, the man grew weary and determined to move away. But his crafty landlord, who had tried to blackmail the parson, had effected a lease of his property at a high rate to the liquor-seller, and held him to his bargain. He tried in vain to lease the place to another man of the same business, for it was understood by this time in the neighborhood that to have a Presbyterian minister living next door was rather a hindrance to the liquor traffic. So he worried along in the second year, and the business did not thrive, and things became generally "down-at-the-heel." Then he proposed to me to buy him off. He would go, if I would take his lease off his hands, and I could choose my own tenant! Failing in this, he "skipped" into another State and left his respectable sureties to settle with the sly landlord. They were sued for the rent under the lease, and, strange to say, I was subpœnaed by the counsel for the owner, more than twenty times, at fifty cents a time, to go to court and give testimony that the liquor-seller had actually occupied the house and carried on his business there.

For some time the place stood vacant, then the sheds came down, the bar was removed, the house was repaired and renewed, and has ever since been occupied by excellent people and good neighbors.

Those who have read the story can understand what it means to shut up a dram-shop. Mine was a comparatively easy case, for I had a faithful ally in the captain of police, I had the sympathy of the neighborhood, and I had a weak man to deal with. In many cases these things are all reversed, and then the effort is well-nigh hopeless. But it is worth while to make the effort, and if every clergyman in New York would secure the closing of one liquor-shop every three years, the number would be somewhat reduced. It is a practical form of charity, for it limits the misery and vice of the neighborhood. I found it an effective mode of charity, and in my case, certainly, "charity began at home."—*Cor. N. Y. Observer.*

A TERRIBLE STORY.

Two Children Starving While the Mother Lies Drunk on the Floor.

Mrs. Annie McDuff was before Justice C. J. White charged with being an habitual drunkard. The complainant is Mrs. Dora Isaacks, who occupies the front part of the same house in which the defendant and her two children lived. The reason she made complaint was on account of the two children, who for weeks past have been neglected and almost starved to death, while the mother has been lying drunk in one corner of the kitchen.

The oldest child is only six years old, while the other is two years younger. Two weeks ago the father, who has a position in a lumber-yard, went to his house and finding his wife drunk staid only a short time, and when he left declared that he would never return. He left a little money with the oldest child, and told her to buy some food with it for herself and sister. Since that time he has not returned. The mother in the meantime became worse than ever, pawning what furniture she could get together in order to get more money for whisky.

On several occasions she woke up the children after eleven o'clock at night and ordered them to go to the saloon in Blue Island avenue and get whisky for her. Upon their return without the liquor she beat and pounded them in a most cruel manner. For the last week she has not been sober a day, and during all that time the children have had to look out for themselves, and would have starved had not neighbors given them food.

The court, after hearing the evidence, sent her to the bridewell, and the children were placed in the custody of Officer Dudley, of the Humane Society.—*Chicago Times.*

THE Providence *Star*, speaking of the effects of the new law in Rhode Island, says: "One set of people are happy over the effects of prohibition, and they are the merchants of Providence engaged in legitimate business." When the drain of whisky is stopped there is always a supply of substantials and even luxuries for thrifty people. "The first six days of the law in July," says the *Star*, "and not a single arrest in East Providence. Such a thing was never known before."

THE proportion of crime traceable to this great vice (intemperance) must be set down, as heretofore, at not less than four-fifths.—*Massachusetts State Board of Charities, 1869.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A clam-opener in a Westchester (Pa.) restaurant found a live mouse among his clams the other morning, one clam holding it securely by the foot and another by the tail.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—"Astronomy as a whole has not been advancing much during the last ten years—at least in the way of discovery," says Richard Proctor. "The promise of the ten years before has not been fulfilled, either in Europe or America."

—"Trimmed with greens" is an obnoxious expression to use in describing the vines and shrubbery decorations of church weddings. It suggests a chancel filled with spinach, dandelions, water cresses and other vegetables.—*Hartford Times.*

—The body of a pet dog that had died abroad was on a recent English steamer that sailed into Boston. The owner, an American woman, of course, could not bear the thought of her beloved canine being buried in a foreign land, and accordingly brought the body home for burial.—*Boston Journal.*

—Was ever a comforting thought expressed more delicately than by a cheery girl, who said to one who was sad over the falling leaves: "Just think how much more room it gives you to see the beautiful blue sky beyond." True of other things besides leaves.—*Chicago Standard.*

—A few days ago while a party of Italian railroad laborers were passing through Winchester, Can., one of them undertook to rob a hen-roost. The owner ordered him off the premises, but the Italian drew a dirk and advanced. Whereupon the Canadian, who was carrying a gun, shot the Italian dead.

—A San Francisco citizen has a chicken that is backed like a camel, has two tails and three well-developed legs. When the fowl is in repose it rests on all three legs, after the manner of a milking-stool. When it walks it uses but two, the third, it is said, "sticking out behind like a ship's spankerboom."—*San Francisco Call.*

—A farmer, two horses and a lumber wagon tried to cross the Canada Pacific railway, near Pontypool, ahead of a fast train. The wagon was knocked fifteen feet into the air, the horses were unhurt, and the farmer was found clinging for dear life to the cow-catcher.

—"Will you have another piece of steak, Charlie?" said his aunt, somewhat deaf. "I have had sufficient," replied Young America. "Been a-fishin'?" "I have had a-plenty." "Caught twenty?" "You are an old fool." "Broke your pole?" The lad left the table in despair!—*Boston Journal.*

—At Yaquina Bay, Ore., the fishing is done by Indians from canoes. They fish in about one hundred and twenty-five feet of water a mile and a half or so from the shore. They use no bait, but have the shank of their hooks covered with block tin, the glitter of which attracts the fish, and the hook does not reach the bottom until it is seized by a fish. There are two Indians to each canoe.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—A small New England negro named Johnson ran away several years ago, slept in the woods, and froze both feet so that one had to be amputated and the other was mutilated. Some charitable women of Pittsfield, Mass., collected a sum of money and put it in a savings bank, subject to his order when he came of age. Johnson, who now lives in Danbury, drew the money a few days ago. It amounted to $1,700.—*Boston Budget.*

—A few days since a gentleman in a smoking-car on the Central Hudson road took from his sachel an evening suit while searching for a magazine. A verdant-looking individual in the seat behind him, upon seeing the "claw-hammer, remarked: "Wa'l naow, I declare, if there ain't one o' them old-fashioned coats that they used to wear nigh onto forty years ago, and it looks just like new stuff, tew."—*Rochester Democrat.*

—Jeremiah Long, of Fairfax Court-House, Va., wrote recently to J. T. Hill, of Alexandria, calling his attention to the fact that in 1861, while Confederate troops were at Fairfax Court-House, he (Long) mended two canteens and a candlestick for him (Hill). The bill, sixty cents, had never been paid, hence Mr. Long's letter. He said that though interest was due on the amount he would be satisfied with the sixty cents. Mr. Hill sent Mr. Long the sixty cents.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Paper is about to revolutionize another branch of industry, which is no less a one than the making of gentlemen's headgear. By a new process of manipulation, hats more serviceable and finer than any thing now on the market are made of wood pulp. They are impervious to water and not wanting in flexibility. It is believed that felt hats will have to take a back seat soon as these new hats can be placed in the market in sufficient numbers to supply the demand.—*Boston Bulletin.*

—At the battle of Shiloh, one of the fellows desiring to withdraw, gathered up a wounded man, slung him over his shoulder and started back. On his way back a cannon shot came along and took off his burden's head. Pretty soon he met a surgeon, who asked where he was going with the man. "Back to the hospital to get his wound dressed." "What's the use of taking him back?" He's got no head on him!" The fellow glanced over his shoulder and exclaimed: "The liar! He told me he was shot in the leg."—*N. Y. Mail.*

—It is said that it is not always safe to let one's troubles be known. Some years ago a panic swept over a certain city, and a well known merchant was at his wits' end for money. He kept his own counsel and walked leisurely into the bank. After talking about indifferent things the merchant said: "I know it is difficult for banks to get reliable paper in these panicky times. I thought I would show you some notes that I have. I think the paper is good. You may put the money to my credit or not, just as you please." With this cool method of asking a loan as a favor to the bank he walked away. He got the money, nevertheless, which would not have happened if the bank had known his condition.—*Dry Goods Chronicle.*

RUINS OF POMPEII.

Description of a Visit to the Most Interesting Spot in Europe.

If there is one thing in the world more interesting than any other one thing it is Pompeii. A single glance at it reveals more than the laborious study of volumes treating of the history, manners and customs of the ancient Romans. To see the houses as they lived in them; the suops in which they sold their goods, with the vessels and implements still in them; theater, amphitheater, baths, streets worn with chariot wheels, and all the machinery of this old life, makes naturally a profound impression even on the most unimaginative and unscholarly person. If a person is at Naples in the summer, it is better to visit Pompeii when it begins to get a little cool in the afternoon. The train takes him there in about forty minutes, through a delightful succession of gardens, fields and suburban villages. It is scarcely three minutes walk from the station to the little buildings at the entrance, where one pays nothing if it is Sunday and forty cents if it is a week-day, and is admitted at a turnstile. On Sunday he looks about as he passes, not employing a guide unless he cares to pay for one. During the week a guide is furnished by the Government, to whom no gratuities are paid, though, when the visitor leaves, he can, if he desires, purchase some poor photographs sold at the gate. Pour-boires are not allowed at any of the ruins or public galleries in charge of the Italian Government, which corresponds with the practice in Paris. It is certainly most commendable and right to do much to bring a bad custom into disrepute. The guides, most of whom speak French, and some of whom have a scanty knowledge of English, are polite and faithful in the performance of their duties, and the visitor can command their services during any reasonable time that he cares to stay. An hour or two, however, usually satisfies him and gives him ample opportunity to see every thing of interest, for as Pompeii did not probably have a population exceeding thirty thousand, and as only about one-third of the area has so far been uncovered, the superficial area to be traversed is not extensive. It is also better to make a second visit or to come at night, for which a special permission can be obtained, than to stay too long on the first occasion.

Excavation goes on constantly but slowly on account of the poverty of the Government, and one may watch the process and see brought to light a statue, a pavement, a fresco or a sleeping apartment. What will be done with the vast amount of antiquities to be uncovered in the remaining two-thirds of the city, no one can tell. The museum of Naples is full and the quantity of antique material found at Rome and all over Italy is crowding the public galleries everywhere. Why does not some American millionaire offer to assist in disinterring the rest of Pompeii for a portion of the antiquities, which with commendable public spirit he could give to some museum in New York or San Francisco? Most of the pictures, statues, frescoes, pavements, bronzes, jewelry, etc., have been taken from the houses of Pompeii and placed in the great museum at Naples, which is one of the most wonderful in the world. It is so rich in objects of various kinds, in Greek vases and in Pompeiian antiquities, that it would really repay months of study. Persons coming to Rome should also visit Naples, which is only five hours distant, and the visit can be made even in summer with much less discomfort than is usually supposed. It would not be perhaps worth while merely to know its people, if time presses, but the three great features of the place—Vesuvius, Pompeii and the museum—are worthy to be classed among the wonders of the world.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

A CITY OF FLOWERS.

Something About Damascus, the Oldest City in the World.

Damascus is the oldest city in the world. Tyre and Sidon have crumbled on the shore; Baalbec is a ruin; Palmyra is buried in the desert; Nineveh and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris and Euphrates. Damascus remains what it was in the days before Abraham—a center of trade and travel—an island of verdure in the desert—"a presidential capital," with martial and sacred associations extending through thirty centuries. It was near Damascus that Saul of Tarsus saw the light above the brightness of the sun; the street which is called Straight, in which it is said, "he prayed," still runs through the city. The caravan comes and goes as it did a thousand years ago. There is still the Sheik, the ass and the water-wheel. The merchants of the Euphrates and the Mediterranean still "occupy" these "with the multitude of their wares." The city which Mahomet surveyed from a neighboring height and was afraid to enter, "because it was given to man to have but one paradise, and for his part he was resolved not to have it in this world," is to-day what Julian called the "eye of the East," as it was in the time of Isaiah, "the head of Syria."

From Damascus came the damson, our blue plums and the delicious apricot of Portugal, called damasco; damask, our beautiful fabrics of cotton and silk, with vines and flowers raised upon a smooth, bright ground; the damask rose, introduced into England at the time of Henry VIII.; the Damascus blade, so famous the world over for its keen edge and wonderful elasticity, the secret of the manufacture of which was lost when Tamerlane carried off the artist into Persia; and that beautiful art of inlaying wood and steel with silver and gold, a kind of mosaic engraving and sculpture united, called damasking, with which boxes, bureaus, swords and guns are ornamented. It is still a city of flowers and bright waters. The streams of Lebanon and the "river of gold" still murmur and sparkle in the wilderness of the Syrian gardens.—*The Household.*

—A Russian, at Yankton, D. T., contemplates making a trip to Moscow in an "ark" of his own manufacture.

THE STOURBRIDGE LION.

Trial Trip of America's First Locomotive at Honesdale.

Guide-books, as a rule, possess no interest that is at all dependent on any inherent value in the facts that are presented in them, but Mr. J. W. Burdiet, the general passenger agent of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's railroad, in a little pamphlet just issued, has been at some pains to present what he deems trustworthy facts about the first locomotive that ever ran upon an American railroad. According to him, the first of these engines was the Stourbridge Lion, so called because it bore a lion's head on the front of its boiler and was made by Foster, Boswick & Co. in Stourbridge, England. Horatio Allen, a young civil engineer, had been sent to England by the canal company to buy scrap-iron for the rails, chains for the inclined planes and three locomotives for the level of the projected railroad. He returned in 1828, and the first of the locomotives reached New York in May, 1829. It was set up at the West Point foundry at the foot of Beach street, in this city, and in the summer was shipped by boat to Honesdale, where it was put upon the iron-strapped wooden rails of the new road. It was of the pattern afterward known by the name of "grasshoppers," because of the walking-beams that elbowed up and down over the boiler, like the leg joints of those insects. It weighed seven tons, or less than one of our elevated railroad locomotives, but it had no such pulling power as they possess.

It was big and clumsy, with four wooden wheels, spoked and with iron tires. It had no cab and the cylinders were upright. The first trip was made on August 8, 1829, in the presence of a crowd collected from forty miles around.

An old Queen Anne cannon was brought up from New York to add its voice to those of the people. Predictions of failure were not wanting; the breaking down of the track, which was built largely on trestles or piles, was especially apprehended, and there was little inclination on the part of those present to trust themselves on the new vehicle. Mr. Allen, declaring that if there was any danger he was ready to meet it, took his position on the locomotive, and, after running slowly backward and forward a few times before the assembled multitude, pulled the throttle valve open, and, shouting a loud good-bye to the crowd, dashed swiftly away around the dangerous curve and over the swaying trestle, setting in motion the first locomotive that ever turned a wheel in the western hemisphere. The track was of strap-iron, spiked next the inner edge to large hemlock sleepers laid on cross-ties. At the time of the trial trip the timbers and ties, though securely connected, had become warped, and in some places raised from the ground, by exposure to the sun. The road crossed the Lackawaxen river over a frail hemlock trestle one hundred feet in height, and as the locomotive was found to weigh seven tons instead of four, as the contract had stipulated, it was feared by everybody that the trestle would not bear its weight.

As the Lion passed over the road the weight pressed every thing underneath firmly down to its place on the road bed, with no little creaking and groaning. The locomotive proved to be all that the engineer had expected. After running at a fair rate of speed as far as Seelyville, the Lion was reversed and returned to the dock at Honesdale amid the shouts of the people and the booming of the cannon, having met with no accident and encountered no difficulty. The trial trip was thus completed, and the locomotive was pronounced a success. Mr. Allen remained in Honesdale three weeks after this experimental trip, during which time he made some improvements in the locomotive. After his departure, however, the company not being rich enough to purchase iron rails, and the wooden ones proving too frail for the engine, it was housed in a shanty on the canal docks, where it lay for years, a prey to rust and decay. The boiler was afterward used in a foundry at Carbondale; the pump was used for several years by an employe of the company, and the rest of the old hulk was partly hacked to pieces by relic-hunters and partly sold for old iron.

On October 5, 1829, less than two months after the historic ride in the Stourbridge Lion, the famous competitive test of locomotives at Liverpool took place. The result of this was the firm establishment of the steam railroad at the head of all methods of land transportation. There were four engines in competition, and Stephenson's Rocket won the prize. Eleven months after this the Liverpool and Manchester railroad was established, and the Rocket ran fifteen miles at a speed of thirty-seven miles an hour. Then there were only twenty-three miles of railroads in this country, and now the number of miles of track exceed 100,000.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Moist Air and Fog.

It has recently been demonstrated that in a perfectly moist air no formation of fog is possible, however much the temperature is lowered, as long as the air is absolutely free from dust, and that the more air, sufficiently moist, is charged with such foreign particles, the more intense is the formation of fog. If filtered and completely moist air in a glass ball have its pressure diminished, soon a few particles of fog will reveal themselves by the most careful inspection. But if a few cubic millimeters of ordinary house air be now admitted into this filtered air, a very fine silvery, transparent fog at once forms itself, of such slight density that even in the case of a considerable area of it the transparency of the atmosphere would be but very slightly affected. At the first moment of its formation, if a reflected image of the sun or the reflected light of an electric lamp be viewed through it, the image will be seen surrounded by an intensely luminous blue or greenish light.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—An advertisement in a Birmingham (Ala.) paper calls for a "second-hand mocking-bird cage."

FASHION'S FREAKS.

A Calm View of the Exaggerations Created by Old Dame Fashion.

Dame fashion is a funny old girl. She is so changeable in her notions and so freaky, that it is positively laughable. She generally commences upon the New York lassies first, and gradually creeps westward, till she has succeeded in introducing her latest freak in every large town, and then she flies back to New York again, with some new agony, only to bring it west after it is thoroughly introduced there, and so it goes, month after month and year after year.

She works upon the laddies in the same way, changing the cut of their clothes and the style of their hats, and, in fact, she rules everybody and every thing with an iron hand. A few years ago it was the fashion for men to wear very flat derbies; so flat did they get as the agony increased, that no matter how large and well developed was a man's dome of thought, he positively looked like an idiot, but he, vain creature, imagined that he looked pretty and felt perfectly satisfied. It was then that the old dame sat back in her chair and shook her fat sides with laughter; it was then that she nodded her head in a knowing way and said to herself: "Ah, I am indeed powerful. When I can cause intelligent men to dress up like clowns, with pan-cake shaped hats, tight pants and pointed shoes two sizes too small for them, I am indeed powerful." When she had her fill of enjoyment at the expense of a crazy public, she once more began to feel restless, and in a short time again changed the fashions.

Sometimes a man will stumble on to a photograph or tin-type taken at that time, and he invariably makes the remark: "Well, I wonder if I was ever such a blamed fool as to wear such a looking hat." As time went on the old girl took it into her head to have some sport with the ladies, and so in an evil moment she sprung the pug-dog mania upon them. Ah, what a rage it has had! Thousands of great, big, elegant dollars have been expended for those miserable little no account dogs, while fine, intelligent hunting dogs have been totally ignored. Women, with every appearance of refinement and culture, after catching this craze, will take a nasty little pug-dog up in her arms, and lalligag over it, kiss its dirty black nose and call it her own little darling, while probably her own little baby is lying neglected and alone in another apartment. Such acts are enough to turn the stomachs of gentle people. How the girls did turn out on Fifth avenue, in New York City, with their pug-dogs blanketed, and attached to dainty little silken strings! But the end is soon to come. Old dame Fashion has probably got something new and startling in view, and so she is going to carry the pug-dog craze to its very extreme and then let it sink, as did the flat derbies, forever in oblivion. The new fad is to allow the animal to range about at will, without being led by a string, and when the brainless apology for a dog attempts to follow off a street-car or news-boy, the girl throws back her shoulders, sticks her gum up in the roof of her mouth, puckers up her lips till they resemble a little rosebud, and emits a whistle which attracts the pup's attention and he comes back. The way-up girls are bound to make a success of this latest fad if possible, and many of them are paying news-boys fifty cents and a dollar an hour to teach them to whistle with their fingers. A few of them have succeeded in mastering the art, and when their dogs wander off in company with common plebeian dogs, or run across the street to shake hands with an old acquaintance, the girls unfurl their mouths, stick their four largest fingers in and emit a whistle so loud and shrill that for a moment it completely takes the curl out of the poor dog's tail and makes him dizzy. It is to be hoped that this latest freak will satisfy the old girl, and that the next craze to be introduced will have a tendency to show how much brain the modern female possesses instead of going to the other extreme, and showing how little she has.—*Peck's Sun.*

Women Engaged in Business.

The proportion of women who engage in occupations outside the household is smaller in the United States than in foreign countries, but in no country is the proportionate number engaged in superior industrial occupations equal to that in this country. Of the 2,647,000 women in work without shelter, 595,000 of them are engaged in agriculture, most of them colored women in the Southern States; 632,000 of them are in manufactories, of whom about one-half are in New York, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania; 282,000 are milliners, etc., and 52,000 are tailors. Of the 44 occupations recorded as "personal service," 44 find women in them. The 525 female surgeons and physicians in 1870 have increased to 2,474, the 7 lawyers to 75, the 65 clergymen to 165, the number of laundries from 61,000 in 1876 to 122,000 and 108,000 of these are kept by women.—*Chicago Herald.*

A Calm and Pointed Reply.

A remarkable story was often told by Lord Cardwell, who heard it from Sir Robert Peel, and I have never seen it in print. Lord Castlereagh was in treaty with an influential member of the Irish Parliament for his vote, which was to carry several others with it, and terms had been settled, when the legislator was seized with a dangerous illness, and, repenting of his iniquities when he thought himself on his death-bed, he requested an interview with his Lordship on his recovery, when he announced that the negotiations were at an end, that he bitterly repented his part in them and that he would take an early opportunity of divulging the whole story to the House. "As you please," calmly replied Lord Castlereagh, "but if you do I shall give you the lie direct on the instant and the next morning I shall shoot you."—*London Truth.*

DRAINAGE AND DROUGHT.

How Underdrains Secure Moisture for Soils During Very Dry Weather.

That the placing of drain-tile several feet below the surface of land naturally low and generally moist is of great value in carrying off the water will be readily admitted. It is reasonable to presume that such land will be greatly benefited by providing an outlet for the water that would otherwise be retained by the soil till it could be carried off by the slow process of evaporation. Low lands are generally much richer than those that are elevated, as they receive by the constant flow of water through and over the soil vegetable and mineral substances that produce fertility. They are the last portions of a farm that are ordinarily cultivated, as the cost of draining them is greater than the new settler can meet. Not only in the New England and Middle States, but in most of the Western States and Territories, the high lands are first cultivated. There are more days in the year that the plow can be used on high land than on low, and the farmer who is improving a new place desires to have as many acres in crop as he can manage.

That underdrains are of great advantage to moderately high land in a wet season is obvious. The tile carry off most of the water immediately after a heavy rain and leave the soil in a condition to be worked by the plow. Land that is tile-drained can be plowed earlier in the spring than that which is not provided with artificial passages for the water, and the success of small grains largely depends on early sowing. Tile drainage is also highly beneficial to crops that are to be cultivated during a rainy season. Corn is more likely to suffer from an excess than from a deficiency of moisture in the soil. The hoe, plow and cultivator can not be used to advantage when the soil contains much water. Tile drains carry off the water from a cultivated field and and allow implements to be used among growing crops. They insure the growth of vegetation that would otherwise suffer from excess of moisture. They are of especial advantage to corn, where rapid growth is promoted by a soil that is fairly dry and quite warm. Underdrains, during a wet season, not only keep the soil sufficiently dry to allow corn to make a rapid growth, but they have the effect of raising its temperature.

That underdrains are highly beneficial during seasons of protracted drought many persons who have never had an opportunity to watch their operations are inclined to doubt. Still all who have seen corn on drained fields and have compared its condition with that planted on land that was not provided with tile are prepared to give evidence in favor of drainage for protracted drought. The prospect is that the largest crops of corn, wheat, rye and oats in the West this season, will be harvested from land that is underdrained. They are not suffering from drought like crops that were planted on undrained land. The auctioneer who declared that the clothes he offered for sale would keep the wearer warm in winter and cool in summer, obviously claimed too much for them. But it is no exaggeration to say that under-drains serve to keep the soil dry in a wet season and to keep it moist during the prevalence of a drought. "Seeing is believing" in this as in other matters. A visit to any portion of the West will convince one that underdrains supply moisture to plants during very dry weather.

During very warm weather the air contains a vast amount of invisible vapor. This vapor of water may be condensed by causing it to come in contact with some cold substance, as the outer surface of a pitcher filled with ice. Underdrains cause currents of air to circulate through them and to pass upward through them into the soil. As the soil is much cooler than the air that passes between its particles much of the invisible vapor it contains is condensed in the form of dew, and is made available for plant growth. This condensed vapor is deposited deep in the soil, where it will not be evaporated as it would be if it was on the surface of the ground. It is within easy reach of the roots of the plants that are in need of moisture. The plants are watered from below and not from above. They are constantly receiving the benefit of an under ground watering. Most persons have noticed that the walls of cellars through which there is a free circulation of air are moist during very dry seasons. The vapor is condensed on them because they are comparatively cold. The same thing takes place when air passes through drains and the soil that is above them.—*Chicago Times.*

HOUSEHOLD HELPS.

Six Useful Suggestions Offered by An Experienced House-Keeper.

If you do not use the patent perforated pie plates, make your old tin plates over by taking a hammer and small nail and putting some holes in the bottom of them, thus allowing the steam to escape and preventing the paste from being a soggy mass.

Rub the bottom of your sauce-pan in which you boil milk with a little butter to prevent the milk from sticking.

Before putting your rolls into the oven to bake rub the edges with a little sweet fat and you will find that they will not stick together when done.

A very delicate cake may be made by taking any good sponge-cake recipe and baking it as for jelly cake, allowing it to be about an inch in thickness when baked. Take one pound of almonds, blanch them and pound them in a mortar, a few at a time, using rose water to keep them from oiling. When all are done stir them into a pint of cream, to which you have added sugar to sweeten it to your taste and vanilla to flavor it. Let the cake be cool when you spread your almond cream between it and over the top.

Inexpensive, but very effective portieres may be made of doubled-faced Canton flannel. Any shade can be used, but peacock blue with a border of cream-colored felt with applique figures or flowers stitched on them, will be very handsome, costing but little time in the making and expense for material.

A bag for soiled linen may be made of linen crash lined with turkey red having a hornet's nest embroidered on it in outline stitch.—*Rural New Yorker*

MONTE VERGINE.

The Pilgrimage of Neapolitan Men and Women to the Holy Mountain.

Avellino and the villages that lie at the foot of Monte Vergine can not afford accommodation for such an influx of strangers. Many sleep or try to do so in the carriages that have brought them; others camp out round field fires, especially near Mercogliano, which lies close to the foot of the sacred mountain. Here a picture of southern life may be seen which perhaps no other place can furnish: but the northern youth will do well to remember that Neapolitans carry their knives with them even on their pilgrimages, and that they are sometimes used for other purposes than that of cutting stale bread and raw ham. At the earliest dawn the sleepers and those who have not slept arise to climb the steep ascent to the shrine, where in the convent square they will find others who have slept all night in the chilly upper air without any roof to cover them, in order not to miss the first mass. Some in fulfillment of a vow tread the stony path bare-footed. A number of superstitions are connected with this part of the pilgrimage. Most of the devotees bring their own provisions with them, and if clouds gather round the mountain tops and rain threatens, it is generally believed that some one has brought meat up the sacred hill. The crowd is infuriated. Haversacks have to be opened and pockets turned inside out, and if even the remnants of a musty sausage are found upon any one, he is placed in an unenviable position. Nay, so far does this feeling with respect to the sanctity of the mountain go that girls carefully wash all the pomatum out of their hair at Mercogliano before attempting the ascent. Strange tales are told round the field fires of maidens who, having neglected to do so, have been struck by lightning before they could reach the holy place. There is generally a touch of humorous incredulity in the way in which such stories are related, and yet a half belief in them still survives. Olive and other vegetable oils are harmless. Other and more pleasing traditions surround the place at this time. The mountain and all the uncultivated country near is covered with broom, which is usually in blossom at the time of the festival. If the wheels of a car or carriage by chance cut off one of the sprays, it is a certain omen that any marriageble girl who is seated in it will find a husband within the year. To crush without cutting the branch is of evil augury. Again, if lovers are separated by the prudence of their parents or any other unkind trick of fate, they endeavor to meet each other amid the crowd which is constantly ascending or descending the mountain-side, and then they steal away from the rest, and tie the branches of two different broom plants together. This is regarded as a kind of vow; if the difficulties are overcome and they are united in the course of the year, it is their duty to return on the next festival and untie the knot. It is sad to see how many branches thus united remain unloosened; nay, how many lie withering on the ground. Is there not what once seemed to the chief personages in these untold stories a tragedy, or at least an idyl, in each?—*Saturday Review.*

PARIS OCUNTERFEITERS.

How Strangers are Victimized in French and English Capitals.

Counterfeit and depreciated coins are very common just now in Paris. Every day we read of the arrest of manufacturers and "shovers" of the "queer," and the courts deal with them very severely, but the example does not appear to exercise any deterring influence on other evil-doers. One and two franc pieces of lead, so clumsily imitated that you wonder how any one can be taken in by them, are constantly being offered in change at cafes and restaurants. It is an absolutely necessary precaution to examine every coin received at such places, not only to prevent counterfeits but also to avoid the garcons from passing off on you Peruvian and Chillian dollars, which are exactly the same weight and size as five-franc pieces, but not being legal tender, are worth fifteen to twenty cents less. How this South American money has found its way into France is something I can not explain, but there certainly is a great deal of it floating around and, sure of being able to pass them on others, the waiters at many of the large cafes on the boulevards make no difficulty about accepting them. But it is not only at such places that you are likely to get taken in with these South American dollars. Only the other day, when I was going over to London, I paid for my ticket at the railroad depot with a bank note and then holding my change in my hand, I went into the luggage-room to get my baggage registered. My trunk was a trifle over weight, and in payment of the excess I handed the baggage-master one of the coins I had just received at the ticket office, but it was pushed back to me with the remark: *Pas bon:* and on examining it I found that it was a Peruvian dollar. As I had no time to go back to the ticket office I put the piece in my pocket and went to the train. Since my return I have learned that the railway companies make a regular practice of sending all the bad or uncurrent coins they receive in the course of their business to their ticket offices, and, as the traveling public is usually in too much of a hurry to examine its change, these coins are easily got rid of. It is quite as bad at the post-office, where it is the rule to pay from one-half to two-thirds of all money orders in silver, and the chances are that if you have to collect an order of any amount you will find one or more depreciated coins in the stack of five-franc pieces piled up in front of you. If you express your surprise at such a proceeding the clerk will reply that the department is so often cheated by the public that it feels itself at liberty to do a little cheating in its own turn.—*Cor. N. O. Picayune.*

—While Charles Rasch, of Sprague, W. T., was taking a bottle of soda from an ice-chest the bottle exploded and the patent stopper was thrown into his face with force enough to tear out one of his eyes.

Concluded from 1st page.

af them ashamed of the ould sergeant ond his wife, but she's not able to travel and so I have to report alone. Will I take a sup out of your flask, sir?

"Well, talkin's dry work and I've been doin' a power of it; a sup would go well now, but if you'll excuse me I won't take it. Ten minutes will bring me to where they're all waitin' for me and I'd rather not kiss Mary and the babies with the late touch of it on my lips."

In ten minutes we stopped at a station, the old sergeant stepped from the cars, and as we moved off he was still the centre of a beautiful, loving group.

The Dark Side of Farming.

There are "ne'er-do-wells" in farming as well as in other vocations, and many a farmer who feels that he is on "the dark side" might take aid and comfort, if in no other way, by studying well that delightfully natural and evidently faithful autobiography of Mrs. Mary Wager-Fisher, given on the first page of the *Rural* of June 5th, in which she tells how she learned "if she wanted anything accomplished the only way to get it done was to do it, and she has never yet learned any better way." One class of men who live on "the dark side of farming" is made up of those who are given the vice of procrastination—that "thief of time" which robs us of our best gift and which is even tempting men to try how not to do it, just at the very time when some important work should be done. Farm work is especially one of times and seasons and opportunities, which, if permitted to pass, do not return until a year has passed. A young man may not think what a year is. He is full of hope—too full at times, living upon it too often. He may think: "Never mind, it is too late now for this year, but it will be alj ready next season." Alas! he fergets the truth of that common adage: "The road to ruin is paved with good intentions."

Another man, forehanded, thoughtful, full of plans, but carrying all into execution in good season, lives in sunshine. His crops are good, being put in in good time they get ahead of bad seasons; his plowing is all done in the fall; his spring seeding is all finished while the land is in its best condition; his wet land has been drained in the winter, and while the procrastinating neighbor has been always going to fix his fences, mend his tools, hang his gates, get his summer fuel into the shed, and do the thousand and one things which should have kept him busy all through the cold weather, and has been gossiping or idling his time away, the beforehanded man has been doing all these things. This one has every thing needed and ready for use. His hay and fodder got in in dry weather are the best of food for cows and horses; the stables and barns have every convenience and safegrard; all his fields are well fenced and furnished with good gates; there is a place for everything and everything is in its place. Nothing goes amiss with him, because everything goes by rule and plan, all laid down ahead, and every work or arrangement is done or made before the necessity for it arises. The old story of the man whose barn roof leaked so badly applies here: When the weather was fine the roof did well enough and didn't need fixing; and when it rained it couldn't be fixed—and so it was never done, until by and by the old shingles blew off in a storm and great damage was done and the cost was increased several times.

There is another old story, too, which has so useful a moral that I am tempted to repeat it. A man going on a journey noticed a nail in his horse's shoe was missing. He thought it would not matter and he could get that little thing fixed when he returned. He started; the roads were bad and the weakened shoe was soon torn from the horse's foot. Then the horse went lame, and in passing a steep, rocky bank it tripped, stumbled and fell and rolled down into the river, the horse and rider were drowned.—*Henry Stewart.*

The Best Chill Medicine.

SALISBURY, MD., Aug. 1884.

Dear Sir:—I had the ague and chills and fever for six months, had taken several different medicines, but none done me any good. Through the recommendation of a friend I was induced to try "AROMANNA." I used one bottle and have not had a chill since.

JOHN PARSONS.

SALISBURY, MD., May 25, 1885.

Dear Sir:—I was cured of Dyspepsia by using two bottles of "AROMANNA."

MARY HEARN.

Price 25 and 85 cts. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland, Md.

Never employ yourself to discern the faults of others, but be careful to amend and prevent your own.

What is Required of a Country Weekly.

It is in some respects a great misfortune that human tastes vary so widely. This is especially the case with regard to the material which constitutes a newspaper, and particularly a country weekly. If it were not for this variety how simple it would be to make a good paper—that is good in the eyes of all? For example, some "crave the personal" to the exclusion of everything else. This class of aimless and profitless literature is of the gossip genus, and can possibly be gleaned with the least trouble. Anybody will divulge the interesting fact that "Miss Angelina Smith is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Jane Robinson," or "the beautiful Miss Toots returns home next week, having exhausted Cupid's quiver in transfixing the hearts of her many admirers." This may suit the "ducks" of girls or their "transfixed" and amorous male friends, but the stern parent who pays the subscription, wants graver stuff. If he is a merchant, he wants all commercial and news matter, nothing else. If he is a farmer, he wants farm topics, exclusively. If he is a politician, he must have politics, county, State and Federal *ad libitum*. Many judge of the merits of a newspaper by the number of advertisements in it, others don't want a paper with "nothing in it." Some want to see their own effusions, others would exclude all matter beneath the Addisonian standard of English composition. If it takes a stand for a party, clique or person, it is "a dirty servile sheet." If it is independent, it is "on the fence" waiting for a bidder. If it touches on religion, the hair of the clergy bristles with indignation that a seclar paper should trench on its ground, or perhaps its lip curls with scorn at the "ignorance of the fellow."

Yet in spite of these various tastes, it goes on its weekly round of instruction, enlightment and entertainment furnishing for an inconceivably low price something to suit the views of all. The country weekly, conscientiously conducted, represents a vast amount of unappreciated and unthanked labor. Its matter, in one sense, at least, is all fresh. It can lay by no "forms" from its daily issue to make up a dish for its country subscribers, as do the city papers, who thereby illustrate the economical methods of the thrifty boarding-house proprietor, who manufacture Sunday's bread pudding from the "crumbs swept up" during the preceding week. The country weekly must set up everything anew or resort to the hateful expedient of warmed-over, revamped plates, which have already done duty elsewhere. It would, noubtless, afford every conntry paper pleasure to furnish each of its subscribers that, and that alone, which suits his taste. Unfortunately, however, it is impossible. But it must be borne in mind that the limitation is not the fault of the country editor, but of the variety of the subscribers' lastes.—*Bedford Index.*

What Can be Done.

By trying again and keeping up courage many things seemingly impossible may be attained. Hundreds of hopeless cases of Kidney and Liver Complaint have been cured bp Electric Bitters, after everything else had been tried in vain. So, don't think there is no cure for you, but try Electric Bitters. There is no medicine so safe, so pure, and so perfect a Blood Purifier. Electric Bitters will cure Dyspepsia, Diabetes and all Diseases of the Kidneys. Invaluable in affections of Stomach and Liver, and overcome all Urinary Difficulties. Large Bottles only 50 cts. at Wm. Nydegger's.

The honest literalness of some very sensible people is often decidedly amusing. The following joke, coming from the Chinese, proves that our friends at the antipodes are tickled by the same straws which excite our mirth.

"Come home to dinner!" cried a housewife to her husband, who was at work in a field.

"All right!" he shouted; "as soon as I have hidden my hoe."

At dinner, his wife remonstrated with him for proclaiming his affairs so loudly.

"I am certain," said she, "that the neighbors have heard you, and some one has already stolen it."

Struck with the remark, the man returned to the field to find that the hoe was surely gone. On going back to the house, impressed by the wisdom of her previous caution, he whispered in his wife's ear.

"The hoe is stolen."

It has long been a question of doubt as to how far beneath the surface the roll of the ocean could be felt. A diver at work on the Oregon at a depth of 120 feet found it so heavy that he could not keep his position while making fast to a trunk that was to be hoisted up.

Why They Married.

From Tid-Bits.

We lately sent out postal cards to the married men of a small town in western New York with the inquiry, "why did you marry?" We give a few of the responses:

"That's what I've been trying for eleven years to find out."

"Married to get even with her mother but never have."

"Because I was too lazy to work."

"Because Sarah told me that five other young men had proposed to her."

"The old man thought eight years' courtin' was almost long enough."

"I was lonesome and melancholy, and wanted some one to make me lively. N. B.—She makes me very lively."

"I was tired of buying ice cream and candies and going to theaters and church, and wanted a rest. Have saved money."

"Please don't stir me up."

"Because I thought she was one among a thousand; now I sometimes think she is a thousand among one."

"Because I did not have the experience I have now."

"The governor was going to give me his foot, so I took his daughter's hand."

"I thought it would be cheaper than a breach of promise suit."

"That's the same fool question that my friends and neighbors ask me."

"Because I had more money than I knew what to do with. Now I have more to do than I have money with."

"I wanted a companion of the opposite sex. P. S.—She is still opposite."

"Don't mention it."

"Had difficulty unlocking the door at night and wanted somebody to let me in."

"I was embarrassed, and gave my wife the benefit of my name so that I could take the benefit of her name signed to a check."

"Because it is just my luck."

"I didn't intend to go to do it."

"I yearned for company. We now have it all the time."

"I married to get the best wife in the world."

"Because I asked her if she'd have me. She said she would. I think she's got me."

How Wars Begin.

"Papa, how do nations get into war with each other?" inquired Tommy Seasonby.

"Sometimes one way, sometimes another," replied his father. "Now there are Germany and Spain—they came near getting into war because a Spanish mob took down the German flag."

"No, my dear," put in Mrs. Seasonby, "that wasn't the reason."

"But, my darling," said Mr. Seasonby, "don't you suppose I know? You are mistaken—that was the reason."

"No, dearie, you are mistaken. It was because the Germans—"

"Mrs. Seasonby, I say it was because—"

"Peleg, you know better! You are only trying to—"

"Madam, I am not aware that your opinion was asked in this matter."

"Well. I don't want my boy instructed by an old ignoramus."

"See, here, you impudent—"

"Don't you dare bristle up to me, you old—"

"Never mind," interrupted Tommy, "I fancy I know how wars begin."

A man went into the country for a walk. He carried his overcoat on his arm, but, finding it burdensome, hung it on a fence. Taking a card from his pocket, he wrote: "Do not touch this coat; infected with small-pox." He came back two hours later and found no coat, but the card upon which was written underneath his warning: Thanks for the coat; I've had small-pox."

Neither photography nor the microscope was known in the days of Cicero, yet he mentions that the whole of Homer's Iliad had been written on a piece of parchment so small as to be inclosed in a nut shell. A Frenchman, after years of practicing, wrote the four canonical prayers of the Roman church on one of his finger nails.

This astute proverb come from India: "It must always be the women who are in the wrong, and not the men, because men have reserved to themselves the right to decide what is right and what is wrong."

The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good humor, and the fourth wit.

Christ has lived, and he asks living followers. Christ has died, a sacrifice, and he asks the spirit of self-sacrifice in you.

Effeminite education, which we call indulgence, destroys the strength both of mind and body.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MEAT MARKET!

The undersigned will have on hand, at his meat market in Oakland, every day, from 5 A. M. to 11 A. M.,

Fresh Beef, Mutton and Veal,

of the best quality and at fair prices. He will also run his wagon to

MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK

every day, and to

DEER PARK

every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

7 10 T. W. CASTEEL.

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Besides the regular Collegate Course, embracing ENGLISH, the CLASSICS and the SCIENCES, special Courses in AGRICULTURAL, CIVIL and MECHANICAL ENGINEERING and APPLIED CHEMISTRY are provided, under the direction of

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Send for Catalogue giving full particulars as to COURSES OF INSTRUCTION, TERMS and SCHOLARSHIPS.

Location unsurpassed for beauty, healthfulness and convenience of access.

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W. H. BUTLER'S

Cheap Cash Grocery

—AT THE—

"LITTLE BIG" STORE

ON SECOND STREET,

OAKLAND, MD.

May 18th, 1886.—tf.

Order of Publication.

Robert B. Leathers, vs. Alverta B. Leathers. } In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. No 373.

The Bill of Complaint was filed in the above entitled cause by the plaintiff against the defendant for the purpose of obtaining a divorce *a vinculo matrimonii.*

The Bill states that the plaintiff and defendant were married on the 31st day of July, A. D. 1882, at St. Paul's Lutheran Church in Baltimore, Maryland, and that on the same day after the marriage was performed the said defendant abandoned and deserted the plaintiff and that the abandonment complained of has continued uninterruptedly for more than three years, and is deliberate and final, and the seperation of the parties beyond any reasonable expectation of reconciliation.

The Bill further states that the defendant lives in Washington City and the plaintiff in Oakland, and that the parties never have lived together.

The Bill further states that the conduct of the plaintiff has always been proper and without reproach.

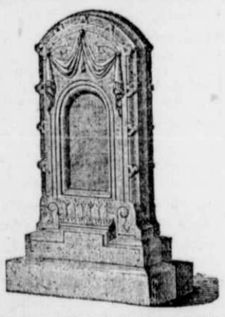
The Bill then prays for relief and for a decree of divore *a vinculo matrimonii*, and for an order of publication against the defendant.

It is thereupon ordered by the Court this 14th day of July, A. D. 1886, that the complainant cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for four successive weeks before the 16th day of August, A. D. 1886, giving notice to the defendant, Alverta, B. Leathers, and warning her to appear in this Court in person or by solicitor on or before the 17th day of November, A. D. 1886, to show cause, if any she has, why a decree should not pass as prayed.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Courut.

True copy—Test:
7 17 4 W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

WHITE BRONZE



MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
6 17 t Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Shartzer's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

$200.000 in presents given away. Send us 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the $200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

FOR SALE!

Steam Engine, Saw Mill and Shingle Machine.

I am authorized to sell a Fifteen Horse Power "Page" Engine, Saw Mill and Shingle Machine, with carriages, &c., complete, the property of Mrs. Eva F. Riggs. The mill has been in use about five years and is in good running order. Will be sold cheap for cash or collateral which may be easily converted into cash. May be examined at Swanton, Md. Must be sold soon.

For price and terms address or apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

ORDER NISI.

Emily T Hinebaugh, et. al Plaintiffs, versus William M. Henline, et. al, Defendants. } In the Circuit Court for Garrett county, In Equity In cause No. 386.

ORDERED, That the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings as made and reported by Gilmor S. Hamill, Trustee, as made by him on the 14th July, 1886, at the town of Deer Park, be *ratified and confirmed* unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the Sixteenth day of August next, *provided* a copy of this Order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Oakland, once in each of three successive weeks before the said Sixteenth day of August next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $400.00.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test:
7 24 3t W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

ORDER NISI.

Arnold J. Bonafield, Plaintiff, vs. John W. Bonafield, } In the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Sitting in Equity, No. 365 Equity.

ORDERED, That the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings as made and reported by Gilmor S. Hamill, trustee to Arnold J. Bonafield, and made to him on the 21st day of July, 1886, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the Twenty first day of August next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Md., once in each of three successive weeks before the eighteenth day of August next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $190.00.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk of the Circuit Court.

True copy—Test.
7 31 3t W. H. TOWER, Cleak.

FOR SALE.

AT A BARGAIN.

A large two-story frame house, with celler and basement, situated on the Oakland and Mountain Lake road, near the latter place, is offered for sale at a bargain.

There are about two acres of ground, good outbuildings, well of good water, and a number of large shade trees. One of the handsomest locations for a summer residence in this neighborhood.

For information apply to or address

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

ft 24 DAVID LITTLE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 30th, 1886.

GOING EAST.

No. 2	7.20 A. M.
No. 66	5.56 A. M.
No. 6	12.55 P. M.
No. 4	11.53 P. M.
No. 82—Accommodation	5.10 P. M.
Way	11.36 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 1	9.54 P. M.
No. 65	5.55 P. M.
No. 5	3.57 P. M
No. 3	4.41 A. M
No. 81—Accommodation	9.36 A. M.
Way	11.36 A. M

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.

L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y

HENRY ALBRIGHT,

—Manufacturer of—

Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,

OAKLAND, MD.

☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done.

Nov. 21, 85.—1 y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

SIXTEEN ACRES OF LAND

at Altamont, Md., improved by a

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE

18 by 36 feet, two stories high. There are on this land two never failing springs of good water, and a running stream.

Situation Delightful!

Two miles from Deer Park, with excellent graded road

Excellent Situation for Summer Residence.

For particulars and terms apply to or address

J. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE,

TRACTS & MILITARY LOTS.

The subscriber offers for sale the following lands in Garrett county:

"Bank Property," 1625 acres on Backbone Mountain, near West Virginia line. There is on this tract good Poplar, White and Red Oak, Chestnut, Birch and Sugar Timber, and the land when cleared, will make good farms.

"Friedland," 175 acres, near Accident, part improved.

A fine building site near Fort Pendleton, lot containing two acres.

Also the following Military Lots, containing 50 acres each:

Lots Nos. 4031 and 4032, with the well known Boiling Spring, two miles south of Deer Park, with which it is connected by a good road.

Lot No. 1914, on B. & Ohio R. R., East of Wilson's store.

Lots Nos. 361, 363, 364 and 365, near Ben Davis'.

Lot No. 390, West of Garrett Moon's.

Lots Nos. 371 and 377, West of (late) Hugh Cooper's.

Lot No. 383, East of (late) Elisha Harvey's.

Lot No. 1252, near West Virginia line.

WILLIAM I. BROWN,
Box 41, Oakland, Md.

Sept. 5th, 1885.—1 y

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. 1621-y1

Sellers' Liver Pills.

Act Directly on the Liver.

CURES CHILLS AND FEVER, DYSPEPSIA, SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUS COLIC, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, PILES, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, DIZZINESS, TORPID LIVER, COATED TONGUE, SLEEPLESSNESS, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER AND STOMACH. If you do not "feel very well," a single pill at bed-time stimulates the stomach, restores the appetite, imparts vigor to the system.

They cure all diseases like magic. Get the right kind SELLERS' LIVER PILLS. Sold by druggists. Send for circular.

SELLERS MEDICINE CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence in Russell's brick house Second street.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

3 15 1y.

SURVEYING!

Military lots located. Estimates of timber lands a specialty. Sales negotiated on reasonable terms. Areas computed by Logarithms—the only correct method.

HIRAM P. TASKER.
11 6 tf Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hoppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1886, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

F. A. THAYER,

INSURANCE AGENT,

OAKLAND, MD.

Insures both Real and Personal Property at moderate rates.

☞ Represents Six First Class Companie

THE BEST FARM IMPLEMENTS.

Brown, New Champion and Delaware Wagons, Universal Roland and Double Shovel Plows, Champion Reapers and Mowers, Spring Wagons and Carriages, Grain Drills, Cider Mills, Orchilla Guano, Feed Cutters, Barbed Wire, Sewing Machines, Spring Harrows, Thomas Hay Rakes, Hay Forks and Carriers &c., &c.

EVERYTHING FULLY WARRANTED.

For sale by

J. M. DAVIS & SON.

February 24, 1886.—tf.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 10. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, AUG. 14, 1886. NUMBER 24

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

VEGETABLES,

FRUITS, &C., &C.

Always on hand, as they come in market.

NEW CROP OF

TURNIP AND RUTABAGA SEEDS.

ALL RELIABLE.

VEGETABLE PLANTS of all kinds in season.

(MOSS ROSE.)

ROSES, and all kinds of Flowering Plants.

CUT FLOWERS

AND FLORAL DESIGNS,

for Funerals, &c., at short notice, at our old stand on Railroad street near Depot.

☞Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

H. WEBER.

313 OAKLAND, MD.

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,

OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.

OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.

Is the place to buy

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints,

Oils Varnishes,

Perfumery Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

☞Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c

Physicians Prescriptions

Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.

Give me a call.

W. D. NYDEGGER.

AVOID MALARIA!

AND BREATHE THE SEA AIR!

THE STOCKTON, Atlantic City, N. J., Corner Atlantic and Maryland avenues, is now open. Guests are supplied with every comfort and convenience possible. The best summer hotel on the coast. Terms moderate; special rates to families. KELSEY & LEFLER, Proprietors. [Mention this paper.]

FOR SALE

in Deer Park a

TWO-STORY COTTAGE,

Highly situated and containing seven rooms with front portico, back porch and bay windows. Good never failing well of water Land in cultivation for garden with fruit trees and stable. Will be sold cheap and terms made reasonable. Title unquestionable.

Apply to

E. C. TILLSON,

7 5 tf Deer Park, Md.

Valuable Real Estate

FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.

For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov 20 1880 1 y.

HELP for working people. Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, grandly successful. 50 cents to $5 easily earned every evening. That all who want may test the business we make this unparalleled offer. To all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE.

NO. 1.

MILITARY LOT NO. 219,

lying near Chisholm's Mill, in Ryans Glade, Garrett county. Well timbered and underlaid with coal. Unimproved. Will be sold cheap.

NO. 2.

Military Lots Nos. 2305 and 2307,

Unimproved timber lots, lying near Grantsville, part of the estate of the late Holmes Wiley.

NO. 3.

An Elegant New Residence

on Oak street, Oakland, Md., containing 8 rooms. Large lot improved by stable, carriage house, ice house, &c. Well of good water. Terms easy. Price, $2200.00.

NO. 4.

THE "WOODLAND FARM,"

situated on the road leading from Oakland to Accident, two miles from Oakland, containing 97 acres, well fenced and cultivated. Improved by a large first-class mansion house, suitable for a summer resort. The farm would suit for a first-class market garden or general farming.

NO. 5.

HOUSE AND LOT

On Oak street, Oakland, Md., comfortable dwelling Well of good water and convenient outbuildings. Will sell at a bargain.

NO. 6.

600 ACRES OF LAND,

covered with white pine, spruce and white oak timber, and underlaid with coal, iron ore and fire clay. Water fall 71 feet. Steam saw mill on the premises doing a good business. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 8.

HOUSE AND LOT

On Liberty street in Oakland, 8 rooms. Good property.

In all cases we will furnish purchasers with an abstract of title and prepare deed without cost to them.

Full discription of the property contained in the above list will be given upon application.

NO. 9.

NEW DWELLING HOUSE

On Oak Street, 8 rooms and good cellar. Large livery stable attached; room for 18 horses and 15 vehicles. Good stand for business. Excellent opportunity for any desiring to go into livery business.

NO. 10.

100 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND

Near Oakland. Well timbered. Title indisputable. Price, $8 per acre.

NO. 11.

GOOD DWELLING & LARGE LOT

Near Court House. 10 rooms and out-buildings. Good well of soft water. Terms easy.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,

Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

J. LEE HARNE,

Sign and Ornamental Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hoopple road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

VALUABLE

COAL & TIMBER LANDS

FOR SALE.

The undersigned offers for sale the following valuable Real Estate.

"BANK TERRITORY,"

containing 431 acres, and

"MOUNT PISGAH."

containing 470 acres.

Both of these tracts are well timbered and are underlaid with a vein of coal from 8 to 11 feet thick, an eleven foot vein being now opened and in operation on the tract known as "Bank Territory." This land lies on or near the line of the W. Va. C. R. R. I also offer for sale a tract of land containing 611 acres, lying and being situate in Grant county, W. Va., near Job Benline's. This tract is also well timbered and is supposed to be underlaid with coal. All of the aforesaid lands are well suited to farming and grazing purposes.

For any information concerning these lands terms, prices, &c., apply to Peddicord & Thayer, Attorneys-at-Law, Oakland, Md.

EMIL J. DELVAILLE.

May 25th 1886.—3m*

WIN more money that at anything else by taking an agency for the best selling book out Beginners succeed grandly. None fail. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. B. FAY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals. Also in adjoining counties of West Va.

☞Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States Real estate bought and sold on commission.

Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

EDWARD H. SINCELL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

(one door West of Sturgiss' Drug Store.)

Special attention given to Collections the negotiation of Loans.

Sept. 23, 1885.—1 y.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1el4-1y

T. J. PEDDICORD. F. A. THAYER

PEDDICORD & THAYER,

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 4 '84 1y

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

AND

SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞Office in the Court House.

July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

v3n47.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

All business attended to with promptness and fidelity. Particular attention given to Surveying and Investigation of land titles.

☞Office on 2d Street. 5 19 tf

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,

RESIDENT DENTIST,

OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

v3n48

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Offers his services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. Office and residence on Oak street, second house East of Catholic church.

Sept. 9, 1885.—1 y.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

2 5 3m.

LAKE VIEW

PLANING MILL

is now in full operation, and prepared to fill orders for

Flooring, Weather-boarding, Sash, Doors, Frames, Brackets, and Mouldings of all Kinds,

☞Will contract for the erection of buildings.

Orders solicited. Satisfaction guranteed.

C. RATHBURN,

MANAGER.

4 3 9m Mountain Lake Park, Md.

VALUABLE

STOCK FARM

FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

GOLD fields are scarce, but those who write to Stinson & Co. Portland, Maine, will receive free, full information about work which they can do and live at home, that will pay them from $5 to $25 per day. Some have earned over $50 in a day. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required. You are started free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of going little fortunes. All is new.

Senator Cameron on Prohibition.

Senator Cameron, in conversing with some friends, who incidentally mentioned the Quay plank in the State platform, said: "Well, gentlemen, there's no use talking. The issue is upon us and we must meet it. There is a strong public sentiment that way in the State in both parties. I am not talking about the Prohibition vote, because that is a very small part of the vote in a great State like Pennsylvania. I refer to the voters who vote the Republican and Democratic tickets, but who think that some action should be taken to give the people an opportunity to declare their position. Now, mind me, I don't believe in any ultra or high-handed proceedings, but a square proposition, which the people clearly understand and can intelligently vote upon."

"Well, Senator, what do you think of an amendment to the Constitution?"

"That is the only way to bring the subject fairly before the people. Legislation under such a provision in the constitution would have the voice of the people at the back of it. Legislation without recognition is mostly political clap-trap to win votes. We see in the State persons posing for office on a Prohibition ticket whose recent conversion and political antecedents I should think would not meet with very hearty support from the cause nor from the leaders who have been zealously working it up for years. I am satisfied that they will do prohibition no good. There are men in the state who are consistent in their efforts. They are not doing it for office, but on a philauthropic effort to benefit their fellow creatures. I am not a straight-laced Prohibitionist and never pretend to be. I do not want to abridge the rights of anybody, but we've got this thing to meet and I am going to do all I can to meet it impartially. Can't do more than that."

"Not very conveniently. But how will it affect the liquor interests?"

"Well, one thing that impressed me more than anything else lately was representative liquor men taking a hand in this thing themselves. Pennsylvania always has been a great State for moulding important political issues, and I believe she's going to do it now. The liquor men had their convention and decided to protect their vested rights and interests against summary methods. We find their leaders, however, instead of obstructing really encouraging fair steps towards regulating the sale or use of intoxicating liquors. Now we will see whether the Prohibitionists will be as liberal. I say let the extremes get together with the people and they will settle the question quickly enough both morally and politically.

"The question will come up with greater force in the national campaign of 1888. Pennsylvania now has a chance to formulate that issue in a shape so that instead of adding to the confusion of parties it will simplify the issue. The old Abolitionist party did more harm than good, in a certain sense, until all the elements in opposition to the Democratic party, dominated by Southern slaveholders, formed a union. It was not long before the Democrats were driven to the rear. That will be the experience of the Prohibition party. I don't think anybody regrets the results of the success of the coalesced parties of 1860 and the achievements of the Republican party since. The Southern leaders, if I know them, would not put their States back where they were during the bitter antagonisms between Southern slaveholders and Northern Doughfaces and Abolitionists and Black Republicans thirty years ago. The world moves and the mass of the American people with it."

"What will be the outcome of the Prohibition movement."

"We get light as we move along. I think Prohibition doctrines and the practical methods of carrying them out are yet in their crude stage. It will doubtless succeed, but in a very different shape from which we now understand it. The difference in the rebellion was the people went to war about their pet doctrine. If the rebellion had been put down in the first year I believe every slave-holder in the South would have been reimbursed. But the protraction of the war, the sacrifice of lives and treasure prevented such a desirable solution as that. I don't think we will fight over Prohibition. At all events not yet awhile, and I believe before that time the matter will be settled. This is a nation of the majority. Their will is respected. What the majority want they will have.".

A Bulgarian Hercules.

In the Bulgarian village of Ostrova, a correspondent of the *Freie Presse* recently witnessed the exploits of a rustic athelete who could make his fortune in any North American circus. He snapped an inch tow by passing one loop over his neck and shoulders and the other around his bended knee, and then straightening out that turned his forehead into a clump of wrinkles. With an end of the same tow he then got a hitch around a sixty-pound chunk of limestone, and after giving it a few pendulum swings, whirled it about his head like a slungshot. A boy attendant then handed him a stone jug of the heaviest caliber, which he wrapped up in a shawl and chucked between his crossed arms and his chest. "Will you pay for it if I break it?" he asked, after giving the bundle a preliminary hug. Coppers dropped in from all sides, and under the next hug the massive stoneware collapsed like an egg-shell. Samson next seized a wheelbarrow by the end of the handles. "Who will give me a florin if I let him sit in here and lift this thing the way I hold it?" No one seemed disposed to volunteer, Samson made his boy get aboard and hold the lime-tone rock between his knees. Seizing the barrow at the very extremity of the handles, he raised it clean off the ground, held it out at arm's length for at least five seconds, and then lowered it without allowing the front end to tip a single inch. He then produced a large grain sack and offered to bag any fellowman in less than ten minutes for a bet of five against two florins. A broad-shouldered raftsman accepted the challenge on condition that the madator should refrain from using his fists. A ring was formed, and the raftsman proved a tough customer, but it spite of all his kicking and bracing the champion finally got a lock-grip around his arms, and in the next moment ensacked his person from head to heels, amidst the thundering plaudits of the rustic spectators.

From a Grand Army Man.

ELLICOTT CITY, MD., 6 8, 1884.

Dear Sir:—I have been a sufferer for a long time with dyspepsia, and have tried most everything in the way of medicine, but nothing gave me any relief. I procured one bottle of your "AROMANNA," and had only been taking it about six days when I began to feel it was doing me good. I told a number of my neighbors what it had done for me and they commenced using it, and all agree with me that it is the only medicine that will do all that it is recommended to do. One thing about "AROMANNA," while it is acting and cleansing the system it does not weaken, but builds up, adds new strength and imparts new vigor. I do not think I can say too much in favor of it. You are free to use my name in any way you see best, to proclaim the merits of "AROMANNA." It will pay any sufferer to try it.

J. C. MOONEY, Adjutant

A. D. Reynolds, Post No. 23, G. A. R.

Price 25 and 75 cts. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland, Md.

How to Tell a Girl's Age.

Girls of a marriageable age do not like to tell how old they are; but you may find out by following the subjoined instructions, the young lady to do the figuring: Tell her to put down the number of the month in which she was born, then to multiply it by 2, then to add five, then to multiply it by 50, then to add her age, then to subtract 365, then to add 115, then ask her to tell you the amount she has left. The two figures to the right will denote her age and the remainder the month of her birth. For example, the amount is 822—she is 22 years old and was born in the eighth month (August). Try it.

A newspaper publisher in Illinois recently brought suit against 43 men who would not pay their subscription and obtained in each case a judgment for the full amount of the claim. Of these, twenty-eight made affidavit that they owned no property in excess of what the law allowed them, thus preventing an attachment. Then under the new law of Congress, making the taking of a newspaper from a postoffice without paying for it, theft, they were arrested for petit larceny and bound over in the sum of $300 each. All but six gave bail, and they went to jail.

Why he Sold His Saloon.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

"I hear that Smith has sold out his saloon," said one of a couple middle-aged men who sat sipping their beer and eating a bit of cheese in a Smithfield street saloon the other night.

"Yes," responded the other, rather slowly.

"What was the reason? I thought he was just coining money there."

The other nibbled a cracker abstractedly sor a moment and then said: "It's a rather funny story. Smith, you know, lives on Mount Washington, right near me, where he has an excellent wife, a nice home, and three as pretty children as ever played out-doors. All boys, you know, the oldest not over 9, and all about the same size. Smith is a pretty respectable sort of a citizen, never drinks or gambles, and thinks the world of his family. Well, he went home one afternoon last week and found his wife out shopping or something of that sort. He went on through the house into the back yard, and there under an apple tree were the little fellows playing. They had a bench and some bottles and tumblers and were playing 'keep saloon.' He noticed that they were drinking something out of a pail, and that they acted tipsy. The youngest, who was behind the bar, had a towel tied around his waist, and was setting the drinks up pretty free. Smith walked over and looked in the pail. It was beer, and two of the boys were so drunk that they staggered. A neighbor's boy a couple of years older, lay asleep behind the tree. 'My God, boys, you must not drink that,' he said, as he lifted the 6-year-old from behind the bench. 'We's playin' s'loon, papa, an' I was sellin' it just like you,' said the little fellow. Smith poured out the beer, carried the drunken boy home, and then took his own boys in and put them to bed. When his wife came back she found him crying like a child. He came back down town that night and sold out his business, and says he will never sell or drink another drop of liquor. His wife told mine about it, and she broke down crying while she told it." This is a true story, but the name was not Smith.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

The greatest possible injury that a man can do to humanity is to preach infidelity.

God never has placed one single thing we must have out of our reach; our great misfortune is, the things we can't get we want most.

It is a terrible burden for the heart to carry to the grave a secret it cannot reveal.

The strongest trait in human character is the love of chance. A man who never takes a change will never get above the dignity of tending a guide board.

A man without habits is without character; he is like a bull's-eye watch—he may keep time, but he has got to be wound up regular to do it.

Progress is the great law; and the more progress we make here the nearer we shall be to heaven when we die.

Every man can be a hero on his own hunghill, but to be a hero on somebody else's dunghill is what strains the rooster.

The greatest bore on this earth is the one who can't talk about anything but himself.

A very long creed is like a very long tail, more liable to tangle the possessor than be stepped on by others.

Spots count, my child; you can't take the eight spot with the seven.

Most Excellent.

J. J. Atkins, Chief of Police, Knoxville, Tenn., writes: "My family and I are beneficiaries of your most excellent medicine, Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption; having found it to be all that you claim for it, desire to testify to its virtue. My friends to whom I have recommended it, praise it at every opportunity.'

Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption is guaranteed to cure Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup and every affection of Throat, Chest and Lungs. Trial Bottle Free at Wm. Nydegger's Drug Store. Large Size $1.00.

A gentleman once asked a little girl, an only child, how many sisters she had, and was told 'three or four.' Her mother asked Mary, when they were alone, what induced her to tell such an untruth. 'Why, mamma,' cried Mary, 'I did not want him to think you were so poor that you hadn't but one child.'

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND. GARRETT CO., MD.

BRAVE JEAN McGREGOR.

A True Story of "The Ringing o' the Kirk Bell."

It was Jean McGregor, the fisherman's wife,
and she stood at her cabin door,
And shuddered to see the angry storm that
raged on the Scottish shore.

For oh! 'twas a dark and fearsome night,
and Willie, her man, away,
And Robin, her one wee bairn, so ill he would
hardly see the day.

And only she and her dying babe alone in
her home that night,
While the wind and waves came roaring up,
and filled her soul with fright.

She turned for comfort to still her fears, and
kissed her baby so fair,
When, lo! the sea, the sky and the rocks
were lit up with a lurid glare.

Up sprang poor Jean with a pallid face, and
a cry that had no sound,
As she gazed beyond the breakers where a
vessel had run aground.

She saw the flames shoot up on high, but
she heard no signal gun,
And she knew the crew in the burning ship
must perish, every one.

Unless from the little village just half a mile
away,
Came help from the sleeping fishermen, so
tired with the toil all day.

One moment of agonizing thought for the
fisherman's wife, and then
The strugle was o'er; she must leave her
child for the sake of the shipwrecked men.

Back to the bed where baby lay went Jean in
her agony,
Crying: "O bairnie, I dour na gang, lest thou
dee awa' from me!"

Then down on her knees she knelt, and
prayed: "O our ain Father above,
Take care o' my wee sick bairnie, do, for the
sake o' Thy tender love!

Oh, haud him frae ill whiles I gang awa', and
gin it please Thy will,
Let him na dee *this* nicht, that I coom back
to him living still!"

Then out in the storm the path she took was
the nearer way by the sea,
And on she sped from rock to rock, brave
Jean, so fearlessly!

She had left her child in the Father's care, so
she sent no backward thought
To the lonely cabin, lest strength and will
should fail in the help she sought.

The village reached at last—ah me! could
she ever waken its men?
So silent it lay in slumber deep, her spirits
sank; but then

'Twas only an instant of despair; "I'll awa'
to the kirk mysel',
And God be giving me strength to pull wi'
my ain twa hands the bell!"

Above the roar of the elements the clang of
the bell rang out!
The tired seamen awoke from sleep with
many a call and shout,

The glare from the ship its own tale told;
strong arms pulled sturdily
Across the waves, and *never a man from the
ship was lost at sea.*

"Who rang the bell?" was the cry at last
Ah, there on the floor of the kirk
Lay Jean McGregor, the bonny lass! Well
had she done her work!

And now they bore her all tenderly to the
little cabin door
Where they suspected her child had died
alone on the rocky shore.

But what saw she when they entered in, as
she opened her eyes again?
Her bairn alive and greeting her! her Robin
relieved from pain!

"Nae deid? nae deid? Alive the morn? O
God be praised!" laughed she.
For Willie'll na lose his laddie noo; God's
ower guid to me!"

The fishermen took themselves away; but
Jean, young Willie's wife,
Was on her knees and giving thanks for the
gift of her bairnie's life.

Long years have passed since that "deid o'
nicht," when rang the old kirk bell,
But the dames of the Scottish hamlet love
the story e'en yet to tell.

—*Mary D. Bruce, in Congregationalist.*

"THE RIBS OF DEATH."

Elsie's Narrow Escape from Them and a Mad Lover.

Three months before I was born my father's boat went down in a squall within sight of home and of my mother, who, with the rest of the fishermen's wives, awaited the landing of the little fleet.

Perhaps this was the reason why I had such an instinctive horror and dread of the sea, even while it fascinated and drew me to it in its stormiest moods. It was a queer feeling that possessed me. When away from the sight and the sound of the breakers I was restless and unquiet; near them I was awed and melancholy, but some craving of my nature was satisfied, and I was comparatively calm. I believe many of our people, who are intensely superstitious, looked upon me as doomed in consequence of this. "The sea always swallows what it gets a hold of," they said among themselves with sorrowful fatalism. We can hardly help being superstitious and gloomy—we who are born and reared in Callermouth. Nature is so stern in her moods and so cruel in her way of expressing them.

Miss Ashford, our vicar's daughter, is very cross with me for saying things like this, but I can not help thinking that even she feels them to be true sometimes during the long and stormy winters on this northeast coast of ours. She is very kind and good, and as she is always busy working among us perhaps that helps her through. It was she who taught me how to write and put sentences together so as to make this story intelligible, and it was she who wished me to write it. Why, I do not know. When I told it to her first I hardly expected her to believe it, but she did, and helped me through the bad time which I had after—but that must bide until I come to it.

Callermouth is only a cluster of cottages around a little harbor, with a pier and lifeboat house below. About a mile to the north is the ugly sharp ridge of rocks which bears the significant name of the "Ribs o' Death." Many a fine vessel has struck and ground her timbers to match-wood, and many a poor, clinging life has been washed off those fatal ribs. They do say that in the old times many a ship was lured there to its destruction, too; but I can scarce believe the grandfathers of our brave fellows, who lived by and on the waters just as now, could be inhuman enough to trade upon the danger and deaths of fellow-mariners. Only I must say that even yet, while any one of our men would risk his life without thinking twice about it to save another, he wouldn't have any very definite ideas on the laws of salvage.

I was not a comely lass in the estimation of the village critics. In fact, when I saw my little white face, with its big dark eyes, in the dim old looking-glass which hung over the mantelpiece in our front room, and compared it with that of Bell Carr, our highest and best-looking girl, I used to feel very small and insignificant. She was a true fisher lass, tall and strongly made, with a swinging walk and saucy smile, and a ready word for every one, gentle or simple. The artists who came here sometimes to paint us in our characteristic blue flannels always selected her and passed me over. I was not a "type," and she was, they said. Well, I was glad of it, for Willie wouldn't have liked me to act as model. Spite of my want of beauty I had two lads come courting me, and Willie Lisle was the one I favored. Edam (Adam) Carr was too much of my own temper for me, too gloomy; I was afraid of him, had the same sort of mistrust of him that I had of the sea, and perhaps a little of the same idea of his possible power over me. But Willie, with his bonnie yellow curls, and his blue eyes, and his sunny smile, what girl could have resisted 'im? He brought his brightness into my life, and it seemed to go out like the sun beneath a cloud the day he sailed in the Rowena, bound for China and the East Indies, from the Tyne.

All our most energetic and enterprising young men become sailors, if they do not feel satisfied to be fishermen as their fathers before them. It never seems to enter into any of their heads that there are other means of livelihood than these two callings. They can not tear themselves away from the sea altogether, however they may abuse it. They inhale its salt breeze with their earliest breaths, its foam and spray beat on them, until it becomes part of them, as it were, and they are as much creatures of the waves as the fishes that swim beneath or the gulls that float above. So it was that when Willie grew discontented with his earnings as a fisherman he went to sea to make more money, in the hope of wedding me the sooner.

"I was not strong enough for a fisherman's wife," he said, "and he hoped to be able to keep me like a lady!" Just as if I cared!

Though I was small I was not delicate, and I could, and indeed did, carry the creel as well as the best of them. For my mother married again, and when she died there were more little mouths to fill, and no one but me to do it; for their father was a lazy, drunken good-for-nothing, who fell over the cliff one night when he was rolling home from the "Old Ship Inn," and did no good after. Lucky for them and for me, though it sounds queer to say it, he did not live long to be a burden; but we had some hard times, now and then, when the weather was rough and there was no fish to sell. Only for the bairns I would have been housemaid at the vicarage, for which Miss Ashford had had me trained before mother died; but I could earn more money doing as the rest did, and look after the little ones at the same time.

The men favored me in the matter of fish, because they thought I had a stiffish hill to climb, and I will say that nobody was kinder than Edam Carr. I believe he was really fond of me, and I often reproached myself that I could not help shrinking from him. But I was not alone in that dread. They called him "Black Edam," for a nickname, because he looked so grim and sour. None of the men exchanged greetings with him when he stalked alone past their friendly groups; nor did any of the girls laugh and joke with him. With one consent he was left alone.

Well, you see, here was a bond of union between us in his eyes. They looked on me as on one doomed, and on him as one unlucky, or unhappy, which means the same to them. "It's no use fightin' fate, Elsie!" he would say, looking down at me with his great gloomy eyes; "we were made for one another, we two."

But I used to shake my head and run away, though I dared not offend him by contradicting him otherwise. He got grimmer and blacker as time went on, and I did not forget my Willie, as perhaps Edam hoped I should.

The weather was uncertain that autumn, and there was little dependence on the fish. Some days the boats were not off at all; some days they had no fish when they landed. I got work where I could, but those three months at home took a lot of satisfying, and I often went to bed hungry and cold along with them.

One afternoon I was wandering rather disconsolately on the beach, feeling low and hopeless, wishing for Willie and better days, when Edam, who was busy in his boat, called to me as I passed by.

"Elsie, come here and tell me what you think o' my boat!" he cried in a more cheery voice than usual, and, glad to be good-natured when I could, I stopped and admired the fine new boat he had just bought with the money an uncle had left him.

"But you've got no name for her," I said at last; "what are you going to call her?"

"That depends on you," he replied, looking up quickly; "if ye don't object, I would name her 'The Bonnie Elsie.'"

That would never do, I thought in a minute; it would be all over the place at once that Edam Carr had called his boat after Elsie Wilson, and that she was "off with the old love and on with the new."

"You mustn't do that," I demurred as gently as I could; ther's prettier names and lassies, too, for that matter, in the place."

His face changed for the worse in a moment, and an angry light blazed in his eyes.

"I'm not to hev yer name, then, for-bye yerself!"

"It wouldn't do, Edam; folks would talk and—and Willie might be vexed." I went on hesitatingly. What a coward I was to be sure! It was with the greatest difficulty in the world I managed to bring out my real objection. And yet I was so proud of being Willie's sweetheart.

"He's not yer man yet, that he should mind," Edam replied sulkily, and then under his breath: "May be he never will be, either."

I heard the end of the sentence, low as it was muttered.

"An' what's to hinder, if we're both of one mind about it?" I said sharply, losing my temper a bit at his obstinacy.

"Who knows? He might get a wife where he's gone, and he might never come back at all——"

"D'ye want to quarrel wi' me, Edam?"

"No, no, Elsie, we winna quarrel," he said at once. "I'm a bit queer in the temper, but I wouldn't like to vex you."

"I'm goin' to try the new boat; will ye venture out wi' me, lassie?" he went on quietly after a moment.

I did not know what to say. It would not be wise to offend him more than I had been unlucky enough to do already. There was no harm in sailing out a mile or so, providing he would promise to bring me back again. But could I trust him? His mother, old Nannie Carr, had come up while we were speaking and she took part with him.

"It's not much to ask ye, Elsie, and it'll please him ever so! He's gey-queer to do we' just now, lassie," she said aside to me. "If ye can humor him a bit ye might for ma's sake!"

She was a kind neighbor, and often the bairns got a dinner from her when I was away, so I did not care to refuse her. If she saw no harm in it, who else would dare to talk?

Still I hesitated.

"D'ye think it's safe? The sea has been callin' off and on all the day. Listen!"

And in the hush which so often precedes a gale we could distinctly hear that strange moaning, about which we always say: "The sea is calling."

Edam threw a quick glance along the horizon.

"It'll blow hard afore the morn, but there's time enough to be out and in again for all that."

There was something in the tone which made me doubtful, but I did not want to seem a coward; so before long we were out on the open sea, tacking and turning to catch the breeze. There was more of that further out than on shore, but still not enough to send us along merrily, although the new boat was as light and swift, and easy to manage as any boat could well be, and skimmed the waves like a bird.

"She's a bonnie one to go, Edam, I said, after a little, but I got no reply. Edam sat with his eyes fixed upon the distant sky, and I could see he was thinking something over very deeply. I followed the direction of his eyes and did not like the prospect. A gleam of sickly yellow light lay low down to the water, but above that were piled masses of heavy gray clouds, without a break, save in one place, where it was as though a mighty hand had pushed them aside to make a space for the tempest to break through. All around this space was hurry and confusion, while the rest of the sky was sullen and quiet. Far out the sickly gleam on the horizon was repeated on a dark green sea; nearer, the dark waves were beginning to show tops of white.

I did not like the prospect, nor did I like the notion of being out there on that angry-looking waste of waters at the mercy of Edam Carr and his caprices.

"Don't you think we should go back now, Edam?" I asked timidly; "it doesn't look overwell out yonder," and I pointed to the far sea.

"Leave that to me, Elsie, ma darlin'!"

He had no right to call me his darling, but I was beginning to be very much afraid, and so I said nothing about that. But all at once a rush, a whirl, and a roar caused me to scream out as a squall struck our little craft and made it heel over, wetting me to the skin at the same time. As a matter of fact, we fisher lassies are not at all brave upon the sea, though it may be almost our native element. There are very few Grace Darlings among us. Indeed, we hardly ever venture into a boat at all. So it is not to be wondered at that my courage should fail utterly when we began to ship heavy seas.

"O, take me home, Edam, or I know we'll never win back at all!"

But he took no notice more than to put things right and tight in a skillful way I could not but admire, however angry I began to feel toward him.

"Are you never going to turn, Edam Carr?" I broke out at last.

A suspicion which I had often heard breathed in the village came back to me then, and I trembled for our lives. They said that "Edam Carr was gettin' the same queer look his faather had afore he went out of his head and drowned hisself!" and remembering this and the few words his mother had whispered, I inclined to think he was mad at times. When I spoke he laughed out loud. It was the first time that I had ever heard him laugh, and it gave me an odd feeling.

"So you're afraid, ma bonnie Elsie? It's a long time since you and I were as much alone together as we are now; nothing but the boat that holds us two on all that world o' water! Eh, but it's fine to have you all to myself like this."

"Are you mad?" I exclaimed my thoughts taking words all unconsciously.

Edam laughed again, that horrible, cruel laugh which had no mirth in it.

"May be. Sometimes I think I am myself, but if I am, it's for love o' you."

His eyes were so bright and so wild I could not bear to look at them, and his hand, as he took hold of mine, burned with fever.

"For mercy's sake, Edam, take care! If ye don't mind we'll be both in the water."

"An' what o' that! At any rate we'll drown together, and you'll never belong to another man."

I clasped my hands in agony of terror. O what a fool I had been not to have guessed what might happen! I thought of the poor bairns at home waiting for me now to give them their suppers, and hear their prayers, and tuck them up in their beds, and the tears rolled down my cheeks at the thought of how long they might have to wait.

"O Edam, I didn't think ye could be so cruel!" I said between my sobs. But even the tears failed to move him.

"You have been cruel enough to me—it's my turn now!" he answered sullenly, as he altered the sail.

By this time the lurid gleam had almost died out from the sky, and all was dark around us. The wind was blowing strongly and hurling the mass of clouds across the heavens at head-long speed, and tearing at the water until the air and the waves mingled in one wild fray. How our little boat lived at all in such a storm is more than I can understand. In the hands of a less experienced boatman we should have been lost in no time.

"Do have pity on me and the poor little ones that have only me to look to. Edam—dear Edam!"

"Ay, it's dear Edam now you're in my power, but how long would it last if I let you win safe to land? Elsie, if you say you'll be my wife I'll make for the shore this minute—if not——"

"What then?" I faltered.

"I'll run us straight on to the 'Ribs o' Death,' and there'll be an end on't!"

What was I to do? I tried to be false to Willie for the sake of dear life, but it was no use. I couldn't get out the words which would make me so! If I must die I must, and there was no help for it; but, Oh! it was hard, while the young blood flowed quick and warm in my veins, to be plunged headlong into eternity.

I gave one loud, despairing cry.

"O, Willie, Willie! can you not hear me? If you were only by I know you could save me. It's for your sake I die, Willie; but I love you so, I love you so!"

"Then die, Elsie, for ye shall never be his wife!"

I sank down in the bottom of the boat and closed my eyes. I could not look at my death, though I knew now it must come. A dull stupor crept over me, and the agony of fear which held me before was gone. Was it my disordered imagination which made me think something had happened which sounds perfectly incredible? It was getting too dark to distinguish plainly, but, surely, that was Edam Carr's big form I saw at the other end of the boat stooping over a coil of rope. Then who was the man busied with the sail in the center of it? We were shut off from all human help there in the midst of a howling tempest, and yet some one had managed to come on board, and evidently to give us his assistance. No other vessel could possibly have approached us while my eyes were shut, certainly not without my hearing it. Where, then, had this stranger come from? All these thoughts flashed through my mind, but at the time I was too stupefied to wonder much. My faculties seemed dulled, and I could neither suffer nor fear any more. I simply waited for the end. I could see dimly the sharp ridge of rocks we were nearing, and from which nothing short of a miracle now could keep us. But this miracle did take place. All at once our course changed and the boat turned from its dangerous way. Then, and not till then, did Edam seem to awaken to the knowledge that he was no longer managing affairs. With a sudden oath he started up and crept forward.

When he got to the figure standing with its back toward him, I saw him raise his arm to thrust it aside. Then slowly, slowly it turned and looked him straight in the face.

He cried out wildly: "God help me, for I'm mad now, anyway!" and, throwing up his arms, he leaped overboard into the seething waves.

I watched him strike out when he rose, but I was too paralyzed to scream, even. He had not a chance in that terrible sea, but was thrown like a bit of floating weed upon the very rocks he had been steering for, clung there a moment, only to be swept back by the return of the waves. I saw this in the last lurid streak of light which flashed across the water before the night came, and in it were shown at last the features of my strange companion. Was it all a dream? I did not know even then, nor did I feel afraid, but as those eyes met mine a thrill ran through me, and I sank into unconsciousness. Late that night, when some of the men went down to see that their boats were secure, they found Edam Carr's new boat safely drawn up on the beach and me lying in it in a dead faint.

After that came a time of dull, stupid misery to me. I could never answer questions, nor give any account of that dreadful evening, save that Edam Carr had gone mad and jumped overboard, and had been dashed against the "Ribs of Death," and that I fainted when this happened and knew no more. But, then, how had the boat been brought into port? they asked. My story was proved true by poor Edam's body being washed ashore two days after. For long the people looked at me strangely. Their superstition made them regard me now as an "uncanny" and shun me as something they could not account for. Besides, instead of the sea claiming its victim, as they expected it to do, I had been miraculously saved from it! I often wonder I did not go mad myself during that dreary time. For I settled in my own mind clearly enough how it was. I should never see my bonnie sweetheart more. I had not a doubt that he was dead, and that my cry for help had brought him in the spirit to my assistance. For awhile I nursed my sullen grief in silence; but at last Miss Ashford's kindness broke down the barrier, and I told her every thing. Only for that and because she did not laugh at me, but believed that I spoke the truth, I should have lost my senses or my life, for the secret was killing me.

"Truly there are strange mysteries we can not hope to be revealed in this life, she said solemnly. "'Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling of their afflictions?' I would try not to think too much about it, Elsie; and don't give way to despair, above all. Think how the little ones need you."

It was all very well to talk, and I did try honestly; but I couldn't help thinking of my boy during the long, dreary winter nights, after the children had gone to bed, and I was left alone by the glimmering firelight. Then the tears would come, and, oh! it felt so lonely and life so sad wanting him. I was sitting thus one night, leaning my cheek upon my hand, and the stocking I was knitting for one of the bairns had fallen upon the floor while I gazed into the dying embers. How long I sat I know not, but suddenly the coals fell together and flared up into a blaze, and there, on the other side of the hearth stood Willie, my Willie, laughing down at me. I screamed and covered up my eyes. I dared not look at what seemed confirmation of my worst fears; but in a moment warm, living arms were around my neck and I was clasped to a strong, beating heart.

"Why, what ails thee, sweetheart? One would say you'd seen a ghost!"

I did not tell him then that I had taken him for one. The tears were changed into tears of joy at once, and the world seemed bright and gay, now Willie was safe at home! When I did tell him at last what had caused me so much misery he only laughed, and said I must have let my imagination run away with me. But he acknowledged to having had a troubled dream, in which I called on him for help, though he always declares he can not remember any thing more about it.

I never look at the "Ribs of Death" without a shudder and a sigh for poor Edam's terrible death, and nothing will persuade me that I was not saved from sharing his fate by supernatural assistance. But I do not insist upon it with Willie, for he does not like me to talk about it. He wants my life to be sunny and full of hope, and joy, and love, and does his best to make it so, now that I am his wife.—*Belgravia.*

PRIMITIVE SUGAR-MAKING.

Observations Made by an American Lady on a Mexican Hacienda.

Not long ago a rather noted local magnate, Judge Yemael Gomez, invited us out to view his sugar hacienda—an extensive tract of land lying along both sides of a beautiful river, but little of it being under cultivation. I wish you could see the "family carriage" that came for us—an antique ark, with no suspicion of springs, and a small, square aperture high up above the wheels for a door, through which one must crawl head foremost or feet foremost, in ascent or descent, in either case necessitating an embarrassing display of hosiery. The sugar "factory" was a rustic screen of dried grass supported by four poles standing in the open field and worked by one decrepit mule and "tended" by a boy, who, besides ourselves, was the only human being within sight or hearing. The cane-stalks serve a double purpose, for, after having been squeezed dry (by donkey power) in the little mill, they are used for fuel with which to boil their own blood, so to speak. The sap runs by a rude trough from the mill into a tin vat, under which is the mud oven dignified by the name of furnace. When sufficiently cooked the syrup is cooled and molded in tiny earthen pots, precisely like the smallest size we use for plants, only a trifle deeper. Each little cake is then repeatedly wrapped in dried leaves of the cane and is ready for shipping. The skimmings of the boiling sap are utilized for making a popular beverage that at first resembles sweet cider, and is called *agua miel* (honey water,) or *miel de cana*; but by fermentation it developes into the most vicious kind of "fire-water." *Piloncillo*, as the syrup of Mexican cane is called, is by no means as pleasant to the taste as our maple, nor even as Chinese sorghum; but as the demand for it greatly exceeds the supply in this lazy country its culture is profitable. All Mexicans, male and female, patrician or parvenue, possess a "sugar tooth," and I have never heard of one who had an appetite for any thing sour, though all are exceedingly fond of peppery condiments. Therefore pickles, etc., are things unknown, and *piloncillo* is in great demand, principally for pouring over the stewed frejoles (beans,) which form the last course before dessert of every meal.—*Fannie B. Ward, in Milwaukee Sentinel.*

COLIC IN HORSES.

How It May Be Prevented Without the Aid of Medicine.

It is with horses, in many things, as with men. The digestive apparatus in both is quite similar. Some are troubled more than others with indigestion; and any sudden or severe shock to the system may disturb the digestive organs and bring on colic. If a man eats too much green food, or unripe fruit, it will affect his digestion and give him gripes. Let a horse that is kept on dry feed fill himself with green clover, and the chances are that he will have colic. Cattle often bloat up and die under such circumstances. Let the horse get very dry and take a large amount of cold water into his stomach and it may bring on colic, especially if he is not exercised after drinking and was warm at the time. Getting suddenly chilled and taking cold, thus closing the action of the skin and throwing all its work of purification upon the bowels, may cause indigestion and colic. It is particularly liable to, if the horse has weak digestion and is predisposed to colic. Too much dry feed, allowing the bowels to become constipated is a frequent source of colic. In such a case, injections of tepid water, to set the bowels in motion, will bring relief. But the better way is to see that the horse has every now and then a ration of succulent food to keep the bowels loose. Overwork and overheating, as well as overeating after a long fast, are both liable to bring on colic. These are all causes that common sense and a little thought ought to avoid. But, as a rule, little or no attention is paid to any of these things, and when the horse gets sick, the wonder is what could have caused the sickness. Take thought for your horses as you would for yourself; but if you are one of those who take no thought about their own health, of course this injunction will not apply. Bet you should be careful with your faithful horse, however much you may neglect your own condition.—*National Live-Stock Journal.*

—A callous realist describes the decollette basque as a garment lined with pleuro-pneumonia and trimmed with rheumatic congestion.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

All Sorts of Novelties Designed to Increase the Charms of Our Belles.

Lace mitts are suitable only for house wear.

Mitts grow in favor as the summer comes on.

"Mannish" styles are in vogue for young ladies.

Drooping plastrons are suitable only for slender figures.

White flannel and serge are the stuffs for tennis dresses.

The favorite color for the ribbons and plumes of summer pokes is yellow.

Veils for the protection of the face are of red or blue silk tissue, with very small dots.

The very short face veil covering only the eyes, is exploded for the rest of the season.

The loveliest and most luxurious all of light summer extra wraps is the white chudda shawl.

The silk jersey will remain the favorite, lace ones having only a slight run of fashionable favor.

Summer pokes and Gainesboroughs have the brims lined with velvet, black being the first choice.

For yachting and the seashore the preferred sailor hat is of the new English straw, which defies dampness.

Lawn tennis is by far the most popular out door amusement from Canada to the Gulf and from ocean to ocean.

The correct trimming for English sailor seaside hats are stiff wings and wide scarf ribbons studded with straw beads.

It is singular, but it is true, that stoutness is concealed rather than emphasized by the full skirts of the passing period.

Face veils of illusion or dotted net are white, blue, red, or black, and are worn longer, reaching even to the tip of the chin.

Plastrons, chemisettes and waiscoats of lisse lace and fine mulle, white or tinted, are used on fine dresses to produce dressy effects.

Skirts continue to grow fuller and more bouffant, but many ladies, and fashionable ones, too, will not wear large bustles, immensely full draperies, and excessively wide gathered and pleated underskirts.

Very large pokes are worn in the country and at mountain resorts. They are trimmed with feathers, the crown almost concealed by nodding ostrich plumes and tips, a fold band of ribbon with some quaint bows under the brim finishing the same.

Among the "mannish" styles affected by younger women, the white waistcoat closely buttoned, the standing collar and knotted tie, the round hat, close long sleeve cuffs, and heavily stitched walking gloves are in "good form," but when short hair is added it will be rather too doubtful to distinguish them when driving from well-grown boys.

Navy caps of straw and canvas with deep visors are worn by many ladies for yachting. This fashion was first introduced at Cowes, Isle of Wight, England; hence they are called Cowes caps, and, as ladies wear these caps all along the beach as well as in the streets of Cowes, the fancy has become a fixed fashion on most British beaches, and is rapidly gaining ground here.—*N. Y. Sun.*

ARNOLD'S WELL.

Reminders of Benedict Arnold at Norwich and at Norwich Town.

The old Benedict Arnold well in this town has been closed. It is at the rear of the lawn, encircled by tall evergreens, at the fine Ripley place on the road to Norwich Town. For many years a gothic curb has stood about it, but it became so rotten that it was necessary to take it down. The curb having been removed a big round stone was placed over the well, which was not filled in.

The old Arnold farm-house, which was not far from the well, was torn down a quarter of a century or more ago, and replaced with a handsome modern dwelling. In the woods back of the house still is pointed out a towering oak into whose crotch the youthful Benedict used to climb. At Norwich Town, not a quarter of a mile away, the squat brick box, with mossed roof and bleached walls, still is standing in which Benedict learned from good old Dr. Lathrop how to mix pills and put up lotions. It is on ground owned by Henry McNelly. Its worn front door sill is almost in line with the dusty village street, and there is no fence in front of it. The country roadside walls have been built up to it and then deflected so that it is in a walled recess. It is one story high, with two or three old-fashioned dusty windows, which look somewhat severely at the brand new things about the old drug shop. The building is preserved as a relic. It has been padlocked for many years and it needs painting.

Another reminder of Benedict Arnold, the old Spittle house, on Blackhall street, New London, recently was demolished by its purchaser, Bryan F. Mahon, to make room for a showy wooden house. In its dining room, on September 6, 1781, Arnold took dinner and was almost choked to death by a fish-bone. It was on that visit that Arnold captured Fort Griswold, in Groton, and massacred the garrison and made a bonfire of New London to testify to his New London County neighbors how much he still thaught of them.—*Norwich (Conn.) Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

—Have you an old piece of linen in the house? A linen sheet is just the thing if you have it. Here is the material for an abundance of pretty things. I have lambrequins, tidies, bureau covers and even a table scarf made of an old linen sheet. A pretty lambrequin may be made by fringing the edge to a depth of four inches and tying the fringe. Farther-stitch with working cotton of some bright color. Then above this pull out all the horizontal threads for the space of an inch and run in a bright ribbon in the open spaces. Make as many rows of the open work as your taste requires. The same style may be followed for bureau covers with pleasing results.—*Toledo Blade.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—There are now thirty-seven women in the Universalist ministry.

—Cincinnati boasts that it has the largest number of churches in the world.

—Jewish citizens in Las Vegas, N. M., are erecting the first synagogue in New Mexico.

—A colored normal State school to cost ten thousand dollars will be located at Louisville, Ky.

—Evening high schools are now provided for cities of fifty thousand or more inhabitants in Massachusetts.—*Boston Journal.*

—The *Christian Union* says "this is the whole of righteousness—to be unselfish, to obey reason, and to love beauty."

—The Royal Academy of Belgium offers a prize of five thousand dollars for the ablest paper on treatment of nervous diseases, especially with a view for a remedy for epilepsy.

—Half a century ago in Turkey it was considered a shame for a woman to read. To-day two schools for girls in Constantinople have been established by the Sultan himself.

—The income of Yale during the last college year was $187,540, with expenses aggregating $167,235. The total bequests to all the departments exceed $1,600,000.

—A remarkable record of promptitude is that of Miss Annie Louise Goodrich of the classical course Nashua (N. Y.) high school, class of '86, who was neither absent nor tardy for nine consecutive years.

—The cost per child in average attendance for the State schools in the principal Australian colonies, and for the Board schools in England and Wales, is as follows: Total cost per child of the average attendance in the State schools in New South Wales £6 12s. 1½d.; ditto ditto in Victoria £5 2s. 2½d.; ditto ditto in South Australia £5 7s.; ditto ditto in Queensland £5 7s. 8½d.; Board schools in England and Wales £4 10s. 1½d.

—The lines of one member of the Salvation Army have at least fallen in pleasant places. One of the brightest and prettiest having gone to Plymouth to convert the town, met with such success as a preacher that, at the suggestion of many prominent citizens, she has been induced to leave the army and to establish herself as an independent minister in a church of her own. A gentleman who offered to escort her home was rather taken aback with the response: "I have come to Plymouth to catch souls, not beaux."—*Boston Gazette.*

—In a letter from Mr. Moody, dated at Northfield, Mass., to his Bible class in the Chicago Avenue Church, Chicago, which recently celebrated its twenty-first birthday, he says: "I have had a roving commission, and gone to my audiences. You have been stationed in the fort, and your audiences have come to you. The battle is the same; let us push it to the gates. Whatever else I forget, the early events of the old Illinois Street school will never pass from my mind, and I love to think of your class as a tie that binds me to the past. Many things which you have done will come to naught, and you will look back upon them with no pleasure, but the work you have put into the Master's vineyard will stand."—*Chicago Journal.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"Why don't our young men come to the front?" asks the *Advocate.* Well, we don't know what keeps them back, unless it is the high price of the reserved seats.—*Burdette.*

—Counsel for the defense: "Gentlemen of the jury, if there ever was a case which, more than any other case, challenged careful comparison with similar cases, this case is that case."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

—A bug, with a sufficiently vitiated taste to attack the New Jersey onion crop, has made its debut. This is almost as bad as if it had taken to smoking cigarettes.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Bridget (to iceman)—"Av ye plaze, sir, me missus sez will yez put the ice in the saucer here ivery mornin' and cover it wid the taycup, so we can have some left if we don't get there the minit ye lave it."

—Things One Would Rather Have Left Unsaid:—Jones (to hostess, famed for her dinners)—"O, by the way, Mrs. Hodgkinson, if you should happen to want a really good cook, I know of one who would suit you to a T!"—*Punch.*

—Summer Boarder—"You have a remarkably fine lot of chickens, I see." Farmer—"Yes, and, Mr. Spinx, you may not believe it, but those chickens seldom die. Why, whenever we want one to eat we generally have to go out and kill it."—*Tid-Bits.*

—It was at a dinner table. His father was saying something to his mother about dynamite. "O," exclaimed Jack, looking across to Eloise with an evident desire to impress her with his acquirements, "I know what dynamite is." "What is it?" inquired Eloise. "It's something that you blaspheme rocks with," Jack explained.—*Boston Herald.*

—"Young man," said a stern old professor to a student who had been charged with kissing one of his daughters—"young man, don't get into that habit. You'll find that kissing is like eating soup with a fork." "How so, sir?" asked the student. "Because," answered the stern old professor, "you can't get enough of it."

—Mrs. Flanahgan (formerly McFlannigan)—"Isn't it at Venice, my dear, that we are to see the Lion of St. Mark?" Mr. Flanahgan—"I believe it is." Mrs. Flanahgan (who has somewhere seen the words Doge of Venice in print)—"And we mustn't forget the celebrated Dog of Venice. The children will want to see all of the animals."—*N. Y. Times.*

—"Where'm I goin' this vacation, pop?" inquired Jimmy Tuffboy of his paternal. "Well, you are going to behave yourself to start with." "That's a tough one, pop. Where then?" "I guess if you go to the picnic that will do you." "One picnic! No picnic for me. I'm going to tramp these woods round here for six straight weeks. Who wants to row a boatload o' girls all over a pond an' not have 'em speak to you on the street?"—*Hartford Post.*

VERY CAREFUL.

An Arkansaw Youth Who Does Not Believe in Needless Extravagance.

A young man, evidently from a part of the county where the shriek of the railroad engine has never been heard, called on the county clerk the other day, and in a business-like way asked:

"Fell any yit?"

"What?"

"Marriage license fell any yit?"

"No, same price."

"Well, I come in the other day, an' er feller told me they mout fall airter county court met."

"No, they are the same price."

"I'm mighty sorry uv that, fur I've been engaged to a gal fur about two year. I loves her might'ly, an' she says that she ain't goin' to wait on me no longer, but I wouldn't give three dollars fur no set uv license that wuz ever writ out. It's mighty hard to give her up, but I reckon I'll have to let her slide."

"Look here," said the clerk. "Tell you what I'll do with you. I'll pay for your license."

"Much obleeged, Cap'n. Jis write 'em out, an' I'll go down an' break the good news to Susan. It'll tickle her mighty nigh to death when she hears uv my good luck."

The license was issued, and the young fellow hurried to the wagon yard where Susan was stopping, and conducted her to the office of a justice of the peace.

"Cap'n, whut'll you charge to marry us?"

The magistrate told him, and shaking his head, he mumbled: "Kain't erford to pay that much these hard times."

"Nobody will perform the ceremony any cheaper."

"Wall, then, Susan, you'd better go back to the wagon yard, while I go roun' an' see ef I can sell the license to some other feller. I hate to give you up, Sue, but I reckon you'd better marry Bill. He's er reckless sort uv feller, an' don't mind 'stravigance."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

LONDON GRAVE-YARDS.

Curious Facts With Reference to the Soil of old City Cemeteries.

There are some queer phases of life in London which are scarcely credible to us in this still new country. London is a very old city. The dead have been for many centuries buried in small city grave-yards. Little thought if given them after the generation of the living to which they belong has passed away. The old graves have been forgotten in digging the new. The bones are scattered through the soil, and it would seem that in some yards fragments of bones are as plenty as stones in gravelly soil. A proposition has been recently under discussion to transform many of these old grave-yards into quite little parks, preserving the monumental stones, but making the yards garden-spots. This has led to much public discussion. The rector of Bethnal Green, Rev. Mr. Hansard, communicates to the London *Times* some very curious facts with reference to the soil of such cemeteries, and the danger to public health arising from its disturbance. But another danger which he points out is startling. His rectory opens into an old grave-yard. There is no other access to it. He says a spadeful of earth can not be taken up without turning up human bones. In the part formealy devoted to pauper interment he has learned that the effins were formerly piled one on another in great numbers. The result is that the surface is treacherous to foot-steps. Decay has left vast cavities below. Mr. Hansard says that he has himself fallen eight times up to his waist in "these ghastly holes," once in passing along a graveled walk! His daughter has had two such plunges. In a neighboring grave-yard he says a policeman fell in the night into a grave hole which yawued under his feet, and there remained up to his neck until morning. The horror of the night crazed him, and he died soon afterward.—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

TOAD LORE.

How Some of the Curious Notions About Toads Had Their Origin.

Toads have much in common with frogs, but they are hatched from spawn that is deposited in long strings, while frog spawn is in masses, and they have no teeth. They are also marked by ugly warts, which give out an acrid but not poisonous juice. They have tongues whose motions, nearly as quick as lightning, the eye can not follow, and which sweep in the insects they catch with such speed that the victims "seem to melt into thin air" rather than to be caught and swallowed. They can climb plastered and white-washed walls or flights of steps, and even in flower-pots whose outward sloping sides would seem to forbid such achievement. They will eat nothing that is not in motion except their own skins, which, when they are cast off, they roll up and swallow. The muscles of their thighs and legs strikingly resemble those of man. They can not breathe when their mouth is held open. The old necromancers used them freely and in various ways in their magic. In some parts of England the application of a toad is supposed to stop bleeding, and dried specimens are worn as charms against rheumatism. The members of a Devonshire family had a reputation for curing "king's evil" by means of toads. Some of the German peasants are said to have a way of crucifying toads, which must be caught for the purpose on Easter Sunday morning before sunrise; then burying them in an ant-hill, and leaving them there till Whitsunday, when their clean and white bones, worn in a little bag around the neck, will always make the possessor win in games of chance. The Thibetans, according to Abbe Huc, tell of a toad that dwells amid the mists of a lofty mountain range and, unless he is propitiated, flings ice and avalanches down upon those who pass in the valleys below.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

THE DUDE AVENGED.

Queer Antics of a Brand New Nickel-Plated, Lightning-Greased Bicycle.

I always did despise a dude, and when I saw one glide swiftly by on his magnificent nickled bicycle, I made up my mind that any one could master the art without previous preparation. Immediately proceeding to put my theory to test I selected the public road for my experiment. Expecting to take quite a long journey I filled my pockets with crackers and cheese for refreshments by the way. Placing my foot on the machine I hopped along what I considered was a proper distance, and then made a spring for the saddle. My aim was not true. I miscalculated the distance by about a foot, and 'lighted upon the fore-part of the saddle with my knees well braced against the handles. The commotion that followed could not have been greater if I had touched off Hell Gate with a parlor match. I immediately discovered that this particular bicycle had never been broken to saddle. I wasn't clear but I had mounted a circular saw under full headway. I started to fall about three minutes before eleven o'clock, and I noticed afterward that my watch had stopped two minutes after that hour. I threw myself back, but the bicycle met me half way, totally disregarding the injunction to "never kick a man when he's going down hill." It was plainly to be seen that it had taken the bit in its teeth. It wobbled from side to side to get me off my guard; then the pedals played "shinny" with my legs. I had shut my eyes after the first jump, and was vainly trying to touch bottom with my feet, but I was beyond my depth. The suspense between the time I began to fall and the time I arrived at a permanent location, caused me to lose ten pounds. It was a short spell of sickness, but my constitution suffered terribly. I wasn't hungry, and kind o' wished I hadn't taken provisions for so long a journey. I wanted to go home, but the bicycle couldn't spare me. I tried my old game of smiling to regain my composure. I didn't smile exactly in the middle, and the machine began to career toward the left. I instantly shifted my piece of chewing gum to the right side of my mouth, but that was too much ballast on that side. The small wheel kicked up a little right here just to let me know it was still with me and didn't want any foolishness. I was in the enemy's country and was completely surrounded. The ice wagon went by and I tried to call for help. I didn't have breath enough left to swear. In my efforts to keep on both sides of the perpendicular at once, I had twisted the head of my collar button off. The temperature had risen seven degrees the first two minutes after I cut loose from Mother Earth, and I could hear the cheese in my pockets beginning to fry. All was life and motion and the bicycle was very nervous. I was afraid the band might strike up and make matters worse. I felt that my seat was contested and that I must soon "go to the country." From the topmost curve of one of the bicycle's springs I caught a bird's-eye view of outlying counties, and I panted for a change of air and scenery. Why didn't some one throw me a rope. No one went for a doctor; I suppose because they considered the case hopeless. I was conscious that I was the great central attraction, but painfully realized that I spread over too much ground to exhibit under one canvass. Slowly the minutes wore on but I wasn't losing any time. I had a certain amount of work to do before I struck the ground. There was a diversity of opinion as to what I was trying to accomplish. Some thought I was boring for an artesian well, while others thought it was a scene from a Dakota blizzard. I now became aware through every fiber of the bicycle's steel anatomy that it was gathering up its forces for one final grand act of extermination. I wished I had been a little more regular in my attendance at Sunday-school, then looked for a fire escape, but it had no such attachment. Concentrating all its inherent wickedness into one mighty boost, intimating that it had no further use for me, I took the hint, left the saddle and winged my way toward the azure. I had a round-trip ticket and came back on the down grade with all the gathered force of my past five minutes' exercise. Scooping out a ditch along the roadside with my shoulder led a bystander to remark that I was working out my road tax. When I got to the end of the furrow the large wheel rolled over me, the smaller wheel turned a handspring over the larger one and knocked my hat over my eyes; then the entire machine laid down on me, while the dude with the placid countenance and unruffled brow rolled silently by.—*Sober Sam, in Peck's Sun.*

The Paper Tree of Tonkin.

The principal material used in the manufacture of paper used in Tonkin is the paper tree, which grows in abundance on the mountains in the environs of Sontay. The dried bark is macerated and then rubbed up in mortars, so as to reduce it to a fine pulp, the latter being extended with a certain quantity of water, in order to form a clear paste which is sized with an infusion made from the shavings of the gomao tree. The paper is manufactured sheet by sheet, by means of delicate bamboo screens, which the operators alternately dip into the paste and take out therewith a thin sheet of paper, which is deposited upon a board. At the end of the day these sheets are put into a press in order to extract the moisture from them, and are then dried by placing them, one by one, upon a hot masonry wall, after which they are put up in packages and trimmed. Each operative makes a thousand sheets a day. The thickness of the paper depends on the consistency of the paste, and at one establishment as many as 80,000 sheets are capable of being produced daily.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—"Mamma," said Tato, "I have finished my cake and Gustave has got all of his left yet. Don't you think, mamma, you ought to tell him to give me half of it to teach him to be generous?"—*French Paper.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—While sheep need to be kept in a dry pasture, do not, therefore, deprive them of water, but provide it so they can reach it without getting into the mud.—*Troy Times.*

—In setting shade trees there are two mistakes which are quite frequently made. One is planting too thickly and the other is planting too near the buildings.—*Boston Post.*

—It is an easier matter to keep the stables clean and orderly than it is supposed by those who have not tried it. If you are one of this number begin at once and see if it is not true.

—Hens will not fly over any fence without first alighting on the top. Hence the fence should have no resting place there. A picket fence three or four feet high will keep them in their limits. Should there be an unruly one, dispose of it before it contaminates the flock.—*Western Rural.*

—A Vegetable Stew: Ingredients: Twelve potatoes cut in halves or quarters, six onions, one carrot chopped small, one ounce butter, a little parsley chopped, a little pepper and salt, one pint of water. Let them boil till the vegetables are quite done, but not broken. Stew the onions before adding the other things.—*Toledo Blade.*

—When two or three different kind of grasses are sown together for pasture many vacant spaces may be filled up, as each particular variety will find the kind of soil best adapted to its vigorous growth, the consequence being that the sod will be the thicker.—*Chicago Times.*

—Soiling crops demand the very richest ground. It will not pay to cut and gather a poor crop to be carried to the barn and fed while green. If the land is not rich enough to produce a maximum crop, let stock gather herbage for themselves until enough land can be got into suitable condition.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Lemon Extract: Take fresh lemons, grate the rind, the yellow part only, and put in a jelly glass with a cover. Put a layer of lemon and then one of sugar until the glass is full, then cover tightly. It is better than that which you buy. The lemon can be used for pies or whatever you wish. Also try this for ginger snaps: One cup sugar, one cup molasses, one egg, one cup lard, one tablespoon of ginger, two-thirds cup of milk, one teaspoonful of soda. Stir all together, then mix in a pinch of salt. Roll out thin and bake in a quick oven.—*Boston Budget.*

THE CABBAGE WORM.

Experiments With Different Remedies for This Destructive Pest.

The last annual report of the Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station contains the following record of experiments with various proposed remedies for this pest:

Experiments 1-5.—Dry bran, salt (both coarse and fine), lime, sulphur and white hellebore were thoroughly applied at different times and under various conditions. None of them proved effective.

Experiment 6.—One ponnd of whale oil soap boiled in one gallon of water and diluted with three times its bulk of water, was applied with a spray pump. Several applications were made. Many of the worms were killed, but enough remained to seriously injure the crop. This remedy, although safe, can not be recommended as a specific. Preparing the solution some time before using and allowing it to become more or less putrid increases its efficiency.

Experiment 7.—Ice water was thoroughly tested. It was applied at different times, but as a rule did little or no good. When applied during the hottest portion of the day it dislodged some of the worms that happened to be on the outer leaves, but failed to have any lasting effect upon those more in the center of the plant. Worms were seen to rapidly recover after being completely immersed for several seconds in ice water.

Experiment 8.—One-half ounce of pyrethrum to fifteen quarts of water, applied with a spray pump, having a cyclone nozzle, proved an almost perfect remedy. Only one application was made. Although a few worms appeared subsequently, they were not in sufficient number to do any special injury.

Experiment 10.—Used in the form of powder, with a small bellows, one ounce of pyrethrum proved sufficient for one hundred and fifty cabbages. Twelve hours after the application was made, a careful examination showed that no live worms could be found. No further application was found necessary.

Experiment 11.—One ounce of pyrethrum and one ounce of fine air-slacked lime were thoroughly mixed. This mixture was applied in the same manner and same quantity as noted in Experiment 10. The results were equally satisfactory and the application less expensive.

Experiment 12.—One ounce of pyrethrum with four ounces of buckwheat flour was found to be very efficient. The mixture was carefully made and applied with the Woodason bellows. The work was done very rapidly, one man being able to thoroughly sprinkle at the rate of three acres of cabbages per day. This was the most practical remedy tried, being effectual, cheap, easy of application and harmless to the plant.

Experiment 13.—One part of Paris-green thoroughly mixed with twenty parts of fine slacked lime, was nearly as effective as pyrethrum. This was applied August 14, before the cabbages had begun to form heads. Although it proved effectual, the danger of using Paris-green upon any food plant makes it a remedy that can not be strongly recommended. When used at all, great caution must be exercised.

Experiment 14.—Kerosene emulsions of various strength were carefully tested. The results were unsatisfactory. Equal parts of kerosene and water kill the worms, but at the same time nearly ruined the cabbages. Weaker applications affected the worms for a short time, according to the proportion of kerosene used, but they usually revived and continued their depredations.—*Farm and Fireside.*

—William Keenan, of Korah, Can., writes to the Toronto *Globe* that he is the owner of one of the greatest wonders of the age. The wonder is a calf with a head on each end, four eyes, six legs and two tails, all well formed. Mr. Keenan drops into poetry in describing the wonder, which, by the way, is dead and stuffed. This is the poem:

MARVELOUS.

What a marvelous sight for nature to send,
This wonderful beast with a head on each end;
Never before was a thing of the kind
Seen with six legs and two tails behind.

IT actually improves the bicycle record to have it broken.

OVENS & Co. run a bakery in Buffalo.—*Buffalo Express.*

For the Ladies.

Laughter is the poor man's plaster,
Making every burden light:
Turning sadness into gladness,
Darkest hour to May dawn bright.

'Tis the deepest and the cheapest
Cure for ills of this description,
But for those that woman's heir to,
Use Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription."

Cures all weaknesses and irregularities, "bearing down" sensations, "internal fever," bloating, displacements, inflammation, morning sickness and tendency to cancerous disease. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

THE great trouble with a buzz-saw is that it never wears false teeth.—*Lowell Citizen.*

I Had a Dreadful Cough, and raised a considerable amount of blood and matter; besides, I was very thin, and so weak I could scarcely go about the house. This was the case of a man with consumption arising from liver complaint. He recovered his health *completely* by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Thousands of others bear similar testimony.

PAT—"Be jabers, what harrud toimes! If I had me loife insured I'd take it."—*Chicago Journal.*

* * * * Delicate Diseases, affecting male or female, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Illustrated book for 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

PEOPLE going on an excursion are so happy to get home that they are glad they went.

HALL'S Hair Renewer always gives satisfaction, and is indorsed by our best physicians.

As a stimulant to the stomach, liver and bowels, the safest remedy is Ayer's Pills.

THE moth exhibits much taste in dress.—*Boston Transcript.*

WHAT'S THE BEST DISINFECTANT and remedy for skin irritations and defects? GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP. HILL'S HAIR AND WHISKER DYE, Black or Brown, 50c.

THERE is but one "school of journalism," and that is—journalism—*Buffalo Express.*

BEST, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50c.

A BANG is something to a door—especially when it is on a pretty girl.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE lasts three times as long as others and saves horses and wagons.

WHY is a doctor never sea-sick? He is used to see sickness.

THE Indian smokes the pipe of peace; the Irishman the piece of pipe.—*Burlington Free Press.*

MAY an artist who sketches a heap of edibles be said to be "drawing rations?"—*St. Paul Herald-Journal.*

A WOMAN at Peekskill, N. Y., tried to murder her husband. She threw a mince pie at him.—*Newman Independent.*

AN honest dealer will do his buying and selling by the same scales. There is no two weighs about him.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A GROCER advertises "something new in coffee." We are glad to see that beans have had their day, anyway.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"CARPETS are lower than ever," says an advertiser. How can that be? They were on the floor before.—*N. Y. Herald.*

THE man with a No. 15 neck and a No. 14 collar, has a hard struggle to make both ends meet.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MRS. P. was saying one day what a gentlemanly person her baker was. "Yes," said a wag, "a thorough-bred gentleman."—*N. Y. Telegram.*

"THERE are plenty of openings for poets of real genius," said a writer. That is true. This office, for instance, has several windows and doors.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

"DAD," said the bad little boy as his parent was about to take him across his knee to administer deserved punishment, "let's arbitrate."—*Texas Siftings.*

WE may perhaps be pardoned for suggesting that the place to settle the Boston barber question is at the poles.—*Lowell (Mass.) Courier.*

"AW DONTCHEWNO, Edith, I have just set up for a wit!" "No, Alfred, I was not aware of it; you had better sit down again."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"WHY are newly-married people referred to as the tied?" "Because matrimony is the result of getting some one on the string."

TIRED OUT!

At this season, nearly every one needs to use some sort of tonic. IRON enters into almost every physician's prescription for those who need building up.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

QUALITY PURITY NOT QUANTITY. Trade Mark. On Every Bottle.

—THE BEST TONIC

For Weakness, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, etc., it HAS NO EQUAL, and is the only iron medicine that is not injurious. It Enriches the Blood, Invigorates the System, Restores Appetite, Aids Digestion

It does not blacken or injure the teeth, cause headache or produce constipation—*other iron medicines do*

JAY VAN VECHTEN, M. D., New London, Ohio, says: "I have prescribed Brown's Iron Bitters with most satisfactory results in cases of Debility where a tonic is needed, and I know of no preparation of iron that does better."

MR. WM. F. WENDELKIN, Marietta, Ohio, says: "I was always tired. One bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters has greatly benefited me and I feel like a new man."

MRS. EVA J. HYDE, Dawson, Pa., says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters for general weakness, and have been greatly benefited. It gave me a good appetite and removed that tired feeling that has been so common with me. I cheerfully recommend it."

Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

SOLDIERS NEW LAWS; Officers' pay from commissions; Deserters relieved; Pensions and increase; experience 20 years; success or no fee. Write for circulars and laws. A. W. McCORMICK & SON, Cincinnati, Ohio.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio

WELL MAKING. PROSPECTING. **DOES IT PAY!**

Free catalogue tells what customers say: This is the Great "Ohio" Well Drilling and Prospecting Machine. Drills all kinds earth and rock and pump cuttings to surface at each stroke!—Tests the water without taking out tools. Drives tubing or enlarges hole below it. Runs with wonderful ease, and drops tools 70 or 80 times a minute! Horse or steam power used. We also make machines and tools for boring large wells. LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO.

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THE NEW DEPARTURE DRUMS

are made with patent double acting rods and folding knee rest. Light, substantial and handsome. Used in the best Bands and Orchestras. Unequaled for tone, surpass all other in finish and appearance. If nearest Music dealer does not keep them, write to us for illustrated catalogue. LYON & HEALY, Chicago, Ill.

No Rope to Cut Off Horses' Manes.

Celebrated "ECLIPSE" HALTER and BRIDLE Combined, can not be slipped by any horse. Sample Halter to any part of the U. S. free, on receipt of $1. Sold by all Saddlery, Hardware and Harness Dealers. Special discount to the Trade. Send for Price-List. J. C. LIGHTHOUSE, Rockester, N. Y.

I CURE FITS!

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Contracted Muscles,	Lameness,
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Backache,	Sprains, Strains,
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Instantly relieves and soon cures Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Pleurisy, Stiff Neck, all congestions and inflammations, whether of the Lungs, Kidneys or Bowels.

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A teaspoonful in a half tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sesickness, Nausea, Vomiting, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

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Yours truly, ROBERT O'DONNELL.
67 East Lake st., Chicago, Ill., Sept. 7, 1885.

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THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

Guarantees Speed, Comfort and Safety to those who travel over it. Its roadbed is thoroughly ballasted. Its track is of heavy steel. Its bridges are solid structures of stone and iron. Its rolling stock is perfect as human skill can make it. It has all the safety appliances that mechanical genius has invented and experience proved valuable. Its practical operation is conservative and methodical—its discipline strict and exacting. The luxury of its passenger accommodations is unequaled in the West—unsurpassed in the world.

ALL EXPRESS TRAINS between Chicago and the Missouri River consist of comfortable DAY COACHES, magnificent PULLMAN PALACE PARLOR and SLEEPING CARS, elegant DINING CARS providing excellent meals, and—between Chicago, St. Joseph, Atchison and Kansas City—restful RECLINING CHAIR CARS.

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All classes of patrons, especially families, ladies and children, receive from officials and employes of Rock Island trains protection, respectful courtesy and kindly attention.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders—obtainable at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada—or any desired information, address,

R. R. CABLE, President and General Manager, Chicago. E. ST. JOHN, General Ticket and Passenger Agent, Chicago.

THE REPUBLICAN

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, AUG. 14, 1886.

Congress having adjourned it may be a matter of interest to know what it has done for the interests of the people. All through the years when the Republican party was in power the Democrats were constantly making charges of incompetency and mismanagement against that party. Coupled with these charges we usually had a batch of promises of reform, economy and wise government which were to be inaugurated when the Democracy came into power. Every National Democratic platform adopted in the past quarter of a century was simply a reiteration of such charges and promises. In fact every campaign made by the Democratic party in the last twenty years, National, State and local was based upon Democratic promises. The whole capital and stock in trade of that party was promises.

When President Cleveland was inaugurated a great many people supposed the political millenium had dawned and that all the Democratic promises of retrenchment, economy and reform would be fulfilled. It was believed by some that the party had such an immense amount of capital laid away in its vaults in the shape of promises that a New York Mugwump could draw a sight draft upon the Administration for any amount of reform, and it would be honored. But alas! alas! no draft has been honored; no promise has been kept, and now, that Congress has adjourned, the people are awaking to the fact that the present adminsstration is characterised by incompetency, and that it is run upon the spoils system. Whilst the President has made a little show of economy by vetoing a few small, unimportant pension bills, he has signed the river and barbor bill by which millions upon millions of money are taken from the Treasury without any corresponding benefit to the country. It is a remarkable fact that no bill of this character has been vetoed by the President. Congress has utterly failed to inaugurate any of the promised reforms. On the contrary it has gone from bad to worse in the matter of squandering the people's money, as the enormous increase in the public expenditures plainly shows. The expenditure in 1885 was $195,710,588.09, for 1886 $219,595,283.18, for 1887 $264,783,579..59. These figures speak volumes, and if we were to write upon this subject for the balance of the year, we could not make Democratic failure and incompetency plainer than do these figures. Why does the record stand out with such prominence? Because that party never gave anything to the country but promises, and never sought anything but spoils.

We intended to add something with reference to State and local promises and management under Democratic rule, but we have not the space and must reserve that for another issue. Suffice it to say now, that in a short time you will hear Democratic stump speakers calling upon the people to support their candidate for congress, and *promising* all sorts of unattainable things as usual. Be not deceived. Examine the record for yourselves, and vote for your own interests, which are the interests of the whole people.

The death of Mr. Tilden suggests the fact that the Democratic party has lost no less than four of its former candidates for the Presidency within a comparatively recent period, viz: McClellan, Seymore, Tilden and Hancock, the candidates respectively in 1864,1868, 1876 and 1880. Mr. Greely, who was the candidate of the liberal movement of 1872, is also dead, so that Mr. Cleveland alone remains of those who have been the Democratic standard-bearers since the election of 1860.

When asked what he thought of the chanches of the Republicans for electing the next President, Senator Edmunds said: "It depends upon who is nominated. If the Republicans go to the West and select some good, clean, upright man, with an honest record upon financial questions, a man who is above reproach, the chances for the Republicans electing their candidate will be, I should say, seven out of ten."

Adjournment of Congress.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 5.—The first session of the Forty-ninth Congress which ended to-day began on Monday, December 5, 1885, and covered a period of seven months and twenty-eight days, or 241 day except Sundays. Of this time the Senate was in session 164 days, and the House 185 days, During that time there were introduced in the two houses 13,202 measures, of which 10,014 were House bills and 214 House joint resolutions and 2,891 bills and 83 joint resolutions of the Senate. The measures proposed for enactment into laws exceeded in number by 2,949 those introduced at the first session of the Forty-eighth Congress, which sat for seven months and four days, or 165 days of actual working time. They covered all sorts of subjects, from the payment of a laborer at the Capitol for extra services to the complex questions of tariff legislation, and legislation with respect to the national finances.

Of the entire number comparatively few were of what may be termed of national importance. The greater number were measures of a private nature, or of merely local importance such as relief and pension bills, bills for the erection of public buildings; for the bridging of rivers; for granting right of way of railroads through military or Indian reservations; for the removal of political disabilities; for changing judicial districts; for establishing new land offices; for changing the names or location or increasing the stock of National banks; for printing public documents, etc., etc.

A very small percentage of the whole number of the bills introduced, either of a general or a private nature, became laws. A comparatively small number succeeded in getting through the committees to which they were referred and reaching the calendars of their respective houses. Some secured passage in the house in which they originated, but failed of action in the other branch, and a very large number still remain unconsidered by the committees to which they were referred.

The total number of measures that passed both houses was 1,101, being 241 Senate bills and 860 bills which originated in the House. Of this total 806 became laws by limitation, the President failing to approve or disapprove them within 10 days after presentation to him; 113 were vetoed, and one failed by reason of adjournment without action by the President. Of the new laws 746 were House measures and 241 Senate measures. The laws that became such by limitation were with two exceptions private pension and relief bills. Of the measures vetoed by the President 36 were Senate bills and 77 bills of the House. Twenty-eight of the Senate bills vetoed are private pension bills, three were for the erection of public buildings [at Dayton, Ohio, Sioux City, Iowa, and Zanesville, Ohio].

Of the House bills disapproved by the President seventy-four were private pension bills, and three were for the erection of public buildings. The number of measures vetoed during the session were four more than have been vetoed from the foundation of the Government to the beginning of the session just closed. While nearly all of the vetoed bills of the Senate were reported back from the committee with the recommendation that they do pass notwithstanding the President's objection, and while similar action was taken on some of the House bills, only one, that granting a pension to Joseph Romiser, was passed by the two houses over the veto. The Des Moines river bill passed the Senate over the veto, but failed to receive the requisite two-thirds vote in the House. Motions to pass the bills to grant a pension to Mary Anderson and Andrew J. Wilson over the President's veto were defeated in the House. The consideration of the other veto messages has been postponed until the next session.

The measures of general importance that have been enacted into laws during the session in addition to the regular appropriation bills are as follows: The Presidential succession bill; to provide for the study of the nature and effect of alcoholic drinks and narcotics; to remove the charge of desertion against soldiers who reenlisted without having received a discharge from regiments in which they had previously served; to legalize the incorporation of National Trades Unions; to give the receiver of a national bank the power to buy in any property of the bank sold under foreclosure when necessary to protect his trust; to regulate the promotion of graduates of the United States military academy; to permit the owners of United States merchant vessels of any property on board thereof to sue the United States for damage by collision arrising from the mismanagement of any government vessels; accepting the Grant medals and trophies; to provide that surveyed lands granted to railroads co-terminus, with completed portions of such roads and in organized counties shall not be exempt from local taxation on account of the lien of the United States upon them for the costs of surveying, selecting or conveying them; the oleomargarine bill; the bill for the increase of the navy.

The important measures which, after debate, were defeated in the house in which they originated, are as follows: The Senate bill to increase the efficiency of the Army; The House [Bland] bill, for the free coinage of silver, and Senator Vance's bill to repeal the Civil Service act. Among the bills upon which further action by Congress is necessary before they can become laws are the following: The Cullom Inter-State Commerce bill; the Mexican Pension bill; the bill to repeal the timber culture; preemption and desert land laws; the Morrison and Randall tariff bills; the House bill to prevent aliens from acquiring or owning land in any of the territories; the Bankruptcy bill: the House bill to terminate the Hawaiian treaty; the Anti-Polygamy bills, and the Chinese indemnity bills. The Morrison surplus resolution failed by reason of the adjournment of Congress before executive action had been token.

Cutting's Case.

Editor Cutting is under sentence of a year's imprisonment at hard labor on the public works and a fine of $600. He denies the jurisdiction of the court and looks to his government for protection. The Secretary of State has said that Cutting is entitled to this protettion.

It will not do to cloud an issue with which this country may have to deal with dignity and vigor, From all that has been said Cutting is a man who would reflect no credit on his country, anywhere or under any circumstances. Probably the publication which originally got him into trouble was libelous and scandalous. But after having been arrested for an offense committed on Mexican soil he was released and permitted to return to Texas to publish a retraction. The retraction was not satisfactory. It was held to aggravate the original offense, and doubtless it did, for Cutting was in no amiable frame of mind and seems to be in the habit of using violent language.

If Cutting had been prosecuted in Mexico for an act done in Mexico which would also have been an offense it committed by a citizen of Mexico, we should have had no cause of complaint. But the judge, if he has been correctly reported, distinctly placed the trial, conviction and sentence on another ground. Asked by the American consul to tell him "just what this is for," he replied: "It is for the publication, on the other side, of an article which is held to have vitiated a reconcilliation made on this side."

The "other side" is American soil, with which no Mexican authority has anything to do. The State of Texas and the United States of America have jurisdiction there, and no other power. By one of its laws the Mexican State of Chihuahua claims this extra-territorial jurisdiction, but surely the United States will never admit it, no matter how mean the citizen upon whom Mexican law is laid.

If Cutting is a citizen of the United States, and if he has been sentenced to punishment for something he did in the United States, this is all that the government needs to know. The man must be given up or his Government must reach out its mailed hand to take him and to assert its standing among the nations of the earth. Cutting personally may be unworthy of any sacrifice in his behalf, but, if we are correctly advised, in his person the right of every American citizen has been outraged and the whole people of the United States insulted. The people of the United States are not so weak that they must submit to this; and no nation is so strong that it can afford to be slapped in the face without resenting the affront.

War is the last thing to be desired. It is a calamity never to be sought, except where peace itself would be the incomparable calamity of a great national dishonor. We have reason to desire to be on good terms with Mexico, and every American will hope that friendly relations may still be possible, We should, however, regard as impossible a peace which assured the world that American citizenship is a sham and the protection of the American flag a mere poetic fancy.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

What has become of that business prosperity guaranteed to workingmen by Democratic speakers in 1884? Over 1,000,000 men are now out of employment, and wages are lower than ever they were under Republican rule. There is some consolation in the prospect that this Democratic free-trade administration will be the last one.—*New York Tribune.*

Tilden Dead.

NEW YORK, August 4.—Samuel J. Tilden died peacefully at Graystone this morning at 8:45 o'clock. There were present with him Dr. Charles E. Simmons and Samuel Swift, and his niece, Miss Gould. His death was entirely unexpected, and was caused by failure of the heart following an acute attack of diarrhœa and nausea. Paralysis and bodily infirmities incident to old age had reduced Mr. Tilden to a mere skeleton, and his last days were marked by extreme feebleness.

State Elections of 1886.

Alabama elects Congressmen November 2.

Arkansas elects State officers and Legislature September 6; Congressmen November 2.

California elects State officers, Legislature and Congressmen November 2.

Colorado elects State officers, Legislature and Congressmen November 2.

Connecticut elects State officers, Legislature and Congressmen November 2.

Delaware elects Governor, Legislature and Congressmen November 2.

Florida elects Legislature and Congressmen November 2, and votes upon the proposed new constitution of the State, which was framed by the convention which met in 1885.

Georgia elects State officers and Legislature October 6; Congressmen November 2.

Illinois elects minor State officers, Legislature and Congressmen November 2, and votes upon a proposed amendment to the constitution of the State to abolish the contract system in the prisons of the State.

Indiana elects minor State officers and Congressmen November 2.

Iowa elects minor State Officers and Congressmen November 2.

Kansas elects State officers, Legislature and Congressmen November 2.

Kentucky elects Congressmen November 2.

Louisiana elects Congressmen November 2.

Maine elects Governor, Legislature and Congressmen September 13.

Maryland elects Congressmen November 2.

Massachusetts elects State Sfficers, Legislature and Congressmen November 2.

Michigan elects State officers, Legislature and Congressmen November 2.

Minnesota elects State officers, Legislature and Congressmen November 2, and votes upon a proposed amendment to the constitution of the State to facilitate the erection of county and school buildings.

Mississippi elects Congressmen November 2.

Missouri elects minor State officers and Congressmen November 2.

Nebrasba elects State officers, Ligislature and Congressmen November 2.

Nevada elects State officers, Legislature and Congressmen November 2.

New Hampshire elects Governor, Legislature and Congressmen November 2.

New Jersey elects Governor, Legislature and Congressmen November 2.

New York elects a judge of the Court of Appeals, Assemblymen and Congressmen November 2, and votes upon the question of holding a convention to revise the constitution of the State,

North Carolina elects justices of the Supreme Court, Legislature and Congressmen November 2.

Ohio elects minor State officers and Congressmen November 2.

Oregon elected State officers, Legislature and Congressmen June 7.

Pennsylvania elects State officers, Legislature and Congressmen November 2.

Rhode Island elected State officers and Legislature April 7, and ratifies the proposed amendments to the constitution of State, one of which prohibits the sale of intoxicating liquor, and the other admits foreign born Union ex-soldiers and sailors to citizenship. Elects Congressmen November 2.

South Carolina elects State officers, Legislature and Congressmen November 2.

Tennessee elects Governor, Legislature and Congressmen November 2.

Texas elects State officers, Legislature and Congressmen November 2.

Vermont elects State officers, Legislature and Congressmen September 7.

Virginia elects Congressmen November 2.

West Virginia elects Legislature and Congressmen November 2.

Wisconsin elects State officers, Legislature and Congressmen November 2.

Our friend, Primus Tucker, has a dog that he calls "Illogical Inference," because it doesn't follow.

Paris to-day has a new pet—not a black tulip, but a green rose. It is a perfect specimen.

Baltimore Live Stock Market.

CATTLE.—Dealers report the market as reasonably active, considering the somewhat divided counsel prevailing among the butchers on the question of the day for the market, and their expectations fairly realized. The offerings were fully adequate for the demand, which was not quite as full as last week, in view of the contemplated Thursday's market on the part of a portion of the operators. The quality of the offerings was not of as good an average as it was last week, and, therefore, the lower quotations show a mere shade of decline in values. Prices range from 2½ to 5c., with fewer at the latter figure than last week; most sales from 3 to 4½. Of the offerings 1,189 head came over the Pennsylvania Railroad, and 268 over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

HOGS.—The quality of the off rings to-day compares well with that of last week, and prices show little or no variation from those ruling then. Trade has been fair in all the yards, with an increased offering of some 800 head, as compared with last week. Prices range from 6 to 6¾c., few selling at the former figure. Rough hogs sell at 6@6¼c., fair grades 6⅝@6½, and the better grades 6¾ net. Same time last year hogs sold at 6@7c. and extra 7⅛, and the year before quotations 7@8½. Of the offerings 5,386 head came over the Pennsylvania Railroad, and 472 over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

SHEEP.—There is a heavy increase in the receipts over last week, but no improvement is seen in their quality. Trade is reported as good in all the yards, and all the offerings will have been sold by the close of the day. Prices for sheep range from 2½ to 4¼c. and for lambs 3@5½; stock sheep $1@2.75 per head. Same time last year sheep sold at 2@4¼c. and lambs 3@6 gross, and the year before sheep sold at 3@4½ and lambs at 4@6 gross.

A Cure for Diphtheria.

A lady friend of the Auburn, (N. Y.) *Advertiseo* has translated from the German a remedy for diphtheria which may be of use to some of our readers.

R. Much, proprietor of a drug establishment, in Leipzig, Saxony, publishes in the *Pharmacist*, a medical paper, a remedy for diphtheria which has had surprising success. He urgently presses all physicians to try it for the benefit of all patients suffering from the disease, and also requests the press to publish it.

He says: "My little daughter, 7 years of age, has had diphtheria twice within some weeks, with a severe fever, about 150° Fahrenheit. We gave her with great success rectified oil of turpentine (oleum forebinth alectificatum). Dose, one teaspoonful in the morning and the same in the evening.

Adults should take one tablespoonful. Afterwards drink a little lukewarm milk to allay the burning in the throat.

For children the second dose can be mixed with milk, which will render it easier to take.

The result is really marvelous. The inflammation of the abnormal diphtheritic spots in the throat grows lighter at the edges, and in this way gradually shrink until in twenty-four hours they disappear entirely, leaving no sign.

To quiet the inflamed tonsils the throat was gargled at first every two hours, and then every three hours, with the following gargle: One ounce thlorate of potash to forty ounces distilled water.

This remedy has been used with perfect satisfaction both by adults and children, not one case ending fatally. The Milwaukee *Volksblatt* quoted this remedy from the German paper, and afterward received a letter from a subscriber in Mitchell county, Iowa, saying that "A child in the writer's family was attacked by diphtheria, treated by local physicians, and died; then four members of the same family were similarly attacked, treated by this remedy, and, I am happy to tell you, all recovered."

"What is Life?"

"What is Life?" some one asked Montford, and he beautifully replied: "The present life is sleeping and waking; it is 'good night' on going to bed, and 'good morning' on getting up; it is wonder what the day will bring forth; it is rain on the window as one sits by the fire; it is to walk in the garden and see the flowers and hear the birds sing; it is to have news from the east, west, north and south; it is to read old books and new books; it is to see pictures and hear music; it is to have Sundays; it is to pray with a family morning and evening; it is to set in the twilight and meditate; it is to have breakfast and dinner and tea; it is to belong to a town and have neighbors, and to become one in a circle of acquaintances; it is to have friends and love; it is to have sight of dear old faces, and with some men, it is to be kissed by the same loving lips for fifty years, and it is to know themselves thought of many times a day, in many places, by children, grandchildren and many friends.

Frogs' legs from Canada marshes sell in New York at forty cents a pound.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The undersigned will open a

PRIVATE SCHOOL

at the Oakland Public School Building, beginning

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, '86,

and continuing for a term of twelve weeks.

TERMS VERY MODERATE.

Circulars can be obtained at Sturgiss's Drug Store.

Respectfully,
Miss LILLY BROWN,
8 14 td Miss MARY WEBER,

TRUSTEE'S SALE!

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting as a Court of Equity, passed in a cause (being No. 169 Equity) in said Court, wherein Joel Willand is complainant, and Florisa Biddinger, Simon Biddinger and James Bowser are defendants, the undersigned was appointed Trustee to make sale of the real estate described in the proceedings in said cause. In discharge of the trust reposed in me, by the terms of said decree I will,

On Tuesday,
THE 7TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER,

at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, in front of the Glades Hotel in Oakland, offer at public sale, all that tract, piece or parcel of land known and described as

"MOUNT AIRY,"

being the same land which was conveyed to James Bowser by Florisa Biddinger and Simon Biddinger by deed dated the 11th of January, A. D. 1879, and beginning for the same "at a stone pile and a small bounded Hickory standing at the end of one hundred and seventy-seven and one half perches on the first line, of a deed from Jesse Tomlinson to Jacob Hare, and running thence South eighty-seven and one half degrees West, one hundred and twenty-two perches to a stone pile on the first line of the said whole tract called "MOUNT AIRY," thence with said first line North sixty-two and one half perches to the end of the third line of part of a deed conveyed by Henry M. Hare to John Hare, and with said third line reversed North eighty-seven and one-half degrees east one hundred and twenty-six and one-half perches to the first line of said deed from Jesse Tomlinson to Jacob Hare, and running with said first line South six and one half degrees East sixty two and one half perches to the beginning, containing fifty acres of land."

There is a

SMALL DWELLING

upon said land, and a part of said land is cleared and under cultivation. An excellent opportunity is offered for a man of small means to procure a good home. Said land lies near Grantsville, in a good farming community.

TERMS OF SALE as prescribed by said decree. One half of the purchase money shall be paid in cash on the day of sale, and one half in twelve months from the day of sale; the purchaser to execute his single bill bearing interest for the deferred payment with surety to be approved by the trustee, and when the whole purchase money is paid, and not before, the undersigned will convey said property to the purchaser in accordance with the terms of said decree.

Conveyancing at cost of purchaser.

F. A. THAYER,
8 14 4t Trustee.

TRUSTEES' SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

TIMBER

—AND—

MINERAL LANDS.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in the State of Maryland, standing as No. 352 on the Equity docket of said Court, in which John Swan and others are complainants and Willie Swan and others are defendants, the subscribers will sell at public sale,

ON SATURDAY,
THE 2D DAY OF OCTOBER, 1886,

at 11 o'clock A. M., at the Glades Hotel, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, the tract of land known as

"Yough Manor,"

containing about 9,000 acres of land more or less. The said tract is situated on the

"YOUGHIOGHENY RIVER,"

in said county, and extends from said river to the West Virginia line, and is about 15 miles from Oakland, on the Baltimore & Ohio Rail Road, and about 15 miles from Confluence, on the Pittsburg & Connelsville Rail Road.

It is valuable for the large quantities of Pine, Oak and other varieties of timber common to the region, and now upon it; also for the large veins of bituminous coal, iron ore, lime stone and fire clay upon it, and lying in convenient proximity to each other. It also contains a large quantity of good tillable land, a small portion of which is improved and in cultivation.

THE TERMS OF SALE Provided by the decree are: One-third of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, one-third in one year and the balance in two years from the day of sale, or the whole in cash, if the purchaser prefers it. The deferred payments, if any, to be secured by notes of the purchaser with security to be approved by the trustees.

WM. J. READ,
D. W. SLOAN,
J. H. GORDON,
8 7 3t Trustees.

In the Orphans' Court of Allegheny County, Pennsylvania.

Estate of JANE ORMSBY, Dec'd.

No. 77 June Term, 1849.

ALIAS CITATION. IN PARTITION

To Jane O. Morgan, Robert Graham Ormsby and Augustus P. Ormsby:—

On the 11th day of July, 1883, upon the petition of Sarah M. McKnight presented to the Court praying for a correction of a clerical error existing in said partition proceedings, viz. To change the word "eighty" to "eight" in the description of certain real estate embraced in the inquest, the Court did award a citation to show cause, returnable on July 21st, 1883, at 10 o'clock A. M.

And on the 24th of July, 1886, the Court did also award an alias citation returnable on Saturday, August 28th, 1886, at 10 o'clock A.M. and directed publication to be made in the Oakland REPUBLICAN, Oakland, Maryland, and in *The Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette*, which notice is now given.

WM. M. WATSON,
7 31 3t Attorney for Petitioner.

WIN more money than at anything else by taking an agency for the best selling book out. Beginners succeed grandly. None fail. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Lenge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

—The "Improved Buckeye Cider Mill," at OFFUTT'S.

—Ginger ale and pop on ice at Harne's.

—FOR SALE—A 1-horse wagon. Apply to E. H. Sincell.

—"Pel's" Ladies' fine hand-made shoes at OFFUTT'S.

—Dr. E. H. Glotfelty and family, of Accident, were in Oakland several days this week.

—Mr. H. Allen Ison returned to his duties in Washington, D. C., this week. His wife accompanied him.

—The Oakland Concert Club will give another entertainment at Offutt's Hall, on Thursday evening, August 19th, inst.

—HAY FOR SALE—The undersigned has for sale, on his farm, formerly the "Procter Farm," about forty tons of Timothy Hay, put up dry and in the best of order.

8 14 3t JOHN BRADLEY.

—Died at the residence of her aunt, Mrs. Hartman, in Ryans Glade, this county, of consumption, May 16th, 1886, Mrs. Anna Belle, wife of D. W. Cormany and daughter of Wm. T. and Fannie Elliott, aged 16 years and 6 months. Deceased suffered greatly for two weeks. Before her death she was fully resigned to the will of the Lord.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M., and 8 P. M.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. by the Pastor.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

St. Matthew's Church—Rev. J. Newman, Rector—Holy Communion at 8 A. M.; morning prayer and sermon at 11 A. M.; Sunday School at 4:30 P. M.; evensong 5 P. M. Wednesday evening prayer at 5 P. M.

New Store in Oakland.

Mr. W. C. L. Correll has rented the Michael Building, opposite Coddington's Hotel, Oakland, and will fill it up with a full line of boots, shoes, hats, caps, notions, &c., to be ready for business by the 20th instant. Mr. Correll is well and favorably known here, and we can recommend him to the people of the county as an honorable business man.

Price List at Shartzer's New Cash Store

Corn - - -	60 cts per bs.,
Meal - - -	$1.25 per 100 lbs.
Chop - - -	" " " "
Good flour -	$5.50 to $6.25 per bl.
Clover seed - -	$8.00 per bus.
Timothy seed -	$2.50 " "
Granulated sugar -	8 cts. per lb.
Brown sugar -	7 " " "
Arbuckle's coffee -	15 " " "
Indigo blue calico -	7 " " yd.
American prints -	6 " " "
Allen's prints - -	6 " " "
Lace window curtains, ready made - - -	$2.00 per pr.

All other things in proportion. Come and see.

Go to F. G. Hyde, the Reliable Jeweler

For watches, clocks, jewelry, silverware, eye-glasses, spectacles, etc., either wholesale or retail. The largest stock of reliable goods in this part of the country. Everything fully warranted to be just exactly what it is. I handle everything that appertains to the jewelry trade, at prices that will stand comparison with any responsible house. An inspection is requested.

F. G. HYEE.
7 17 tf Oakland, Md.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. D. Nydegger, Druggist, Oakland, Md.

For Sale.

The property owned by the late Thresa M. Smithman, corner third and Water streets, Oakland, Md., will be sold at private sale. This is a very desirable property and will be sold in whole or in part, to suit purchaser. Terms reasonable. For further information call on or address

JOS. H. SMITHMAN,
5 15 tf Oakland, Md.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Garrett county, Md, for the month of July, 1886.

Anderson, Mrs. Wm. M.	Lewis, Hanson
Aronhalt, Elisha	Oham, J. W.
Davis, Hon. H. W.	Paden, Maggie
Davis, John	Perry, Rev. S. M.
Enardson, Miss Ella (2)	Ross, Mrs. Mollie
Gaskill, Miss Bird	Stous, Miss Linnie
Houston, Dr. Jas.	Shaw & Co.
Howill, Thomas.	Terry, Miss Nannie, (2)
Hentchision, David.	Thornton, Mrs J. N.
Hoarlton, Thomas	Wolf, Edward.
Horner, A. L. (3)	Wilson, E. E.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

P. HAMILL, P. M.

Knights of Honor.

Remember the 25th inst. at Mt. Lake Park. Large delegations will be in attendance from Cumberland, Frostburg, Lonaconing, Md., and Keyser, Piedmont, Grafton, Fairmont and Clarksburg, W. Va. Past Supreme Dictator, Judge Cochrane, and Judge Okey Johnson will be present and address the order; also Grand Dictator Corning and Grand Reporter Byers. Members and friends of the order turn out, and let us have a gala Knight of Honor day.

REPORTER OF ALTA.

Eye Removed.

It will be remembered by our readers that about a year ago Capt. P. A. Chisholm had the sight of his left eye destroyed by being accidently shot by a comrade while hunting near Oakland. For fear of the other eye becoming affected he determined to have the injured eye removed. This was successfully accomplished on Tuesday, by Dr. J. P. S. Houston, of Savanah, Ga., assisted by Dr. D. Murray Cheston, of Philadelphia, and Dr. E. H. Bartlett, Proprietor of the Glades Hotel. The doctors are confident that Capt. Chisholm will be able to perform his ordinary duties in a few days.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the month of July:

Dan'l Yommer and wife to Wm. Hoover, part of a tract of land called "Corvonia"—2½ acres; $25.

Ezekiel Mills to Geo. A. of E and Wm. P. Mills, lot No. 42 in Oakland; $5 00.

John W. Daniels to Susannah Daniels, military lot No. 2660—50 acres; $300.

Lucy Mitchell, Lucinda Benson and others to Geo. W. Nelson, military lot No. 1390; $5 and other considerations.

Same to same, military lot No. 1509; $5 and other considerations.

Same to same, military lot No. 3070; $5 and other considerations.

Same to same, military lot No. 1806; $5 and other considerations.

Same to same, military lot No. 1640; $5 and other considerations.

James W. Abernaty and wife to John W. and Mary Louisa Biggs, their interest in a tract of land called "Haw Flat," being a resurvey upon military lot No. 1394; $300.

Richard T. Semmes and wife to John W. Branhouse, part of a tract called "Clifton"—50 acres; $300.

Mt. Lake Park Association to Sarah C. Harris, lot No. 820 in Mt. Lake Park; $150.

Mt. Lake Park Association to Jennie Smith, lot No. 818 in Mt. Lake Park; $150.

M. F. Enlow to Milford Watson, 5 acres of military lot No. 1717; $25.

Otto Duker and others to John Ault, all their right, title and interest in and to the property in Oakland known as the Ludwig property; $550.

Louisa Rinehart to Isaac D. Newman, one-half of lot No. 5 in Oakland; $500.

Wm. R. Percy and wife to Francis McKenzie, military lots Nos. 560 and 562; $1150.

Daniel E. Offutt and wife to Isaac D. Newman, part of lot No. 5 in Oakland; $1000.

Grantsville.

Mr. Jas. F. Broadwater's remains were interred in the Grantsville cemetery Tuesday, 3d inst. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Henry E. Friend, assisted by Rev. David Flanigan, of the M. E. Church. The funeral was largely attended.

Mr. Lup Frantz's infant child died Sunday morning, aged 6 months. It was taken to Addison, Pa., for interment.

The Grantsville Cornet Band gave a grand pic-nic Saturday, 7th, in Mr. Jonas Gnagey's chestnut grove. There was an immense crowd of people present. Every thing went off smoothly and all seemed to enjoy themselves hugely. As the business has'nt been settled up yet, we do not know how much they cleared.

Mr. J. S. Broadwaters, one of our leading merchants here, received an order from a Pittsburg firm a few days ago for 250 barrels of home-made sugar. Each barrel contains about 300 lbs. He now has a lot of teams hauling it to the station.

Accident.

Harvest for 1886 is nearing its close.

Crops generally are excellent.

Mr. Gnagey's house is nearing completion.

Geo. Galler is plastering for Mr. Gnagey.

The new binders give good satisfaction.

Mr. M. J. Miller has six summer boarders.

Mr. Theodore Fleckenstein and sister, of Pittsburgh, Pa., are visiting here.

Adam Fox is prospecting for coal.

Mr. Liston, the mail carrier is now running a buggy, and will carry passengers, freight and small packages generally, at moderate rates.

Rev. Heilman, the new minister, is expected to preach here Sabbath, August 15th.

Mr. Chris. Snyder is down with the fever.

Mrs. Teenie Harmon, who had an arm dislocated at the shoulder joint recently, and a little son of G. M. Menhorn's, twelve years old, who met with a compound fracture of the arm are both doing well. Dr. Glotfelty rendered the necessary surgical assistance.

Mr. Resley Rush while running a mowing machine near here met with a painful accident last week in attempting to lift the machine while running. His thumb caught between the cogs and got badly mashed.

Frederick Reese is doing well selling fruit trees.

Dr. Glotfelty is kept moderately busy visiting patients in and out of town. He has under consideration an exchange of property with a lady in New York.

There has been several serious run away accidents here this summer. No one hurt, but several buggies badly used up.

Farmers here are generally pleased with the Oleomorgarine bill, but not much relief is expected for sometime to come.

Some fields are found to be almost alive with young grashoppers. Much damage to grass and crops is feared.

The boiling of the political cauldron in Allegany has not yet reached Garrett, in this end at least.

Quite a number of our boys are getting goats and carriages. Some have donkeys, which seem preferable.

Mr. J. P. Allen, a commercial traveler, lost near the State line on the road from Accident to Petersburg, a patent linen duster, double sleeves and vest attached, for which a liberal reward is offered.

In spite of hard times there has been considerable building and improvement of property, and next season an unusual building boom is anticipated in this section.

Sunday School Institutes in Garrett Co.

The Maryland Sunday School Union has arranged for the following Sunday School Institutes in Garrett county. The institutes are so located as to give most of the Sunday School workers of the county an opportunity to attend one or two of them. Programmes are being arranged for each institute, which will be made known probably in our next issue. The places and dates are as follows;

Red House, Sept. 3, 4 and 5.
Sang Run, Sept, 7, 8 and 9.
Accident, Sept. 10, 11 and 12.
Grantsville, Sept, 14, 15 and 16.
New Germany, Sept. 17, 18 and 19.

Each institute begins on the evening of the first date.

It has been thought advisable to hold this series of institutes this year in place of the usual County Convention. The institute exercises will be similar to those of a convention. Schools do not elect delegates to the institute, but all Sunday School workers—especially those adjacent—are urged to be present and participate. It is the purpose of our friends of the Union to make these meetings of unusual interest and profit.

The President's Vacation.

Washington Critic.

The President said this morning that he had perfected his arrangements for leaving Washington in a week at the outside after the adjournment of Congress. His objective point would be the Adirondacks, the same place where he spent last summer, and it was not likely that he would visit any of the fashionable seaside resorts. "I am going away for a rest," he said, "and I know of no place where this can be obtained better than in the woods of the Adirondacks, where I last pitched my tent. Mrs. Cleveland will accompany me, but I have not extended an invitation to anybody else, and the probabilities are that my wife and myself will be alone for a time. I have not considered any other plans because I do not care to be besieged by throngs of people while away on my vacation. Washington has been very pleasant this summer, exceptionally so I am informed by some of the old residents, and my sole object in leaving the capital is to get away from official routine."

Southwesrern Pine Timber.

In a general way it can be stated that the genus Pinus tapers toward the south, whereas the Picea comes up from Mexico and runs out in Arizona. Of the former, P. Murrayaga and pondeorsa are most esteemed as building lumber, P. edulis (the Pinon) is hardly good for anything but firewood and small beams. For posts, the red cedar and the junipers (J. occidentalis and Californica) are profitably used. While smaller conifers extend into the plain, the Pinon grows on extensive mesas or table mountains also, as well as on lower slopes; the stately yellow pine covers crests and the higher declivities and lines mountain torrents in deep ravines. Dense forests are not common. Northern New Mexico enjoys rather a widespread timber area to what is called "Tierra armarilla (yellow land or soil), and the plateau of the Zuni range, between Fort Wingate and Nutria, bears a fine growth of stately trees. Many canons are well stocked, but, on the whole, denuded and treeless expanses vastly predominate.

Arizona exhibits similar proportions. The pine regions around the Sierra Blanca are everywhere bounded by naked ranges, basins and plateaux, and so are the San Francisco mountains. Towards the south all chains become more arid, and therefore, in appearance at least, abrupt and forbidding. There is, in place of lofty trees, thorny shrubbery, composed of species which, under favorable circumstances, also assume aboreal proportions, like the mezquite (Prosopis juliflora) the palo-verde or green wood (Parkinsonia Torreyana) the red madrone (Arbutus Xalopensis); but conifers are very scarce, except in isolated and not very steep chains, like the Sierra Huachua and the Sierra Santa-Rita, south of Tuscon. Both are very high, the latter culminating at 10,500 feet. It is a well-known fact that the timber line of Arizona in latitude 33 to 34 degrees north is several hundred feet lower than that of Colorado in latitude 38 to 39 degrees, but these are local conditions. Under the parallels of 37 to 38 degrees in Colorado also, the timber line is, on an average, 1,000 feet below that of only one degree further north, 600 feet below the uppermost tree limit of the Arizonian White mountains, and 1,100 feet lower than on the San Francisco range.

No part of our southwestern territories has anything that equals in magnitude the yast area, covered with coniferous forests, of the Sierra Madre of Chihuahua and of Sonora. The Sierra Madre begins in latitude 30 degrees 45 minutes (about), and as as its slope ascend, the growth of timber thickens and becomes more stately. The interior of the chain, as far as latitude 29 degrees, a vast elevated basin, thickly studded with pines, among which varieties of Picea are prominent. It is well watered, delightfully cool in summer, not too cool in winter. Game abounds, for along the water-courses grows luxuriant grass. But the region is inaccessible as yet, for as long as Apache outbreaks occur, so long will the savage make this his stronghold, his place of refuge. The greatest wealth of the basin, aside from mines (many of which are yet problematical) consists in its timber. Approach to it must come from the east, as the western entrances are few, tortuous and often barred by nearly unscalable heights.—*N. Y. Post.*

The Democratic State Central Committee met at Barnum's Hotel, Baltimore, on Wednesday of last week, and fixed the time and places for holding congressional nominating conventions. There was a very large attendance of well-known county Democrats. The Convention adopted the following resolution: *Resolved*, That for the purpose of presenting to the voters of the various congressional districts candidates for Congress to be voted for at the election held on Tuesday, the 2nd day of November, 1886, Democratic conservative congressional conventions will be held as follows: For the first congressional district, at Ocean City on Thursday, August 26; second district, at Belair, on Wednesday, September 15; third district, at Broadway Institute, in Baltimore city, October 13; fourth district, at Western China Hall, Oct. 13; fifth district, at Upper Marlboro, Prince George's county, on Wednesday, Sept 15; sixth district, at Hagerstown, on Wednesday, Sept. 22. The convention then adjourned.

Castor oil constantly applied for from two to four or six weeks each day—that is, once a day—it has not failed to cure warts in any case of any size or long standing. The time it takes may try the patience of the user, but if faithfully used they will get their reward in the removal of the wart without leaving any scar. I have used it with some success in other growths, and had benefit enough to merit further trial. It might be a success in the removal of certain kinds of cancer, especially scirrhus forms.—*Therapeutic Gazette.*

A Charming Little Story.

Several years ago a gentleman had the misfortune to become totally blind, a cataract forming over his eyes. While in this condition his wife died.

A young German girl, whom the unfortunate man had never seen, was very attentive to the wife in her last illness, and, after her death, did what she could to make the grief-stricken husband and his two little motherless children as comfortable as possible.

Such devotion did not go unrewarded. The blind man proposed and was accepted. He married the faithful girl. Two children were the result of their union.

During all these years the blind man never lost hope that some day he might again look upon the beauties of nature and the faces of the loved ones around him.

A physician was finally consulted, who agreed to attempt the removal of the cataract. The operation was successful, and he from whom the light of day had been shut out for so many years, saw again. He was almost beside himself with joy.

A friend, who was at once recognized, came, leading a lady by the hand.

'Do you know who this is?' he asked the happy fellow.

'No, I do not.'

'This is your wife,'

And then the pair, one of whom had never seen the other, fell into each other's arms, and a domestic scence of pathetic beauty ensued,

The two children were also brought to their father. He clasped them to his beating heart, and all the miseries of the past were forgotten in the pleasure of that moment.

This is a true story. The actors in this life panorama, covering a period of ten years, are all alive. The husband seems as well as he ever did, and is now in business in a distant city.

Sleeping in Church.

A physician who was asked for reasons why people become drowsy in church and if there was any remedy for chronic cases, said that the drowsy feeling in church was often due to bad construction to over-heating and to the general quiet and composing surroundings. "I have often," said he, "advised patients o mine who are troubled with insomnia to try a quiet church where the preacher was not too energetic in his manner, and in most cases the result has been gratifying. The poor man who has become almost wild through want of sleep generally obtains relief and falls off into a gentle and refreshing slumber. Many people suffering in this way take a ride in a railroad train for relief and often get it, but nothing has succeeded so well as the Sunday morning service in a quiet church. If those people, however, do not need to sleep in church and do not want to would drink very strong tea or coffee before going to church, they might find it effective, but by no means healthy. Why do you see the baldheads nodding most in church? Because the old are more susceptible to the influence of such surroundings. The women seldom go to sleep, because they are so dressed that to sleep would be almost impossible. If the men would lace themselves up tight they might keep awake, too, but, in the words of General Knickbocker, "they cawn't do it, you know."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Sam Jones said in one of his sermons: "Sometimes I've asked everybody that never told a lie to stand up. Every fellow was looking around to see if anybody was going to get up. If anybody had a got up I'd a-given him the floor and sat down. If you'd all stop lying you'd starve the lawyers to death. I like a grand lawyer who defends the good man from the assaults of the wicked. But these mean little $5 lawyers! They do some mean thing, and then say: "I did that as a lawyer, not as a man." When they drop down to hell I suppose they'll go about saying: "I'm here as a lawyer."

A well known minister was sent South from New Jersey a few years ago to labor among the colored people. They received him with many demonstrations of joy, and at the first meeting which he held one old colored preacher prayed for him with great earnestness, thus: "O Lord! bress dis yer dear brudder what's come down from de Norf to preach the gospil to us. 'Noint him wid de coal ile of salvation, and set him on fire,"

The New York *Tribune's* Washington correspondent notes a very uneasy feeling on the part of Northern Democratic Congressmen on account of the numerous vetoes of pension bills. One Congressman declares that the Democrats themselves should have moved to pass the bills over the vetoes, for the pension question will be an ugly one to handle in the coming Congressional campaigns.

"We want the sort of revivals that will make men do the clean thing. If we can have that sort of a revival I want to see it—but not cornstalk revivals. If you pile up a lot of cornstalks as high as a house, and burn them up, there wouldn't be a handful of ashes. We want a revival of righteousness; we want a revival of honesty; we want a revival of clearness and purity, of debt-paying, of prayer-meetings, of family prayer, of paying our brothers a little more salary. That is the sort of revival we want. The Lord give us this sort!" —*Sam Jones.*

NEW ADVERTISEMNTES.

Notice to Tax-Tayers

In order to give the tax-payers in the various districts an opportunity to save the discount on tax bills, I will be at the following places on the days mentioned, viz:

Johnsons, Monday, Augutt 9th, 1886.
Gregg's Mill, Tuesday, August 10th.
Bloomington, Wednesday, August 11th.
Swanton, Friday, August, 13th.
Selbysport, Wednesday, August 18th.
Johnstown, Thursday, August 19th.
Accident, Friday, August 20th.
Deer Park, Tuesday, August 24th.
Chisholm's Mill, Wednesday, August 25th.
Red House, Thursday, August 26th.
Oakland, Friday and Saturday August 27th and 28th.
Grantsville, Monday and Tuesday, August 30th and 31st.

A discount of 4 per cent, will be allowed on all taxes paid before September 1st, 1886, and 2 per cent. on all taxes paid between September 1st and and November 1st.

JONAS E. GNAGEY,
7 31 tf Collector.
P. O. address, Grantsville, Md.

BALTIMORE FEMALE COLLEGE.

By the terms of the endowment of the above college, one pupil from each county is entitled to free tuition in all the branches taught in the college, with stationery and use of books.

The scholarship for Garrett county is vacant at present, and the Judges of the Orphans' Court are authorized to fill the same by appointment.

Applicants will please file their applications at once.

SAMUEL LAWTON,
7 24 Register.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are warned not to dump garbage or dead animals upon my lands, west of the Washington Spring, as I will enforce the full penalties of the law against any and all parties so offending.

All persons having cross ties on my lands along the railroad between the Washington Spring bridge and Charles Shaffer's, will remove them at once.

7 10 3t JOHN BRADLEY.

VALUABLE STOCK FARM FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

LAKE VIEW PLANING MILL

is now in full operation, and prepared to fill orders for

Flooring, Weather-boarding, Sash, Doors, Frames, Brackets, and Mouldings of all Kinds,

☞ Will contract for the erection of buildings.

Orders solicited. Satisfaction guranteed.

C. RATHBURN,
MANAGER.
4 3 9m Mountain Lake Park, Md.

MARYLAND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

Next Session Opens September 20, 1886.

Besides the regular Collegate Course, embracing ENGLISH, the CLASSICS and the SCIENCES, special Courses in AGRICULTURAL, CIVIL and MECHANICAL ENGINEERING and APPLIED CHEMISTRY are provided, under the direction of

A Full Corps of Professors and Eminent Lecturers.

A liberal equipment in the shape of a Chemical Laboratory and a Museum of Minerals, Woods, Seeds, Skeletons, Charts, &c., is also provided.

The Cadets are under Military organization and Discipline.

Send for Catalogue giving full particulars as to COURSES OF INSTRUCTION, TERMS and SCHOLARSHIPS.

Location unsurpassed for beauty, healthfulness and convenience of access.

Address, AUGUSTINE J. SMITH, President, MARYLAND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, Prince George's county, Md. 7 24

MEAT MARKET!

The undersigned will have on hand, at his meat market in Oakland, every day, from 5 A. M. to 11 A. M.,

Fresh Beef, Mutton and Veal,

of the best quality and at fair prices. He will also run his wagon to

MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK

every day, and to

DEER PARK

every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

7 10 T. W. CASTEEL.

GOLD fields are scarce, but those who write to Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, will receive free, full information about work which they can do and live at home, that will pay them from $5 to $25 per day. Some have earned over $50 in a day. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required. You are started free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of securing little fortunes. All is new.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

GRANDFATHER'S WATCH.

Grandfather's watch is battered and old,
Innocent quite of jewel or gold;
Poor and common, and worn and cracked,
Much like grandfather's self, in fact.
Yet its wheezy voice has a cheerful sound,
And the child as she listens in wonder bound
To its mystic tales of departed time
Is smiling as though at a pleasant rhyme.

What are the tales the old watch tells?
Of seventy years it counts the knells;
Years whose every setting sun
Was marked by labor faithfully done.
With primitive form and clumsy skill,
And clumsier help when the works went ill,
Yet serving their time as best they can—
This is the story of the watch and man!

Many a fall has the old watch hushed,
Many a blow has the old man crushed,
Meddled with, tinkered and sorely tried,
At last rejected and thrown aside
For modern rivals, all science and gold,
Useless and crippled, despised and old,
Under a cloud and under a ban—
This is the story of watch and man.

But there's a reverse to the picture sad;
Human hearts they can still make glad,
The watch in its dented silver case
Can bring a smile to the fair child's face.
The man's all battered and silvery, too,
With a moral can cheer both me and you,
"Mark our time as well as we can"—
This is the lesson of watch and man.

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THE MOUNTAIN LION.

Stirring Stories of Adventure Among the "Rockies."

A War of Extermination—Lassoing a Monster from Horseback—A Young Nimrod's Feat—A Huntsman's Justifiable Faint.

Some pretty big stories come from California of some pretty big mountain lions they have on the Pacific coast, but I think we have here in Montana larger and more ferocious specimens of this feline species than Californians ever heard or dreamed of. Certainly they are found in great numbers all through this Northwestern belt of country and their ravages extend so far as to attack not only weak calves and yearlings on the ranges, but also sheep, goats and full-grown steers.

The natural home of the mountain lion is in the Northwest and the fathers of the species live here in Montana among the foothills of the Rocky mountains. Since the disappearance of the vast herds of bison that once roamed over the prairies of Montana, Idaho and Wyoming the plains and hills of the Northwest have become infested with all sorts of wild animals. Wolves and coyotes are, of course, the most destructive, but this is owing rather to their astonishing numbers than any thing else. Mountain lions come next and are almost as numerous as their cousins, the coyotes and wolves. Close after the lions follow the bears, of which there are several varieties in the Rocky mountains, such as cinnamon, black, brown, silver tip and the true grizzly, found far up among the peaks, near the perpetual snow-line.

But mountain lions, owing to their ferocity and great numbers, must be considered the most dangerous and most destructive wild animal we have. So bold have they become of late that cattlemen and the Territorial authorities too have been compelled to give attention to the ravages committed by these beasts among the flocks and herds. A lively war of extermination has been going on against them for some time. The Territory offer a premium of $8 on every scalp brought in to be punched and some of the counties add to the inducement by offering on their own accounts a nice little sum in addition to the Territorial bounty. The cow-boys, with lots of spare time on their hands during the winter months, gain a handsome largess for themselves (not to speak of the fun and sport they have) by hunting and killing mountain lions from November to March. The cow puncher, with an eye to business, first draws on the Territorial Treasurer for $8; he then hands a bill to the county for something more, and finally sells the hide to a furrier for what it is worth. There were 144 mountain lions killed and paid for in Montana in 1884; 161 in 1885, for which $1,288 came out of the Territorial Treasury, and this year the figures promise to run up to 200 or thereabouts.

Mountain lions in this section attain a prodigious size. Specimens are often killed measuring 9 feet from tip to tip and weighing not far from 250 to 300 pounds Many more measuring from 10 to 11 feet are frequently bagged, and occasionally a monster reaching 12 feet in the clear and perhaps longer is brought down by some lucky and daring hunter. The hide of this animal makes an excellent rug. Scarcely a ranch in the whole Rocky Mountain region is without a mountain lion skin on the floor. One cattle ranch on Powder river has every room in the house carpeted with handsome skins of this animal. The hide is a bright brown on the back and rump, but fades away into a soft white brown towards the sides and becomes almost a pure white under the belly. The tail is tipped with white and the head, eyes, ears, nose and features are an exact reproduction of the domestic cat on a larger scale. The feet and claws are also like those of "Tom and Maria."

While I am penning these lines word comes from a round-up party near here, busily at work rounding up cattle and branding calves, that Red Carlon, a cow-boy with the outfit and an expert with the lariat, accomplished the remarkable feat of roping a mountain lion alive from horseback. The foreman and three boys of the Green Mountain Land and Cattle Company were riding along the banks of Emmel's creek, near the foothills of Wolf mountains, two of them being about a quarter of a mile in the lead and the other pair following leisurely along in the rear. The former were seen by their companions in the rear to start off hurriedly as if chasing something, and spurred by curiosity the four men were soon hot on the heels of four powerful mountain lions. Three of the big fellows got away, but the fourth was wounded in the shoulder and brought to bay. Red Carlon took down his lariat and, riding as close as safety would admit, succeeded in settling the noose snugly around the neck of the beast. The cast was a long one, but the expert accomplished the feat with neatness and dispatch. His horse was very fractious and the others had to go to their comrade's assistance before the fierce brute was made a sure captive. But now that they had him the boys did not know what to do with their elephant. He was finally dispatched with six-shooters from a safe distance.

One evening not long ago a herd of Angora goats that were being herded by Miss Teresa Tallert, on Lost river, Idaho, came home in a hurry and crushed pell-mell for the corral, a log concern some eight feet high. They were shut in by the young shepherdess, no male members of the family being home at the time. In a search among the foothills no cause for alarm was developed. In the night Miss Tallert was aroused by her dog whining at her ear, and getting up she saw from the window, by the aid of a bright moonlight, some wild animals raising havoc in the corral. She stepped outside almost into the embrace of four mountain lions and without a moment's hesitation attacked them with an axe. Two of the lions jumped the corral and fled. The other two rushed toward her and stampeded the goats, who nearly trampled their young mistress to death. She sprang to her feet just in time to deal a well directed blow at one monster who was springing at her throat. She laid him out, cutting the back open to the bone. Then both fled. The next morning fifty of the valuable goats were found dead and thirty wounded. Fourteen of the latter died afterwards.

There is a young nimrod living on a ranch near Helena who is quite an expert with the rifle and who has, in addition to his expertness with powder and ball, a very large amount of indomitable pluck, endurance and good sense. His name is Ole Synnes and he is just fifteen years old. On the 17th of February last father and son were out in the mountains near their ranch taking out timber for fencing. The boy, who had been sent on a short errand, came running back saying he had seen the track of a large mountain lion and was going to follow out the trail. Remonstrances from the father were useless and in a few moments the plucky boy started out with a 44-caliber Winchester rifle to hunt the fiercest wild beast in the Belt mountains. After following the trail for a mile and a half the boy lost it at the entrance of a wood. When about to give up the search he cast his eyes upward and beheld the beast crouched upon the limb of a large fir. The head of the creature was hidden from sight, so the boy aimed at its fore-shoulder and fired. The animal, upon receiving the fire, sprang upward and climbed still further up the tree, when from his elevated perch he sent forth a series of roars that made the mountains resound with their echoes. Not in the least deterred by such fierce expostulations on the lion's part, the boy fired again and this time brought the beast crashing down through the branches. He lay for a few minutes partially stunned upon the ground and the dog, which had hitherto kept in the background, so to speak—perhaps because he couldn't climb a tree—now rushed forward and attacked the wounded lion. A powerful blow with one of the immense paws sent that dog on an excusion through the atmosphere that had a wonderful effect in cooling his enthusiasm. In a moment the lion sprang to his feet and was going up the nearest tree like a rocket. He got on the loftiest limb and endeavored to conceal his body behind the friendly shelter, but he left a portion of his head exposed and the boy a second later lodged a bullet in his brain The father had heard the uproar from where he was working and hastening to the spot came upon the scene just in time to be in at the death. This big fellow measured scant ten feet and weighed nearly three hundred pounds.

Mr. B. M. Boyle, at one time engaged in the United States Marshal service in Montana, relates an adventure he had with a big mountain lion in the Bear Paw mountains when he was doing duty in the Northwest:

"It was an evening in the forbidding month of December that Jack Davis and myself, both deputies, in response to a telegram from Major Lincoln, started out from Fort Benton to anticipate a party that was going to trade with the North Assinaboines, near the point in the Bear Paw mountains where General Miles and the Fifth Infantry rounded up Chief Joseph and his band of hostile Nez Perces. We were equipped in light marching order, but well armed. We left at five o'clock and after riding all night reached Belknap for breakfast. We passed through Fort Assinaboine at four in the morning and you can appreciate the rapidity of our movements by the fact that the distance is ninety-five miles. Our horses were badly jaded at this time and we changed, securing a relay from the post trader at Belknap. Our next objective point was the camp of Chief Troche, an adherent of the late Riel, and chief of all the Half Breeds on this side of the border. We reached the camp at four that afternoon, a distance of fifty-three miles. There we met with a cordial reception from the breeds, they cheerfully sharing their supplies and blankets with us. Next morning, with two breeds for guides, we started for the pass in the Little Rockies. When we struck the foot-hills of these mountains the guides exhibited an anxiety to return to their camp and we consented from necessity. Owing to a blinding snow-storm, that came up soon after, we lost the trail and wandered about in the mountains until allout five o'clock, when we struck a camp of Santee Indians, consisting of about 125 lodges. Our reception was far from hospitable. The beggars insisted that we should give them all our tobacco, which we indignantly refused to do, and so we sought shelter in a ravine near by, in Arrow creek. During the night the storm increased in fury and we slept through all the terrors of a full-blown blizzard. At daylight we broke camp, but couldn't get a Santee to guide us out of the labyrinth of mountains. So we started out alone and wandered about until the afternoon of the fourth day from the Santee camp in that blinding storm, without any thing to eat or any rest for ourselves and horses, when the sun came out long enough for us to get our bearings and sight the valley of Milk river in the dim distance. We had not dared to make a fire, from fear of hostile Indians, but by dark of that night we had reached the river and decided to take the chances of picketing our horses and building a fire.

"We were hungry and chilled to the marrow. So, after providing for our horses, we pulled up a lot of logs and made a blazing camp-fire, the light from which shed its luster for miles around, creating a weird reflection in the sky. Jack was so overcome that it was agreed that he should sleep the fore part of the night. He had hardly laid down and pulled his blanket over his person until he was as still as one dead. I was lying there before the fire in a doze, when I heard a slight scratching. I looked up and saw a pair of glaring eyes set upon me. I was dazed at first and felt that I could not move a muscle. I studied the outlines of the figure back of the blazing eyes and recognized the strange intruder to be a monstrous mountain lion crouching, ready for a deadly spring, directly over me. The beast was spread at full length on a limb, every muscle ready for action, every nerve strung at its utmost tension, his tusks gleaming behind his red lips, his long claws clutching convulsively. Finally, fully aroused, I reached for my Winchester rifle, the barrel of which was lying within reach of my extended arm. Bringing it quickly to my shoulder and taking a hasty aim while in a prostrate position I pulled the trigger. With a wild shriek, so human in its agony that it yet rings in my ears like the dying groan of a fellow-being, the brute fell headlong before the fire, his long tail brushing my face in the descent. I was all of a tremor when I shook Jack, whose dead sleep had not been interrupted by the report. He finally got up and, taking in the peril of our situation, fell prone upon the ground in a faint. This was about ten o'clock at night, but we kept our lonely vigil until daylight, when we discovered to our infinite relief that we were within a mile of French Louis', a breed trader, better known as 'The Cross,' from a crucifix that was planted there on the site of a Catholic mission which had been built by the Hudson Bay traders and burned by the hostiles after the good old missionary had been murdered. At 'Frenchy's' we got the best breakfast I ever ate and after securing a relay of horses we moved on to Belknap and returned to Fort Benton. We carried the hide of the mountain lion with us and afterward had it stuffed. That was a cold night away up in Montana and it makes me shudder to think of it."—*Philadelphia Times.*

HALF A CENTURY.

The Marvelous Inventions Projected During the Past Fifty Years.

It almost staggers belief to think of the improvements which have been made in labor-saving machinery. The number of inventions that have been made during the past fifty years is unprecedented in the history of the world. Inventions of benefit to the human race have been made in all ages since man was created; but, looking back for half a hundred years, how many more are crowded into the past fifty than into any other fifty since recorded in history. The perfection of the locomotive and the steamship, the telegraph, the telephone, audiphone, sewing machine, photograph, chromo-lithograph printing, the cylinder-printing press, elevators for hotels and other buildings, the cotton gin and the spinning jenny, the reaper and mower, steam thresher, steam fire engine, the improved process for making steel, the applications of chloroform and ether to destroy sensibility in painful surgery cases, and so on through a long catalogue. Nor are we yet done in the field of invention or discovery. The application of coal gas and petroleum to heating and cooking operations is on the verge of successful experiment: the introduction of steam from a central reservoir to general use for heating and cooking is foreshadowed as among coming events; the navigation of the air by some device akin to our present balloon would also seem to be prefigured, and the propulsion of machinery by electricity is even now clearly indicated by the march of experiment. There are some problems we have hitherto deemed impossible, but are the mysteries of even the most improbable of them more subtle to grasp than that of the ocean cable or that of the photograph? We speak in our voices to friends a hundred miles or more from where we articulate before the microphone. Under the blazing sun of July we produce ice by chemical means, rivaling the most solid and crystalline production of nature. Our surgeons graft the skin from one person's arm to the face of another, and it adheres and becomes an integral portion of his body. We make a mile of white printing paper and send it on a spool that a perfecting printing press unwinds and prints, and delivers to you folded and counted many thousand per hour.—*American Inventor.*

—The San Francisco *Report* wants to have commencements abolished on the ground that they are out of place in a country where free education is offered to all. "The college commencement," it says, "is a relic of the ancient time when the scholar was a rarity and a distinguished person who must be treated with exceptional honor. He generally was compelled to suffer hardships and privation in order to obtain his knowledge, and he was treated with corresponding respect upon winning the battle. But it is absurd for the State to furnish the children of this State with a free education, and then to make heroes of them for accepting it."

—Doctor Pillgartic, of Springfield, told a patient the other day that he must keep perfectly quiet, and not read anything or allow anything whatever to occur that required his attention or interest, upon penalty of death. The man went right off and made application to be placed upon a jury.—*Springfield (O.) Times.*

MOROCCO LEATHER.

The Peculiar Method of Tanning Employed in Its Manufacture.

Goatskins tanned with vegetable substances, especially with sumach, and dyed upon the grain side, are known as morocco leather.

The manufacture of morocco was known to the Egyptians. For a long time this peculiar method of tanning was not known outside of the Levant, and up to the middle of the last century all the morocco leather used in Europe was imported from there. Granger, who lived for some time in the Levant, succeeded in discovering the secret, and the accounts he published, no doubt, led to the establishment of the first morocco leather tannery in Paris in the middle of the last century, from whence the manufacture spread over the different European countries and America. The manufacture of morocco leather comprises both the tanning and the dyeing of the leather, and the more careful the first is done the more beautiful the colors will be. The dried skins are first immersed in water for a shhrt time, and after this in a bran bath, in order to accelerate their softening. After thorough softening they are placed in solutions of lime increasing in strength from the first to the last, until the hair can be removed. After depillation the greatest care must be had to remove the skins from the lime, as otherwise the latter would exert an extremely injurious influence upon the beauty and uniformity of the color. After thorough rinsing the skins are worked several times upon the grain-side under the stretcher or pressed to remove the fluid and lime, and are then fulled with a constant admission of fresh water for one-half to one hour. To remove the last traces of lime, the skins are bated with dog's, pigeon's or hen's dung and then placed in a bran drench. The skins thus prepared are generally tanned in sumach liquor. This is done in Germany either by passing the skins under constant motion through baths increasing in strength, or they are sewed into bag form, which is filled with solution of sumach and placed in a vat containing weak liquor of sumach. In the vats, which are about twelve feet in diameter, the bags are kept in constant agitation by a stirring apparatus. Generally four vats filled with liquor of sumach of varying strength are used. The bags are first placed in the weakest bath, where they remain four hours, while in the other they remain only sufficiently long to convert the skins into leather intwenty-four hours. The bags must also be frequently untied and rinsed in vats filled with decoction of sumach, or with sumach and warm water. Tanning is then finished by fulling and constant agitation. In the United States the skins, after being sewed into bag form, are tanned by forcing the smuach liquor through the pores of the skins under gentle pressure. In modern times morocco leather is generally dyed with aniline colors.—*Chicago Shoe and Leather Review.*

A CLOSET SHELF.

How It Can Be Made One of the Most Useful Features of the Home.

If there is any thing that adds to one's comfort in an emergency, it is a closet shelf prepared for emergencies. That is clear. Accidents, nervousness, sudden pain, midnight calls for help, parcels that want doing up, broken crockery or ornaments, all find a ready answer to their calls on this carefully-prepared shelf. It is so easy to prepare and keep in order, can be small or large, as one decides to confine its contents to a few things or enlarge to many. I intend to give a list for the smallest one that I think it advisable for any one to keep, be she keeping house or boarding. First of all come the things that are to be ready for illness, sudden or otherwise: Camphor, for faintness, headache or a sudden attack of diarrhœa, although, for the latter, there is nothing equal to a tablespoonful of raw flour in a glass of cold water, to be taken in two doses half an hour apart. A closely covered little box of raw flour is easily kept on the shelf to be often renewed, lest it get musty. A small tin can of flour and mustard, mixed in equal parts, ready to make into a paste for a mustard plaster, is to me a pleasanter arrangement for a hastily required mustard plaster than the "mustard leaves" ready at the drug stores. In a little box beside this can should be old linen and cotton rags, for the other half of the plaster, as well as for cuts or bruises; also a strip of flannel a "finger" broad and three-quarters of a yard long, to put upon the outside of a cotton cloth, several times folded and wet in cold water, for a compress for a sore throat. Keep your case of court plaster in this box of rags, and a spool of white linen thread, both conveniently near the necessary pair of small scissors.

Camphorated oil, which is best when made at home by dissolving camphor gum in warm olive oil until no more will dissolve, is invaluable for sore throats and chests, or a cold on the lungs. Rub in well, and there will be no cold taken afterwards, as there is after the old-fashioned "goose grease." Vaseline is good for this purpose also, as well as for many others that everyone knows about. There is nothing for chapped hands equal to glycerine and tincture of hydrastis, fifteen drops of the latter to an ounce of glycerine. Wash the hands in warm water thoroughly, and, before wiping, rub in a little or good deal of the mixture, according to the need.

Tannin, a dry, greenish powder, is a great comfort where a sudden severe nose-bleed occurs in the family. Once snuffing it up well into the nostrils generally ends the trouble. Tannin forms, with water, a good gargle for a sore throat, as it is a healing astringent. It is the best thing I know of for severe chafing, especially for infants. The effect is almost magical. On principle, my emergency shelf always holds olive oil, alcohol and ammonia. Hot summer days, and headaches, find me grateful for my bay rum bottle.—*Junia Stafford, in Good Housekeeping.*

—Point lace will be beautified by being rubbed gently with powdered magnesia and then exposed to the sun for several hours.—*N. Y. Mail.*

TEMPERANCE.

TEN LITTLE TEMPERANCE BOYS.

One little Temperance boy,
To this work was true,
Pledged another little boy—
Then there were two.

Two little Temperance boys,
From bad habits free,
Got another boy to join—
And then there were three.

Three little Temperance boys,
Never drank or swore,
Taught a boy he must not smoke—
Then there were four.

Four little Temperance boys,
To our work alive,
Helped another boy be good—
Then there were five.

Five little Temperance boys,
Eyes so very bright,
Soon started number six
On the road to right.

Six little Temperance boys,
Looking up to Heaven,
Cheered a playmate on the way—
Then there were seven.

Seven little Temperance boys,
All rum they hate,
Told a fellow of the wrong—
Then there were eight.

Eight little Temperance boys,
Touch not, taste not, wine,
Asked a school-mate not to drink—
Then there were nine.

Nine little Temperance boys,
Learned the truth, and then
Told it to another boy,
So there were ten.

Ten little Temperance boys,
Worked hand in hand
To drive strong drink away
From our native land.

Ask you all to help them,
Work with all your might,
Never fear nor falter,
God is with the right.

—*Ida M. Buxton, in Outlook.*

A WEDDING PRESENT.

Its History After Its Rejection by a Wise Young Couple.

For several minutes I had been reading in our little society paper an account of the wedding of two young people whom I both knew and admired. I could not but feel a friendly interest in this pretty wedding, for I had seen them grow from childhood to youth and had often thought what a truly ideal pair they were.

In compliance with the usual foolish custom, a long list of handsome wedding presents made an important feature of the wedding report. Many were elegant and ornamental, while not a few were useful as well. One item in the list, however, struck me as being neither lovely nor good; that was a wine set, and feeling sure that this young couple were too high principled to allow wine glasses to figure conspicuously on their side-board or dining table, I determined to trace the history of those things and see just what did happen. Will you listen to the story?

Well, on a bright, sweet morning when these young people had returned from their wedding trip, there was great stir and merriment in the pretty new cottage home as the furniture was put to rights, dainty bric-a-brac tastefully arranged and the bare little rooms gradually made to assume an air of comfort and loveliness.

Out in the dining-room the little mistress was polishing up the pretty silver and glass-ware, and giving little shrieks of delight over the shining beauties. Suddenly she came to the wine set, and the least little bit of a frown ruffled her happy brow. "See here, love," she called to her liege lord, who was perched on a step-ladder in the adjoining room, "we don't need wine glasses in our home, for we are not going to begin our life in any such way. What shall we do with them?"

Thus questioned, her adviser bounded off the step-ladder and appeared in the doorway with several yards of picture wire trailing about his features, but still with an eye to business.

"Trade 'em off for something else," he said. "Folks are always expected to exchange wedding presents when they please. Don't you remember when Bess married and fourteen pickle castors graced her board, how she changed them for spoons and—and things? Well, my dear, these came from Hartman's no doubt, and I'll just slip on my coat and see if I can't exchange them for a set of finger-bowls," and behold! in a twinkling he was back with the finger bowls and the little lady of the house never saw the dainty things on her table, all filled with sparkling water and aglow with pink or fairy green where the sunlight touched them, that she didn't rejoice at the change.

But what of the wine set? To follow it, we must say good-bye to the happy and wise young couple and only be sure, that like the good people in the fairy tale, "they lived happily ever after."

Before the summer was over the rejected wine glasses were adorning another side-board in another part of the city, and were not infrequently in use on the table or in the pretty parlor. I don't think they felt very proud of their mission in life. In fact, I'm pretty sure that any one of the dozen would have changed places with the shiny tin dipper in the kitchen; for, strange as it may seem, they knew what evils followed in their trail, and shivered through all their little glass anatomies when the sparkling drops were in them.

One night something unusual happened. There had been a little company in the evening, some music and gayety, and then the young wife, with her own hands, filled the wine glasses and passed them laughingly to her guests. The servants in their little aprons served the fruits and cake, but the hostess, with merry eyes, declared that only the blue blood of an autocrat must flow near to the purple blood of the grape; and so, with pretty nods and smiles, presented each glass, glad that the variety of the wine called forth praise from even her handsome young husband, who, to make good his words, drained many glasses. When the guests had left, and the maids were hurriedly gathering up china and sorting silver, the head of the house still lingered near the sideboard, sipping the wine, till his wife, coming in for a moment, was horrified at the unnatural light in his eyes, and his trembling hands filling and refilling the glasses.

"Frank!" she exclaimed, in alarm, "come away. Come with me. I'm afraid you'll give yourself a headache;" but it was not until every drop in the decanter had vanished that, with uncertain step, he left the dining room, his wife, all tearful, following.

Our little wine-glasses spent a dismal night, and were not surprised when, in the morning, Frank appeared with heavy eyes, and answered his wife's greetings sullenly, in a manner quite unlike his cheery one.

Days passed. Oftener Frank tasted the wine on the side-board, and now there was less gladness in his young wife's eyes when he lauded the rare old wine. Often he came home, showing plainly by his bearing that other wine glasses than those in his own home had touched his lips.

And now the sad wife began herself to refuse to taste the lovely poison so surely changing her beloved Frank, and making him now wildly gay, now low-spirited and dull.

Another night came when guests again assembled in the luxurious little parlors. And when, in the course of the evening, Frank (who had been drinking heavily with some friends at his club) called for the wine, Ruth, his wife, replied in low tones: "No, Frank, let us have no wine to-night. I have delicious coffee, fruits and ice; truly the wine is not needed."

"Little goose," he replied, laughing loudly; "who ever heard of a fellow's sending his friends away with no wine," whereupon he himself ordered it.

There were no witty speeches on the little wife's tongue that night, and all the merriment was gone from her face. She dared not count the glasses Frank drank, though all the while he grew more and more gay in his retorts, more brilliant and entertaining. When her guests had left, poor Ruth, sick at heart, looked at her husband and thought how unlike the Frank of old he seemed.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked, gruffly.

"Oh, Frank! Frank! you are ruining your own life! Why will you drink like this?"

Anybody's business but mine?" he asked. "What's the reason I can't have a friendly glass when I want it? I can stop when I please."

"Then I wish you had stopped six months ago."

"Ruth, be silent, you annoy me."

"Annoy you," she replied, starting wearily up the stairs. "Annoy you! And you, you are breaking my heart. There seems a demon in your soul. At times I hardly know you. I look into our future and see only misery for us both if you keep this up. You are killing your better nature; you are making a brute of yourself."

Frank, who had staggered up to the stair-landing, felt all the unreasoning anger of a drunken man. "A brute, am I? A brute! And it's my fine young lady wife who says this. A brute!" he screamed, his eyes gleaming wildly, and taking a quick step forward he pushed her angrily against the stair-railing. Startled, she sprang backward, missed her footing, and fell down the long flight of stairs, striking the lower landing heavily, where she lay motionless and white.

Frank looked down at her and laughed like a maniac. "See what a brute can do!" he shouted. "Can't you call me pet names again?"

But by that time, the servants, hearing the noise, had rushed to the spot, and, seeing poor Ruth lying white and cold, screamed: "Dead! She's dead!"

The sharp cry seemed to pierce Frank's clouded brain, and to leave that dreadful word stamped there. "Dead! Dead! Dead!" he moaned, in a half dazed way, rubbing his hot head, and then, sooner than can be told, was kneeling at his wife's side. "Bring water!" he called. "Oh, she *can't* be dead. Help me, help me! Call a physician. O, Ruth, my darling, open your eyes. Look at me for one moment. God, what have I done?"

He sobbed like a child, rubbed her white hands and dashed cold water in her pallid face, while the sympathetic servants, crying silently, did what they could to restore her to consciousness. Before the doctor arrived she had opened her eyes in a dazed way, but without seeming to know any one.

All that night there was alarm and confusion in the house. The grave old physician pronounced it simply a severe nervous shock, not apt to prove fatal, but from which it would take time to rally, and gas glad to discover that no more serious injuries had resulted from her terrible fall.

Frank did not leave her bedside. Through all her ravings, before consciousness returned, he was her devoted and patient nurse, though his heart ached with remorse as he heard her repeatedly going over the story of his shame and her own sorrow.

On the first morning that the invalid could be carried down-stairs, there was a queer sort of ceremony gone through with in the dining-room. Frank with manly tears confessed his sins before his little wife-confessor, told her that he meant *never*, so long as he lived, to touch another drop of liquor or to keep it in his home. And when tears and kisses had been lavishly expended, twelve little wine-glasses and two pretty decanters were brought forth and smashed into atoms, amid crying and laughing, and a funeral speech from Frank.

And late that night if you'd been near an old dump-pile, 'way out on the common, you might have heard those atoms of glass congratulating themselves on the change, for, as one little ragged-edged piece remarked: "I'd rather be out here associating with old cans and stew-pans, doing no mischief, than to be pretty and clean, sitting in state on the side-board, and breaking hearts, wrecking lives and dealing out poison to men." And all the happy little smashed bits said "Amen," and that ended the wine-set.
—*Maude Rittenhouse, in Union Signal.*

CHICAGO papers are ciphering out the cost of supporting their 3,500 liquor-saloons. The city license is $500 each, or $1,750,000; Government tax, $25 each, or $87,500; rent, at $600 each, $2,100,000; support of five persons, each at $400, $7,000,000; sundries, at $200 each, $700,000; first cost of liquor, $11,637,500, making an annual total of $23,275,000. Who pays the bill?—*Western Christian Advocate.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A horse shot a vaquero near Nogales, Cal., one day recently. The animal was rubbing a flea off his hide against a tree when the gun slung to the saddle went off with fatal results.

—A New York policeman found a man beating his wife with a club, and put a bullet through him. Such treatment as this tends to discourage the wife-beating business.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

—A Minneapolis man says that in China red is thought to be a very lucky color, and that is the reason why Chinese laundrymen in this country use so much red paint and so many red curtains.

—Julius Hafecker, a German machinist of New York, loaded his gun with water, keeping the powder dry by inserting a cork between it and the water, and then blew his head off with the charge.

—Last year 279,000,000 stamped envelopes were sold by the Government. They were worth $5,773,000. Envelopes which in 1869 cost $4.80 per 1,000, and the extra letter-size that then cost $6.00 are now sold for $2.40.—*Washington Post.*

—A negro in the Wateree section of South Carolina declares that the mosquitoes are so numerous and venomous that it is impossible to work his fields, and he has abandoned one part of his farm. Two horses, he affirms, have succumbed to the pests.

—A singular and beautiful relic of the flood last summer is the crop of daisies that it sowed through the bottom lands of Kansas. Some sections are dotted thickly with these flowers, and as they were never known to grow before it seems certain that the seeds were brought down by the flood.—*Chicago Mail.*

—All the wood yards in Montana on the Missouri are now controlled by Indians, and the price of wood has been fixed at three dollars per cord for cottonwood and four dollars for ash, and cash must be paid. Any Captain who attempts to get wood for less than these figures, or who stands the aboriginees off, is reported.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Mrs. Robert Graham, of Fleming County, while riding on horseback, was stricken with paralysis and rendered insensible. She did not fall from her horse, which wandered about at will for some time before the unfortunate lady was found. Taken to her home, she died in a few hours.—*Lexington (Ky.) Gazette.*

—Two children of farmer Agnew, of Tara, Can., a boy of ten and a girl of four, while playing in the barn, found a gun which their father kept loaded for rats. "Stan' off there a piece," said the boy, "an' let me see if I can't shoot you." The little girl obeyed cheerfully, and the young Canuck filled her face and shoulder with fine shot.

—The crew of the smack White Cloud, of New London, had a fight with a big sword fish the other day. After the fish was struck it turned on the boat in which were its pursuers, pierced it again and again with its formidable sword, and finally staved it to pieces. Meanwhile the smack drew up, and the big fellow was finally overpowered and killed.

—Peter Elwanger, a market man at Bowles market, Louisville, is the possessor of a silver dollar coined in 1804, which he refused to sell for $800. The coin came into his possession through an aged relative in Indiana, who has owned it for over fifty years. There are but seven pieces of this date in existence, and they are valued at $1,000 each by coin collectors. Henry Stochhoff offers to buy the coin for $800.

—A paper at Winston, N. C., publishes a card by a young lady which sets forth that her fiance having broken the engagement between them, "and engaged himself to a woman whose husband has been dead only three months," she feels called on to say to the public that "during the engagement he borrowed money from me, which he has never paid back, pretending to buy land with it. I don't want him and wouldn't have him since I have found him out."

—Next to the oyster industry on Long Island is that of cutting sand from the beaches. The industry commences at Garie's Point and takes in most of the beaches to Stony Brook. The business is an immense one. There are several varieties of the gravel and sand. There are the big stones about half the size of hen's eggs used for furnace bottoms at steel works, also for oyster beds and roadways. The grit gravel is used for asphalt works, roofing and paving gravel and canary bird gravel.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

A German Law Which Renders It Compulsory for Certain Classes of Employes.

The provisions of the German Accident-Insurance law render insurance compulsory for all laborers and officials with an income of less than 2,000 marks ($500) employed in mines, factories and shipyards, as well as masons, carpenters, stone-cutters and laborers employed on roofs, in wells and chimneys, and engaged in all pursuits involving the use of steam. All concerns employing regularly ten workmen are considered factories. Excluded from the provisions of the law are artisans following any of the professions not enumerated above, and for the present, agricultural and railway laborers. In case of permanent disability by accident the injured person receives after the fourteenth week (during the first thirteen weeks he is aided by the relief societies) an allowance at the rate of two-thirds of the last-earned annual wages. In case of a temporary injury the indemnity forms a corresponding portion of the wages lost. In case of death the survivors are entitled, besides the funeral expenses, to an annual allowance, twenty per cent. of which goes to the widow and fifteen to each child up to its sixteenth year. The portion of the children is increased on the death of the widow. This allowance can not amount to more than sixty per cent. of the wages earned. Parents and grandparents whose sole support the injured person was are likewise entitled to an indemnity.—*N. Y. Post.*

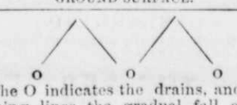
ABOUT DRAINAGE.

A Few Words on the Theory and Practice of Drainage.

Water is indispensable to the growth of plants. Green vegetation contains from eighty to ninety per cent. of water, and so far as this is concerned the water is actual plant food and necessary nutriment. But plants require a far greater supply than this, for as every part of the solid matter of plants is only taken into the roots in solution in water, a vast quantity is required to mature a crop. Thus for every pound of wheat produced in an experimental crop grown for the purpose of investigating this question, no less than 2,693 pounds of water were evaporated by the plants, and consequently passed through them, entering by the roots and escaping through the leaves. This quantity was used by the wheat which produced the least, viz.: less than one pound of grain, but when ten pounds was produced the consumption of water was 7,702 pounds; showing that the larger the quanty of water used by the crop the greater was the product. This result, however, only goes to a certain extent, and when the maximum result is reached and the water is in excess of the requirements of the crop harm is done and the plant does not grow, for the water used by plants must be active and not stagnant, and must have a certain quantity of atmospheric air contained in it. The water must in fact be passing through the soil, just as the air breathed by an animal must be in motion and constantly renewed or it can not sustain life. Hence when the water in the soil is in excess and becomes stagnant the plants immediately begin to suffer, and this from two causes, one that the water in contact with the roots is exhausted of the needful soluble matter for the food of the plants and the necessary supply of air is withheld. There is no motion, no circulation of vivifying air in the soil, and there can be no life. Then the plants cease to grow, they sicken, turn yellow, and soon die, and a useless and pernicious vegetation takes their place.

This is the well-known experience of farmers whose land has an impervious subsoil which holds the water, and to provide means for preventing the fatal stagnation of it in the soil. When the drains are made and the water passes freely through the soil, a circulation of air is at once established, and the more water which falls upon the land the more vigorous and abundant are the growth and yield of the crops. But where these fatal conditions do not exist and the water can find its way naturally through the subsoil the costly drainage is not required, and the expense of draining such land is simply money thrown away and wasted for no purpose. Many a farmer, misled by the prevailing "boom" in regard to tile drainage, has been seriously embarrassed and disappointed, because the promised increase of crops by which he expected to be repaid for his outlay has not been realized.

In practice, drainage is only required when the conditions above mentioned are existing. When in plowing the land in the spring, or in digging down into it at any other time when rain has fallen abundantly the water is found near the surface, then drains are required to carry it off. In the one case the work is interfered with and the timely preparation of the soil for crops is prevented, and in the other the growing crops suffer and become diseased or perish, or weeds abound, or the needed cultivation of the fields is prevented. But when no surplus water is found in the soil at seasons when it would be injurious or inconvenient, and when the accumulation from the winter's rains pass off early in the spring, enabling work to be done in good time, and when no water can be found in digging down three feet at any time in the growing season, drainage is not required, for its sole useful purpose is to carry off surplus water, and any other claim for it, such as useful aeration of the land or of adding fertility to it, is wholly baseless. Drains should be placed three feet deep in the ground. The distance between them should vary, as the soil is more or less charged with water; for the more water in the soil to be removed the more outlets will be needed. Sixty-six feet is a common distance apart and is not too much under ordinary circumstances. The porosity of the soil always acts to retain some water, just as a sponge will hold it and raise it above the level of its source, so that the further apart the drains are the higher will be the level of the water on the line between them. The diagram below illustrates this:



The O indicates the drains, and the sloping lines the gradual fall of the water through the soil of the spaces between the drains. It is obvious that the wider these spaces are the higher will be the level of the water at the highest points; also, that the more clayey and adhesive the soil is, the higher the water will stay in these intervals. This is to be taken into account, and the drains which would serve a good purpose on gravely soils at one hundred feet apart might need to be thirty feet apart in adhesive dry soil or low springy land. Again, in case of springs breaking out in low ground it is always advisable to lay a special drain to each of them to carry off the water. It is often the case that one or two single drains properly placed will dry a field at a small expense as effectively as if covered with drains at much larger cost.—*Henry Stewart, in N. Y. Times.*

—A young man known as John P. Lipe, of Palatine, Montgomery County, N. Y., has proved his claim to the property of Dr. Peter Eisenhard, who died not long since intestate. His mother, Margaret Austin, proved that she was married to Dr. Eisenhard in 1857, and that Lipe was his only son and heir. The doctor was always supposed to be a bachelor, and the claim was a great surprise to the administrator who had been appointed to settle up the estate.—*Troy Times.*

BUILDING MATERIALS.

The Comparative Cost of Frame, Brick and Rubble Stone Walls.

The first idea that naturally suggests itself, after the general plan of arrangement has been perfected, is what material shall mainly enter into the construction of a building, brick, stone or wood. In nearly every portion of the Eastern, Middle and Western States, these three building materials can readily be had, and the cost of production does not vary much in any locality. Assuming, therefore, that the first cost is the same in the above localities, we may easily arrive at the ultimate cost of construction. For the purpose of this article we may assume the cost of good common brick, during the summer to be $8.00 per thousand; cost of labor and mortar to lay the same in the wall, $4.00 per thousand, wall measure. The cost of good quarry stone, assumed at $10 per cord; the cost of labor and mortar to lay the same in the wall, $8 per cord of one hundred feet. The cost of framing lumber $12.00 per thousand feet; labor and nails to put the same up $6.00 per thousand. With these prices as a basis it is a matter of computation only to arrive at the proportionate cost of each material after it has been worked into the walls. As an example, suppose we have ten feet square of plain wall to build, what will be the comparative cost? Ten feet square equals one hundred superficial feet. If to be built of brick twelve inches thick, estimating 22½ brick to the superficial foot, would take 2,250 brick; cost in wall per thousand, $12.00, equals $27.00.

To lay a good rubble stone wall, it should be 18 inches thick; therefore, 10 feet square, or 100 superficial feet of stone wall 18 inches thick, at $18 per cord of 100 feet, would cost $27.00. In estimating a frame or studded wall there should be included first, the studding, say, 2x8, 12 inch centers; second, the outside sheathing of 1 inch surfaced boards; third, the siding of clear pine. For this example we have placed the cost of rough lumber at $18.00 per thousand, put up. We will assume the cost of the inch surfaced boards for sheathing to be $25.00 per thousand, including labor, nails, and material. Siding at $40.00 per thousand, including lumber, labor, nails and waste. Ten feet square, or 100 superficial feet, of 2x8 studding, at $18.00 per thousand, equals $2.43. The same surface, covered with surfaced boards at $25.00 per thousand, costs $2.50; 125 superficial feet of siding, at $40.00 per thousand, equals $5.00, allowing one-quarter for lap and waste. Thus we find the total cost of the frame wall to be $9.93. Add to this the cost of painting the same, one square, at $3.00, we find the cost to be $12.93. Comparatively, therefore, we find the cost of one hundred superficial feet of wall built of the three leading building materials of the country as follows:

Common brick	$27.00
Rubble stone	27.00
Frame	12.93

The cost of window and door frames, cornices, etc., may be estimated about the same in either building. In brick and stone buildings we find the additional cost of cut stone window and door sills, water table, etc., but the cost of these adjuncts does not enter into the first cost of the walls, and should rather be estimated on separately or considered as additional items of cost that may be dispensed with if necessary.—*National Builder.*

HISTORICAL FINDS.

Excavations at the Acropolis of Athens and Their Interesting Disclosures.

It is not a little curious that while excavations have been made in nearly every part of Greece for archæological researches no examination of the ground immediately around and upon the Acropolis of Athens has been made until this year. Excavations have been begun there which have already disclosed a building belonging probably to the epoch of Pericles, though its identity has not yet been established, and about which were discovered a great quantity of objects in bronze, marble and terra cotta. These are generally fragments only, some of them mere scraps, though there are a few nearly complete figures and one or two vases quite whole. There are also a number of inscriptions on fragments of columns and on ornamental slabs of marble. The whole lot looks as if refuse from a demolished temple of early date might have been deposited here by way of filling up a hollow place.

All the pieces of statues are of a very early time; some are quite rude in form and of clumsy workmanship, of no great interest, except as supplying examples of early Greek art. There are, however, a few pieces of great interest in themselves. One fragment of an archaic female figure, with drapery, which is richly painted, is preserved with remarkable distinctness. The drapery is painted red, green and white, with a drak brown border, which is cut into small squares and circles. Another well preserved female figure well illustrates the Greek costume of the early periods. The hair is arranged in unbroken waves about the forehead, combed back behind the ears and falls in long curls about the shoulders. She wears three garments; over a fine woolen chiton, visible only at the breast, is thrown the himation, fastened lightly at the right shoulder and passed under the left arm; it reaches to her feet and over it is a short shawl-like mantle. The chiton is red, the girdle green and the himation has stripes of green and dark red.

An interesting historical find has recently been made in Venice, where, near the Venice theater, was dug up a metal box containing a great quantity of coins, many of which are believed to be quite unique. They belong to the Latin princedoms which sprang up in Greece about the time of the earlier crusades. The coins indicate in fact the titles of the Princes of Achaia and the Dukes of Athens, and it is hoped that much light may be shed by them upon some very obscure passage of history, but there yet remains much to be done for their proper decipherment since many of the coins are crushed and massed together so closely that it is a difficult matter to separate them.—*Philadelphia Times.*

AN UNPLEASANT DUTY.

People Who Dislike Very Much to Refuse Kind Invitations.

Few people like to refuse invitations. To write a refusal with facts at command deprives the act of any suspicion of ungraciousness; but the facts are not always forthcoming, or are, perhaps, of too private a nature to be made public property, hence, in writing refusals and excuses, a certain knowledge of letter writing is all-important to novices in the art of saying the right thing. But with regard to refusals, the most decidedly disagreeable to write are those in answer to invitations asked for through a third person. People have various reasons for declining general invitations besides the all-sufficient one of a "prior engagement." "Mrs. A—— very much regrets that a prior engagement prevents her having the pleasure of accepting Mrs. B——'s kind invitation," is the usual formula in the conventional world; but, if these ladies were on more friendly terms with each other, Mrs. A—— would probably write in the first person when pleading a prior engagement. It is an open question whether the nature of the engagement should be stated or not. Even intimate friends often confine themselves to the statement of the bare fact only that a prior engagement exists; others, on the contrary, state the nature of the engagement, and there is no doubt that in so doing a compliment is conveyed, the refusal softened and any sense of disappointment allayed. When a prior engagement can not be made the basis of a refusal, then the refusal must rest on the other lines, and how to avoid giving annoyance or offense is so perplexing that the acceptance of an unwelcome invitation is often preferable. Ill health or a severe cold are excuses that can not be challenged; if neither of these impediments can be advanced politeness must fall back upon another resource, and this is exactly what politeness finds a difficulty in doing. And thus it is easier on the spur of the moment to create an engagement for the day named in the invitation, than to seek helplessly for a further excuse. The excuse of "a prior engagement" is adopted by many in the same sense which "not at home" is in every-day use, signifying in the one case not to accept an invitation, as in the other an intention not to admit visitors. But it is not every one who ventures to take this latitude, considering that it is not a straightforward course, preferring to make a sacrifice of inclination rather than thus evade an unwelcome invitation. As a general rule, few invitations are declined, save under imperative circumstances, which means indisposition, illness or family bereavement or unavoidable absence from home.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

ROMAN BOOK-MAKING.

Stenographic Contractions Used by the Expert Book-Writers of Ancient Rome.

It is stated that, notwithstanding the Romans had not printing-presses, books were at that time produced much more quickly and in larger numbers than most modern works. Paper was used which was almost woven out of the fiber of the Egyptian papyrus, which grows to a height of ten feet, and which has given its name to paper. A Roman residing in Egypt assures us that the yield of his paper manufactory would be sufficient to support any army, and whole ship-loads of paper were sent from Egypt to Rome. Before books of any description were reproduced in large numbers, they were read mostly in private circles, or publicly, so that the author could adopt suggestions for the improvement of his work. Wealthy Romans used to own a large number of slaves for all kinds of service, which rendered labor cheap, as they cost nothing in many cases, and had only to be supported. They were mostly prisoners of war, the pick of nations, and often more cultivated (especially the Greeks) than their masters. They were consequently also employed in the education of Roman boys. The works of authors were dictated to a number of slaves, women also being employed for that purpose. Even among freemen and liberated slaves the desire to obtain employment became so great that hundreds of willing hands could be had for writing books at a very low rate of wages. The instruction imparted in the workshops of Roman publishers necessitated a regular course of training, which was to teach the apprentices an easy and elegant handwriting. If a publisher had at his disposal say a hundred writers, and reckoning the working day at ten hours, a document which took an hour to write would be multiplied in the course of a day to a thousand copies. The writers became in time expert to such a degree that they combined quickness with elegance. It must also be added that in cases where speed was the first consideration, the use of stenographic contractions became general, and we possess illustrations of their employment in the old manuscripts still in existence. We are also informed that both readers and copyists were instructed and trained, the former in the solution, the latter in the application, of contractions. Their object was to copy work as quickly as possible, the use of full words being only resorted to for the best works. The above brief account demonstrates to us the fact that the Romans made the nearest approach to the invention of printing, although they never attained to it. The movable stamps of iron or other metals used by the Romans for marking earthenware vessels and other utensils also prove this. But the art of rapid writing, which was perfected by them to an unusual degree, counteracted a further development, while the number of slaves and other willing hands at disposal, by which means the most astonishing results were obtained, operated in the same direction.—*Stenographic Journal of Switzerland.*

—An honest rancher was in Pioche the other day. He offered to swap his eighteen-year-old boy, who smoked cigarettes, to any person for a dog, and finding no takers at that, even up, he offered five dollars to boot, but even then couldn't make a trade.—*Chicago Herald.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A WOULD-BE SAILOR.

I knew a little youngster
Who would a sailor be;
He did not care for top or ball,
For marbles, kites or trinkets small—
He did not care for these at all,
For he would go to sea.

The things he really cared for
Were queer things such as these:
Odd knots of rope, and bits of string,
A marline-spike, a hammock ring,
India ink, or any thing
That might a sailor please.

He liked to read of voyages,
And navigators' lore.
"And I can tell you now," he said,
"To make a splice or a 'Turk's head,'
To hold the reel, or heave a lead,
And—oh! a great deal more."

And if perchance you missed him,
When others were at play,
You'd find him stowed in some odd nook,
Off cruising in his sailor book
With Frobisher or Captain Cook,
In regions far away.

He has not gone from home as yet,
To ship before the mast;
But only wait and you shall see—
Sailors are made from such as he;
I'm very sure that he will be
An Admiral at last.

—*Wallace E. Mather, in St. Nicholas.*

TONY'S CLOTHES.

How He Was Provided for on the Morning of the Picnic.

"I can't mend these any more," said grandmother, holding up a very sorry-looking pair of small trousers. "You'll have to put on your Sunday suit for every day now, Tony."

"Yes'm," answered Tony.

"And don't you slide down any more trees with rough bark."

"No'm," replied Tony.

"And you'd better go down to Sarah Jane Green's and see when she can come and make your new suit."

"Yes'm," said Tony. "I'll go now, 'fore I get my clothes dirty."

The only difference between Tony's Sunday suit and his every-day suit lay in the fact of the former being in good order.

His suits were always made by one pattern, owned by Sarah Jane Green. Tony grew so fast that Sarah Jane always had to cut her pattern larger, and sometimes she forgot to enlarge every thing, so that the suit had a curious look, which, however never troubled Tony at all.

The trousers were sure to be baggy, and the jacket rather short in the back, with sleeves so long—"to grow in," grandmother said—that they were still too long when worn out.

When the every-day suit was past all mending, he took the Sunday one for every day, and had a new one for Sunday.

"I'm very sorry, Tony," said Sarah Jane, when Tony reached her house; "but I've sprained my wrist, and don't know when I can come."

Tony looked dismayed.

"The picnic's to be in two weeks," he said.

"Oh, I'm pretty sure to be well by that time. I'll keep it in mind, and you'll be pretty sure to see me."

Tony lived on a sheep-ranch with his father and his grandfather, and one or two hired men. Until about a year ago, it had been twenty miles to a post-office, and neighbors had been so scarce that weeks would sometimes pass without their seeing one.

But now a railroad came within four miles of them, and a little bit of a village was springing up at the station, so that Tony and his friends felt almost like city folks, they sometimes declared.

The picnic Tony spoke of was for the Sunday-school at the station, which Tony attended, thinking nothing of a four-mile walk.

He had never heard of one before, but grandmother knew all about picnics, and talked a great deal concerning them, leaving his mind in an excited state looking forward to wonders and delights to come, in which a railroad ride and plenty of good things to eat stood out from all the rest.

A week passed, and Sarah Jane did not come. Tony took to giving a peep at the brown cloth, which lay ready for his suit, and then climbing to the top of the tallest hitching-post outside the door, to watch anxiously for her stout figure and jolly, round face.

One day he saw a wagon in the far distance, and his heart gave a great bound, for there certainly was a woman in it. But, as it drew near, his joy turned to curiosity. The face and form of the stranger were not a bit like those of Sarah Jane. But who could it be?

"Is this Tony?" she asked.

"Yes'm," said Tony.

"I am your Aunt Eleanor," she said. "I have come a long way to see you."

Aunt Eleanor was his mother's sister. Tony found it so pleasant to be near her, that he spent several hours in the house, almost forgetting his suit.

She told him all about her boys, and asked all about what he had learned, seeming surprised to hear that he had read the "Pilgrim's Progress," the "Life of Washington," and half of "Jay's Lectures," which were the only books on the ranch.

"But I don't like 'Jays Lectures' very well," he admitted to her, at which she laughed, and told him to go out and play.

Then Tony climbed on the post again and watched so long and anxiously for Sarah Jane that Aunt Eleanor came out and asked him about it. And Tony found courage to tell her all his fears about his new suit.

The days went by, and still no Sarah Jane. Tony took again the long walk to see her, and learned that she had gone over to her sister's, a long way off, but had left word that she would come to Tony's grandmother's the first day that she was able to sew.

Tony's heart sank lower every day, but he remembered that Sarah Jane could do wonders in the way of haste with her needle, and so did not quite despair.

But the day before the picnic came, and grandmother began baking all sorts of nice things. Tony took a last look at the brown cloth, and then went to her with a swelling heart.

"You couldn't do any thing with my old clothes, could you, grandmother?" he said, turning round and round before her.

There were woeful spots on the jacket, but the holes in the sleeves were small, and Tony was thinking hopefully of a bottle of benzine, which had a very bad smell and a wonderful power of sending away the spots on a boy's jacket.

But the trousers were past all help—Tony had taken too many climbs on the hitching-post—and grandmother shook her head and went on with her baking. Aunt Eleanor did not take much notice. So fine a lady as she could not be expected to concern herself about little boy's old clothes.

Tony took a last look down the road, and then went out to pour his griefs, as he always did, into the ears of his pet sheep.

"Oh, Chippy!" he cried, flinging his arms around her neck with a burst of tears, "the picnic's to-morrow, and my clothes ain't made. I can't go, and grandmother don't seem to care very much. I want to go, oh! oh! and my trousers are all torn. Oh, Chippy! I wish I had nice, soft wool like yours, that Sarah Jane didn't have to make."

He stayed with his fleecy friend until it was dusky enough to hide his tear-stained face, then ate his bowl of bread and milk and went to bed.

"Here, Tony!" "Quick, Tony!" "Hand that, Tony!" "Carry this, Tony!" Such a calling him here and there and everywhere Tony had never heard, as grandmother and Aunt Eleanor filled baskets and packed them in the spring wagon. And no one could have guessed how heavy his heart was as his feet flew nimbly in answer to each demand.

"Now run and dress yourself, dear," said grandmother.

Tony looked at her in amazement, with a tear gathering in each eye.

"Why, grandmother, don't you know my clothes ain't made?"

"Tony!" called Aunt Eleanor. "Wash yourself and come up here. You will be late."

Late for what? It could not be that any one expected him to go in his old clothes!

But Tony always obeyed, and he obeyed now, and ran up-stairs.

What was that which Aunt Eleanor held up before him? Just out of the sunshine which played around the wash-bench under the spout, the room seemed almost dark, and it looked as if a boy might be standing there; but the boy had neither head nor feet.

"Quick!" said Aunt Eleanor, unbuttoning his old jacket.

And in ten minutes he stood before her arrayed in a new suit of soft, light-gray cloth, with such buttons and pockets as Tony had never dreamed of. And when he took a peep in the glass, it looked like some other boy.

"Where did they come from?" he managed to ask.

"I wrote a letter the day I came to the place where I buy my boy's clothes," said Aunt Eleanor. "They came yesterday, and your father brought them when he went to the station. You look just like my Johnny," she said, kissing him, as she looked at him with very tender eyes; "and after awhile you shall come and see us all."

Sarah Jane Green took the pattern of the new suit, and before long nearly every boy within miles around had one cut like it, which Sarah Jane believed looked so exactly like the ready-made one that they could not be told apart. But no one else thought so.

When Tony grew older, he went to Aunt Eleanor's to go to school. He has had a great many new ready-made clothes since, but never a suit which could compare with the one which came to him on the morning of the picnic.—*Sydney Dayre, in Golden Days.*

AVA'S JOKE.

Perpetrated by One Little Girl Upon Another Little Girl at School.

I think it was the best joke I ever knew of one little girl playing on another, though it wasn't an April fool. It couldn't be, you know, because it happened some time after the first day of April. It was when Ava was five years old, and just beginning to go to school, a blue-eyed, sunny-haired little maid, who seemed to find her chief delight in doing pleasant things for people.

One day mamma put an extra nice dinner in the pretty tin luncheon-box. There was a slice of frosted cake, and two jelly tarts, and a piece of lemon pie, and a sandwich with turkey, instead of ham, which Ava didn't like.

Right in front of Ava at school sat little 'Viny Cates, who never in the world brought any thing for her dinner but a biscuit. I suppose may be she didn't have any thing else to bring. That was what Ava thought, too, deep down in her pitying little heart.

Well, this day Ava was swinging her feet while she studied her lesson, and she hit her toes against something that rattled. She looked down, and there was 'Viny's dinner-pail that had somehow got pushed back—an old, little bruised-up pail, with only a biscuit in it, Ava knew. A bright thought popped into her head that minute. It was so funny she had to put her hand over her mouth to keep from laughing right out loud in school. 'Viny was saying her lesson; and quick as flash Ava took off the cover of the pail and took out the biscuit, and put in her own nice luncheon and put on the cover again.

And at noon when 'Viny Cates went to eat her dinner, what do you suppose she said? She said:

"Oh, where'd I get 'em? where'd I get 'em?" And she almost cried; but not because she felt bad.

And Ava, full of glee, ran all the way home to get her own dinner, and tell mamma about it.

"She was so s'prised, mamma, and glad!" she cried.

And mamma was glad, too—very glad; but somehow she felt her eyes grow warm as she kissed the little glowing face.—*Youth's Companion.*

—A load of hay was being driven into the big barn of Schuyler Parihs, of Naples, N. Y., the other day when an iron bolt of the rack pressed so hard on a wheel that the tire struck fire and the hay was ignited. The driver had the presence of mind to back the load out of the barn and jump down. Then the frightened team ran through the village with the blazing load, setting fire to a bridge on the way. When they were stopped all of the wagon had been burned but the front wheels.—*Buffalo Express.*

History of the Horse.

The ancestry of the horse can be traced back before the time of England' monarch's, beyond the Cæsars of the Eternal City, beyond the creation of man, and even further than the very layer of earth upon which we live, into the rocks and petrification of the next age below us.

Far back before the age of man there lived upon the earth a species of the horse family, long ago extinct, which at the present day would make a showman's fortune. This horse was very little larger than a sheep, and some not larger than a terrier dog. These little horses, as far as we know from the fossil remains, were the beginning of the horse tribe.

They had every outline of horses, and the anatomy also, with the exception that the feet were most peculiar.

Instead of having one hoof on each leg, as our modern horse has this diminutive pony was the posessor of four, making sixteen hoofs in all. As the horse developed, these hoofs, or, speaking more correctly, these toes, all disappeared, leaving our modern horse to walk upon the end of one leg.

In order to clearly understand the manner of the gradual disappearance of these toes a little anatomy may be tolerated.

Starting with the hand of man as a standard, the thumb, which is really a finger, is called the first finger, the index is called the second, the next third, fourth and fifth. It has been observed that when this order is in any way interfered with the first to disappear is the thumb or first finger. This is noticed in dogs. The "dew claw" is the first finger or thumb.

So it was with the little horse. No remains can be found possessing the first finger. The earliest had the second, third, fourth and fifth toe present, all of which reached the ground and were usable. These toes all disappeared until none was left except the third, which is the toe upon which the horses of the present day walk.

The one just preceeding our modern horse had three toes, the second, third and fourth, but the outside ones did not reach the ground and were accordingly not usable. They were up a little distance on the leg, like the little hoofs of a deer, and only remain on our modern horse in what is known as splint bones. It occasionally happens that horses, as well as other animals, will breed back, and a monstrosity, as it appears to us, will be the result. In England some time ago a horse was born which had two hoofs on each foot, and was carried about the country as a curiosity. It was a reference, or index, of what sort of feet the species once had.

Just why they were at first in possession of such feet is a matter of conjecture. It may have been because the ground was soft and marshy, and the extra feet gave more surface for resistance, and as the earth grew firmer no necessity existed for so many toes, so that by disuse they began to disappear.

With the modification of the feet the horse increased in height and strength, getting ready to help man bear his burdens and progress in the line of civilization. As it increased in size, through man's interference and culture, it also increased in mental capacity until one of the most intelligent, docile, useful creatures ever given by a Supreme Being to man is the animal almost human—the horse.

In very early days horses were not used by all nations, and by none as beasts of burden. Asses and mules did the drudgery, and horses were only used as racers, warriors, hunters, or to carry their owners upon journeys of pleasure or business.

Seeing men on horseback, apparently a part and parcel of the beast, led some native to think that the strange appearance was but one animal, hence the belief in the centaur, or animal half animal and half man. In war they were the source of great terror to those who were unfamiliar with him, and often the approach of a troop would strike dismay into the hearts of the enemy.

The gradual development from the little pocket pony into the full-grown horse has been a prominent factor in the advancement of the human race, and upon no other animal has the hand of human interference been so marked. This can be seen in the wonderful variety in the horse family, Shetland ponies, heavy draught horses, the racer whose feet spurn the ground, and the slow-plodding but powerfnl horse which draws our iron wagons, all are the result of care in breeding and human improvement of a species at one time well nigh useless.—*Tom Lyon in Pittsburg Dispatch.*

In Janesville, Wis., an alderman who prided himself on his sense of justice, was called upon to estimate the damage which a cow had done in a garden. He viewed the premises and gave liberal damages, whereupon he was introduced to the marauding cow, that turned out to be his own, whereat the conscientious alderman was profanely enraged.

A Wasp's Ingenuity.

Richmond, Va., Cor. N. Y. Tribune.

A few days ago two men who were enjoying an outing came upon a green worm which was slowly crawling across the high road. As the walkers reached the creature they saw the aforementioned black wasp swoop down upon it, straddle it with its four legs, put its arms—or what were in the place of arms—around the worm's body near the head and proceed to sting it several times, first in the right side, then in the left. The worm writhed as if in great pain, and in its struggles to escape the wasp suddenly flew away.

The two men sat down beside the road to await a renewal of the strange conflict. Soon the attacking party reappeared, more full of fight than before. It was a pigmy fighting a giant, but the little creature with the sting had the advantage of wings and agility and weapons, and the worm soon showed signs of defeat. After three more onslaughts it straightened out its pretty body, became rigid, quivered and died. The victor walked around the conquered foe three times, and after making sure that death was not feigned, disappeared.

After the space of a minute it returned and proceeded to straddle the worm as at first, putting its arms about the dead animal and lifting its body from the ground. It was a wonderful sight. The wasp was not more than three-quarters of an inch long, and its body in the thickest place did not exceed one-sixth of an inch through. The worm was three and a half inches long and one-third of an inch in diameter. And yet the wasp actually lifted it up, and partially dragging, partially carrying it, crossed the dusty road and traveled for some twenty paces through the stubbly grass and weeds. At length a small clearing was reached, and dragging its burden to near the centre of the spot, the wasp dropped it and ran quickly around the place as if in search of something. The something proved to be a pebble of the size of a robbin egg half buried in the ground. Brushing the loose earth away the wasp cast the stone aside, revealing in the ground a hole, into which the smart creature dived head foremost. It came up with an armful of fresh earth, and deposited it an inch from the hole, went back after another and another until a little mound began to grow beside the front door of the worrior's castle. In an incredibly short time the hole was perceptibly enlarged, and the mason, having taken the measurement of it, went to the dead worm to see if it would enter. Satisfied, the insect caught the grub by the head, and, backing into the hole, pulled the prey after it. But the worm was too tight a fit, so out it came, the wasp pushing it up with its head. A little more digging, another measurement and again the worm was drawn in, this time until only half an inch remained above ground. Was there another entrance to the hole? How could the wasp get out, or did it intend to remain below? The creature put an end to doubts by squeezing out of the same hole in which the worm was so tightly wedged. It was a hard job, but successfully accomplished. Then began a laughable butting process, in the course of which the half inch of worm above ground was gradually driven into the hole. When quite in, the wasp sprinkled fresh earth upon it, trampled it down carefully, replaced the pebble, drew some dry surface earth around it and then hermetrically sealed the hole. This sealing was evidently done to keep away other insects or prowlers of any kind. The wasp gathered from a certain weed close by something which it spread over the pebble. Repeated trips to the same weed were made for this purpose, and though the substance gathered was invisible, there was no doubt of its use.

While the wasp was absent on one of these trips one of the men placed a stick upon the now well-hidden hole. The impatience, not to say wrath, with which the insect tossed it aside, boded no good to any creature of reasonable size who might presume to interfere with the storehouse or burial ground. After the sealing, with one good look around the premises, this wasp spread its wings and disappeared, leaving those who had watched the workmanship unable to decide whether the fighter and mason was endowed with instinct or reason.

An Old Citizen Speaks.

Mr. J. M. Norris, an old resident of Rome, Ga., says that he had been badly troubled with Kidney Complaint for a great many years and with Eczema for three years; at times could scarcely walk and had tried many remedies without benefit, until he began taking Electric Bitters and anointing his hands and feet with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. This treatment afforded him great relief and he strongly recommends Electric Bitters to all who suffer with Kidney Complaints, or need a Blood Purifier. Sold by Wm. Nydegger.

Lafagan's Logic.

Method is the right hand of business.

Fools seek notorities by their oddities.

Inquisitiveness is the creation of indolence.

Ignorance too often mistakes conceit for dignity.

Earnestness in a good cause cannot stop short of fame.

Practice only can burnish the virtues into their glorious lustre.

Victory is foreshadowed by the effort put forth to bring it about.

Post mortem kindness savors too much of hypocrisy to be fragrant.

The fleeting pleasure of intoxication is a poor exchange for immortality lost.

Charity is one of the virtues that always wear well and retain their lovliness.

Man's ready suspicion of humanity is the true cause of the world's want of faith.

The young man who is ashamed of his parents you may be sure is also a shame to them.

The man who comes the nearest to being honest believes no one dishonest without cause.

I cannot dance myself, yet I believe in it to a certain extent, and under proper auspices.

That cunning may succeed for the time being is perhaps true, that it will fail in the end is equally true.

I believe in legitimate prosecution but persecution is something a man has no authority to limber up.

To do a kind act is the proof of a good man; not bragging about it however, is the proof of a noble man.

I do not know of any two things possessed by others more to be envied than good pure horse-sense and good digestion.

Sometimes I am almost convinced that the reward for honesty is far from equal to the homage rendered rascality. We demand honesty, yet too often fail to recognize it.

A Good Man's Tenderness.

From the Manchester Times.

Boys are sometimes tempted to think that to be tender-hearted is to be weak and unmanly. Yet the tenderest heart may be associated with the strongest and most forcible mind and will. Take, for example, the story told of him to whom we owe our wonderful railway system. Geo. Stephenson went one day into an upper room of his house and closed the window. It had been left open a long time because of the great heat, but now the weather was becoming cooler and so Mr. Stepenson thought it would be well to shut it. He little knew at the time what he was doing. Two or three days afterward, however, he chanced to observe a bird flying against that same window, and beating against it with all its might, again and again, as if trying to break it. His sympathy and curiosity were aroused. What could the little thing want? He at once went to the room and opened the window to see. The window opened, the bird flew straight to one particular spot in the room, where Stephenson saw a nest—that little bird's nest. The poor bird looked at it, took the sad story in at a glance, and fluttered down to the floor, broken-hearted, almost dead.

Stephenson, drawing near to look, was filled with unspeakable sorrow. There sat the mother bird, and under it four tiny little young ones—mother and young all apparently dead. Stephenson cried aloud. He tenderly lifted the exhausted bird from the floor, the worm it had so long and bravely struggled to bring to its home and young still in its beak, and carefully tried to revive it; but all his efforts proved in vain. It speedily died, and the great man mourned for many a day. At that time the force of George Stephenson's mind was changing the face of the earth, yet he wept at the sight of this dead family, and was deeply grieved because he himself had unconsciously been the cause of death.

The Best Chill Medicine.

SALISBURY, MD., Aug. 1884.

Dear Sir:—I had the ague and chills and fever for six months, had taken several different medicines, but none done me any good. Through the recommendation of a friend I was induced to try "AROMANNA." I used one bottle and have not had a chill since.

JOHN PARSONS.

SALISBURY, MD., May 25, 1885.

Dear Sir:—I was cured of Dyspepsia by using two bottles of "AROMANNA."

MARY HEARN.

Price 25 and 85 cts. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland, Md.

A young man in Maine killed himself because he couldn't have two wives. Some men kill themselves because they have one.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

TOWN PROPERTY

FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

MEAT MARKET!

The undersigned will have on hand, at his meat market in Oakland, every day, from 5 A. M. to 11 A. M.,

Fresh Beef, Mutton and Veal,

of the best quality and at fair prices. He will also run his wagon to

MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK

every day, and to

DEER PARK

every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

7 10 T. W. CASTEEL.

MARYLAND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

Next Session Opens September 20, 1886.

Besides the regular Collegate Course, embracing ENGLISH, the CLASSICS and the SCIENCES, special Courses in AGRICULTURAL, CIVIL and MECHANICAL ENGINEERING and APPLIED CHEMISTRY are provided, under the direction of

A Full Corps of Professors and Eminent Lecturers.

A liberal equipment in the shape of a Chemical Laboratory and a Museum of Minerals, Woods, Seeds, Skeletons, Charts, &c., is also provided.

The Cadets are under Military organization and Discipline.

Send for Catalogue giving full particulars as to COURSES OF INSTRUCTION, TERMS and SCHOLARSHIPS.

Location unsurpassed for beauty, healthfulness and convenience of access.

Address: AUGUSTINE J. SMITH, President, MARYLAND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, Prince George's county, Md. 7 24

W. H. BUTLER'S

Cheap Cash Grocery

—AT THE—

"LITTLE BIG" STORE

ON SECOND STREET,

OAKLAND, MD.

May 18th, 1886.—tf.

IMPROVED FARM

FOR SALE!

I will sell my farm, on the headwaters of Deep Creek, adjoining lands of Ransey Browning, A. C. Browning and others, on the easiest terms. The farm contains one hundred acres of land, all under fence, and about 60 acres cleared. The improvements consist of a

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE

and large frame barn, young fruit trees, &c., &c. This farm is in a good neighborhood, about 4 miles from Deer Park, and about 8 miles from Oakland.

Reason for selling—advanced age.

Apply to or address

LUKE WOOD,

8 7 tf. Deer Park, Md.

A HOME CHEAP.

I have a fifty acre lot, with small house and other improvements, about four miles from Oakland and two miles from Mountain Lake Park, which I will sell at a moderate figure. Application should be made soon.

W. H. TOWER,

7 17 tf Agent.

WHITE BRONZE

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out-door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be acconpanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,

6 17 t Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Shartzer's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

$200.000 in presents given away Send us 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the $200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

FOR SALE!

Steam Engine, Saw Mill and Shingle Machine.

I am authorized to sell a Fifteen Horse Power "Page" Engine, Saw Mill and Shingle Machine, with carriages, &c., complete, the property of Mrs. Eva F. Riggs. The mill has been in use about five years and is in good running order. Will be sold cheap for cash or collateral which may be easily converted into cash. May be examined at Swanton, Md. Must be sold soon.

For price and terms address or apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMNTES.

ORDER NISI.

In the matter of the Deed of Trust from John T. Davis, et. al., to Thomas J. Peddicord and H. Wheeler Combs, Trustees.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County. No. 370 Equity. August 3d, 1886.

ORDERED, That the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings made and reported by Edward H. Sincell and Frederick A. Thayer, Trustees, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the Thirtieth day of August; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Oakland, once in each of three successive weeks before the said Thirtieth day of August, inst.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $960.00.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test:
8 7 3t W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

ORDER NISI.

Arnold J. Bonafield, Plaintiff, vs. John W. Bonafield, } In the Circuit Court for Garrett county. Sitting in Equity, No. 365 Equity.

ORDERED, That the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings as made and reported by Gilmor S. Hamill, trustee to Arnold J. Bonafield, and made to him on the 21st day of July, 1886, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the Twenty first day of August next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Md., once in each of three successive weeks before the eighteenth day of August next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $190.00.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk of the Circuit Court.

True copy—Test.
7 31 3t W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

FOR SALE.

AT A BARGAIN.

A large two-story frame house, with celler and basement, situated on the Oakland and Mountain Lake road, near the latter place, is offered for sale at a bargain.

There are about two acres of ground, good outbuildings, well of good water, and a number of large shade trees. One of the handsomest locations for a summer residence in this neighborhood.

For information apply to or address

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

ft 24 DAVID LITTLE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 30th, 1886.

GOING EAST.

No. 2	7.20 A. M.
No. 66	5.56 A. M.
No. 6	12.35 P. M.
No. 4	11.53 P. M.
No. 82—Accommodation	5.10 P. M.
Way	11.36 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 1	9.34 P. M.
No. 65	5.55 P. M.
No. 5	3.57 P. M.
No. 3	4.41 A. M.
No. 81—Accommodation	9.36 A. M.
Way	11.36 A. M

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.

L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y

HENRY ALBRIGHT,

—Manufacturer of—

Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,

OAKLAND, MD.

☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done.

Nov. 21, 85.—1 y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

SIXTEEN ACRES OF LAND

at Altamont, Md., improved by a

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE

18 by 36 feet, two stories high. There are on this land two never failing springs of good water, and a running stream.

Situation Delightful!

Two miles from Deer Park, with excellent graded road

Excellent Situation for Summer Residence.

For particulars and terms apply to or address

J. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE,

TRACTS & MILITARY LOTS.

The subscriber offers for sale the following lands in Garrett county:

"Bank Property," 1625 acres on Backbone Mountain, near West Virginia line. There is on this tract good Poplar, White and Red Oak, Chestnut, Birch and Sugar Timber, and the land when cleared, will make good farms.

"Friedland," 175 acres, near Accident, part improved.

A fine building site near Fort Pendleton, lot containing two acres.

Also the following Military Lots, containing 50 acres each:

Lots Nos. 4031 and 4032, with the well known Boiling Spring, two miles south of Deer Park, with which it is connected by a good road.

Lot No. 1914, on B. & Ohio R. R., East of Wilson's store.

Lots Nos. 361, 363, 364 and 365, near Ben Davis'.

Lot No. 390, West of Garrett Moon's.

Lots Nos. 371 and 377, West of (late) Hugh Cooper's.

Lot No. 383, East of (late) Elisha Harvey's.

Lot No. 1252, near West Virginia line.

WILLIAM I. BROWN,
Box 41, Oakland, Md.

Sept. 5th, 1885.—1 y

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded

(ov)-1

Sellers' Liver Pills.

Act Directly on the Liver.

CURES CHILLS AND FEVER, DYSPEPSIA, SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUS COLIC, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, PILES, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, DIZZINESS, TORPID LIVER, COATED TONGUE, SLEEPLESSNESS, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER AND STOMACH. If you do not "feel very well," a single pill at bed-time stimulates the stomach, restores the appetite, imparts vigor to the system.

They cure all diseases like magic. Get the right kind SELLERS' LIVER PILLS. Sold by druggists. Send for circular.

SELLERS MEDICINE CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

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CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence in Russell's brick house Second street.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

3 15 1y.

SURVEYING!

Military lots located, Estimates of timber lands a specialty. Sales negotiated on reasonable terms. Areas computed by Logarithms—the only correct method.

HIRAM P. TASKER.

11 6 tf Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

F. A. THAYER,

INSURANCE AGENT,

OAKLAND, MD.

Insures both Real and Personal Property at moderate rates.

☞ Represents Six First Class Companie

THE BEST FARM IMPLEMENTS.

Brown, New Champion and Delaware Wagons, Universal Roland and Double Shovel Plows, Champion Reapers and Mowers, Spring Wagons and Carriages, Grain Drills Cider Mills, Orchilla Guano, Feed Cutters, Barbed Wire, Sewing Machines, Spring Harrows, Thomas Hay Rakes, Hay Forks and Carriers &c., &c.

EVERYTHING FULLY WARRANTED.

For sale by

J. M. DAVIS & SON.

February 24, 1886.—M.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 10. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, AUG. 21, 1886. NUMBER 25

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

VEGETABLES,

FRUITS, &C., &C.

Always on hand, as they come in market.

NEW CROP OF

TURNIP AND RUTABAGA SEEDS.

ALL RELIABLE.

VEGETABLE PLANTS of all kinds in season.

(MOSS ROSE.)

ROSES, and all kinds of Flowering Plants.

CUT FLOWERS

AND FLORAL DESIGNS,

for Funerals, &c., at short notice, at our old stand on Railroad street near Depot.

☞Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

H. WEBER.

3 13 OAKLAND, MD.

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,

OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.

OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.

Is the place to buy

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints,

Oils Varnishes,

Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

☞Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c

Physicians Prescriptions

Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.

Give me a call.

W. D. NYDEGGER.

AVOID MALARIA!

AND BREATHE THE SEA AIR!

THE STOCKTON, Atlantic City, N. J., Corner Atlantic and Maryland avenues, is now open. Guests are supplied with every comfort and convenience possible. The best summer hotel on the coast. Terms moderate; special rates to families. KELSEY & LEFLER, Proprietors. [Mention this paper.]

FOR SALE

In Deer Park a

TWO-STORY COTTAGE,

Highly situated and containing seven rooms with front portico, back porch and bay windows. Good never failing well of water. Land in cultivation for garden with fruit trees and stable. Will be sold cheap and terms made reasonable. Title unquestionable.

Apply to

E. C. TILLSON,

7 5 tf Deer Park, Md.

Valuable Real Estate

FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.

For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov 20 1880 1 y.

HELP for working people. Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, grandly successful. 50 cents to $5 easily earned every evening. That all who want may test the business we make this unparalleled offer. To all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE.

NO. 1.

MILITARY LOT NO. 219,

lying near Chisholm's Mill, in Ryans Glade, Garrett county. Well timbered and underlaid with coal. Unimproved. Will be sold cheap.

NO. 2.

Military Lots Nos. 2305 and 2307,

Unimproved timber lots, lying near Grantsville, part of the estate of the late Holmes Wiley.

NO. 3.

An Elegant New Residence

on Oak street, Oakland, Md., containing 8 rooms. Large lot improved by stable, carriage house, ice house, &c. Well of good water. Terms easy. Price, $2200.00.

NO. 4.

THE "WOODLAND FARM,"

situated on the road leading from Oakland to Accident, two miles from Oakland, containing 97 acres, well fenced and cultivated. Improved by a large first-class mansion house, suitable for a summer resort. The farm would suit for a first-class market garden or general farming.

NO. 5.

HOUSE AND LOT

On Oak street, Oakland, Md., comfortable dwelling. Well of good water and convenient outbuildings. Will sell at a bargain.

NO. 6.

600 ACRES OF LAND,

covered with white pine, spruce and white oak timber, and underlaid with coal, iron ore and fire clay. Water fall 71 feet. Steam saw mill on the premises doing a good business. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 8.

HOUSE AND LOT

On Liberty street in Oakland, 8 rooms. Good property.

In all cases we will furnish purchasers with an abstract of title and prepare deed without cost to them.

Full discription of the property contained in the above list will be given upon application.

NO. 9.

NEW DWELLING HOUSE

On Oak Street, 8 rooms and good cellar. Large livery stable attached; room for 18 horses and 15 vehicles. Good stand for business. Excellent opportunity for any desiring to go into livery business.

NO. 10.

100 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND

Near Oakland. Well timbered. Title indisputable. Price, $8 per acre.

NO. 11.

GOOD DWELLING & LARGE LOT

Near Court House. 10 rooms and out-buildings. Good well of soft water. Terms easy.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,

Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

J. LEE HARNE,

Sign and Ornamental Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

VALUABLE

COAL & TIMBER LANDS

FOR SALE.

The undersigned offers for sale the following valuable Real Estate.

"BANK TERRITORY,"

containing 431 acres, and

"MOUNT PISGAH,"

containing 470 acres.

Both of these tracts are well timbered and are underlaid with a vein of coal from 8 to 11 feet thick, an eleven foot vein being now opened and in operation on the tract known as "Bank Territory." This land lies on or near the line of the W. Va. C. R. R. I also offer for sale a tract of land containing 611 acres, lying and being situate in Grant county, W. Va., near Job Kesner's. This tract is also well timbered and is supposed to be underlaid with coal. All of the aforesaid lands are well suited to farming and grazing purposes.

For any information concerning these lands terms, prices, &c., apply to Peddicord & Thayer, Attorneys-at-Law, Oakland, Md.

EMIL J. DELVAILLE.

May 25th 1886.—3m*

WIN more money than at anything else by taking an agency for the best selling book out. Beginners succeed grandly. None fail. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. B. FAY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals. Also in adjoining counties of West Va.

☞Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.

Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

EDWARD H. SINCELL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

(one door West of Sturgiss' Drug Store.)

Special attention given to Collections the negotiation of Loans.

Sept. 23, 1885.—1 y.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

T. J. PEDDICORD. F. A. THAYER

PEDDICORD & THAYER,

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 4 '84 1y

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

AND

SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals or Maryland.

☞Office in the Court House.

July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

v3n47.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

All business attended to with promptness and fidelity. Particular attention given to Surveying and Investigation of land titles.

☞Office on 2d Street. 5 19 tf

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,

RESIDENT DENTIST,

OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

v3 n48

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Offers his services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. Office and residence on Oak street, second house East of Catholic church.

Sept. 9, 1885.—1 y.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

2 5 3m.

VALUABLE

STOCK FARM

FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Oakland, Md.

LAKE VIEW

PLANING MILL

is now in full operation, and prepared to fill orders for

Flooring, Weather-boarding, Sash, Doors, Frames, Brackets, and Mouldings of all Kinds,

☞Will contract for the erection of buildings.

Orders solicited. Satisfaction guranteed.

C. RATHBURN,

MANAGER.

4 3 9m Mountain Lake Park, Md.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

GOLD fields are scarce, but those who write to Stinson & Co. Portland, Maine, will receive free, full information about work which they can do and live at home, that will pay them from $5 to $25 per day. Some have earned over $50 in a day. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required. You are started free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of snug little fortunes. All is new.

The Iron Wolf.

"I conducted the services two months ago," said a clergyman, "at the funeral of one of my parishioners. He had been a farmer. Forty years ago, as a young man, he commenced work for himself and his young wife with one hundred acres of land, and ended with one hundred. He was a skilled, industrious, working man, but he laid by no money in the bank. I understood the reason as I listened to the comments of his neighbors and friends.

'It was always a warm, hospitable house,' said one. 'The poor man was never turned away from that door.'

'His sons and daughters all received the best education which his means could command. One is a clergyman, one a civil engineer, two are teachers, all lead useful and happy lives.

"Said another neighbor: Those children sitting there and weeping are the orphans of a friend. He gave them a home. That crippled girl is his wife's niece. She lived with them for years. That young fellow who is also weeping so bitterly was a waif that he rescued from the slums of the city."

"And so the story went on, not of a miser who had heaped dollar on dollar, but of a servant of God, who had helped many lives, and had lifted many of them out of misery and ignorance into life and joy.

'On my way home from the funeral I stopped at the farm of another parishoner, who said to me in a shrill, rasping tone:

"'So poor Gould is dead? He left a poor account. Not a penny more than he got from his father. Now I started with nothing, and look there!" pointing to his broad fields. 'I own down to the creek! D'ye know why? When I started to keep house I brought this into it the first thing,' taking an iron savings bank in the shape of a wolf out of the closet. 'Every penny I could save went into its jaws.

"'It's surprising how many pennies you can save when you've a purpose. My purpose was to die worth a hundred thousand dollars. Other folks ate meat; we ate molasses. Other men dressed their wives in merino; mine wore calico. Other men wasted money on schooling; my boys and girls learned to work early and keep it up late. I wasted no money on churches, or sick people, or paupers, or books, and'—he concluded triumphantly,—'and now I own to the creek, and that land, with the fields yonder and the stock in my barns, is worth one hundred thousand dollars. Do you see?' and on the thin, hard lips was a wretched attempt to laugh.

"The house was bare and comfortless; his wife, worn out by work, had long ago crept into her grave; of his children, taught only to make money a god, one daughter, starved in body and mind, was still drudging in the kitchen; one son had taken to drink, having no other resource, and died in prison; the other, a harder miser than his father, remained at home to fight with him over every penny wrung out of their fertile fields.

"Yesterday I buried this man," continued the clergyman. "Neither neighbor, nor friend, son nor daughter, shed a tear over him. His children were eager to begin the quarrel for the ground he had sacrificed his life to earn. Of it all, he only had now earth enough to cover his decaying body.

"'Economy for a noble purpose," added the good old clergyman, "is a virtue; but in the houses of some of our farmers it is avarice, and, like a wolf, devour intelligence, religion, hope, and life itself."—*Youth's Companion.*

Interesting Experiences.

Hiram Cameron, Furniture Dealer of Columbus, Ga., tells his experience, thus: "For three years have tried every remedy on the market for Stomach and Kidney Disorders, but got no relief, until I used Electric Bitters. Took five bottles and am now cured, and think Electric Bitters the Best Blood Purifier in the world."— Major A. B. Reed, of West Liberty, Ky., used Electric Bitters for an old standing Kidney affection and says: "Nothing has ever done me so much good as Electric Bitters." Sold at fifty cents a bottle by Wm. Nydegger.

"I understand that our friend Miss Highnote is singing with considerable success in South America," "Is, eh? Glad to hear it," "That she is singing?" "Yes—in South America."

The Industrial Crisis.

The present appears to be a critical time in the history of labor. Within the past few months our workingmen have suddenly come to the consciousness of great power. Their more compact organization, their more effective weapons of war, have given them advantages that they never had before. The question of the hour is whether they can use this power temperately and wisely. There are ominous signs of a disposition to employ it passionately and vindictively. Men who speak in the interests of selfish capital are heard to express the confident hope that the workingmen will soon overstep the bounds of prudence and justice and ruin their own prospects. That is the real danger. Doubtless, it is hard for those who are smarting under a sense of injustice to be always temperate and judicious; but the welfare of these men depends on keeping their heads cool. Vengeance does not belong to them; and they are strong enough now to be magnanimous.

It is easy for the organizations of labor to cripple by unreasonable demands the industries of whole sections. They have done this thing already more than once. In the stoppages and readjustments thus occuring, great suffering is caused and no advantage is gained. An unjust demand, even if it be temporarily enforced, always reacts on those who make it. The working classes have now tremendous power; they may easily employ it for self destruction. It is quite possible for them to use their power tyrannically; and tyranny will not thrive in this day, the tyranny of a mob no more than the tyranny of an autocrat. This weapon of the boycott with which the labor unions have lately armed themselves is pretty sure to prove a boomerang. If they use it recklessly, there may arise a consumer's union, to fight them with their own fire—to patronize those whom they proscribe. Already the popular indignation at the unscrupulous use of this weapon is so strong that the publication of a boycott has proved, in several cases, an excellent advertisement of the boycotted dealer.

With all the improved enginery of war the labor unions are sure to find that war is dangerous business. It is all the more dangerous because of these improved weapons. It can never be anything else but perilous and destructive. Let not these combatants on either side suppose that they can hurt and maim their antagonists and get no harm themselves.

Over all this wretched strife one can imagine those "better angels of our nature" whose ministry Abraham Lincoln once pathetically but vainly invoked, bending with divine compassion and crying to the embattled hosts with solemn rebuke and benignant appeal: "It is well, brother men, is it well to fight? Is it not better to be friends? Are you not all children of one Father? Nay, are you not, as the great apostle said, members one of another. Your war is not only wholesale fratricide, it is social suicide. It is little to say that you cannot afford to fight; you cannot live apart; you must live for one another. This is the way you were made to live; and you will never have anything but trouble and sorrow till you learn that way and walk in it. The stars in their courses will fight against you until you make peace with one another. Have you not had more than enough of war and its dismal noises and its spectral train of woes; more than enough of silent looms and fireless forges; of children's faces pale with hunger and women's sunken eyes; of hearts made fierce and hard by long cherished enmities; of class arrayed against class and neighbor against neighbor? Oh, put it all away from you—the hate, the suspicion, the scorn; stand here together, brethren as you are, helpers of one another as you must be, and promise one another that you will do what you can, every one of you, to bring the day when between Labor and capital there shall be no longer war, but peace for evermore."—*Washington Gladden in the Century.*

"Do you hire college dudes to wait on the table at this house?" asked an elderly gentleman as he stepped up to the desk of one of our summer hotels. "Well, yes, we do, but I'm afraid you're a little too aged to come under that head." The clerk saw that he had made a mistake when he glanced at the afternoon paper and saw that the Hon. Josiah Jumper and seven daughters were registered at the rival hotel.

Sam Jones' Riches.

[From one of his recent sermons.]

Ten years ago I was poor and the devil tempted me. I was poor then. They say that I am rich now; that I own three splendid plantations in Georgia. When a man has nothing else to do he sits down and lies about Sam Jones. I was born poor and was raised poor. The other day I marshaled my assets—my plunder—and at a fair valuation, when the amount was divided by the number of years I have been preaching, I have cleared just $600 a year. Talmage gets $15,000 a year for preaching fifty sermons a year in his tabernacle, while I work like a stret-car mule for $600 a year. Why don't some of them jump on him, and leave poor little me alone? I could have made $500 for every night I am here by entering into contracts for lecturing, and anyone who believes I am getting $500 a night here must be pretty credulous. If I was looking for money I wouldn't be at the Loveland Camp Grounds. As long as I stay on the right side of God I don't care about the money. "You got $30,000 for your work in Chicago and $15,000 in Cincinnati." If you believe that you are a credulous old gump. I was dog poor, and there is a good deal in that expression. When a fellow is moved around by the conference all that he has to do is to pack up his blacking brush, whistle to his dog and go. I was mighty poor, and the devil came to me and said: "You are poor and in debt. It will take you years to pay the debts off." I have seen the day when I only had one coat, and that had holes in it, and my wife didn't have a good dress. And the hardest thing was to hear some of my old church members say, "I would have more confidence in Jones if he would pay his debts," and I had the only coat I owned on my back, and had paid $2 50 on a debt the day before. I would rather have had a drik plunged in my back. But, thank God, I paid my debts, one hundred cents on the dollar, and was just as good a man before I paid them as I was afterward, for my purposes were good. If any of you here are living in luxury and riding in your carriages, and are in debt, you had better at least get down and walk with your creditors. I'd rather walk to heaven than ride to hell.

From a Grand Army Man.

ELLICOTT CITY, MD., 6 8, 1884.

Dear Sir:—I have been a sufferer for a long time with dyspepsia, and have tried most everything in the way of medicine, but nothing gave me any relief. I procured one bottle of your "AROMANNA," and had only been taking it about six days when I began to feel it was doing me good. I told a number of my neighbors what it had done for me and they commenced using it, and all agree with me that it is the only medicine that will do all that it is recommended to do. One thing about "AROMANNA," while it is acting and cleansing the system it does not weaken, but builds up, adds new strength and imparts new vigor. I do not think I can say too much in favor of it. You are free to use my name in any way you see best, to proclaim the merits of "AROMANNA." It will pay any sufferer to try it.

J. C. MOONEY, Adjutant

A. D. Reynolds, Post No. 23, G. A. R.

Price 25 and 75 cts. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland, Md.

To Succeed in Life.

Accustom yourself to think and act vigorously, and be prompt and decided for the right against the wrong.

Learn your own business thoroughly.

Keep at one thing—in nowise change,

Observe system and order in all you do and undertake,

Never fail to keep your appointments, or to be punctual to the minute.

Be self-reliant; do not take too much advice, but rather depend on yourself.

Never be idle, but keep your hands or minds usefully employed except when sleeping.

Use charity with all; be generous in thought and deed; help others along life's thorny pathway.

Make no haste to be rich, remembering that small and steady gains gives competency, and tranquility of mind.

Make few promises, Always speak the truth, and nothing but the truth; and in your business relations be guided by strict integrity and unflinching honesty.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

MOTHER'S GIRL.

She sits securely by my side,
My bonny, little lass!
The world is cold, the world is wide,
I let the cold world pass;
With Mary smiling up at me,
I care not what the world may be.

She looks into my faded face,
My bonny, little lass!
But does not see the wrinkled place
Where time's rough footsteps pass;
She measures me by love's own rule,
And thinks "mamma is beautiful."

She asks me many curious things,
My bonny, little lass!
"Be angels shaking out their wings?"
She says, when snow showers pass.
I kiss her happy face and say:
"Angels have surely passed this way."

She looks at me with serious eyes,
My bonny, little lass!
Right up to mine the sweet thoughts rise
That through her lashes pass.
She pats my cheek with smile and nod,
And softly asks: "Does you know God?"

And though I can not answer her,
My bonny, little lass!
Queer little questions quaintly stir
The rippling words that pass—
"Is God a Quaker? 'cause, you know,
He thee's and thou's the verses so."

She holds her head against my heart,
My bonny, little lass!
Her eyelids droop, her tired lips rest,
Her thoughts to dreamland pass;
While bending down to kiss that curl,
I hear her whisper: "Mother's Girl!"

—*Julia H. May, in Good Housekeeping.*

THE LOST VOICE.

An Ancient Maiden's Great Agony in Finding It.

It was eleven o'clock a. m., and the village of Slumborough was about to receive its daily shock from the world's great electric battery, after which it would relapse into its usual state of torpor. In other words, the midday train was about to come in, the one that brought the mails and the few passengers that came; the only one, to all intents and purposes, for Slumborough was only a mile of straggling houses set on a branch road of the great Massamitton & Midland railway, and its honest inhabitants were not disturbed unless the whistle of the "night freight" roused them from their bucolic dreams.

The two gentlemen that lived in the neighborhood had driven over to get the mail and were waiting for it in their buggies; the farmers had tied their lank horses to the fence and gone into the small house pinned to an extensive platform that served at once as store, post-office and station; the usual crowd of idle negroes who never missed a train, not even during harvest, had assembled. And now what should came rattling along the cross-road but a modest "rockaway." It contained three ladies and a unique coachman in the person of a little colored girl of about twelve, who was dressed in pink calico, and as to her extremities was barefooted, and wore a black straw hat from beneath which a wilderness of short plaits bristled in the most comical fashion. "Stop! stop! Florinda! where are you going?" called out one of the ladies in an alarmed tone as they crossed the track.

"Don't you hear the whistle! Go on!" shouted another in a resolute, authoritative voice.

"Goodness gracious alive! She will kill us all yet!" exclaimed the third, but for all answer Florinda, who had solved in her own person the woman's rights problem by knowing what she was doing and going straight ahead and doing it, and who, in spite of her age and sex, was an accomplished Jehu, drove safely and cleverly around to the back of the station and stopped where the ladies could step out on the platform with ease. Rolling her immense protruding eyes around at her mistress she said, reprovingly: "Miss 'Stasia, I'se a-driving!" and without further comment the process of disembarkation began.

It was a process, for all three ladies were old and more or less difficult to extract from the small carriage, but Florinda was equal to the occasion. It was worth while to see her guide Miss Anastasia's foot to the step, seize her hand and land her safely, then put up a parasol for her and leave her, to go back and fairly pull out Miss Elizabeth, who weighed two hundred. There was still the timid Miss Roberta, who peered anxiously in the direction of the horse's head and cried out: "He'll start, or kick, or do something! I know he will! Go to the beast, Florinda, hold him!"

Demosthenes could not have convinced Miss Roberta that there was no danger, for she had a mortal dread of horseflesh and there was a bundle of nerves. Florinda didn't try. She simply put one long, firm arm around the lady's waist and brought her out within three feet of her sisters with one determined sweep, collected in a twinkling the shawls and parcels they had brought, bounced back like a ball into the carriage, turned it sharp around, escaping the wheels of a wood wagon by about an inch, bounced out again, knotted the reins, hitched the horses and rejoined her companions.

She found them squabbling mildly as to whether Miss Roberta, who was going to visit an aunt in Ohio, should buy a return ticket or not, and being accustomed to making up their minds for them decided in the negative. She then bounced up to the agent with Miss Anastasia's pocket-book in her hand, bought the necessary bit of paper, and bounced back to Miss Roberts, saying: "Here's your showin', Miss Berta. Look sharp 'bout it. Ef you lose it you'll be put off de train mighty quick, I tell you," a caution which so impressed Miss Roberta that she immediately buttoned it up in the bosom of her dress. Florinda was then off to see about the trunk, and presently returned with the check for it. An impressive roll of her peculiar eyes and a warning: "Widout dis piece ev perservin' kittle you neber see dat new black dress ev you'ra agin long ez you live, Miss Roberta, dat's shore!" sent the precious piece of brass to keep company with the ticket.

The train now rolled in, and the three old ladies, who were devoted to each other and had never been separated for a month in all their lives, consumed so much time in farewells and embraces and cautions that, after all, there would have been no immediate necessity for any thing of the kind, and Miss Roberta would have missed her train had not the sharp and practical Florinda been at the helm. It was she who called out, rather disrespectfully it must be confessed: "Stop dat foolishness! Don't yer see you gwine be left whisperatin' en circumferatin' right here!" And not content with mere words pushed Miss Roberta briskly in the direction of the ladies' car and got her on board. On the platform even that lady paused to say: "Sister, dear be sure to feed my Rouen——" This sentence, if it had been finished, would have had "ducks" in it, but it wasn't. The train started, and with a convulsive lurch or two Miss Roberta disappeared inside. The weather being that of the dog-days the car-windows were all up, and from one of them Miss Roberta saw her two sisters waving their handkerchiefs. She also saw Florinda, who had taken off the black straw and was flourishing it in the air, her innumerable little pig-tails standing out in silhouette against the sky like the quills of the fretful porcupine, her voice sending after the traveler a last caution: "Change kyars at Milford, Miss Roberta!"

"Florinda, you spoke very improperly just now," said Miss Anastasia as they moved away. "Another time I shall certainly not overlook it."

She always said this, and about twice a month declared that she could not be "worried with that child any longer," but all the same she never had the least idea of sending her away. It would have been a most revolutionary proceeding, for Florinda's grandmother was an old family servant—the only one who, undazzled by the brilliant prospects opened to her race by the war, had staid quietly in her Virginia home and grown old with the ladies with whom she had been young, in an exchange of mutual good offices and affection very charming to behold. It was she who had put into Florinda the mainspring of all her actions. "I wuz bawn in dis here fambly—I'se 'gwine die in dis here fambly," the faithful soul would say. "Ez fur you, b'ar dis in mind, fust an' last. Dey is po', but dey is quality. Being po', dey can't go hirin' 'round all sorts er trash like some. Bein' quality, dey warn't brung up to do fur theirselves like some. All dem oder triflin' black niggers done lef 'em long ago. But dat's nothin'. Dey got me to take care of 'em, honey." Bright, active, as full of audacity as resources and impressed with a sense of her own importance, it is not surprising that the child became a power in the house, and indeed out of it, for she could sew, sweep, cook, wash, milk, scrub, drive, and on occasion even plow a little, had a genius for everyday matters, and at her sauciest had only the pert familiarity, or rather took only the innocent liberties of a child or savage—liberties to which Southerners are quite accustomed and which have no root of actual disrespect in them.

But this is a digression, our business being not with this original young African but with Miss Roberta as she whirls along at the local rate of speed, which is not that of the "Flying Dutchman" between Liverpool and London, but allows the curious traveler to look about him just as if he were walking without the fatigue of that exercise. All the same it was an exhilarating experience to Miss Roberta, whose life of utter seclusion made any thing in the shape of change or movement delightful. She had not been out of her own county before for twenty years, or out of her own State in all her life, so that to be going to Ohio was a charming state of affairs somewhat clouded by the unnecessary anxieties and fears that haunt people unused to traveling. Long before Milford was reached Miss Roberta had suffered many pangs that would have struck any one accustomed to the rush and whirl of modern life as utterly absurd. A cosmopolitan American would not have felt sach in a voyage around the world, and though ridiculous from this standpoint, they were very real. How would they know when the train arrived at Milford, when the stations were announced in Choctaw, to all intents and purposes? Suppose she were to get off at the wrong station, or be carried off into that wide world that teemed with dangers to unprotected spinsters! Every time passengers left the car she started up nervously and tried to find out where she was, or sat still, ashamed to make inquiries and dreading the result. Whenever the conductor entered the car she looked at him appealingly to recall to him without further speech the fact that she was there, that she was going to change at Milford, that some dreadful mistake would ensue unless he bore in mind her entreaties that he should see her safely into the western train. Then her purse gave her the gravest concern, it was so slenderly furnished, and there seemed so much danger of losing even that little. Her ticket was another burden, though she put it back in her dress each time after showing it; and, finally, what was to be the fate of her trunk, which wasn't hers, but sister Elizabeth's, who didn't like lending her things?

She was still thinking uneasily of all these perplexities when the train crawled into Milford. Her first fear was realized. The faithless conductor forgot her entirely. But this time the car was unanimously deserted by the passengers, amidst a most confusing banging of doors and rush of trains, and after having made satisfactory inquiry as to whether that was "really Milford," she followed the people near her and soon found herself in a huge covered station. There were trains to the right of her and trains to the left of her. There was a great crowd. She made some more timid inquiries, and the busy officials only half-heeding her sent her first to the wrong gate, where, after fumbling for her ticket and showing it, she was cursorily waved off to another and finally reached the proper train at the last moment. She saw the people from afar streaming in, and just caught up with the procession. "Hold on! Here's another!" said the conductor in charge, and glad enough was she to find herself in harbor once more after the agitating fluctuations of the last few hours. Now all was well! She had only to get off at Smithville where her aunt lived and would see that she was welcomed properly. In two hours more the journey would be at an end.

With these reflections Miss Roberta settled her wraps and parcels in the last seat at the upper end of the car and took the empty one facing it. Once or twice she turned around to have a look at the other passengers as they took their places, and then she sank back against the well-cushioned seat and, as she would herself have expressed it, "addressed" herself to reading the excellent volume of Hannah Moore provided by Miss Anastasia as a certain preventive of possible dullness. It was not the first time she had read it by any means, but novelty in the atmosphere in which she had been bred was not only not essential, even in the matter of books, but considered vaguely dangerous. They had always read Hannah Moore with pleasure, and that a time would come in which they would cease to be "edified" and "instructed" by her (amusement was a mere giddy side issue without weight among grave, superior people) would have struck all the sisters as an almost indecent supposition.

And so it was with serious satisfaction that Miss Roberta turned over page after page of the volume in her hand which she was allowed to dwell upon quite undisturbed, for except to show her ticket when first seated her attention was not once distracted. In the course of the next hour and a half they passed a good many stations at which they stopped for a few minutes, but no one got into her car and no one got out, neither was she annoyed by having the names of the towns bawled at her from afar as she had been on the branch road. It is possible, though, to get enough even of the most substantial repast, and so when she had finished the twelfth chapter of moral reflections human nature began to assert itself, and Miss Roberta groaned twice and began to look about her again.

A glance behind showed her a pretty, chubby boy of about four years old, who was munching with evident relish a large slice of jelly-cake. A lunch-basket was open on the seat near him, from which the child had helped himself, and his mother dozed in the corner.

Attracted by the situation Miss Roberta continued to watch him, at first with smiling approval and then, as cake followed cake, and apples, oranges, figs followed the cakes, with decided disapproval. At last she determined to interfere, and in a loud voice addressed the sleepy parent. "Madam," she said, "I apologise for disturbing you, but I think you can not be aware of the excesses your little charge is committing." She got no answer from the child's mother and abashed turned her head away. Another look—the spectacle fascinated her—showed her the boy making havoc of a thick section of fruit-cake. The next time she glanced in that direction it was an apple, then more fruit-cake, and so on until Miss Roberta could no longer bear the sight and made another appeal to the mother, who still dozed away unconscious of her son's gastronomic feats. Finding that her usual gentle tones had no effect on the sleeper Miss Roberta raised her voice, but even then made no impression. At last she ventured to shake the lady's arm lightly and express her concern about the child. This had the desired effect, for the lady sat up and turned a startled, confused glance upon her, followed the direction of her eyes, shook up the child and replaced him in his corner, closed the basket and resumed her interrupted nap without a word. "Well, upon my word," thought Miss Roberta, indignantly, "here's civility, to be sure! I suppose she is angry with me for interfering, and so hasn't a word of thanks for me, though it is my belief that I have saved that child's life. But what can I expect in Ohio." A rooted prejudice against the West and every thing it contained was part of Miss Roberta's creed, as it is that of a great many worthy persons who know nothing of the region and people they condemn. A moment later two other trifles occurred that she thought equally characteristic. Taking her collapsion-cup in her hand she walked down to the water-cooler at the other end of the car and would have drawn off a glass of water but that she found planted in front of it a gentleman who helped himself freely three times and then stood there rudely blocking the way and staring out of the window. His back was toward her, but, of course, he knew she was there, she argued, as there is nothing about a water-cooler calculated to absorb or enchain the attention of the thirstiest man after he has disposed of a pint of its contents. Miss Roberta coughed. The gentleman did not move, and, feeling that good manners were wasted on such a creature, Miss Roberta pushed past him and laid wrathful hands on the spigot. The gentleman looked surprised, bowed and retired. Miss Roberta slaked her thirst and returned to her seat, or rather the one opposite; but en route, one of the passengers dropped a satchel at her very feet which she politely restored, receiving in return what she thought a very cool nod in acknowledgement. "Not so much as 'thank you!' They are worse than I thought, even," reflected Miss Roberta acrimoniously. Flushed by the increasing heat, and perhaps by her own anger, she proceeded to put up the window near her, and as she looked around she was surprised to catch the eye of a peevish-looking old man who was on the other side, lower down, and seemed to be suffering from face-ache, to judge from the amount of handkerchief passed under his chin and knotted on the top of his head. He seemed any thing but pleased to find a strong fresh current of air sweeping past him, and motioned to her imperiously to put the window down. He waved his hand toward it a second time, and seeing that she had no idea giving in to his wishes, bounced violently out of his seat and under her very nose seized the sash and brought it down so emphatically that the pane was cracked in half and that a few pieces of glass fell out on the floor. Such an exhibition of violence and bad temper paralyzed Miss Roberta and subdued her. If he could do this what was he not capable of? so that beyond a "Your conduct amazes me, sir; it is disgraceful! disgraceful!" she made no attempt to assert her rights, and he seemed perfectly indifferent what she thought so long as he got his own way. At least he made no reply to her indignant little speech, but fell to nursing his swollen cheek again, to absorbed in his woes and the application of a liniment apparently to even look toward her again. Miss Roberta noticed with chagrin that the other passengers had maintained a most apathetic attitude in this fracas. Most of them, indeed, paid no attention to it whatever. Those who were reading did not so much as look up from their books, and on her expressing her views very hotly to the lady immediately behind her that person looked studiously out of the window, as though holding herself aloof from a vulgar disturbance, not committing herself by so much as a single phrase either of sympathy or condemnation. This annoyed Miss Roberta extremely. "Just as if I were in fault! The idea of their not taking the least notice of such scandalous treatment of a lady. Why, in Virginia he would almost have been put off the train, I'm sure! It is so exactly what I should have expected of the West," thought she, as she stiffened perceptibly and leaned back in her corner.

So little breeze sifted in through the window that Miss Roberta was uncomfortable enough, and seeing that a lady opposite (who looked up from some knitting just then and smiled pleasantly on meeting her gaze), had two palmetto fans lying by her unused, Miss Roberta forgot her wounded dignity and asked for the loan of one.

The lady ignored her request calmly, and with her portmanteau and shawl improvised a couch and lay down.

"Well, I do think these people are brazen!" thought Miss Roberta. "Keep your old fan, then! I'd be burnt to a cinder rather than take it now, if you offered it. What would Sister Anastasia and Sister Elizabeth think of you?" She sternly determined to have nothing more to do with them.

"I've often been told that Northern people were not demonstrative and cordial in manners, and that in traveling especially they were very much on their guard against strangers and very reserved, but I had no idea they were so quiet and formal and hateful," mused she, judging of them entirely by her recent experiences and drawing the most sweeping conclusions.

Five minutes later she again forgot her anger, for the train curved boldly away to the right and came upon a beautiful river, on the banks of which she caught a glimpse of a large building with tall towers and an extensive facade. Anxious for a better view she crossed over to a seat occupied by a richly-dressed old lady, who was sitting alone, and with every apology begged to be allowed to look out of her window for a moment. The woman did not heed her apparently, and she walked with swift impatience further down and made the same request to a young man yawning over his newspaper. The same silence met her eager, little speech, and she saw the passengers gazing at her curiously across the way. Utterly confounded she walked rapidly back to her seat, thoroughly perplexed and seeking in her own mind for some explanation of such strange behavior. Her head whirled with the rush of thought. Where was she! What did it mean? How was it that no one had answered a single remark of hers from first to last! What did this stillness mean! Something sinister! Had she really spoken out loud, or only fancied that she had! Like a flash all this came, and more. She remembered that the doctor who had attended her the winter before in a severe attack of bronchitis had said that unless she was very careful she might lose her voice, and at once she felt sure that this was it. Her voice was gone! But how could she be sure after all? She would put it to the test at once by giving a loud call and watching the effect. By this time she was wrought up to the highest pitch of nervous exaltation and was as white as her handkerchief. She sat still, her hands clinched in her lap, and proceeded to put her ideas into execution. First she gave a little shriek, then louder, *louder*, LOUDER! Her eyes were fixed intently on the faces of the passengers, not one of whom stirred hand or foot or noticed it in the least. Trembling in every limb, her heart beating to suffocation, Miss Roberta yelled out in a frantic, despairing way: "Can't you hear me? O-o-o-oh!" and having her worst suspicions realized by the dead silence around her, she tore wildly at her bonnet, dashed off her mantle, and gave such violent expression to her grief and fright that two gentlemen rushed forward and, seizing her, forced her back into her seat, from which she had arisen. This did not tend to compose her, nor did the alarmed faces of the passengers, nor did the fact that when she turned to the man who clutched her right arm so savagely and made a last appeal to him he only shook his head and began to talk to her on the fingers of his right hand. His companion did the same, and she saw several of the others at it. There was no longer any doubt in her mind. Her voice was gone! Or was it her hearing, or other senses? In an hysterical frenzy she broke away from her captors, raced down to the other end of the car, scrambled up on a seat, and rang the bell-cord attached to the engine. The two gentlemen gave chase, recaptured her, and, after a struggle, in which Miss Roberta gave a lively account of herself, dragged her down on the floor. The whole car was in commotion. The train stopped. A severe-looking conductor and an elderly gentleman hurried in to find Miss Roberta in hysterics and her fellow-passengers in an almost equal state of excitement.

When the heroine of this adventure could do so she sobbed out: "You hear me! You are sure you hear me! And I hear you! Thank Heaven! O, thank Heaven!" Copious tears followed, and then: "What is the matter with these people? Are they dead, or crazy, or what?" Explanations followed. The car was a special one in which the inmates of the Hitchcock Deaf and Dumb Asylum were being conveyed to a new building awaiting their occupancy in another part of the State. Miss Roberta had been put into it by mistake, arriving as she did at the last moment in the wake of the "special." They had been quite as much alarmed by her conduct as she had been by theirs, fancying that she had gone out of her mind. Many were the apologies of the kind hearted superintendent, who had been taking his ease in the next car; stern and gruff the comments of the disgusted conductor who removed a meekly-penitent, much-dishevelled spinster promptly to the very last coach of the train, where he mounted guard over her as a dangerous character from whom another outbreak was to be expected at any moment; endless the telegraphing between her late fellow-passengers; immense the relief of Miss Roberta when, a little later, she fell exhausted on the friendly bosom of an affectionate aunt; thrilling the account she gave afterward of what she had thought, felt and suffered during that awful journey. "I spected to hear of some skeery foolishness or udder when Miss Roberta emanated out er dis here house to go ramblin' and scramblin' 'bout de world widout some 'sponsible person like me to take care of her," was Florinda's characteristic comment on the episode when she heard of it.—*Frances Courtenay Baylor, in N. Y. Tribune.*

PUTTING UP A LUNCH.

How to Have It Inviting, Appetizing and in Prime Condition.

At home with the attractions of a well-appointed table, it is an easy matter to serve a dainty and delicious luncheon; in spicy woods on the green grass, the plainest picnic fare proves tempting; but the most elaborate noonday meal when transferred to a lunch basket, and opened several hours after in a dusty shop or back office, shows an obstinacy to attractiveness well nigh impossible to overcome. So few housekeepers send out inviting baskets; so many unfortunates hurriedly dispatch their contents as a matter of necessity, so many others turn away in disgust at the sight of the cake, pie, sauce, pickles, chunks of meat and thick crumbly slices of bread dotted with lumps of butter, promiscuously thrown together, that it would seem to require more than ordinary care and skill to prepare and pack a lunch with pleasing result.

Only those who know by experience its annoyances and difficulties, can imagine the perplexity of the young bride who, "flung neck and crop overboard and commanded to swim or else sink" in the untried waves of domestic duties, finds the additional encumbrance of a lunch basket. Bravely refusing her lover's suggestion to "board" and realizing her inefficiency, she finds time in the busy months preceding her marriage to copy in a blank book the greater number of her mother's recipes from plain soup to rich dessert. Armed with this, and happy in her ignorance, she puts her whole heart into the novelty and excitement of the new housekeeping. And behold the wife, who never in all her life of twenty-four years rose and prepared the morning meal, now stirring at five o'clock, and in the intervals of getting breakfast arranging her husband's noon lunch.

Her inquiry as to what his basket had formerly contained, elicited the information that for six weeks, three hard-boiled eggs daily had helped to "fill up," and in spite of his protestations to his landlady. To avoid wounding her tender feelings by returning them, he shied the unwelcome edibles at barking dogs on his way home, or hid them in a wood-pile. A too generous supply of pastry of various kinds, with dried beef and prune sauce completed the usual bill-of-fare. All this proved no help to our novice except in the way of a warning.

For a time she endured the tin pail in use by her husband; then she hunted the town over and found at last, a pretty straw basket bound with leather, having a strong handle in the lid. The ample room inside prevented the crowding of the eatables, which in the case of the pail had been unavoidable. For napkins, she purchased linen toweling crossed by bars of red. This she cut in squares and hemmed, furnishing enough for a frequent change.

In order to cut thin, even slices of bread, she was particular to have a sharp knife; and to spread well the butter must be warmed. This was a real care; for it passed so quickly from a solid to a liquid, that often other lumps must be furnished. Indeed it was all a real care to our young housewife; and very sleepy work she found it, the unwelcome lamp light necessary in dark winter mornings, smarting her eyes and compelling their attention.

Thin slices of meat she sprinkled with salt and pepper, and sandwiched with the bread or biscuit. Pretty glasses of different sizes were used, according to the sauce; if of rich preserves, a little in a small glass was a sufficiency; if of canned fruit, a larger glass held more; each were provided with tightly fitting lids. Salt and pepper bottles with covers were found most convenient, though often the two condiments could be mixed, it being desirable to use as few dishes as possible.

In undertaking this new duty, our friend had the advantage of having once carried a dinner basket herself, and this in addition to her questioning her husband in regard to the day's collation, and care to conform to his individual tastes, gave her hints to still further improvement. As she became more experienced, she decided that it was not so much the quantity or variety of the food, as the quality and arrangement of it in the basket, that made the cold meal a failure or success.—*Mona F. Purdy, in Good Housekeeping.*

—Dressed Potatoes: Put into a stewpan a piece of butter rolled in flour, a gill of cream, pepper, salt and a very little nutmeg; also the juice of half a lemon; stir these over the fire till boiling. Then add slices of freshly boiled new potatoes, and after warming them up in the above sauce serve very hot.—*Toledo Blade.*

—English brides and grooms will not now need to hurry up their wedding ceremonies as much as formerly, when they could not be performed after twelve o'clock noon. The Queen has given her assent to the Marriage act, which permits weddings to take place between eight and three o'clock.

—It is unsafe to turn cattle in to pasture in wet clover, as it will sometimes produce fatal cases of indigestion.—*Western Rural.*

FASHION NOTES.

Timely Suggestions for Ladies With an Ample Supply of Pin-Money.

The Marquise is the newest lace.

Striped etamine is the ruling fabric.

False chignons are not worn in Paris.

Jewelry is not worn with summer toilets.

The rage for black stockings is on the wane.

Parisians no longer wear high-heeled shoes.

Bustles are less exaggerated in Paris than in London.

Marquise lace has small Spanish designs on Chantilly ground.

Moonstone jewelry set in fine diamonds is very fashionable.

Tight lacing is not practiced by the French women of fashion of the day.

Puffed chemisettes of mull and nainsook are pretty and cool for summer wear.

Sailor hats, Cowes caps and sailor frocks are correct seaside wear for young girls.

Suede stockings are worn with black low shoes and black dresses, but not in the city.

Reds and deep blues remain the favor-seaside colors for walks on the beach and bathing.

All the cream and ecru laces, and all the summer stuffs which imitate laces, are worn to excess.

Malines lace is revived for dress coverings and trimmings over white or united silk or moire.

The traveling dress this season, to be in high fashion, must resemble a riding habit in simplicity and severity of effect.

Crazy cloth comes in cream and pure white, buttercup yellow, tan, ecru, pale rose, baby blue, and delicate heliotrope.

Chemisettes to resemble plaited shirt fronts are worn with summer frocks, the finish of the deep linen collar and man's necktie being considered indispensable.

Jeweled net, lace in the piece, with pendant drops of iridescent or fine cut jet beads, is combined with jewelled Marquise lace edgings on dressy evening frocks, the foundation of which is satin rhadames—white, black or tinted.

The long traveling cloak in use on the other side this summer is the nun's pelisse of serge, pongee, or poplin, gathered about the neck with or without a hood, and with sleeves that are either very long and quite wide or only half long. This pelisse may be lined with self-colored or bright silks, striped or plain, or made with felled seams and unlined.

A magnificent dress lately sent to a lady in Saratoga is of silver gray satin combined with cream white watered silk, and trimmed profusely with point duchesse lace and smoked pearls. The stomacher, collar, cuffs and epaulettes are made entirely of pearls, while boucle pearl fringes fall from the epaulettes over the upper arm and decorate the lace falls on the overskirts. The cost of this dress was $650.—*N. Y. Sun.*

CHEAP CHLOROFORM.

A Discovery Which Promises to Revolutionize the Trade in the Near Future.

Scientists have for a long time been engaged in endeavoring to discover some method by means of which the cost of the production of chloroform could be reduced and at the same time the quality be improved. An Albany chemist claims the credit of discovering such a process. Under the present method of production chloroform is made from grain alcohol, and, as proof alcohol is worth from ninety cents upward per gallon, chloroform can not be made so as to sell with profit at less than ninety cents per pound. Moreover, the article produced contains many impurities. The new method changes all this, and, in fact, revolutionizes the whole chloroform trade. Alcohol as a base is not used, and thus already the cost of chloroform is lessened one-quarter. Wood is decomposed at high temperature, and from the proper chemical treatment of the products of the decomposed wood other products are secured from which the chloroform is obtained. A residuum matter is also obtained which yields acetic acid, or purified acetates. In the manufacture of chloroform by this method one hundred pounds of crude acetate of lime is placed in a suitable vessel and subjected to dry distillation at a temperature of three hundred degrees to five hundred degrees Celsius, until volatile products are no longer condensed. The result is about thirty-two pounds of a liquid, three-fourths of which is of an aqueous nature, while the other fourth forms a top stratum of an oily liquid. The aqueous liquid, which is rich in chloroform-yielding agents, is then removed as ready for use. The oily liquid is subjected to fractional distillation, or, perhaps, by washing with tepid water, and the resulting aqueous liquid is added to that already removed; thus the greater part of the chloroform-producing agents contained in the crude acetates is obtained. In order to produce chloroform from this aqueous liquid a quantity, say nine pounds, is mixed with about forty pounds of chloride of lime, or some other hyperchlorate, and about fifteen gallons of water. The whole is then distilled in the usual manner for the production of crude chloroform. From these nine pounds of liquid from four to five pounds of the crude chloroform is obtained.—*Albany (N. Y.) Cor. Boston Globe.*

—A lady in a railway carriage took out her purse, took therefrom sixpence, and handed it to a well-dressed man who was smoking. "What is this for?" asked the smoker. "It's to buy you a good cigar when you smoke in the presence of ladies," was the reply.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

—In New York a scarlet label lettered in white must be put upon bottles containing preparations in which there are more than two grains of opium or morphine to the ounce. The name and residence of the person for whom the compound is prepared must be placed upon the label.—*N. Y. Mail.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—There are ninety-two distinctively scientific schools in this country with 14,709 students.

—Edinburgh University has decided to establish a degree of Bachelor of Science in Agriculture.

—The Catholic priests in New York meet four times a month and discuss theological subjects in the Latin language.

—Close application to study in school will affect a boy's mind. It will generally affect it favorably, however.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A presiding elder congratulated a pastor in his district on the salubrious air he was living in. "Yes," he naively replied, "if I could live on it as well as in it my lot would be a happy one."—*N. Y. Mail.*

—The *Baptist Weekly* asserts that the concert halls and other resorts where amusements are provided, with the accessory of intoxicating liquors, have proved far more helpful in leading young men, and often older ones, astray than any other agency of evil in New York.

—A Lowell, (Mass.) paper says: Undoubtedly the most extraordinary class in point of height that will be graduated from any institution in America this year is that of Nicholas Latin School in this city. The total height of the seven members is forty-two feet, an average of six feet each.

—Twenty-seven boys in the junior class of Dickinson College refused to engage in the annual oratorical contest if the one young lady member of the class was allowed to compete. She stood to her guns and spouted while the boys rang the college bell to drown her voice, but she carried off the gold medal just the same.—*Boston Journal.*

—English students are less overburdened with reverence than their American brothers. At the recent commemorative celebration at Oxford the appearance of the vice chancellor in his robes was greeted with noisy shouts of "Don't try to imitate Irving!" and when Dr. Holmes was presented a voice inquired: "I say, did you come up in the one-horse shay?"—*Boston Budget.*

—The word "fiend," says an exchange, is now used so commonly as a half-humorous name for all kinds of people who make nuisances of themselves that it is in danger of losing its original meaning. Here is a Western paper referring to a certain clergyman as the "long-sermon fiend," and another which talks about "the church-going fiend." In this part of the country there are a number of non-church-going fiends.—*N. Y. Observer.*

—In June the missionaries of the American Sunday-School Union, in the Northwestern district, under the direction of Mr. F. G. Ensign, established eighty-five new Sunday-schools and brought 315 teachers and 2,480 scholars into them, besides aiding 123 old schools which have a membership of 518 teachers and 4,230 scholars. They also held 243 religious meetings, distributed $551 worth of religious literature and conducted some twenty-five conventions.—*Chicago Interior.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"The sky had on its full dress shirt, with studs of golden stars," wrote a Denver poet.

—It is not a misfortune for a young lady to lose her good name when a nice young gentleman gives her a better one.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—The reason some men never meet with any failures in life is because they never make any efforts to succeed.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Some subjects of discussion are so light that when you stop talking about them you don't hear any thing drop.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—We see a lengthy article going the rounds of the papers headed: "How to Manage a Wife." We didn't read it; no use.—*Kentucky State Journal.*

—It used to be asked about the society man, "What is his business?" Now, however, the inquiry should be: "Who is his father-in-law?"—*N. Y. Mail.*

—Beware of the young man who writes love-letters with a typewriter. They may be dictated, and if he dictates before marriage he will boss afterward.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Never spread an ill report about your neighbor until you know positively that it is true; and don't do it then if he is a good deal bigger than you are.—*Texas Siftings.*

—It is easy enough to be agreeable in society. All you have to do is to listen while the other man talks. If the other man is a woman you've got to listen anyway.—*Cambridge (Mass.) Chronicle.*

—"Has my client any right?" asked a counsellor, out of patience, of a brother-wrangler at the bar. "I know not," was the response: "but one thing is certain—when you get through with him he'll have nothing left."—*Chicago Ledger.*

—Are all the sweet girls graduated? If so, let us resume consideration of the servant-gal problem, where we left off to listen to essays on "Woman's Work" and "Housekeeping as a Fine Art."—*Buffalo Express.*

—It is the fashion in New York "country seats" to have a donkey feeding on the velvet lawn. It looks so rural and homelike! And then when the dude walks over his father's estate he doesn't feel lonesome.—*Boston Traveler.*

—Lightning-rod Agent—"It's dangerous to be under this tree in a thunder-storm. One of us might get killed." Victim—"Well, if you are killed you won't be able to talk any more; and if I am killed I can't hear you. So I guess we'd better stay."—*Toledo Blade.*

—The squeaking noise of shoes can be stopped, according to the *Boot and Shoe Recorder*, by sprinkling powdered pumice-stone between the soles during the process of manufacture, or by driving a dozen of shoe pegs into the soles when the shoes are first used.

—Last year an enterprising New Yorker bought a silver mine down in Arizona for a plug of tobacco. "And this year?" Well, this year an enterprising New Yorker is looking for a man who wants to buy a silver mine down in Arizona for a plug of tobacco.—*Judge.*

TEMPERANCE READING.

THE WIFE'S APPEAL.

Love, I pray you, stay with me,
Shun to-night the revelry.
Let your boon companions meet
In the bar-room if they will,
But oh! never let them greet
One for whom a woman's tears,
Like the mighty dews distill
Constant, through her love and fears,
By the early love you bore
For this heart now faint and sore,
By my love, oh! I implore,
Drink no more!

Can those hours in orgies spent,
Give to you the pure content
That you felt in other years,
Ere the cup had touched your lips;
Ere my eyes were bathed in tears;
Ere your noble soul had lost
Self-respect and manliness?
These have paid the fearful cost,
By the children that I bore,
By the altar where you swore
To protect me, I implore,
Drink no more!

In the great hereafter, love,
When the spirit rests above,
Where the beacon light divine
For earth's weary pilgrims shine;
Where the righteous feet have trod,
At the living bar of God,
That shall judge the world of men,
What the drunkard's password then?
By the blood of Christ who bore
Life from death to Heaven's shore,
By His love, oh! I implore,
Drink no more!

—*L. V. Watkins, in Union Signal.*

ITS DRAWBACKS.

Bascom on the "Troubles" Connected with the Liquor Traffic—Still He Thinks He Has "Dun Well Enuff" in Spite of Them.

"Petroleum V. Nasby," of "Confedrit X Roads," recently proposed to Bascom that he take him into partnership in his "grosery" at that place. To his surprise the proposition was rejected, on the ground that Bascom didn't think the trade would stand two such industrious drinkers. In the course of the conversation Bascom remarked as follows, as reported by "Nasby" to the Toledo *Blade:*

"Likker sellin looks like a mity profitable biznis, but it aint alluz. It hez its drorbax. Yoo see yer customers don't live long enuff to make the biznis ez profitable ez it shood be. Jest ez yoo git a man fairly fixed so that he hez to hev his likker regler, he gits so that he won't work, and consekently don't hev money to satisfy his appetite. That's the trubble. Wat good to me is a man with a healthy longin for stimulant, and no money to pay for it? Ef I cood find a likker wich wood make a man drink without destroyin his capassity for labor, it wood do, for then he cood earn money every day, and spend it every nite in my bar, and it wood be pleasant. But it don't work that way. Ef a man gits drunk Saturday nite and stays drunk all day Sunday he isn't wuth a straw for labor Monday, and ef he gits down to biznis by Thursday he is doing perty well. So you see half his time is lost, and his capassity fur payin fur likker is curtaled by the very likker he drinks. This bustin a man's sistem by stimulants cuts me out a good fifty per cent. uv wat there shood be in the biznis.

"And then another trouble is that every now and then a regler customer gits a foolish spasm, and goes and squanders a part of his earnings on his wife and children. I see only yesterday the little girl uv one uv my best customers go by in a noo calico dress and a noo pair uv shoes, wich I know he hed paid for, for he hasn't bin in my place for four days. And the money wich he paid for them shoes and that caliker dress wood hev bin in my till by this time ef he hedn't squandered it in thet onjestifiable way. Wat rite hed he to do it? Ef his little gal wanted noo shoes and a dress why didn't his wife git the money, by washin and sich? I hate to see noo shoes and noo caliker dresses on the little gals uv my customers. It is jist so much robbed from me.

"And then the trouble we hev with likker don't end with this sort uv thing. When a man hez drunk too much he won't work. The appetite for likker ought to end with a man's capassity for payin fur it, but it don't. He must hev it whether he works or not. And so he cums in and demands credit, and wat are you going to do? Ef you refuse him likker the poor devil mite git his stumick heeled, and mite, possibly, come to a pint wher he wooden't want it at all, wich wood be rooinous. So yoo hev to give it to him on tick, to keep his stumick properly inflamed, so that when he does git to work he will continner to contribbit. Inezmuch es wat he earns when he is at work comes to me anyhow, he never hez any surplus to pay off old scores, and the result is loss uv wat yoo hev advanced. A skore wunst run up alluz stays run up.

"Another trouble with us is the fites wich is inseperable from likker. The breakin uv chares, and glasses, and sich, don't count, but when one uv yoor best customers gits his hed broken so he hez to stay in bed a week and can't git to yoor bar at all, that is hart rendin'. And when they git to shootin'! I shel never forgit how I felt when I saw 'Lish Pogram, the Deekin's oldest son, curled up on this floor, with a hole thro his forehead, with Pete Gavitt, Issacker's oldest brother, a standin over him with his pistol smokin. 'Lish Pogram wuz ded ez a door nale, and he wuz wuth to me at leest three hundred dollars a yeer. And to finish up the disaster, they sent Pete to the penitenshary for life, for a killin uv him, and ther went another three hundred dollars a yeer. Pete committed sooicide before he hed bin ther a yeer, for he and 'Lish hed alluz bin good frends and killin uv him when he wuz drunk kinder preyed onto his mind.

"However, I hev dun well enuff and don't kick. I hev a mortgage onto most uv the farms hereabouts, which, while they don't pay any interest on their notes, it amounts to the same thing, as they spend all the money they make at my bar anyhow. I hev a mortgage on their laber, that is the laber uv their wives and children.

"The reglers die too soon, but ther is the children comin up, and that is a shoor resource. They claim the rite to go wher ther dads go, and they cum. They come shoor. And ez ther stomicks is fresh, for a few yeers they kin stand a great deel uv likker, and still do a tollable day's work. It is a sad fact that yer old customers die off mity fast; but the young 'uns cum in to take ther place, and they sort o' keep the thing runnin.

"But yoo'd never do fur the biznis, Parson, never. It requires, to keep a bar at the Corners, a cool head, and absloot abstinence, till after the bar is closed. Yoo want to know who to trust and who not, you want to know when to interfere in a fite, and when not, and you want, above all, not to drink up yoor cappytle yooself. Yood never do fur the bizness, never."

The Women and Children.

It is the women and children who suffer the evils of whisky-drinking; not the toper who spends his money for drink, and thinks he gets compensation in feeling good and becoming unconscious or extra ugly. The women and children have rights as well as the toper, yet the advocates of saloons overlook the fact. Only the drinker has rights; but there is coming a time when the women and children will be respected. The Chicago *Tribune*, a paper which advocates license, puts in the following plea for women and children: "One of the mayor's daily duties is to hear about forty individual petitions from the wives and dependent relations of men who are confined in the bridewell. The cases presented for official clemency are almost uniform in their nature. A hard-working man with a large family of children, and receiving barely wages enough to sustain them, gets drunk. He abuses his wife and children, and for protection the wife appeals to the police. The next morning the wife is compelled to appear before a justice; she is forced to tell her story to the justice, and before she has finished the recital of her sufferings the court interferes with 'one hundred dollars and costs.' Then the husband is hustled off to the bridewell to serve a six-months' imprisonment, and the weeping and penniless woman returns to her children, who are crying with hunger. The husband is not suffering; he gets his food, a place to sleep, and nothing to do, while the woman is obliged to labor for the bread her children must have or starve. The punishment falls alone upon the woman, while the man is the real offender."—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

Frightful Figures.

Nearly 628,000,000 glasses of beer were brewed and 339,000 gallons of whisky manufactured during the fiscal year ending June 30 last in First Internal Revenue District of Pennsylvania. These figures are obtained from Collector of Internal Revenue Gerker's first annual report recently forwarded to Washington. Colonel Gerker's district embraces the counties of Philadelphia, Delaware, Chester, Montgomery, Bucks, Berks, Lehigh and Schuylkill. A comparison of the present report with those of former years shows a steady increase in the manufacture of malt liquors and a decrease in distilled liquors, there having been more than 500,000 gallons of distilled liquors made during the year ending June 30, 1884. There were 1,395,079 barrels of beer and other fermented liquors brewed in the district during the period named for which the Government received in taxes $1,360,199.55. Averaging 450 glasses to a barrel the grand total reaches 627,785,550, or 50 glasses for every man, woman and child in the eight counties named. The people who drank this had to pay $31,389,277.50 for the pleasure. This is nearly three times as much money as was paid in taxes by the people of Philadelphia during the year 1885. Saloonkeepers calculate upon getting 65 drinks out of a gallon of whisky. According to Colonel Gerker's returns there was enough liquor distilled to supply 22,038,705 drinks, which, at 10 cents each, represent an expenditure of $2,203,870.50.—*Irish World.*

Why Hard Times.

The only benefit that labor can derive from the consumption of any article is the value of the labor in producing it. Whisky is sold to-day at an average of six dollars per gallon, and out of that sum labor gets the value of the labor expended in producing the gallon of whisky. The market value of the whisky, less the tax which represents no labor, is seventeen cents. So that every time a gallon of whisky is purchased labor can get in return but seventeen cents if it gets the full value of the whisky, which it does not, for capital claims its share.

A bolt of cotton cloth valued at six dollars contributed to labor in producing it four dollars, so that whenever six dollars is diverted from the purchase of whisky labor loses the difference between seventeen cents and four dollars.

This loss to labor amounts annually to the wages of more than 1,250,000 men at the present wages.—*XVIth Amendment.*

IN New York there are indications, if not of a speedy coming of the millenium, certainly of an advance toward a better condition of public morals. It has come to pass there that liquor can not be sold under license for exhibitions and concerts; and that such exhibitions or concerts can not be given under a liquor license. This disagreeable complication recently forced an indefinite postponement of a long-advertised prize-fight between Sullivan and Mitchell. The idea of a theatrical license at $600, with no liquor sold on the ground, gave the enterprise a fainting fit.—*Interior.*

SAFETY is commonly promoted by a sense of danger. Caution is an accompaniment of courage. Not he who is sure that he will never fall or fail stands firmest in the hour of peril; but he who realizes the necessity of watchfulness at every step and on every side, and who knows that he will surely be overthrown unless he is alert, and is persistently determined. He who feels that *he* is in no danger of being overcome by a love of drink, if he is not a total abstainer, is by his very confidence in peculiar peril. If no one else is in danger of becoming a drunkard, *he* is.—*S. S. Times.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Buttermilk and lemon juice are harmless cosmetics for removing sunburn and freckles.—*Exchange.*

—A good mixture for sowing is a bushel and a peck of orchard grass and half a bushel of oat grass.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—It is best to water plants in the evening. Make a few holes around the plant so as to allow the water to run down to the roots.—*Troy Times.*

—Chickens should be fed at least four times a day till they are at least twelve weeks old, and for the next few weeks three times a day.—*Boston Post.*

—Sweet Omelet: Beat up the eggs as usual, and just before it is folded in the pan, add a heaping teaspoonful of jelly, preserves or other ingredients that fancy may suggest.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Colonel Curtis, of New York, states that alsike or Swedish clover introduced on his farm twenty years ago still holds possession of the soil. He regards it as preferable to either red or white clover for pasturage or hay.

—Omelet With Herbs: Beat up three eggs and add to them a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, mixed with a few chives. Pour into the pan, and before folding season with salt and pepper; fold and turn out on a hot dish.—*Boston Budget.*

—Members of the Elmira (N. Y.) Farmers' Club, at a late meeting asserted that innumerable tests have shown that posts made of red cedar would last indefinitely, certainly a hundred years, for posts are now standing in that vicinity which have been set and reset many times, covering a period of eighty years or more, and they are still sound.

—Provide watering places for your cows so that they will not have to travel long distances to drink. Unless you do, your cows will go without water until they get very thirsty. When they do drink, they will drink too much and make themself feverish. This is a condition unfavorable to the production of the largest quantity of the best quality of milk.—*Montreal Witness.*

—Veal Cream Soup: Boil the remnants of a roast veil until the meat falls from the bones. Strain and cool. The next day put on to boil, with a slice of onion and one-third of a cupful of raw rice. Let it simmer slowly for an hour. Add salt and pepper to taste. Just before serving add one cupful of rice milk, or cream if you have it, heated in a separate dish.—*The Caterer.*

—Apple Float: Six large apples, two spoonfuls white sugar, juice of one lemon, whites of three eggs. Stew the apples very soft and lay them on a sieve to drain and cool. Remove the skins and cores before cooking. When cool put them on a flat dish, add the sugar, lemon and egg, and beat with an egg-beater to a stiff froth. Fill your bowl of custard cups with soft custard, and pile the froth on it as high as it will stand.—*Exchange.*

THE BEST WOOL.

It Can Not Be Produced Unless the Sheep Are Kept in Prime Condition.

Every man who grows wool wants to grow the best; or, if not the best, the best of the kind which he grows. It may not be the best kind, but it should be the best of its kind. Although not the best kind for some purposes, it may be the best for others. Every man should aim at excellence, whatever he does. As the trite old adage has it, "whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well." This principle applies to wool-growing, and mutton-growing, as well as to any thing else. Indeed, it has a universal application.

But how is the farmer to grow the best wool of its kind? Simply by keeping his sheep in the best condition all the while. The sheep that is in its best possible condition, will grow the best wool it is possible for it to grow. Uniformity of condition is an important point, and necessary to the production of a fibre of wool of uniform quality and strength its entire length. The sheep must not be gorged one month and starved the next. If it is, depend upon it the fiber of the wool will show the weakness produced by starving. Neither must it suffer for want of water, or salt, or even shelter. If it does, the expert can find it recorded in the fiber of the wool.

All know very well that the hair of people is affected by sickness and often falls out. It also gets dry and harsh and dead at the ends. The hair of a person in perfect health appears very different from that of a person in poor health. The wool of sheep is affected in the same way, by health and sickness; and as sheep are often exposed to wider and more severe extremes than persons are, their wool is more affected than the human hair. Sheep sometimes shed their wool because of sickness. In case of suffering from cold and lack of food the wool will sometimes stop growing and when it starts again the place of stopping and starting will be distinctly marked on the fiber of the wool by a bad place. There is nothing like a uniformly good condition, with no shocks given to the system of the sheep, for producing a uniform fiber and the best possible wool.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

Thinning Root Crops.

It may seem sometimes a hard thing to do to pull up promising plants and throw them away, and a farmer is thus tempted to permit the roots to stand too close in the rows. But it is indispensable to success that the plants have plenty of room. Large roots weighing from ten to sixteen pounds can not be grown at less than sixteen inches apart, and eighteen inches is better still. At this distance, with full rows, there will be 9,800 roots to the acre, and if the roots average ten pounds, which is not at all difficult to reach, there will be forty-nine tons to the acre. At half the distance the roots may only average three pounds, making only little more than twenty-nine tons to the acre. The same applies to corn, for all plants need abundant feeding space for the roots, and must not be crowded much.—*American Agriculturist.*

A BUSINESS RUSH.

How a Humane Dakota Coroner Encouraged a Drowning Man.

A man once fell off of a Missouri river steam-boat, and his fare being paid the boat of course steamed rapidly around a curve and was soon lost to view. While struggling in the water a skiff approached and a man in it called out:

"Hey, there, partner, hurry up!"

"For heaven's sake take me in your boat before I drown!" replied the man in the water.

"Ain't quite ready fer that perceedin' yet, my friend," returned the first speaker, beginning to back off. "Come, can't wait all day."

"What do you mean?"

"Mean! don't you know me?"

"No."

"Well, I'm the coroner of Morton County, and if you want a purty fair funeral and a first-class verdict and not go floating down the river without a friend in the world you want to hurry up and get under. There are a couple of the boys getting full over here at the town and I expect they'll begin to shoot pretty quick and I'll have to 'tend to those cases, so if you have any self-respect you'd better hurry up."—*Estelline (D. T.) Bell.*

YOU can prevent milk from souring in a thunder storm by drinking it just before the storm begins.

STRAWBERRY boxes probably need no cover because the bottom is so near the top.

Is There a Cure for Consumption?

We answer unreservedly, yes! If the patient commences in time the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," and exercises proper care. If allowed to run its course too long all medicine is powerless to stay it. Dr. Pierce never deceives a patient by holding out a false hope for the sake of pecuniary gain. The "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured thousands of patients when nothing else seemed to avail. Your druggist has it. Send two stamps for Dr. Pierce's complete treatise on consumption with numerous testimonials. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

A CHICAGO paper says Mr. Multum has settled in that city. Then he is no longer in Parvo.—*Texas Siftings.*

THOUSANDS of women bless the day on which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" was made known to them. In all those derangements causing backache, dragging-down sensations, nervous and general debility, it is a sovereign remedy. Its soothing and healing properties render it of the utmost value to ladies suffering from "internal fever," congestion, inflammation, or ulceration. By druggists.

WHY is a locomotive like a comet? Because it has a headlight and carries a long train.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

Harvest Excursions.

On August 18, September 8 and 22 the Chicago & Northwestern railway will run cheap excursions to Minnesota and Dakota, for which lower rates have been made than have ever before been quoted to these points. For full particulars address—R. S. Hair, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

COUNTRY board that is much sought after in the summer—the guide board.—*Boston Bulletin.*

BALDNESS and dandruff can be prevented by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

Quinine relieves only temporarily in fever and ague. Ayer's Ague Cure cures permanently.

OF course it's the saline quality of the sea that makes it easy to sail in.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

DR PIERCE'S "Pellets"—the original "Little Liver Pills" (sugar-coated)—cure sick and bilious headache, sour stomach, and bilious attacks. By druggists.

How Illinois a dog can make. Sometimes it Texas long to see the point of such a pun.—*Prairie Farmer.*

"PA," said Bobby, sleepily, "can I ask one more question, if 'taint foolish?" "Ya-as, one more." "How much older is a ripe old age than a green old age?"—*Peck's Sun.*

THE Board of Trade—A shop-keeper's sign.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

THE baker is the only loafer entitled to respect.—*Troy Times.*

FACTS and mules are stubborn things.—*National Weekly.*

THE moth exhibits much taste in dress.—*Boston Transcript.*

IT is no reflection upon a yacht to accuse her of beating.—*Albany Argus.*

SOME youths shave against the beard, while others shave down only.—*Prairie Farmer.*

DOES a native of Poland who goes to Boston become a bean-Pole?—*Chicago Ledger.*

WHOLLY uncalled for—A dead letter.—*N. Y. Independent.*

THE key of a butcher's voice is beef-flat.—*Prairie Farmer.*

A FINE imposing man—a police judge.—*Texas Siftings.*

A WISEACRE don't always grow big crops—*Waterloo Observer.*

ARTISTS should never neglect being vaccinated, as they are always sketching something.

A CONCISE and bright drama in two acts: Act 1—A little boy and a river. Act 2—A river; no little boy.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

VERY thin ice will support a man in summer—that is, if he is an ice dealer.—*Boston Traveller.*

A BOSTON paper says that a wedding was recently celebrated in that city in which both bride and groom were deaf-mutes. The newly wedded pair are no doubt unspeakably happy.

Hot Weather

Causes the blood to heat and get into a depleted condition, and weakens the whole system, thus giving opportunity for scrofula, salt rheum, boils and humors to come to the surface. The blood should be purified and vitalized by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will expel all impurities and give tone and strength to the whole body.

"I had four scrofulous sores come on my feet, which grew so bad that I could not wear a shoe. Nothing which I took did me any good, till one day I saw Hood's Sarsaparilla advertised in the paper, and decided to try it. I have taken two bottles and the sores are almost entirely healed." MRS. ADDIE PITTS, South Potsdam, N. Y.

"I took Hood's Sarsaparilla for dyspepsia, which I had for nine or ten years, suffering terribly with it. It has entirely cured me, and I recommend it to others who suffer with this disease." MRS. A. NORTON, Chicopee, Mass.

"I used Hood's Sarsaparilla for dyspepsia with the best results." A. CULVER, Council Bluffs, Ia.

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"THAT was a smart trick," remarked the man who had been presented with a cayenne-pepper lozenge.—*Chicago Ledger.*

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

NO MAN would hang a picture frame because of its gilt.—*Orange Observer.*

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

BOOK-KEEPING taught in one lesson—Do not lend them.

OH! MY BACK

Every strain or cold attacks that weak back and nearly prostrates you.

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A God-send is Ely's Cream Balm. I had catarrh for 3 years. My nose would bleed. I thought the sores would never heal. Ely's Cream Balm has cured me.—Mrs. M. A. Jackson, Portsmouth, N. H.

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Cuts and Bruises,	Screw Worm, Grub,
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Contracted Muscles,	Lameness,
Stiff Joints,	Swinny, Founders,
Backache,	Sprains, Strains,
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THE REPUBLICAN

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Correspondents must enclose full name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a private guarantee of good faith. Rejected communications will not be returned.

SATURDAY, AUG. 21, 1886.

Mr. A. S. Abell, proprietor of the Baltimore *Sun*, celebrated the 80th anniversary of his birth on the 10th inst., at Guilford, his Baltimore county residence.

The Prohibitionists in their capacity of Assistant Democrats have no reason to complain of lack of appreciation. The Pennsylvania Democracy is reported as contemplating with glee the purpose of the Prohibitionists to run candidates fot the Legislature in every district, the Democrats hoping in this way lo control the Legislature and elect Senator Mitchell's successor.

The publication in the Mexican government organ of the judicial proceedings in the Cutting case, while not putting a new aspect upon it, brings out a point which some American lawyers saw from the first, but which the public was too excited to notice: That the republication in the El Pasco Sunday *Herald* of the libel first published in *El Centinela*, of Paso del Norte, and the circulation of it in Mexico by Cutting, made the offense a continuing one. The republication was not a separate offense the Judge argues, and American lawyers have admitted, against which he can set up the defense that it was committed on American soil. He is not held responsible for an act committed on our soil, which makes him amenable to our laws only, but for an act committed on Mexican soil. He is held for circulating the libel in Mexico, and not for publishing it in Texas.

Good Campaign Capital.

The Baltimore *American's* Washington correspondent, under date of August 15th, says:

The Republican congressional committee has started into its campaign work with a light heart and a free hand, for the duties will be pleasant, as there is so much matter to handle and distribute reflecting to the good of the Republican party. The committee need only take the President's message and see what a Democratic House has done to help along the President's recommendations. With the fishery question, for instance, nothing has been done. In the matter of the continuation of the Mexican treaty the Democratic majority of the Ways and Means Committee of the House all voted in favor of its abrogation. They treated the Hawaiin treaty the same way. Nothing was done for the survey of the frontier line between Alaska and British Columbia. Nor was anything done to repeal the act relative to trust funds held by the government. The House did not pay any attention to the correction of naturalization laws, as requested by Mr. Cleveland. The President particularly advocated the increase of appropriations for maintainance of the diplomatic and consular service, so that the representatives of the government abroad might live at least with the necessary comforts of life. What did the House do with this? Perry Belmont offered a bill, but the Appropriations Committee, manipulated by Randall and Holman, made the appropriations smaller and meaner, if possible, than ever before. Not only did they refuse to increase the amounts, but the House would not listen to purchasing necessary quarters for legations in China, Japan, Corea, Siam, Persia, etc. Then the revision of the tariff, as necessary in some branches, was killed off by the free-traders. Nothing could be done toward suspending silver coinage; indeed, the Democrats tried to pass a bill for unlimited silver coinage. The signal service was not transferred from the War Department to the Interior, as requested. No change of law for court martial, or a law for building bridges over navigable waters, or modification of laws relating to public lands, or laws to suppress the Mormon evil, or laws for prevention of the importation of disease among cattle, or laws regulating fees for marshals and district attorneys, or a bill to make a new assistant postmaster general, as greatly needed by the increase of postal service. None of these were passed. Nor did the Democratic House comply with the President's request in regard to the new navy. Instead they cut down the Naval Appropriation bill and passed an emasculated bill only as a starter. The court dockets are overburdened, and new judges were asked for and not given. Nor was the Indian Commission allowed to take into consideration the condition of the Indian wards of the nation. The Democratic House refused to concur with the Republican Senate's bill for the forfeiture of unearned railroad land grants. The Democratic House refused to aid the Civil Service Commissioners in anything proposed for the benefit of the service, and would not listen to the President's recommendation to increase the salary of the commissioners. The District of Columbia was entirely overlooked. The Hewitt bill for the proper administration of the custom law was killed by Morrison and his crowd. The Republican Senate passed a bankruptcy law and the Democratic House pigeon-holed it; likewise the Educational bill. The House did pass the surplus resolution against the wishes of the administration, and it was vetoed or died, because the President would not sign it. The Electoral Count bill was pigeon-holed. The House refused to agree to the Fortification bill, although Tilden, the leader of the party, begged them to pass the bill. When this record of nothing done is looked over, is there a wonder that the Republican committee is pleased with the prospects?

Mr. Tilden and his "Wrongs."

The Star is the organ of the Administration in New York. It aims to be the organ of the National Democracy. From the Democratic point of view it may be supposed that Mr. Dorsheimer's *Star* is of the Orthodox faith. Referring to the time when Mr. Tilden forbore to plunge the country into civil war because the people refused to elect him and the Electoral Commission declined to give him a title to the Presidency, the *Star* says:

All the later years of his life Mr. Tilden strove to make his countrymen forget his recreancy at that fateful time. But the assertions that have been made in his behalf are either false or only true in part. He was the leader of his party, but he refused to lead. He was looked to as the guide of the people, but he had no counsel to give. There is no stranger no more pitiful spectacle in history than this wise old statesman, striving by his wily arts to meet the requirements of a time which could not be met except by open and defiant action.

This is fairly entertaining, and yet is surpassed by an open confession which will bother those Democrats who sniffle over the "great frod," but have nothing to say against the desperate efforts of Mr. Tilden's agents to buy for him the disputed States:

We will not speak of the other occurrences of those days, nor accuse him of complicity in their dark transactions and disclosures of which took from his cause its moral support and robbed it of the people's sympathies. He had not only lost the day, but those who stood nearest to him made it impossible to redress his wrongs. At this time we have thought that our duty would be best performed by telling the truth in plain phrase.

The translation of cipher dispatches only proved what was known before of the "dark transactions," and it was too much to ask that the people should make a hero-martyr of a man in whose behalf these things had been attempted. This the two subsequent Democratic National conventions knew, and this is why it was conceded to be "impossible to redress his wrongs"—that is to say, impossible to elect Mr. Tilden to the Presidency. This is why the "frod" cry petered out.

There is even now a strange fascination about those cipher dispatches which went back and forth between New York and the south, and between New York and Oregon, though for some season Democratic newspapers find little pleasure in them. For example, there was that entertaining dispatch from the famous Patrick to Tilden's nephew Pelton, sent to Tilden's house from which the negotiations were being conducted:

PORTLAND, November 28, 1876.

To W. T. Pelton, No. 15 Gramercy Park, New York:

Certificate will be issued to one Democrat. Must purchase a Republican elector to recognize and act with Democrats and secure the vote and prevent trouble. Deposit $10,000 to my credit with Kuntz Brothers, Wall street. Answer.

J. H. F. PATRICK.

And this one from the Governor to the "old man" himself.

DECEMBER 1, 1876.

To Hon. Sam. J. Tilden, No. 19 Gramercy Park, New York:

I shall decide every point in the case of post-office elector in favor of the highest Democratic elector, and grant certificate accordingly on morning of 6th inst. Confidential.

GOVERNOR.

Somebody telegraphing from New York and withholding his name, asked Patrick, "How soon will Governor decide certificate? If you make obligations contingent on result in March, it can be done, and slightly [more] if necessary." Then another somebody who didn't sign his name telegraphed from Portland to Pelton, Gramercy Park, "Governor all righ without reward. Will issue certificate Tuesday. This is a secret. * * * Will take $5,000 for Republican elector; must raise money; can't make fee contingent. * * *

The money was sent and the conspirators were happy. These are only a few nuggets from the cipher dispatch mine. They are enough to recall the whole output and to remind people of short memory of the desperate attempt of Mr. Tilden and "those who stood nearest to him" to buy the Presidency. This was the "great wrong" of that time, and the country was saved the disgrace of it. Strange that the Democratic party isn't willing to "let the dead past bury its dead."—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

The Small End of the Horn.

It is a pitible thing for a great nation like this to enter an international complication with words of menace, and when confronted with defiance come down and begin to compromise. Mr. Bayard, by sending Mr. Sedgwick to Mexico to ascertain and report facts, has placed himself and the country in a humiliating position.

Almost the first thing that the general public knew of the Cutting affair was that our State Department had demanded his immediate and unconditional release from a Mexican prison. Then came the Mexican refusal. Then came correspondence between our Consul Brigham, at El Paso del Norte, and the Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs at Mexico. Then came conferences between the Mexican Minister and Secretary Bayard. All this while Mr. Bayard was assuring the public that Cutting would be released. It was a concession in the case all around that Cutting was held for a libel committed on American soil. Consul Brigham reported the facts officially to Mr. Bayard. What Mr. Sedgwick may report is unofficial. The conferences between Romero and Bayard were official, while the facts which Sedgwick may collect will not be. If there were any need for ascertaining facts outside of these Sedgwick should have beed sent to find them before Bayard issued his peremptory demand for Cutting's release. It is deplorably weak to send him now after that peremptory demand has been refused.

It really looks as though Mr. Bayard felt that he ought to do something impressing, and thinking that the Canadian fishery question was somewhat dangerous, he would pitch in and bully Mexico. He began by big bluster, and has been tapering off ever since. Mexico, instead of crouching down, showed fight, and then this great republic comes down. The eagle that began to soar and scream now roosts exceedingly low, for the American citizen whose liberation was haughtily demanded was kept in prison. The principal upon which he was held in Mexico to answer an offence committed on our soil has not been abandoned. He has been tried and convicted and sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor—and now Mr. Bayard sends Sedgwick down to ascertain and report the fact. The Mexicans think that we strutted into a quarrel and then sneaked out of a fight.

The weakness that Mr. Bayard has shown in this matter endangers the peace between Mexico and the United States far more than would a resolute insistance upon Cutting's release; for the Mexicans now think that we are afraid of them, and their insolence will increase, while we on our side, conscious of humiliation in this affair, will be more touchy than ever and eager for a fight.

It is a tissue of blunders. The department should not have taken up Cutting's case so hastily. It should have made sure of the facts first. Then when it made the demand for the release, it should have sent a few regiments to El Paso and a ship or so to Vera Cruz. It should not have blustered with the local authorities of Chihuahua, and at the same time accepted the oral assurances of Minister Romero that Cutting would be released. Secretary Bayard has made a complete botch of it. Even a Democratic House of Representatives ignored the resolutions of approval which he wrote and tried to have passed.—*Balto. American.*

Just Forty Years Ago.

[From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

In 1835 the people of Texas, mostly colonists from the United States, finding the despotism of Mexico, of which country Texas formed a part, intolerable, rose in rebellion, and after about half a year's fighting achieved their independence. General Samuel Houston, the most conscicuous Texan soldier, became president of the new republic in September, 1836. Six months later the United States acknowledged the independence of Texas. Mexico did not relinquish its claim to Texas, although making no further formal attempt to subjugate it. Then, as now, the Sabine river formed the eastern boundary of the Texan republic, and the Rio Grande the western. After solicitation on the part of Texas it was annexed to the United States in 1845, the act of Congress which brought it about being signed by President Tyler on March 1st of that year, three days before the expiration of his term of office. This led to the war between the United States and Mexico.

James K. Polk, who succeeded Tyler as president, had been nominated and elected because of his advocacy of annexation. One of his first official acts was to send General Zachary Taylor, with a force of about four thousand men to occupy the territory between the Neuces river and the Rio Grande, in Texas. The United States contended that the latter river formed Texas' western boundary, while Mexico insisted that the former, about one hundred miles to the eastward, constituted the westerly line. Taylor reached the Rio Grande, opposite Matamoros, on March 28, 1846, and erected Fort Brown. The Mexicans also began fortifying their side of the river. General Ampudia, the Mexican commander, ordered Taylor to retire beyond the Neuces, saying that non-compliance would be regarded by Mexico as a declaration of war. Taylor refused to fail back, and said that if Mexico insisted on a conflict the United States would not avoid it. A collision occurring, in which the Mexicans were the aggressors, President Polk asked Congress for men and money to carry on the war forced upon the country by Mexico. Congress at once appropriated $10,000,000, which was deemed a large sum for any such purpose in those days, and empowered the President to call for 50,000 volunteers. This force was quickly raised, but before they were placed in the field hostilities had actually begun.

General Arista, who succeeded Ampudia as commander of the Mexican army on the Rio Grande, crossed that river into Texas on May 8, 1846, with 6,000 soldiers, and attacked Taylor, who had only 2,300 men. The Mexicans were defeated with great loss. This was the battle of Palo Alto, the first regular engagement in the Mexican war. Ampudia retired to Resaca de la Palma, where he was attacked the next day by Taylor and driven across the river into Mexico, Taylor, who was then promoted to the rank of major-general, invaded Mexico and occupied Matamoras. Receiving reinforcements, he began his march into the interior of Mexico in September, and on the 24th of that month, after desperate fighting which continued several days, he captured Monterey. The American force in that battle was 6,625, nearly all volunteers, while the Mexicans consisted of 10,000 regulars. Part of his army was then sent to reinforce Gen. Scott, who entered Mexico from Vera Cruz. On February 22, 1847, Taylor, with 5,000 men, defeated 21,000 Mexican veterans under Santa Anna at Buena Vista. This was the last battle in Taylor's campaign, the Mexicans not attempting to interfere with the Americans in that portion of Mexico during the remainder of the war.

In August, 1846, Gen. Stephen Kearney marched from Fort Leavenworth and wrested New Mexico from the mother country. He then went to California, which had also been a portion of Mexico up to this time, and found that Col. John C. Freemont and Commodore Stockton had conquered that province in the name of the United States. The victorious career of the Americans was continued by 1,000 Missouri volunteers under command of Col. Doniphan, making a descent on the city of Chihuahua and capturing it.

Fifteen days after the battle of Buena Vista, Gen. Scott, with 15,000 men, invested Vera Cruz, the principal seaport of Mexico, defended by its strongest fortress, which was scon captured. Then began another series of American victories as brilliant and conspicuous as those won by Gen. Taylor five hundred miles to the northwest a few months before. That at Cerro Gordo took place on April 18, followed by the capture of Jalapa on the 19th, Perote on the 22d, and Puebla on May 15. Being reinforced he stormed and captured Contreras and Cherubusco on August 20. An armistice ending without result, Chepultepec was taken by assault on September 13, and the following day the American army entered the City of Mexico, the capital of the country, and flung the stars and stripes to the breeze from the top of the national palace. This ended hostilities.

The Americans, whether under Taylor or Scott, had been successful in every battle fought, although confronted with superior numbers, in a country which interposed great natural obstacles to the march of an invading army. Considering the results attained and the difficulties surmounted with the means at command, those campaigns should rank with the most conspicuous military exploits recorded in the annals of war, and deserve a place in history beside Alexander's subjugation of Asia, Cæsar's conquest of Gaul, Bonaparte's overthrow of Prussia, Nathaniel Green's campaign against Cornwallis and Sherman's march to the sea.

On February 2, 1848, about five months after Scott entered the Mexican capital, the treaty of Gaudalupe Hidalgo was negotiated, and a few weeks later Mexico was evacuated by the American troops. Mexico in this treaty conceded the Rio Grande as the westerly boundary of Texas, and gave New Mexico and California to the United States, our country paying Mexico $15,000,000 and assuming Mexico's debts to American citizens, providing those debts should not exceed $3,500,000. Thus ended the third and last war waged by the United States against a foreign power.

The principal of the public debt was $15,550,202 on July 1, 1846, which had grown to $47,044,862 on July 1, 1848, an increase of $31,494,660, nearly all of which growth was caused by the war.

Will Stick to the Order.

PHILADELPHIA, August 15.—The *Press* prints the following: "Should it ever come to pass that I would be called upon to choose between the Church of Rome and the Knights of Labor," said Josh J. Mulvey, of District Assembly No. 1, yesterday, concerning Cardinal Taschereau's condemnation of the Knights of Labor, "I most emphatically say that I would stick to that great labor organization, with which I have been connected so long. I am a Catholic, and I think that religion is the best in the world, but I am astonished at the position the Church has taken, and I do not approve of it. I think it a big mistake. There is nothing in the order that should prevent the most devout Catholic from joining it. Everything connected with it members of the Church are at perfect liberty to communicate to any priest of the Church. It is an organization of the poor down-trodden masses, trying to get that to which they are justly entitled, and it is my candid opinion that for the Church to antagonize the order is not a stroke of good policy on the part of the Church.

"Should the decree denouncing the order be promulgated in this country, I do not think it would have much effect. The only ones we would lose would be the poorest and most ignorant classes, slaves in reality of the Church. The great mass of our workingmen are much too enlightened to give up at the order of the See Rome an order which has done them so much good and without which they would have no protection against the tyrants of monopoly and capital.

Andrew Lee, of the Amalgamated Association, said in regard to the matter: "That decree has only been published in Canada, and for my part, I do not think it will ever happen that the church will try to enforce it on this side of the border. The association to which I belong is not a part of the Knights of Labor, but I suppose it is included in the degree. What would be my course of action in case the church should proceed against labor organizations in this country I am not prepared to say."

"The subject is an old one," said Secretary Hays, of the Executive Board of District Assembly No. 1, "and, of course, it has been canvassed to some extent by the members of the order. Fully one-fifth of the members of this city are Catholics, but I do not think very many of them would desert the Knights at the call of the church. In fact, have spoken to several Catholic members of the order, and they told me that sooner than sever their connection with an organization that has conferred so many benefits upon them they would withdraw from the church."

Quite a number of the Knights of Labor were spoken to yesterday, and all united in condemning the action of the Church in taking this decided stand against the organization.

"The Church," said one of them, "has societies to work for it. Why should its members not have societies that wound tend to ameliorate their temporal condition? I am a member of the Church, but I give my voice most decidedly against this action. America is not Italy, and the people here are not going to allow themselves to be thus led by the nose. Another Knight of Labor said: "There is the order of Jesus, that is a secret society. But it is within the Church; so, of course, it is all right. It makes a big difference, you see, whose ox is gored.

The Rev. Ignatius F. Horstmann, vicar-general of the diocese, was seen yesterday at the archepiscopal residence, on Eighteenth street, above Race, and said: "I am not prepared to be interviewed upon the Church's condemnation of the Knights of Labor. All I know at present is that any mode of procedure against the organization in the United States will be sent from Rome to Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, and he in turn will give directions to the bishops of the various dioceses. Archbishop Ryan is now with Cardinal Gibbons at Cape May and they will both come to this city in a few days.

"I can't say what the mode of procedure will be; in fact, I know nothing but what is contained in Cardinal Taschereau's letter."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SHERIFF'S SALE!

By virtue of writ of fieri facias, issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, State of Maryland, at the suit of John Shartzer, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Viola Groves, Andrew Kimmell and William A. Browning, to me directed, I have seized and taken in execution, all the right, title, claim, interest and estate, at law and in equity, of the said Viola Groves, in and to all that piece, parcel or lot of land, situate at the intersection of Alder street with Fourth street, on the North side of Alder street, and on the West side of Fourth street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, the same being known and distinguished as

LOT NUMBER SEVENTY-NINE

(79), and being the same property that was conveyed by William R. Percy to the said Viola Groves, by deed dated February 13th, 1883.

Said lot is improved by a small

DWELLING HOUSE

and necessary out-buildings, and I hereby give notice, that

On Monday,
SEPTEMBER 13TH, 1886,

at 3 o'clock P. M., on the premises, I will offer for sale the said property so seized and taken in execution, by public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash.

JOHN H. RILEY,
8 21 4t Sheriff.

TRUSTEE'S SALE!

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting as a Court of Equity, passed in a cause (being No. 169 Equity) in said Court, wherein Joel Willand is complainant, and Florisa Biddinger, Simon Biddinger and James Bowser are defendants, the undersigned was appointed Trustee to make sale of the real estate described in the proceedings in said cause. In discharge of the trust reposed in me, by the terms of said decree I will,

On Tuesday,
THE 7TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER,

at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, in front of the Glades Hotel in Oakland, offer at public sale, all that tract, piece or parcel of land known and described as

"MOUNT AIRY,"

being the same land which was conveyed to James Bowser by Florisa Biddinger and Simon Biddinger by deed dated the 18th of January, A. D. 1859, and beginning for the same "at a stone pile and a small bounded Hickory standing at the end of one hundred and seventy-seven and one half perches on the first line, of a deed from Jesse Tomlinson to Jacob Hare, and running thence South eighty-seven and one half degrees West, one hundred and twenty-two perches to a stone pile on the first line of the said whole tract called "MOUNT AIRY," thence with said first line North sixty-two and one half perches to the end of the third line of part of a deed conveyed by Henry M. Hare to John Hare, and with said third line reversed North eighty-seven and one-half degrees east one hundred and twenty-six and one-half perches to the first line of said deed from Jesse Tomlinson to Jacob Hare, and running with said first line South six and one half degrees East sixty two and one half perches to the beginning, containing fifty acres of land."

There is a

SMALL DWELLING

upon said land, and a part of said land is cleared and under cultivation. An excellent opportunity is offered for a man of small means to procure a good home. Said land lies near Grantsville, in a goood farming community.

TERMS OF SALE as prescribed by said decree. One half of the purchase money shall be paid in cash on the day of sale, and one half in twelve months from the day of sale; the purchaser to execute his single bill bearing interest for the deferred payment with surety to be approbed by the trustee, and when the whole purchase money is paid, and not before, the undersigned will convey said property to the purchaser in accordance with the terms of said decree.

Conveyancing at cost of purchaser.

F. A. THAYER,
8 14 4t Trustee.

TRUSTEES' SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

TIMBER

—AND—

MINERAL LANDS.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in the State of Maryland, standing as No. 372 on the Equity docket of said Court, in which John Swan and others are complainants and Willie Swan and others are defendants, the subscribers will sell at public sale,

ON SATURDAY,
THE 2D DAY OF OCTOBER, 1886,

at 11 o'clock A. M., at the Glades Hotel, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, the tract of land known as

"Yough Manor,"

containing about 9,000 acres of land more or less. The said tract is situated on the

"YOUGHIOGHENY RIVER,"

in said county, and extends from said river to the West Virginia line, and is about 15 miles from Oakland, on the Baltimore & Ohio Rail Road, and about 15 miles from Confluence, on the Pittsburg & Connelsville Rail Road.

It is valuable for the large quantities of Pine, Oak and other varieties of timber common to the region, and now upon it; also for the large veins of bituminous coal, iron ore, lime stone and fire clay upon it, and lying in convenient proximity to each other. It also contains a large quantity of good tillable land, a small portion of which is improved and in cultivation.

THE TERMS OF SALE Provided by the decree are: One-third of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, one-third in one year and the balance in two years from the day of sale, or the whole in cash, if the purchaser prefers it. The deferred payments, if any, to be secured by notes of the purchaser with security to be approved by the trustees.

WM. J. READ,
D. W. SLOAN,
J. H. GORDON,
8 7 3t Trustees.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Lenge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

—Go to J. M. Davis & Son's for the celebrated Telegraph Cider Mill.

—Sachs & Pruden's Ginger Ale at A. J. Harne's.

—FOR SALE—A 1-horse wagon. Apply to E. H. Sincell.

—"Pel's" Ladies' fine hand-made shoes at OFFUTT'S.

—If you want a good Cider Mill, call on J. M. Davis & Son.

—WANTED.—A good Shoemaker. Must understand stich work. Apply to H. D. Albright, Oakland, Md.

—A Congregational meeting of the members of the Lutheran church to-night (Saturday). All members are requested to be present.

—There are more summer visitors at Oakland, Deer Park and Mountain Lake Park now than ever before, at any one time, in the history of these resorts.

—Look out for the great opening August 31st, of a very large bankrupt sale of clothing, dry goods and notions, at Cor. Third and Alder streets, opposite old *Democrat* office.

—LOST.—Between Sturgiss' Drug Store and the Lutheran church, a black breast-pin encircled with two bands of twisted gold. The finder will be rewarded by returning it to the owner, Mrs. Sincell.

—Rev. W. R. M. Denny is now in Oakland as Colporteur of the Maryland Bible Society, Auxiliary to the American Bible Society. He comes recommended by the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society

—Died, at the residence of his son-in-law, Samuel Titelow, in Howard county, Md., Friday night, August 13th, 1886, Albert G. Guyton, in the 83d year of his age. Deceased was the father of Mrs. J. M. Boyer, of Oakland.

—Mr. James J. Meath, an attache of the Collector's office Chicago, now at the Oakland Hotel, paid this office a pleasant call Wednesday. Mr. Meath is a very intelligent young gentleman, and will no doubt make his mark in the great city of the west.

—Notice the card of W. C. L. Correll, in another column, Mr. Correll proposes to make a specialty of Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, clothing, &c., and will keep on hand a large stock of these goods. He will also have in stock a good line of Dry Goods, Notions, Gent's Furnishing Goods, &c. Call on him and examine goods and prices.

—Patmos Council of the American Legion of Honor will hereafter meet on the first and third Thursday evenings in each month, instead of on second and fourth Friday evenings. On Saturday evening, August 21st, a special meeting will be held; the Grand Commander will be present on an official visit. All members of the Council are requested to attend.

—Mr. John Alt has a force of hands busily engaged in plastering and otherwise improving his large house on Main street, (better known as the Ludwig house,) and will have it completed and open to the public as a boarding house before September court. This will be a good place for persons attending court to locate, as it is in a good location, will be well furnished, and the table will be all that could be desired. Good stabling attached. Give John a call, and we guarantee that you will be pleased with the house.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M., and 8 P. M.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M., and 8 P. M., by Rev. C. W. Sechrist.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7¾ P. M. by the Pastor.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

St. Matthew's Church—Rev. J. Newman, Rector—Holy Communion at 8 A. M.; morning prayer and sermon at 11 A. M.; Sunday School at 4:30 P. M.; evensong 5 P. M. Wednesday evening prayer at 5 P. M.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. D. Nydegger, Druggist, Oakland, Md.

Series of Sunday School Institutes.

The following Sudday School Institutes will be held in Garrett county during the month of September, under the auspices of the Maryland Sunday School Union. An abstract of the exercises at each place is given below:

RED HOUSE.—Beginning on Friday night, September 3, and closing the following Sunday night. Subjects: "Sunday School Hindrances," by W. B. Hudson; "How to Remove them," by Rev. G. H. Nock; "The Teachers' Aim," by William Hinebaugh; "The Teachers' Work and How to do it;" "The Relation of Home to the Sunday School, or how they can be Helpful to each other," by State Supt. W. A. Baker; "How to make Bible Study Interesting in the Family," by Wm. D. Hoye; "The Model Sunday School—the Application of its methods to Country Sunday Schools," by Rev. G. H. Nock; "How can the Sunday School be Utilized in Perpetrating the Blessing of Prohibition in Garrett county," by Geo. W. Moon. On Sunday there will be a prayer and experience meeting at 9:30; sermon at 10:30; childrens' meeting at 2 o'clock and a Sunday School mass meeting at 7:30 P. M.

SANG RUN.—Beginning on the night of September 7, and closing on the night of September 9. No meeting on Thursday morning, the 9th. Childrens' meeting at 2 o'clock of the 8th and mass meeting at night. The exercises will be about the same as at Red House.

ACCIDENT.—Beginning on the night of September 10, and closing on the night of September 12. Subjects: "The Importance of the Sunday School to the Success of the Church;" "The perils of the Youth of to-day," by Rev. G. H. Nock; "What is the best Method of Securing the Hearty co-operation of Parents and Children in our Sunday Schools;" "The Sunday School and the Bible—how to study the Bible—the Bible the Antidote of Evil Literature;" "Primary Work," by W. A. Baker; "The Sunday School as an Agency for Promoting Temperance." On Sunday, general prayer meeting at 9:30; sermon at 10:30; childrens' meeting at 2:30 and Sunday School Teachers' mass meeting at 7:30.

GRANTSVILLE.—Beginning on the night of September 14 and closing on the night of the 16th, No meeting on Thursday morning. Subjects: Address, by State Supt. W. A. Baker, on "the Object of Sunday School Institutes;" "Sunday School Hindrances," by Henry Winterberg; "How to Remove them," by Rev. G. H. Nock; "The Sunday School Teachers' Pastoral Work," by State Supt. W. A. Baker; "How to make Bible study Interesting in the Family," by Rev. S. P. Archer; "The Importance of the Sunday School to the Success of the Church." Teachers meetings. Childrens' meeting on Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock; Sunday School Teachers' Convention, service and short address on Thursday night at 7:30 o'clock.

NEW GERMANY.—Beginning on the night of September 17 and closing on the night of September 19. Subjects; "The model Sunday School Superintendent," by Rev. S. P. Archer; "What are we Authorized to expect as the Immediate Results and final Reward of Faithful Service in the Sunday School;" "Elements necessary to a Successful Sunday School Teacher," by W. A. Baker; "The Sunday School, the Hope of the Church;" "Where does the Power lie," by Rev. G. H. Nock; "Sunday School Needs." The order of Sunday services will be announced later.

The question box will be opened at each session. Suday School workers are requested to prepare questions relating to their work. The prayers of the Lord's people are asked in behalf of the meeting.

W. A. BAKER,
State Supt.

W. D. HOYE,
Vice President for Garrett Co.

SELBYSPORT.—There will also be an institute held at Selbysport, beginning Saturday, Aug. 28th, and closing Sunday afternoon 29th. Subjects for discussion: "Object of Sunday School Conventions;" "What would be the effect if Sunday Schools were abandoned?" "What can be done to secure Teachers and Prepare them for the work?" "Importance of a more extensive use of literature in Sunday Schools;" "What relation should parents sustain to our Sunday Schools?" "What should be the incentive to induce children to attend Sunday School?" Sunday afternoon will be mostly occupied by "Sunday School experience talks."

For Sale.

The property owned by the late Thresa M. Smithman, corner third and Water streets, Oakland, Md., will be sold at private sale. This is a very desirable property and will be sold in whole or in part, to suit purchaser. Terms reasonable. For further information call on or address

JOS. H. SMITHMAN,
5 15 tf Oakland, Md.

—Look out for the great opening August 31st, of a very large bankrupt sale of clothing, dry goods and notions, at Cor. Alder and Third streets, opposite old *Democrat* office.

Maryland Prohibitionists.

A call has been issued, signed by T. B. Sappington, H. H. Hartsock, Frank Higgins, T. J. Peddicord and E. Tracy Bishop, vice preisdents of the Prohibition party for Frederick, Allegany, Montgomery, Garrett and Washington counties, to the members of the Prohibition party of Maryland who vote in the Sixth Congressional District to send delegates to a convention to be held in Frederick on Tuesday, September 14, to nominate a candidate for Congress from the Sixth District.

Mountain Lake Park.

As my letter did not reach the office in time last week, I will give a few items this week relating to the Park, and continue my report of the Assembly in my next letter.

It has been very gratifying to hear the constant and careful inquiry about the general advantage of this beautiful summer home by those who are here for the first time, and have an eye to either building or stopping at one of the hotels or boarding houses, and to bring their families with them next year. Several have already returned to make up companies for next season, and others are authorized to form colonies which will likely make sale for a number of lots.

Mr. Davis has made a number of sales already this season, some of them are to begin to build this fall.

Rev. N. L. Reynolds, in his lecture last season and in one this season, affirmed that the great anticlinal or apex of the Allegehy mountains was very near the west side of the enclosure at the Auditorium: To his great joy and real satisfaction, after spending the most of yesterday (Tuesday) digging and searching, he fortunately uncovered the very spot, which can be seen at the roadside just as you raise the little hill at the entrance of the settled part of the Park, going from Oakland,

The yearly increase in the resident families is as follows:

First season, 21 families; second, 32; third, 51; fourth, 63; fifth, 75.

It was thought that this year would be unfavorable, but it has proved to the contrary. Nearly all the accommodations have been aaken up.

J. A. E.

Price List at Shartzer's New Cash Store

Corn	60 cts per lbs.,
Meal	$1.25 per 100 lbs.
Chop	" " " "
Good flour	$5.50 to $6.25 per bl.
Clover seed	$8.00 per bus.
Timothy seed	$2.50 " "
Granulated sugar	8 cts. per lb.
Brown sugar	7 " " "
Arbuckle's coffee	15 " " "
Indigo blue calico	7 " " yd.
American prints	6 " " "
Allen's prints	6 " " "
Lace window curtains, ready made	$2.00 per pr.

All other things in proportion. Come and see.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending August 17:

Josiah M. Friend and wife to G. M. Steele, part of a tract of land called "the Resurvey of Blooming Rose" —9½ acres; $350.

G. M. Steele to Mary J. Welsh, part of a tract of land called "the Resurvey of Blooming Rose"—20 acres, 64 perches; $500.

Geo. M. L. Mayers and wife to Jno. E. Garthright, lot No. 20 in Lake View; $95.

Hugh Cooper and wife to R. S. McColloch, the mining rights of military lots Nos. 373 and 374; $5.

Wm. C. Pennington and wife to R. S. McColloch, military lots Nos. 4038 and 4043; $300.

Gilmor S. Hamill, Trustee, to Wm. Colmer, part of a tract of land called "Republic;" $600.

Mary and Henry F. Lininger to Jos. R. Glass military lot No. 1484; $225.

Wm. Englehart and wife to Edward Margraff, 2 acres of land in Garrett county; $5 and other considerations.

Edward Margroff and wife to Herman Georg, part of military lot No. 2616—6 acres; $5.

Herman Georg and wife to Edward Margroff, part of military lot No. 2717 —½ acre; $5.

Edward Margroff and wife to Solomon Glass, part of a tract of land called "Mechanism"—125¼ acres; $1506.

Look out for the great opening August 31st, of a very large bankrupt sale of clothing, dry goods and notions, at Cor. Third and Alder streets, opposite old *Democrat* office.

—The "Improved Buckeye Cider Mill," at OFFUTT'S.

—HAY FOR SALE—The undersigned has for sale, on his farm, formerly the "Procter Farm," about forty tons of Timothy Hay, put up dry and in the best of order.

8 14 3t JOHN BRADLEY.

Go to F. G. Hyde, the Reliable Jeweler

For watches, clocks, jewelry, silverware, eye-glasses, spectacles, etc., either wholesale or retail. The largest stock of reliable goods in this part of the country. Everything fully warranted to be just exactly what it is. I handle everything that appertains to the jewelry trade, at prices that will stand comparison with any responsible house. An inspection is requested.

F. G. HYDE.
7 17 tf Oakland, Md.

Swept by Water.

Special Dispatch to Wheeling Intelligencer.

FARMINGTON, W. VA., Aug. 17.—A terrible cloud burst occurred near this town last evening, which swelled small streams to raging torrents, resulting in great loss of life and property owing to the sudden and unexpected rising of the waters. The family of John Snoderly, consisting of himself, wife, six children and his aged mother, resided on Dunkard Mill Run, a small tributary of Buffalo creek, two miles east of this place. To-day Mr. Snoderly mourns the loss of his wife and four children, who perished before his eyes without being able to render them any assistance.

The heavy rainfall last night swelled the stream so rapidly that the house was soon filled with water. Owing to the suddenness of the disaster he was unable to render aid to his wife and four children, who drowned before assistance arrived. The bodies of his wife and two children were recovered, and the whole country turned out to search for the bodies of the other two children, whose bodies were finally found late to-day in the Monongahela river.

Damage Done the B. & O.

Reports received from nearly all points along the line of the Baltimore & Ohio road between Moundsville and Grafton, were to the effect that that section was swept over on Monday night by the most devastating storm known for years. The road was so badly damaged that it was impossible to run through trains over the main line, and they had to be sent over the Hemfield and Pittsburgh divisions via Pittsburgh and Cumberland, in order to get through. The principal damage consisted of the washing away of the bridge near Burton and so seriously weakening the bridges at Littleton and Mannington that it was not safe to run trains over them. In addition, there were a number of large washouts necessitating considerable filling. The damage to the road will be considerable.

It will amount to little, however, compared to that done the farmers and the county roads and bridges which were swept away. Fences were swept away, out-houses turned over and crops badly injured. The rapidity with which the mountain streams became rushing torrents, even when the fierceness of the storm and the great body of water that fell, is considered wonderful. It seemed as though a great wall of water came rushing down and its force was such that nothing in its way could withstand it. It was the worst storm since the awful one of 1872 and some say it was as bad if not worse than that one. It was much worse than that one of a few months ago that also compelled the B. & O. to send its trains around.

Baltimore Live Stock Market.

CATTLE.—The market was not active on the Hill to-day, in view of the further market on Thursday next, but the Baltimore butchers bought a fair number and country dealers more freely than last week. Prices were ½c. lower than they were last Monday; for, though there were some few better tops that sold up to last week's figures, yet the general quality was scarcely equal to last Monday's offerings. Prices 2½@5c., few selling at either extreme; most sales 3@4¾c. Of the offerings 1,147 head came over the Pennsylvania Railroad, and 447 over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Dealers have settled on a Thursday market, beginning next week, and say there will be no market next Monday.

HOGS.—The offerings show a heavy increase in numbers over last week's record, and their quality, though of a mixed order, will average somewhat better than it did last week, in a majority of the pens the quality being better throughout, and in the balance scarcely as good—too many grassers being among them. Prices are ½c. lower than last Monday, and range from 6@6¼c. for grassers to 6⅜ @6¾ for corn hogs, with most sales from 6½ to 6⅝. Same time last year hogs sold at 6@7c., and the year before, same period, 6@8¼. Of the receipts 6,443 head came over the Pennsylvania Railroad, and 1,111 over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

SHEEP.—There is a very large decrease in the number of the offerings as compared with last Monday, the number now being less than half what it was then. Trade is very slow in all kinds of sheep. The quality is not as good as last week's offerings. Prices range from 2½ to 4½c. for sheep; 3@5½c. for lambs, and $1.25@3 per head for stock sheep. Same time last year sheep sold at 2@4c. and lambs 3@5.

Garfield used to say, "Issues are born, not made." Hard times are upon us, and all the prattle and foolishness of platforms and politicians cannot change that issue. Find what the people are talking about most and that is the issde, and that is "hard times." Any stumper who fails to see that and address himself to it this fall, will find poor audience with the people. That the Democratic administration brought these hard times—the hardest I ever saw—on us, no one will dispute; and that it ought to be defeated for it this fall no one will dispute who has empty pockets, no employment and children crying for bread!—*Private Dalzell.*

Miss Ella Carlisle recently got a verdict for $13,600 against the corporation of Bradford, Pa., for being crippled on a bad sidewalk.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

GO TO
W. C. L. CORRELL'S
NEW STORE,
In the Michaels Building, Oakland.
FOR BARGAINS.

Having just opened a full and complete line of
Boots & Shoes,
I feel confident I can suit all classes at very LOW PRICES. Also HATS AND CAPS, for men and boys, at BOTTOM PRICES. I have also on hand a good line of
Dry Goods and Notions and Gent's Furnishing Goods,
to which I expect to add in time for the fall and winter trade a full and complete stock of Men's and Boys' CLOTHING. It will pay you to come and see me before purchasing elsewhere.
8 21 86 W. C. L. CORRELL.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Miss Lilly Brown and Miss Mary Weber will open a
PRIVATE SCHOOL
for pupils of all grades, at the Oakland Public School Building, beginning
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, '86,
and continuing for a term of twelve weeks.
TERMS VERY MODERATE.
Circulars can be obtained at Sturgiss's Drug Store. 8 14 td.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the matter of the Deed of Trust from Kate A. Rasche and Henry A. Rasche, her husband, to Wm. P. Townshend, Trustee.

No. 362 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

The Creditors of Mrs. Kate A. Rasche are hereby notified to file their claims properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, on or before the 11th day of September, 1886, as on that day I will state an account in the above Cause, distributing the fund in the Trustee's hands amongst the Creditors entitled thereto.

E. Z. TOWER,
8 21 3t Special Auditor.

TOWN PROPERTY
FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.
J. A. HAYDEN.

W. H. BUTLER'S
Cheap Cash Grocery
—AT THE—
"LITTLE BIG" STORE
ON SECOND STREET,
OAKLAND, MD.
May 18th, 1886.—tf.

IMPROVED FARM
FOR SALE!

I will sell my farm, on the headwaters of Deep Creek, adjoining lands of Ransey Browning, A. C. Browning and others, on the easiest terms. The farm contains one hundred acres of land, all under fence, and about 60 acres cleared. The improvements consist of a
GOOD DWELLING HOUSE
and large frame barn, young fruit trees, &c., &c. This farm is in a good neighborhood, about 4 miles from Deer Park, and about 8 miles from Oakland.
Reason for selling—advanced age.
Apply to or address
LUKE WOOD,
8 7 tf. Deer Park, Md.

FOR SALE!
Steam Engine, Saw Mill and Shingle Machine.

I am authorized to sell a Fifteen Horse Power "Page" Engine, Saw Mill and Shingle Machine, with carriages, &c., complete, the property of Mrs. Eva F. Riggs. The mill has been in use about five years and is in good running order. Will be sold cheap for cash or collateral which may be easily converted into cash. May be examined at Swanton, Md. Must be sold soon.
For price and terms address or apply to
JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE

To the Qualified Voters of the Respective Election Districts of Garrett County.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Officers of Registration of Voters in and for the respective election districts of Garrett county, will sit in their respective election districts in said county, on the Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, after the first Monday in September, that is to say on the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, in the year 1886, and also for two successive days commencing with and including the first Monday in October, that is to say on the 4th and 5th days of October, in the year 1886, at the respective places and on the respective days hereinafter named, for the purpose of ascertaining and registering in the proper registries of voters and poll-books persons qualified to vote in their respective election districts, and of revising and completing their respective registries of voters and poll-books of their respective election districts.

The undersigned Officers of Registration will commence their said respective sessions on the respective days, and at the respective places herein named at the hour of 8 o'clock A. M., and continuing the same until the hour of 7 o'clock P. M., on each of said days, as follows, to wit:

Election District No. 1.—Swanton.
Tuesday, Wedneaday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Swanton.

Election District No. 2.—Selbysport.
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 11th days of September, at Wm. Ryland's store, and Friday, the 10th, day of September at Rush's school house, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of Octrber at Wm. Ryland's store.

Election District No. 3.—Grantsville.
Tuesday and Wednesday, September 7th and 8th, at the residence of the Officer of Registration, and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, September 9th, 10th and 11th at Grantsville, and Monday and Tuesday, October 4th and 5th at Grantsville.

Election District No. 4—Bloomington
Tuesday and Wednesday, the 7th and 8th days of September, at residence of Dennis Collins, at Franklin Mines, and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Bloomington.

Election District No. 5—Accident.
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th 10th and 11th days of September, and on Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Accident.

Election District No. 6.—Sang Run.
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at the house of Nathan Browning, in said district.

Election District No. 7.—Oakland.
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Oakland.

Election District No. 8—Ryans Glade
Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 7th, 8th and 9th days of September, at Elkins and Friday and Saturday, the 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Mrs. Thomas Grime's, in said district.

Election District No. 9.—Frostburg.
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Johnson's.

Election District No. 10.—Deer Park.
Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 7th, 8th and 9th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Altamont, and Friday and Saturday, the 10 and 11th days of September, at Deer Park.

Election District No. 11.
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, at the Mill of John H. Gregg, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at the house of John Wilhelm.

Election District No. 12.—Kitzmillersville.
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Kitzmillersville.

All naturalized citizens applying for Registration will be required to produce their certificates of naturalization to the officers of Registration.

H. O. HAMILL,
Officer of Registration 1st District.
R. E. FRIEND,
Officer of Registration 2nd District.
ISAIAH FULLER,
Officer of Registration 3rd District.
JOHN COLLINS,
Officer of Registration 4th District.
HENRY F. LININGER,
Officer of Registration 5th District.
N. C. BROWNING,
Officer of Registration 6th District.
PETER A. CHISHOLM,
Officer of Registration 7th District.
JAS. W. MASON,
Officer of Registration 8th District.
SAMUEL JOHNSON,
Officer of Registration 9th District.
MICHAEL T. BRADY,
Officer of Registration 10th District.
JOHN C. CHANEY,
Officer of Registration 11th District.
LEWIS C. HAMILL,
Officer of Registration 12th District.

MARYLAND
AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.
Next Session Opens September 20, 1886.

Besides the regular Collegate Course, embracing ENGLISH, the CLASSICS and the SCIENCES, special Courses in AGRICULTURAL, CIVIL and MECHANICAL ENGINEERING and APPLIED CHEMISTRY are provided, under the direction of
A Full Corps of Professors and Eminent Lecturers.
A liberal equipment in the shape of a Chemical Laboratory and a Museum of Minerals, Woods, Seeds, Skeletons, Charts, &c., is also provided.
The Cadets are under Military organization and Discipline.
Send for Catalogue giving full particulars as to COURSES OF INSTRUCTION, TERMS and SCHOLARSHIPS.
Location unsurpassed for beauty, healthfulness and convenience of access.
Address, AUGUSTINE J. SMITH, President, MARYLAND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, Prince George's county, Md. 7 24

Notice to Tax-Payers

In order to give the tax-payers in the various districts an opportunity to save the discount on tax bills, I will be at the following places on the days mentioned, viz:

Johnsons, Monday, Augutt 9th, 1886.
Gregg's Mill, Tuesday, August 10th.
Bloomington, Wednesday, August 11th.
Swanton, Friday, August, 13th.
Selbysport, Wednesday, August 18th.
Johnstown, Thursday, August 19th.
Accident, Friday, August 20th.
Deer Park, Tuesday, August 24th.
Chisholm's Mill, Wednesday, August 25th.
Red House, Thursday, August 26th.
Oakland, Friday and Saturday August 27th and 28th.
Grantsville, Monday and Tuesday, August 30th and 31st.

A discount of 4 per cent, will be allowed on all taxes paid before September 1st, 1886, and 2 per cent. on all taxes paid between September 1st and and November 1st.

JONAS E. GNAGEY,
7 31 tf Collector.
P. O. address, Grantsville, Md.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

RICHES.

The cotter's wife stood at her casement small,
And looked away to the distant hill
Where my lady lived in haughty pride
In the Hall so grand and still.

"My lady," she murmured, "can sit at ease,
With never a thought of work or care;
No children to tumble *her* house about!
Ah me, if I could be there!"

My lady stood at the window wide
And parted the folds of curtain lace,
And she looked far down to the cotter's home
With a sweet, sad look on her face.

"I suppose my station and wealth and ease,
My neighbor down there envies me;
Yet I would give her them, every one,
If she'd give her children to me."

As though some thought of this came to her,
The cotter's wife turned to the snowy bed
Where her children slept, so fair and sweet,
"Nay, I'm richer than she!" she said.

—*J. K. Ludlum, in Chicago Advance.*

IN RHETTA'S GARDEN.

Why She and Ralph Would Dig by Moonlight.

It was only a little spot south of the house, but violets blossomed sooner there than any where else, and great bursting pinks made the air spicy while other people's were only in bud. There were daffodils in the grassy border, and blue-bells, and blue spider-lilies. There were two rose-bushes, one cinnamon and one damask, while double sweet gillyflowers sowed themselves and came up every year along with mignonette and chrysanthemums. It was a sweet, fragant, old-fashioned little garden, which Rhetta's mother had tended and taken pleasure in, and now it was Rhetta's. There she worked all her spare half-hours, sowing and watering, weeding and transplanting, till her little hands were brown, and her checks like her own cinnamon roses. Aunt Dorcas, in the kitchen, used to wonder "how on airth that child could be so content all alone out in her posy bed."

But Rhetta was not so often alone of late, since they had taken a boarder, Ralph Callender found that the pleasantest path to the house lay through the little flower-garden, and when his jobs of copying failed to occupy his time, what could be more natural than to use his leisure helping the blushing gardener? It was he who carried away all the weeds, divided the white peony roots and reset them, and dug more thoroughly than Rhetta ever could around the dear old rose-bushes. Over their work they fell talking, as young people will, and already Rhetta's father began to watch them a little anxiously above his spectacles as he sat on the porch, while one of the neighbors had remarked privately to Aunt Dorcas that it was a pity young Callender was not a man of fortune as well as of family. In truth, riches had taken unto themselves wings and flown away from the Callenders a year before, so that Ralph, instead of becoming junior partner in an old and prosperous business, saw nothing before him but what his two hands could earn, and being totally unprepared for such a prospect, he had to take a little time to get used to it, and to find out which way to turn. Meanwhile he had drifted to this suburban town, and while waiting to find a situation as clerk or accountant, did copying to support himself, and boarded at Rhetta's.

It was the day they had been transplanting touch-me-nots, and Ralph had thrown himself down under the plum-tree for a respite, while Rhetta pulled the faded blossoms from a primrose. He might have been misanthropic enough at that moment if he had chosen, for the last line of copying lay upon his table finished, with not so much as a hint of an order for any more. Worse than that, a clerk's place he had been hoping for had that very morning been give to another. If he had got it, he could have spoke to Rhetta at once. His glance followed her as she bent over her plants, her garden bonnet dropping back from her bright brown hair, and his fingers sought instinctively a little ring that hid in his vest pocket. The old Callender pride had come to this, that he only waited for the barest chance of being able to earn a living before he offered heart and hand to pretty little Rhetta Wood, whose bonny face was all her dowry.

But he could not help letting love color his words a little when he said, presently, to Rhetta, as he watched her: "When I make my fortune, you shall have greenhouses and hot-beds, and gardens laid out on terraces."

"Like Colonel Porter's?" laughed Rhetta, blushing over her trowel. "Oh! have you ever seen his place, Mr. Callender? It's over on the west side."

"I think I have passed it," answered the young man, indifferently. "Big trees, three terraces, ribbon beds, and a peacock on the lawn; is that the place?"

"Yes; isn't its plendid?" exclaimed Rhetta. "I always go that way when I take a walk by myself; and oh! how I do long sometimes for things I see the gardener throwing away—slips and cuttings and roots that he thins out! Perfectly lovely things!"

"Why don't you ask him for them?"

"Ask him?" and Rhetta caught her breath at the very idea of her doing so audacious a thing. "Why, I wouldn't dare."

"Don't you know them—the family, I mean."

"No; how could I? Rose Porter and I went to the same school, and when she rides by and sees me she bows and smiles; but that isn't being acquainted. She is as beautiful as a princess. It is time for her to be at home now; she has been in Washington all the spring."

Ralph Callender made no answer. He was busy weaving a true-love knot of grass blades, and when it was done he gave it to Rhetta. She blushed again over it, and went on talking about flowers.

"I wish I could get some slips of Colonel Porter's geraniums," she said; "he has so many kinds, and I have only this little pink one. And I want a root of day-lily *very* much, and some tea-rose cuttings, and a double Genoese violet, a blue salvia too, and—O, Mr. Callender, look! There is Rose Porter now driving up the street in her pony phaeton. *Isn't* she lovely?"

As the jaunty basket phaeton moved slowly by, a bright, pretty face glanced from it, smiling cordially at Rhetta, and then was overspread by a look of sudden recognition and pleased surprise at sight of Ralph Callender, who took his hat off respectfully.

"Why, do you know her?" asked Retta, amazed.

"I find I do. She and my sister Sally became great friends two years ago at Newport—or was it Nahant? And Miss Porter spent the holidays at our house the next winter. I thought it must be she, when you described her."

Ralph Callender paused and gazed reflectively at the ground. He was recalling that gay holiday season when Rose Porter and his sister were the belles of their set. He could have counted his friends by the hundred, and now—— "Poverty does make a difference," he thought, bitterly. All who had it in their power to aid him had turned the cold shoulder He was simply a poor man seeking employment, and he felt at odds with the world. Rhetta, grown suddenly shy, pulled away the dead leaves from a pink root and said nothing. Newport! Nahant! And people like the Porters for intimate friends! It seemed to remove Ralph far from her quiet, even life, and to set him where she had no part.

The basket phaeton was now seen returning down the street with its pretty occupant, who stopped her ponies opposite the cottage with such an evident intention to speak to Ralph Callender that he at once went out of the garden and stood in the road at her side. Rhetta saw them shake hands in the most friendly manner, heard Rose's musical laughter and sweet voice, though she could not distinguish the words; and in a few moments more, to her surprise, Ralph stepped into the phaeton, sat down by Rose, took the reins in his hands, and drove rapidly away, with a backward glance and smile, which to Rhetta seemed to say: "She *is* an old friend, you see!"

But when he did not come home to dinner she thought it strange. Her father and Aunt Dorcas made no comment, for Ralph had often been absent at that hour when seeking for employment. Rhetta did not mention that he drove away with Rose Porter, but a neighbor, who had watched them, came in during the afternoon and spoke of it with great interest. Aunt Dorcas at once felt a great interest too, and Rhetta found it so trying to listen to their remarks and surmises that she slipped out of the house to her garden, and did hard weeding in her flower beds for two hours without sparing herself. But she heard every step that passed by on the sidewalk, and knew that Ralph Callender did not come. The afternoon waned restlessly away. He would surely come back by supper-time; and Rhetta, in a fresh gown, with pansies at her belt, hummed little songs as she moved about setting the table for Aunt Dorcas.

"I wouldn't put on that dish of honey," said Aunt Dorcas—"not till you see whether he's coming."

"O, he'll come," said Rhetta; but she stopped singing.

Mr. Wood came in, washed his face and hands at the sink, and sat down in his place at the table. Aunt Dorcas passed him a cup of tea.

"Where's Callender?" he asked, looking around.

"Why, haven't you heard?" said Aunt Dorcas. "He drove off with Rose Porter, and we haven't caught sight of him since."

"The Porters are old friends of his," said Rhetta, flushing up.

"Hum! hum!" muttered her father, as he drank his tea from the saucer, in which he had cooled it.

Aunt Dorcas now questioned the girl as to all she knew about this old friendship, and at the close said, with an air of one who meant to do her duty by all, no matter how mercilessly, "Well, like as not they'll make a match of it. Birds of a feather flock together."

Supper was over, cleared away, and all the dishes washed, but still Ralph Callender did not come. As it grew dark, Mr. Wood strolled off to chat with the neighbors, and Aunt Dorcas, putting on her bonnet and black silk shawl, went to the weekly prayer-meeting. Rhetta, left free from comment, went up into her little garden, and leaned against the plum-tree, with a strange dull pain gnawing at her heart. It seemed like days and weeks since Ralph drove away with smiling, pretty Rose Porter. And she herself had begun to think of him as somehow her own. That very morning, under that very tree, there had been in his looks and in his tone touches of tenderness that had filled her heart with subtle happiness. But now it was all over; in an instant she had lost him. Rose Porter had taken him away, and though he might come back, he would never, never be the same Ralph again. She felt a girlish certainty of *that*. The little bright dream was over. At first she did not blame Rose. Very probably she had loved him two years ago, and had been influenced to give him up on account of his poverty, and now, regretting the step had come to reclaim him.

"Well, I can take my turn, and give him up too," thought Rhetta, with great hot tears springing to her eyes. "Only *I* can never drive after him and bring him back in a phaeton."

And at that she threw herself upon the dewy grass and wept unrestrainedly. She was too young to be capable of the terrible, tearless sorrow with which an older woman may meet bereavement and heart-break. She only knew that every thing had changed since morning, that Ralph had gone away, and she was very, very wretched, and that no one must know of it. The fire-flies flashed in the grass, the flowers were heavy with dew, the air was full of the fragance of mignonettes heliotrope and roses, but Rhetta did not heed them. She only felt that night was kind to make such darkness and solitude in the garden that no one could see her or hear her, poor miserable little Rhetta Wood, crying for a lost happiness that had never really been hers. And now it seemed to her that Rose was cruel, from the midst of her wealth, her luxury, and her dozens of lovers, to come swooping down upon this one chance of bliss in a lifetime. For Rhetta was sure that in all the years to come she should never, never marry. *That* was all over from this time forth.

The crickets hummed about her, the nightmoths brushed by her unheeded; the moon rose, but she did not know it. She was thinking how she should live all her life long in the little old house. After a while her Aunt Dorcas would die, and she would be left alone with her father. Then after a while he too would die, and she would live on there, an old, lonely woman. From this reverie she was aroused by the stopping of wheels and cheerful voices at the gate.

"Rhetta! Rhetta!" shouted somebody, in joyous, manly tones

She rose to her feet in the moonlight, bewildered and uncertain. Was she dreaming, or was it really Ralph calling her?

"Rhetta, is that you under the plum-tree? Come here for a moment to the gate."

Yes, that was Ralph calling her. With girlish celerity she smoothed back her disordered hair and ran to the gate. There he stood, his arms filled with flowers, which he loaded upon her, while Colonel Porter's coachman, who had brought him home, was almost staggering under the weight of an immense basket, full of bloom and fragrance, which he made haste to deposit on the garden walk.

"Every thing is here," said Ralph, gayly—"the geraniums, the day-lilies, the tea-rose bushes and the double violets. Roots, slips, cuttings, all you wanted, you have them now, and I'll set them every one out for you."

"O, how beautiful! how beautiful!" murmured Rhetta, very softly and gently. She was wholly overcome by this strange ending of her passionate grief.

The coachman departed, leaving the two lovers alone in the moonlit garden. Lovers they were, for Ralph drew Rhetta close to his heart, while he placed upon her finger the ring that had waited hidden in his pocket.

"You know what this means, darling?" he said, fervently. "My way is clear before me now Colonel Porter has given me a chance in his own business, beyond any thing I dared to hope. You don't know how hard it has been for me to wait till I had a right to ask you to be my own little Rhetta always—always!"

Happy Rhetta! The moon ought to have laughed right out to see how her face had changed, it was so full now of smiles and blushes. Aunt Dorcas, hurrying home an hour later, eager to explain how she had gone to sit awhile with poor old Mrs. Davis, who had sciatica, was taken all aback by hearing merry voices under the plum-tree, and finding Ralph and Rhetta there at work with trowels setting out roots and tying up plants.

"Rose Porter sent me all these!" exclaimed Rhetta, triumphantly—"all this great basketful of loveliness and luxury, and we must set them every one out to-night, because night is the best time, and they will get the dew."

"For the land sakes!" ejaculated Aunt Dorcas. "Don't ye want the lantern?"

"O, the moon is as bright as day," said Ralph, as he paused to choose a place for a fine blue salvia.

"Well! well!" the old lady exclaimed; and then, as if she dimly comprehended that something in the glamour of youth and romance might make it a thing to be desired to dig in gardens at unusual hours, she said no more, but went quietly into the house.—*Mary L. B. Branch, in Harper's Bazar.*

BABY AT THE TABLE.

Every-day Meal-Time Scenes Recorded by a Trustworthy Secretary.

The meeting was called together at eight o'clock a. m., with the baby in the chair. After rapping the table violently to secure the attention of those present, the chairman made a motion to upset the butter. The motion was seconded, but not in time, and the butter was carried.

The minutes of the last meeting were then read and disapproved. During the recital, the chairman emphasized his displeasure by throwing a muffin at the secretary. The report, however, was completed, and the muffin laid on the table.

The regular business was then taken up. It was voted to allow the chairman a glass of milk, a muffin and a small piece of steak. Exception being taken to the latter, it was allowed to take the floor in its own defense. The chairman demanded a larger piece, and, after a brief consultation, the demand was granted.

The matter of a bib for the chairman having been brought up, by the discovery that that article had been surreptitiously removed and deposited under the table, the nurse was requested to replace the same. The chairman objected, on the ground that bibs were unnecessary and undignified. Objection overruled, and bib replaced.

At this point the chairman called attention to a large existing deficit in the supply of milk, and suggested an assessment on the cream pitcher. It was thought best, however, to supply the deficiency from the diurnal endowment in the pantry, and the matter was discussed in a very animated manner by the chairman and several members of the convention. The chairman's objection was finally overruled, as a veto for cream only, and the bill was passed.

On motion of the nurse, the chairman was tied into his chair, to prevent his taking the floor—a very unparliamentary proceeding. Upon discovering this piece of strategy on the part of the opposition, the chairman was very indignant, and objected with such force and vehemence that his countenance became fairly florid. While emphasizing his remarks by successive gestures, he removed the cutlery, crockery and glassware from his immediate vicinity, and drew a large section of the table-cloth into his lap.

A motion to adjourn was hastily made by the nurse, and was participated in by the chairman. The meeting, being thus left without a quorum, was declared adjourned by the secretary, subject to the call of the chairman.—*Paul Pastnor, in Puck.*

NORWEGIAN FLADBROD.

Substitution of Indigestible Bark for Rye or Wheat Flour.

Most travelers in Norway have probably had more than sufficient opportunities of becoming acquainted with the so-called "Fladbrod," flat bread, of the country. Few, however, among them who have partaken of this dry and insipid food may possibly be aware that in many districts, more especially in Hardanger, the chief ingredient in its composition is the bark of trees. This substitution of an indigestible product for bona fide flour is not necessarily a proof of the scarcity of cereals, but is to be ascribed rather to an opinion prevalent among the peasant women that the bark of young pine branches, or twigs of the elm are capable of being made into a thinner paste than unadulterated barley or rye-meal, of which the Norse housewife, who prides herself on the lightness of her "Fladbrod," puts in only enough to make the compound hold together.

The absence of any nutritive property in bark bread, whether made with elm or pine bark, and the positive injury it may do the digestive organs, has of late attracted much notice among Norwegian physiologists, and the editor of *Naturen*, with a view of calling the attention of the public to the subject, has, with the author's permission, reprinted some remarks by Dr. Schubeler on the history and character of the bark bread of Scandinavia. From this source we learn that the oldest reference to the use of bark bread in Norway occurs in a poem, ascribed to the Skaid Sighvat, who lived in the first half of the eleventh century. In the year 1300 the annals of Gothland record a season of dearth in which men were forced to eat the bark and leaf-buds of trees, while then, and during the latter periods of the middle ages, the frequent famine of the crops in all parts of Scandinavia led to the systematic use of the bones and roe of fishes, as well as the bark of trees as a substitute for genuine flour, and so extensively was the latter substance used that Pastor Herman Ruge, who, in 1762, wrote a treatise on the preservation of woods, has drawn attention to the almost complete disappearance of the elm in the Bohus district, which he ascribes to the universal practice in bygone times of stripping the bark for the preparation of bread.

In Nordland and Finmark the root of *Struthiopteris germanica* and other ferns, as well as the leaves of various species of Rumex, have been largely used with barley-meal in making ordinary bread as well as "Fladbrod." In Finland the national "pettuleipa" (bark bread), which was in former time almost the only breadstuff of the country, still ranks as an ordinary article of food in Kajana and in the forest regions of Oesterbotten and Tavastland. Here it is usually made of the inner layers of the pine bark, ground to a meal, which is mixed with a small quantity of rye flour to give the requisite tenacity to the dough. The Finlanders of an older generation showed marvelous ingenuity in composing breadstuffs in which scarcely a trace of any cereal could be detected in the mixture of bark, berries, seeds, bulbs and roots of wild plants, which they seem to have accepted as a perfectly legitimate substitute for corn bread. In the interior of Sweden, according to Prof. Save, the *best* bread of the peasants consisted till the middle of this century of peas, oats and barley-meal in equal proportions, while in the ordinary daily bread the husks, chaff and spikes of the oats were all ground down together. In bad seasons even this was unattainable by the Dalekarlian laborer, who had to content himself with pine-bark bread.—*Nature.*

FALSE TEETH.

How an English Doctor Astonished the Chief of One of the Solomon Islands.

Ignorance is the mother of devotion, and, not unfrequently, of scepticism. "Now, I know that you are a liar," answered the King of Siam to the English traveler who had told him that in England water became so hard that an elephant could stand on it. The King disbelieved because he knew nothing of ice.

Old Takki, a chief of one of the Solomon Islands, was once visited by several Englishmen. Among them was a doctor who had a complete set of false teeth, which came out and slipped in their places again at the most unexpected moments. Occasionally they would appear on his plate at dinner. Old Takki and his men were gathered about the white men, when one of the Englishmen said:

"Doctor, take out your teeth and show them to the natives."

A tin cup full of water was handed him and the doctor, assuming a fierce grin which awed the savages, gave his jaws a twist and out came his teeth, top and bottom, and dropped in the mug. The islanders screamed with astonishment. The doctor had to stand with his mouth open, while they satisfied themselves that he was toothless.

"I am an old man," said Takki, much calmer than his people, "and I am thankful that I have lived to see this day."

The fame of the doctor's exploit traveled through the islands, and for several years he was remembered as the white man who could ship and unship his teeth.—*Youth's Companion.*

—Once in a while some man has courage enough to marry a Vassar graduate; but as a rule the girls don't step off very well. Out of nearly 700 graduates only about 200 have been drawn in the nuptial noose. The full-blown buds have taken up various callings. There are 17 physicians, 2 organists, 10 book-keepers, 5 chemists, 15 school principals, 2 farmers, 1 census clerk, 2 insurance agents, 230 teachers, 6 artists, 1 law clerk, 5 librarians, 1 copyist, 12 music teachers, 3 astronomical assistants, 2 journalists, 3 gymnastic teachers, 2 missionaries, 3 public readers and 4 authors.—*Troy Times.*

—A poor woman went about Walla Walla, W. T., trying to sell her hair for a switch. She had it already cut off, but was unable to effect a sale. She claimed to be on the verge of starvation

THE NUMBER SEVEN.

Numerous Combinations in which It Plays an Important Part.

The frequent recurrence of the number seven in the Scriptures seems to indicate that there are associated with it certain events, that it may be termed the prophetic, representative symbolic number consecrated in the Holy Scriptures and the religion of the Jews and other nations, by many mysterious events and circumstances.

The Old Testament informs us that God completed the work of creation in seven days, and set apart the seventh day to be a day of rest for all mankind.

The slayer of Abel was to be punished seven-fold, and the slayer of Lamech seventy and seven fold.

Of every clean beast Noah took into his ark by sevens, and took with him seven souls when he entered the ark. After seven days the waters were upon the face of the earth. The intervals between sending out the dove the second and third times were seven days, and in the seventh month the ark rested on the mountains of Ararat.

In Pharaoh's two dreams he saw seven well-favored and fat kine and seven ill-favored and lean kine, and seven ears of corn on one stalk, rank and good, and seven ears blasted with the east wind, which was followed by seven years of great plenty and seven years of famine.

The children of Israel were commanded to eat unleavened bread seven days, and to observe the feast of unleavened bread; seven days shall there be no leaven found in your houses.

The seventh month was signalized by the feasts of trumpets and the celebration of the Feast of Tabernacles.

Seven weeks was the interval between the Passover and the Pentecost.

The seventh year was observed as the Sabbatical year, and the year succeeding seven times seven years as the year of jubilee.

Seven days were appointed as the length of the feasts of Tabernacles and Passover.

Seven days for the ceremonies of the consecration of the priests.

Seven victims were to be offered on any special occasion.

When Abraham and Abimelech wanted to confirm an oath they took seven ewe lambs of the flock.

Jacob served Laban seven years for each of his daughters.

Delilah bound Samson with seven green withes, and wove the seven locks of his hair in the web.

Seven priests, bearing seven trumpets, passed round the walls of Jericho seven days, on the seventh day passing round seven times, and it fell.

Nebuchadnezzar had the furnace heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated to burn the three Hebrew children, and was driven from among men to the beasts of the field until seven times passed over him.

Elisha commanded Naaman to wash in Jordan seven times and be cured of his leprosy.

The sluggard is wiser in his own conceit than seven men who can render a reason.

In the New Testament Christ commanded to forgive an erring brother not until seven times, but seventy times seven if he repented.

In Revelations of St. John we read of seven churches, seven spirits, seven stars, seven seals, seven lamps, seven golden candlesticks, seven angels, seven vials and seven last plagues.

A notion once prevailed in England with some people that the seventh consecutive son born had power to cure certain diseases.

Our great fight with the mother country for liberty and independence lasted seven years.

The President of the United States, Grover Cleveland, was seven times seven years of age when married; his bride, Frances Folsom, three times seven years of age, making a difference in their ages of four times seven years. The bride's age and the difference in their ages added makes seven times seven the President's age. The bride's birth occurred seven years after the President attained to his majority. Their ages added make ten times seven, three score and ten, the number of years allotted to the age of man. Multiply the number of their added ages by seven, it makes seventy times seven.

The President's official title, President of the United States of America, contains five times seven letters. The bride's official relation, The White House Mistress, contains three times seven letters.—*A. Ekey, in Cincinnati Enquirer.*

SNAKE INOCULATION.

A Pretty Good Story Which Comes All the Way from Mexico.

We are told that the natives of Mexico on the coasts inoculate themselves with the virus of adders, cobras and rattlesnakes, and that the persons who have been thus vaccinated are rendered forever proof against injury from any bite or sting. As to the truth of the statement I decline to be sworn in any court of justice, but "tell the tale as 'twas told to me." The person to be inoculated is pricked with the serpent's fangs on the tongue, in both arms and legs, and various parts of the body, the venom being thoroughly introduced into each wound. An eruption immediately breaks out, accompained by fever and much swelling of the body, after which the skin gradually flakes off in scales, as in leprosy. It is said that people who have been vaccinated in this manner can not only handle the most poisonous serpents with impunity—making them come at will, caressing them, twining them about their necks and carrying them in their bosoms—but that the bites of these persons themselves are as fatal as that of the snake whose virus has been transferred into their blood! This snake story is vouched for by many good people, both native and foreign, whose word is unimpeachable — on other subjects.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

—The Polish Alliance of the United States asserts that there are 1,000,000 Poles in this country, and recently a prominent Wisconsin Bohemian declared that there were 5,000,000 Bohemians here.

THE DAIRY.

—The best market for any man, provided he has one, is the home market. He who "is near" to his market is better than he "who is far off."—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

—The safest and quickest way to dry up a cow is to feed moderately with dry feed and leave back a part of the milk at each milking, drawing only enough and at such intervals as will prevent serious inflammation in the udder.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—The calf born in the fall, fairly well wintered and given the vigorous growth that grass food gives the following summer, makes a better cow than the spring-raised one, and she is two years old—the right time for the birth of her first calf.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

—A cheap and very effective way to raise the temperature in a cellar that is dangerously near the freezing point is to set one or more common kerosene lamps on the cellar bottom during the day time, when not wanted for lighting the rooms above.—*Western Rural.*

—In eight of the American States there are 1,798 butter and cream factories, and the value of the dairy products of the whole Union last year was $500,000,000, while the value of the milch cows is estimated at $700,000,000. If only now in its infancy, as is said, Uncle Sam's dairy business will be a big thing when it grows up.—*United States Dairyman.*

—Only the finest butter made by the best known rules—and the great butter dealer knows the difference at sight—brings the best prices, and it occupies a place in the market by itself. The ordinary farm butter, made by old styled ways, is classed with bogus butter and sells for a mixed grease price. The market calls for a fresh-made, sweet-flavored butter, and will have it.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

—Breeds of cows strongly predisposed to milk production will sometimes give milk before the heifers have had their first calf. The tendency is increased where the young calves run together, in which case, unless precautions are taken, they are almost sure to learn to suck each other. A habit of this kind is extremely difficult to cure; the cows having learned it while young suck themselves when they are in milk, and, unless very valuable, the best way to dispose of such is to fatten them for the butcher.—*Tribune and Journal.*

—It is erroneous to assert, as one writer does, that good-flavored and good-keeping butter can not be made by the old-fashioned way of setting milk, which exposes it to the influence of the air. Of course, something depends on the condition of the air. But pure air in contact with the cream at some stage of the process is absolutely essential to the development of fine flavor, and we strongly suspect that the complaint of the butter of the day being so short-lived, if the word may be used, is owing to the fact that the modern methods of setting milk so generally exclude the air.—*Montreal Witness.*

WINTER DAIRYING.

The Strong Arguments Which Every Progressive Dairyman Should Consider.

1. We get fully thirty per cent. more for our butter if well and skilfully made in the winter and the extra cost is not to exceed ten per cent. and when the whole year is considered in the support of the cow and the greater value of manure from grain fed cows is taken into account, it is a question if the winter system is not the cheapest. The following table showing the price in Chicago for the last three years is in point here.

Jan. 4, 1883	38@40c	Jan. 1, 1885	26@28c
April 5, 1883	28@31c	April 2, 1885	24@26c
July 5, 1883	21@23c	July 1, 1885	15@17c
Oct. 4, 1883	26@29c	Oct. 7, 1885	20@21c
Jan. 3, 1884	32@36c	Jan. 6, 1886	32@35c
April 3, 1884	30@33c	April 7, 1886	29@31c
July 3, 1884	18@20c	July 1, 1886	16@18c
Oct. 3, 1884	28@30c		

2. The immunity from drought and consequent injury to the milking habit of the cows. This is a more serious injury than many suppose. In nearly all seasons there is a time of drought and shrinkage in July, August or September. This causes the cow to shrink her milk and very rarely does she recover the lost flow in the fall months. In a season like the present the injury is still greater. Now if we have our cows calve, say in September, October or November we bring the shrinkage of the season and the natural drying up of the cows together and besides we give the cows their necessary rest from milk-giving when the product is worth the least and the flies are most troublesome.

3. The main portion of the year's dairy work is done when we are the least crowded with farm work and help is cheapest. If a farmer has twenty cows it will require about so much help to care for them through the winter and if he is a wise dairyman he must give them good care for he knows if he does not he will have a poor and unprofitable cow the next summer. Now it will require but little additional help to care for them in full milk flow. Again if his cows are fresh in winter he can then profitably hire his help by the year. If he is wise in this particular he will erect a small tenement house and hire a married man and his family, giving them a bit of ground for a garden, their yearly fuel and keep for a cow. Those who have tried this plan of hiring report to us a good increase in results, and a saving in cost, particularly in relieving the wife of family care.

It requires only a little resolution and putting into execution a little good managing sense to swing a dairy round to the winter plan. There are many other advantages we might mention: among them the great saving in the lives of valuable cows from milk fever, for it is the best cow that takes the fever always. We have been collecting data on this point for several years and we find that the loss from this fever from spring calving over fall calving is at least ten to one.—*Hoard's Dairyman.*

—What a man should not say he should not hear. The things which defile a man in going out of his mouth, defile him also when they go in at his eyes and ears.—*Tertullian.*

—The wise young man always laughs at his tailor's jokes.—*Philadelphia Call.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A Yankee saw the Pope when in Rome recently, and was polite enough to ask after his wife and family.

—Cats are the most difficult of all animals to train to perform tricks. A showman who could obtain a trained cat would consider his fortune made.

—The prisoner to be placed in the new lockup at Danbury, Conn., pulled off the iron leg of his bedstead, and, using it as a crowbar, had almost dug his way to freedom when discovered.

—Citizens of an Illinois town made a kite seven feet long, and sent it two thousand feet into the air. A windlass was rigged, and it required the power of three men to drag the kite back to the earth again.—*Chicago Mail.*

—A lady living in Fulton, N. Y., was frightened into hysterics by seeing her own shadow and thinking it was a burglar. She was confined to her bed for several days from the fright.

—One local justice decides that shaving is not a work of necessity and another local justice decides that it is. Justice, instead of being blind, seems to see two ways at once.—*Lowell Courier.*

—Dobson—"Hello, Jobson, old man, how are you? O, by the way, can you change a twenty-dollar bill for me?" Jobson (pleased to be thought a capitalist)—"Certainly, my boy, certainly," Dobson—"Good! I'm glad to hear it. Then you'll certainly be able to pay that five dollars you borrowed last year?" And Jobson had to pay.—*Somerville Journal.*

—The old buckskin horse "Phil," which carried General Butler through the war of the rebellion, and which the General has ever since kept in his possession, died Saturday night, aged thirty-one years. Since the creature became useless from old age, he has been taking life easy in the pasture.—*Lowell Courier.*

—There is a man near Griffin who has been married three different times and boasts of having under his roof six different families of children. His last two wives were widows with children, which makes his home like a young colony of many grades of relationship. The old man keeps a register of the names, date of birth, and the family to which they belong.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

—The Allentown, (Pa.) *Register* says: "On the farm of Reuben Updegrove, at Shanesville, Berks County, while the harvesting was being done, the men were assisted in binding the wheat by these three aged ladies: Elizabeth Trout, 92; Maria Updegrove, 82; Maria Trout, 76. It is a remarkable fact that each of them bound the heavy sheaves throughout the whole day, and in the evening had completed almost as much work as any of the men."

—There is one unhappy feature about "braving the whirlpool rapids of Niagara" in a barrel where the experimenter has no possible control over his vessel. If he fails he loses his life and demonstrates his folly; if he succeeds he demonstrates that anybody could do the same thing. If the operator in the barrel had had anything whatever to do or had required to use strength, skill, coolness or any other quality to save himself from destruction, then he would be a man set apart, worthy, perhaps, of some degree of admiration.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

—A comical case was recently brought before the probate court in Litchfield, Conn. A petition was preferred to the court to put a woman under a conservator, on the ground that she proposed marrying a worthless fellow who was in pursuit of a little money she had saved. It does not appear that she was of unsound mind except in this particular direction. Unluckily the suit was withdrawn, and it will never be known whether a court of probate can be put to any such useful purpose as the petitioners claimed. If it is to place every one under a conservator who designs marrying foolishly it will certainly be a very busy tribunal.—*Hartford Post.*

STATISTICS OF IRELAND.

Points of Interest in Connection with the Home Rule Movement.

According to the census of 1881 the population of Ireland was distributed as follows: Leinster, 1,278,989; Munster, 1,331,115; Ulster, 1,743,075; Connaught, 821,657. The proportion per cent. of population in each province engaged in or supported by agriculture, according to the census of 1881: Leinster, 50.8; Munster, 66.4; Ulster, 67.7; Connaught, 87.7; proportion for Ireland, 66. The value of cereals and other crops were in 1885 the following: Leinster, £8,092,030; Munster, £7,651,243; Ulster, £11,623,757; Connaught, £4,406,903. Of cattle, sheep and pigs: Leinster, £16,938,867; Munster, £20,048,949; Ulster, £15,667,364; Connaught, £10,857,097; horses for the four provinces, £11,950,210. Proportion per cent. in 1881 in each province of persons five years old and upward who can neither read nor write: Leinster, males, 19.9; females, 20.6; total, 20.2. Munster, 26.1, 31.1, and 28.5; Ulster, 19.3, 21.1, and 20.3; Connaught, 35.2, 40.5, and 37.9; total Ireland, 23.8, 26.5, 25.2. Numbers of persons engaged in 1884 in principal occupations throughout Ireland: Agriculture, 3,417,877; manufactures, 691,509; trade and commerce, 72,245; professions, 198,684; domestics, 426,161; no occupation, 368,360. The centers of manufacturing interests are Belfast, Dublin, Limerick and Cork. Rateable valuation 1884 and income-tax assessments of each province: Leinster, £4,745,319 and £13,272,202; Munster, £3,419,908 and £7,980,086; Ulster, £4,327,209 and £9,952,289; Connaught, £1,366,705 and £2,995,438. Religions in 1881: Leinster, Roman Catholics, 1,094,625; Protestant, 181,164; percentage of Roman Catholic, 85.5; Munster, 1,249,384; 81,731, 93.8; Ulster, 833,136; 809,509, 47.8; Connaught, 783,116, 38,541, 95.3. Pauperism in 1884: Leinster, poor relief expenditures, £334,197; persons relieved, 153,969; percentage of relieved, 12; Munster, £328,195, 142,046, 10.5; Ulster, £171,157, 79,946, 4.6; Connaught, £112,381, 41,021, 5. Agrarian offenses in 1885: Leinster, 156; Munster, 568; Ulster, 67; Connaught, 153.—*London Graphic.*

MONACO PALACE.

A Blind Prince Who Does Much for the Limited Number of His Subjects.

After seeing the games at Monte Carlo I visited the palace of Prince Charles at Monaco. Careless writers use the names interchangeably. Be it understood, then, that the great gambling hell is within and a part of the diminutive principality of Monaco. The less is included in the greater. The Prince's palace is situated at the other end of his possessions, about a mile from Monte Carlo. He never occupies it. He lives in luxurious retirement at Paris on the large revenues derived from a lease of the gambling monopoly. But he is cut off from many of the pleasures of this life, as he is stone blind. His ample income enables him to remit all taxes to his few thousand subjects and to keep a really beautiful palace on show for all comers. Not to be wanting in any of the outward signs of sovereignty he maintains an army of handsome fellows—sixty-five strong—and has a park of highly burnished artillery pointing seawards. Hundreds of cannon balls are piled up symmetrically in his palace yard. At the great gates of the edifice, as I approached it, stood two very good-looking soldiers. One rested gracefully on his shining musket and the other played with a tame crow which hopped about in the grass. Seeing me he recovered his erect position and dignity and returned my courteous salute. I asked permission to enter the palace. With a gesture he referred me to a gorgeous personage, looking like three Major-Generals rolled into one, who suddenly appeared in a door-way. I took him for the commander-in-chief of the army. But he was only the *concierge*. With a profound bow he requested my visiting card, which I gave him. Then, after registering my name, I was turned over to another less splendid—but still imposing—official who showed me through the long galleries and suits of rooms. They are full of costly pictures and statues and magnificently upholstered. But they have the cold, cheerless atmosphere and stuffy smell of all uninhabited houses, however grand. I was glad to escape from the wearisome round into the open air.

The blind Prince not only exempts his subjects from taxes, but he provides for several good schools and is a liberal supporter of the Roman Catholic Church. A fine cathedral is now rising at Monaco. As no resident, but only the stranger, is allowed access to the Casino at Monte Carlo, the local population is not hurt by the games. Speaking of suicides, I have learned that only two days before writing my last letter on this subject, a man who had lost his all at one of the tables, suddenly whipped out a pistol and shot himself. He was quietly removed and the roulette and trente et quarente went on without interruption. A lady, who had been watching the play on one occasion told me that she saw a person seize from the table a little pile of money which had been won by another. He appealed for redress to the superintendent of the Casino. The latter did not stop to inquire into the justice of the claim, but immediately paid over to the second player the sum which he said had been publicly stolen from him. This little incident proves the constant anxiety of the "administration" to avoid disagreeable scenes and scandals. But the suicides can not be stopped, as men, acting under the sudden impulse of despair, will kill themselves before the bank can solace them with the donations it is always ready to make for the relief of ruined gamesters. The French Government could, if it would—in the capacity of protector and powerful neighbor—suppress the monstrous evil of Monte Carlo. But Prince Charles manages to keep in favor at Paris, not merely by his personal residence there, but by a full-blown legation, which he maintains at the French capital for diplomatic purposes, just like a first class sovereign.—*Journal of Commerce.*

THE GOLDEN ROSE.

The Solemn Ceremonies Connected With Its Benediction by the Pope.

The receipt by the Queen Regent of Spain of the Pope's golden rose has led a curious writer to put together the following particulars concerning the flower: The first of these roses were simple flowers of red enamel, representing the natural color of the rose. Later the color of the rose was left white, and a large ruby was put in the center, the reflection from which gave the petals a red tint. Innocent XI., had a golden rose made which weighed over eight pounds, was ornamented with several sapphires, and represented a value of over 10,000 francs. Alexander VII. ordered one rose at 6,000 francs and another at 4,000 francs. Lately the golden rose has been worth over 10,000 francs, and has taken the form of a branch with several flowers, a natural rose, which has been blessed by the Pope, forming the center. Of this kind is the rose which the Queen Regent of Spain has just received. It is planted in a magnificent silver gilded vase, which is a splendid example of Roman workmanship. The rose itself is said to be a symbol of the Creator; the splendor and richness of the metal represent the eternal light which surrounds the Divine, and the perfume and spices, which are placed in the vase by the Pope, symbolize the glory and resurrection of Christ. The benediction of the rose is a solemn ceremony. The Holy Father, in his sacred robes, reads the formula of the benediction from a book which is held by a Bishop. Two other Bishops holding candles stand by his side. The high dignitaries of the Papal Court surround the Pontiff, holding the incense, the holy water, the spices and other perfumes. Another dignitary, kneeling, presents the rose to the Pope, who reads the prayers, blesses the incense, the spices and the perfumes, which are in turn presented to him by a Cardinal. After putting them into the vase which holds the rose, the golden rose is blessed, and the ceremony ends.—*London Standard.*

ANCIENT UPSALA.

A Canal Journey to Sweden's Principal University Town.

One fine morning we started for Upsala, chief university town of Sweden. There are two ways of reaching it from Stockholm—by train or by canal; but the latter journey is pleasanter and more characteristic. Like the passage up the Gotha canal, this other canal route is unique of its kind and distinctively peculiar to Sweden.

It gives one the delightful sensation of a new experience—a sensation that grows rare and yet more rare with time and travel. You distinctly feel when going up the Upsala canal that you are in a new world—are doing something you never did before and will probably not find in any other country.

Every one talks of the Gotha canal, every one does it; few ever think of the Upsala canal or dream of doing it. Most people choose train in preference to boat. It is more quickly over, and the sooner they get to Upsala the better. Yet the journey was almost more enjoyable than the journey up the Gotha canal. It was very different, less important; there was no golden-haired lady on board to dazzle us with her charms and divide our attention with passing scenes; there were no midnight experiences on dark, mysterious lakes, no walks under the stars through avenues of splendid beeches. But there was the pleasure of the unexpected.

We had heard nothing of the canal journey; its praises had not been sung as those of the Gotha. Anticipating little, we received much. There was no ceremony, no preparation; no troublesome hours for meals long drawn out. Best of all, there was no tourists. With the exception of a few pleasant Swedes, we had it to ourselves. There were more second class passengers, but they were forward on a lower deck and were rather an advantage than otherwise. One could see them, and study human nature from an edifying elevation. They were quiet and in no way interfered with any one. The boat calls at many stations, and they were bound to one or other business. Conspicuous and out of place among them was a lady, conquettishly dressed, with tight-fitting kid gloves and a lace parasol. She asked questions the whole time, took down answers, looked about her, consulted Baedeker, and was evidently writing a guide book on her own account. It ought to have been intelligent by reason of her expression and manner; exhaustive from the amount of pains she took to gather information. She was traveling under the protection of an attentive husband, who seemed very proud of her; sharpened her pencils, referred to her book, held her parasol, generally fetched and carried for her, like any gallant of high degree. He was evidently very much her inferior, but badly as nature had matched them they were a devoted pair.—*Argosy.*

ORIGIN OF CYCLONES.

The Theory Advanced by One of the Leading Scientists of the Age.

In a recent paper on the "Conservation of Energy in the Atmosphere," Dr. Warner Siemens gives the following theory of the origin of cyclones: The comparative vacuum formed at the center of a cyclone can produce suction only in the direction of the axis of the cyclone, thus either raising the water upon the surface over which it rotates, or drawing down air from the higher regions of the atmosphere. The existence of such a descending current of air within a tornado is confirmed by the clear sky and quiet air often observed at its center. We must imagine, says Dr. Siemens, a local cyclone as produced by an impulse of superheated air, due to some local cause or other, given at the boundaries of an upper and lower tract of disturbance of the neutral equilibrium of an atmosphere at rest, which reaches the boundary of the upper cooled strata of air, which have a tendency to descend. We must thus have an outer descending current formed round the ascending one, by means of which as much air descends as has been carried up by the ascending current. If the disturbance of equilibrium embraces extended upper and lower strata of air, the descending masses will produce an increase of pressure in the neighborhood of the cyclone, gradually extending to the surface of the earth, and on the other hand into the highest regions of the air, and transfer its *vis viva* continually into new superheated masses of air which ascend in the cyclone, while a part of the descending external cyclone circulating in the same direction ascends again with the inner, and transfers it to a part of the *vis viva* gained in the higher regions of the air. The course of the center of the cyclone is then determined by the direction of the mean velocity of all the air masses forming the cyclone, and its duration is that of the disturbance of the neutral equilibrium of the atmosphere which called it forth and maintains it. The local ascending current, by carrying dust and particles with it, may also produce rain by condensing the aqueous vapor of the higher strata.—*Engineering.*

Egyptian English.

The following is a placard in the possession of a British naval officer just returned from Egypt. He procured it at a *cafe chantant* in Alexandria. It was printed in several languages, and this is the English part: "Every of the consummations of the coldess, one piastre besides. Every of the claim to be addressed directly of the direction. During the repetitions the price of consummations to be the same that in every the other's coffee." With the aid of the parallel passages in other languages the meaning is found as follows: "All iced drinks one piastre extra. All complaints should be made at the office. Notwithstanding the performance the prices will be the same as those of other cafes."—*Manchester Guardian.*

—The greatest curiosity at present is supposed to be the man who isn't able to do any thing in half the time any one else can do it.—*New Haven News.*

VENERABLE HEIDELBERG.

The Earliest Days of a Seat of Learning Established in 1386.

Although no stately buildings, even in ruin, exist to speak to us from those early years of Heidelberg's rising glory there happily remains one monument still enjoying full vigor, and celebrating this present summer of 1886, the five hundredth anniversary of its foundation by Conrad's descendant, the Count Palatine Ruprecht I. This is the university, hoary, but gifted with eternal youth. Hardly black enough could be painted the picture of the moral and mental needs of the time, in all western Europe, preceding the birth of the first universities, of which that of Heidelberg was among the earliest. * * * Ruprecht's long life had been filled with futile wars and conflicts, but the old warrior easily foresaw the advantages his land would derive from this more enduring work, and although he wrote with marked humility: "I understand only my mother tongue; I am untaught and ignorant of all learning," still he did his utmost to make prosperous his infant university. He gave strict command that no violence should be done the students in traveling to and from Heidelberg, a great boon in those lawless days. Besides, he made the institution absolutely free to pass judgment upon and punish its own members, and declared it to be in no way subject to civil authority, a right which German universities have, to a great extent, preserved to the present day. A rich dowry in lands and other sources of income was given to the university. The university had four faculties, which conferred the different degrees of bacalor, master and licentiate, and on October 18, 1386, it was solemnly opened with mass attended by all the students. The first rector was Marsilius von Inghen from Paris, where Ruprecht had found the pattern for all that had concerned his new institution, even to the fashion of dress to be worn by the professors. The very hours were fixed when the learned men called from afar should hold forth, but they were forbidden to fill up the whole time with stupefying dictation, some chance being thus wisely afforded for the breath of free academic life. While inheriting a developed organization like that of the church, as well as its affection for ranks and degrees, far greater simplicity and limitations ruled in the university in all that concerned material needs. The professors were satisfied with from one to eight groschen (about 2½—20 cents) for each course of lectures, according to its length, and the disputations paid three gulden ($1.50) annually, a sufficiently large sum for those days. Fifty gulden a year ($25.00) was a fine salary, but for traveling three months in Italy on university business a professor received only an additional thirty-nine gulden ($19.50), a modest sum indeed, according to our modern ideas, even on the basis that money had twenty times its present value. For the prosperity of the institution a library was most essential. But while, in our day, a private man may have his thousands of books, a priceless storehouse of knowledge, in Ruprecht's time a library of sixty volumes was considered very large, in fact, well-nigh inexhaustible. As, before the invention of printing, the store of learning was confined to rare and perishable manuscripts, on each of which a small fortune was expended, Ruprecht felt the importance of protecting dealers in manuscripts, paper and parchment, and so he granted them the same privileges that he had given to the university itself. How strange a contrast to his course in these matters, and how vivid a picture of those wild days, was the position taken by this Prince with regard to the robberies then prevalent on the highway! In these he shared openly, for he kept active two fortified robbers' nests, not far from Speier, on on the great road to Worms, and, as the merchants passing to and from the far East, with costly wares, neared the forest, they were fallen upon and their goods seized to replenish the Prince's treasury.—*Century Magazine.*

CHRISTIAN MEEKNESS.

How a Unitarian Missionary Made a Most Devoted Friend.

A story is told of the late Rev. Mr. Dall, the Unitarian missionary to India, which illustrates how he carried Christian precepts into practice. When he went to Baltimore as a preacher he took a house where there was a good opportunity for a garden, and, being fond of flowers, he devoted much leisure time to the cultivation of the little spot. A woman lived next door who, for some reason, conceived an intense dislike for her neighbor and missed no opportunity to annoy him. Among other things, she persisted in throwing refuse over the fence into Mr. Dall's garden, greatly to its detriment, despite his repeated protestations, couched in the friendliest words. Mr. Dall's garden, however, flourished and finally blossomed. Gathering the first flowers, which were exceptionally beautiful, the minister made a bouquet, went to his neighbor's door and asked for the lady. She came with an astonished scowl, but when he, with a friendly smile, extended his hand with the flowers, begging her to accept the first products of his garden, she was taken aback. After that she was one of Mr. Dall's most devoted frisnds.—*N. Y. Post.*

Number of Hairs in a Head.

An eminent German has undergone the enormous labor of counting the number of hairs in heads of four different colors. In a blonde he found 140,400 hairs; in a brown, 109,440; in a black, 102,962, and in a red one, 88,740. What the red and black heads wanted in number of hairs was made up, however, in the greater bulk of the hairs individually, and in all probability the scalps were all pretty equal in weight. It is to the fineness and multiplicity of hairs that blonde tresses owe the rich color and silklike character of their flow, a circumstance which artists have so loved to dwell upon.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—There are twenty-two counties in Kansas which have madstones within their boundaries.

MAYA RELICS.

Some Interesting Discoveries Made in Central America and Mexico.

Prof. Desire Charnay, whose explorations and discoveries among the antiquities of Central America and Mexico have made him famous, has but recently returned from another visit of exploration to Yucatan. Speaking of his work there, he said:

"After leaving Izamal I went on a journey of exploration, and on the north of Valadolid, in the oriental part of the peninsula, I discovered a new ruined city, previously entirely unknown and never before visited by anybody. It was called the City of Ek-Balam, which means the City of the Black Tiger. This city gives us an illustration of the last epoch of civilization among the Indians, which was not known at all and which we were ignoring entirely, an epoch of civilization—always the same as the preceding ones—which must have lasted from the year 1480, or about that, to the time of the arrival of the Spaniards, 1525 to 1527. This city also gives us the proof that all the lost cities that were seen by the Spaniards were exactly the same as the cities of the interior, which are still existing, only they were not built so strongly. They belonged to the epoch of decadence, and it was easy to recognize and explain. The country was divided at this time into many small provinces, often so small as to be composed simply of the city occupied by a chief—or cacique. These petty caciques did not have the means to build such splendid and durable edifices as were in Uxmal, Kabah and Chichen. They could only imitate and measurably reproduce them in meaner proportions and in cheaper material. That was very evident. There was here no more of those large projecting stone cornices. Those here were small. The friezes here were not decorated by carving, but only painted white—merely a dead flat white, instead of the beautiful bas reliefs in the richer cities. And instead of sculptured stone lintels such as are found in many cities, there was here only wood, not in large pieces, and often rough as it came out of the forest. So, the existence of an epoch of decadence is very evident, and the disappearance of those cities, though more modern than the ancient ones I have named, is quite natural, because they were not so solidly built.

"I have also found there the first Maya cemetery that was ever discovered by explorers. From my excavations there I have taken, and have already sent home to France, many curious and most interesting things that go far to sustain my theory as to the newness of the civilization there. The most ancient cities probably date from the Eleventh or Twelfth century, and the last ones were still being builded at the time of the arrival of the Spaniards. Among the things I found in that cemetery were pottery, axes and utensils of copper and bronze, and other objects of use and adornment in stone. There were also beautifully made toys, representing small animals, that were doubtless put into the graves of children."—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE KOOTENAI INDIANS.

Contrasts in Morals and Manners of Some of the British Columbia Aborigines.

It is the end of my first Sunday here. We have just been to the Indians' worship. They are Roman Catholics, because I think, they like the pictures of the saints, the ceremonies and the priest's care. Their worship was a surprise to us and an education. These Kootenais are confessedly the lowest and filthiest of the fish-eating Indians, but it is a marvel to see how they rise above nature in worship. No civilized congregation presents such contrasts. The darkened windows of the painted chapel, the vapor and odor of the incense, the chants, the simple ceremonies and the rapt attention of the worshipers materialized for us the ghost of Chateaubriand. We breathed again the sentimental atmosphere of 'Atala' and 'The Genius of Christianity."

Leon Faucet, the priest, is a shrewd and devout French Jesuit. As he expressed it, he has ruled these Indians with a *main de fer*. His name, throughout this region, is feared and respected as if it were the name of a demi-god. They have many stories of his miraculous paralyzing of arms raised to strike him and of sudden dumbness seizing tongues that dared to profane in his presence. His laws form a code which penetrates all details of their simple savage life.

Their religion is a strife and a compromise between the principles of right and their savage education. I remember at our first encounter, when I had to treat with them for canoe transportation for myself and party, that the negotiations lasted from two in the afternoon until noon the next day. Then they were broken off, and had to be renewed from other points of attack, and when at last concluded, the sum agreed for was less than that at first proposed. We thought we knew the Kootenai river pretty well, but when they set out with us, one in each canoe, with two paddlers, they took us through miles of unknown water-ways, over sluggish bayous and inlets we had never heard of, finally striking the crooked river again at an angle which had saved leagues of travel and shortening the journey by hours. Then we saw the justness of their bargain. We agreed that we knew of no Christian white man whom we would think capable of such mercantile propriety. But on the outskirts of one little settlement we passed a moveless figure, an old woman crouched forward, her arms about her shins, her head between her knees. She stirred not nor looked as we flitted by her, although an outstretched paddle would have touched her. By her side were food and drink. I asked my nearest Indian what she did there! He grunted in reply a gutteral word which translated means "to die." These two incidents suggest the Indian's religion.

There are two clans or towns of Indians, the "Upper" and the "Lower" Kootenais, about 475 in all. They have never made a treaty with the United States, and never received aid from the Government.—*Charles J. Woodbury, in N. Y. Post.*

A MEXICAN'S SHRINE.

The Poetic Tradition Connected With the Church of the Virgin of Guadalupe.

Guadalupe is the holiest shrine in Mexico. It is the scene of a tradition that is never doubted for an instant by the people. In 1581 the Virgin appeared one evening to a poor peon, Juan Diego, and told him to go to some wealthy man and say it was her will that a church be built on that spot. The Indian in a great fright obeyed her command, but the wealthy fellow refused to put credence in the incredulous story, so the peon returned and told the Virgin, who was still there, of his failure. She told him to return and show his tilma (apron) as proof. The amazed fellow did so, and the light disclosed the picture of the Virgin painted on the apron. Still the unbeliever doubted, and the Virgin sent for the third time a bunch of fresh roses, such as never before grew in this country. The infidel took the flowers, and the picture of the Virgin fell from the heart of a rose. He was convinced, and built a large church on the spot where the Virgin appeared.

The church is a fine one, decorated with statues, paintings and gold. The silver railing weighs twenty-six tons, and is composed of a metal composite. The church authorities have received numerous offers for this rich relic. Some persons desired to replace the railing with one of solid silver, but this bargain was not accepted. Diego's apron is above the altar in a frame. On it is painted a picture of the Virgin, but, to say the very least, it was not drawn by a master's hand. The bunch of roses, which, they claim, never fades, is also shown in a glass vase, and is gazed on with reverence by the believers.

It is the common belief that anything asked of the Virgin of Guadalupe is granted. I have seen people pray with their hands outstretched, and after awhile murmur, "Gracious, gracious," and get up as if the favor had been received. Women oft-times kiss the floor when they think they have received mercy at the hands of their dear saint. Near the door are hundreds of rude oil paintings representing scenes in which the Virgin has saved the lives of people. One man fell from a second-story window, and by murmuring the Virgin's name escaped uninjured. Another was not crushed to death, although his horse fell on him. One was released from prison, many from fatal sickness, and hundreds of canes and crutches in the corner testify to the many who have been healed.

A little green plaza, filled with tall trens, beautiful flowers and flowing fountains, separates the Church of the Virgin of Guadalupe from another, which, in order to have some attraction, boasts of a well in the vestibule, which is ever boiling up its muddy water. The water cures any disease, so they say, and at any time a crowd is found around its magic brim filling jars, bottles and pitchers to take home, or supping from the copper bowl that is chained to the iron bars that cover the well. Very few can suppress the look of disgust when they try to swallow the vile stuff with the all-healing qualities.—*Cor. Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

NAMES FOR FAME.

Ludicrous Appellations Bestowed Upon Innocent Children by Silly Parents.

Of all people perhaps the Southern negro is the most noted for curious names. This, no doubt, is due to the fact that on attaining freedom they sometimes took their former master's surname, but more often adopted one of their own selection. Hence they were oftentimes ludicrous, at others grandiloquent. An old woman near Orangeburg, S. C., who has a large family, all with very long names, may be regarded as a fair specimen. Her oldest son has the short appellation of James Washington Scipio Cæsar Alfred June Louis Lynch; one of her daughters, Ida Celesita Lovely Vene Lovely Vine Susan Matilda Belle Caroline Lynch; her youngest, Rebecca Annabel Victoria Party Little Siss Medoria Lynch; and the others are long, but not to be compared with these.

Nor are some of the Caucasians behind in this line. A young man of the same South Carolina neighborhood revels in the coils of this cognomen: James Virgil John Drubel William Philologus Gunter, being named after all his uncles and grandfathers.

A well-known South Carolina doctor, whose experience dates over twenty-five years of an extensive practice, and who has, in consequence, been in contact with many people of all classes, said he knew of a young gent whose delightful name was Gilbert Filbert Fillmore Stansel Stanmore. He also said that he was once attending a patient whose social status was not upper ten, being rather of a moody character. He had completed a diagnosis of the case and was preparing the medicine. A little sallow, dirty, clay-eating boy came in the door gnawing a biscuit. He did not see the doctor, and was soon absorbed in examining the bottles in the medicine chest. The doctor, placing his hand on the boy's head, asked: "What is your name, my little man?" The little fellow looked up with an expression of terror, and shot under a bed.

"Don't be afraid of the doctor," called his mother, trying to drag him from under the bed; "he won't hurt you. Come out an' tell him your name. Don't be scared! Come out an' tell the doctor your name is John Lamb Flam Lorregan Lanninhams Beauregard Cassavanican Br——"

John L. F. L. L. B. C. not coming out, she added confidentially to the doctor: "We call him Boozy for short!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Elenora Talbot, a young woman of Lecompe, La., was standing by a window during a thunder storm, when she was struck by lightning. Her right side was burned from the shoulder to the foot, and her clothes were set on fire. Other persons in the house were so stunned by the shock that for some time they were not able to aid the girl, who was so badly burned that her life was despaired of. She recovered.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Whiskey and Tobacco.

Boston Advertiser.

The increase in the amount of whiskey distilled and drunk during the year now ended was 1,600,000 gallons over the amount of 1885, the total consumption of this liquor being 7,700,000.

Estimating the population of the country at 60,000,000, this gives about one gallon and a pint for each one of us, including women and school children and those of yet younger years.

The consumption of beer amounts up to some 264,000,000 gallons, an increase of more than 1,500,000 from the preceeding year, which admits of an allowance of eleven gallons to each inhabitant, or, counting out the children and one-half the adult population as total abstainers, the rest are to be credited with the imbibition of one half pint daily.

Analyzing these figures further it is seen that while the increase in the total amount of spirits consumed is considerable, individually we are growing more temperate.

For, in the years closely preceeding the quantity of whiskey drunk in the United States averaged almost six quarts for each inhabitant; and going back to 1870 the records of the department show a production, under a low tax, that gave nearly two gallons yearly to each man, woman and child in the country.

The growth of a preference for malt liquors, which these figures snow very plainly the average consumption of beer having increased from seven to eleven gallons in eight years is doubtless one of the influences that have produced this result.

The use of tobacco is constantly increasing, except in the form of snuff, the falling off in the consumption of that article reaching nearly two hundeed thousand pounds.

In the comparatively novel practice of cigarette smoking, which has in fact come into vogue within less than fifteen years, there has been an increase of 25 percent, the total number burned being 1,310,000,000 or about 22 apiece all around.

Of manufactured tobacco for smoking and chewing, there were 101,000,000 pounds used, averaging about three and one-fourth pounds each, and of cigars 3,500,000,000, an increase of 152,000,000 from last year, or about fifty-nine for every inhabitant.

If, now, a calculation is made of what these large aggregates have cost the consumers, supposing them to have made their purchases at retail, we may reach an approximate imagination of the tax which our minor vices lay upon the collective purse of the average man. Taking the lowest prices at 4 cents a cigar and 10 for a gill of whiskey, the total will be found to amount to more than $1,500,000,000—not so very much less than our national debt—or $20 each from all who live in our prosperous land.

Humor of the Day.

When the summer resorts fill up it becomes more difficult for the boarders to do so.

Queen Elizabeth style is expected to come in again in 1888. This is, indeed ruff.

"I do my best to bring mankind higher," as the elevator boy said, "but some will keep going down."

"Say, I've got the hiccoughs. Frighten me, won't you." "Lend me a five?" "Thanks, it's all over now."

There are two things in this world that can be depended upon to stick. A porous plaster and a stylographic pen.

"Law Without Lawyers" is the title of a new book. That's nothing strange. Lemonade without lemons has been an old thing ever since picnics were invented.

Boy—Father wants three pounds of steak, and I will bring the money around to-morrow. Butcher—Wait until to-morrow comes, bub, and then you won't have to make two trips.

Smith—Have you forgetten that $20 I loaned you, Brown? Brown—No, indeed. I've made a note of it. Smith—Well, if you can't give me the cash I'll take the note.

The Best Chill Medicine.

SALISBURY, MD., Aug. 1884.

Dear Sir:—I had the ague and chills and fever for six months, had taken several different medicines, but none done me any good. Through the recommendation of a friend I was induced to try "AROMANNA." I used one bottle and have not had a chill since.

JOHN PARSONS.

SALISBURY, MD., May 25, 1885.

Dear Sir:—I was cured of Dyspepsia by using two bottles of "AROMANNA."

MARY HEARN.

Price 25 and 85 cts. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland, Md.

Why is a bald-headed man like a hound? Because he makes a little hare go a great ways.

A Dangerous River.

Mr. Stanley, the renowned explorer of Africa, tells us about dangerous river brutes in the Congo river.

"The most dangerous savage foes we have to fear," says Mr. Stanley, "are the crocodile, hippopotamus and buffalo. We lost five men during my last visit to the Congo from these animals; three were killed by crocodiles, one by a hippopotamus, and one by a buffalo. There were large numbers of hippopotami along the Congo and its tributaries, and thousands upon thousands crocodiles. The latter are by far the most insidious foes we have, because they are so silent and so swift. You see a man bathing in the river," said Mr. Stanley, with one of his vivid graphic touches, "he is standing near the shore laughing at you, perhaps, laughing in the keen enjoyment of the bath; suddenly he falls over and you see him no more. A crocodile has approached unseen, has struck him a blow with his tail that knocks him over, and he is instantly seized and crrried off. Or it may be that the man is swimming; he is totally unconscious of danger; there is nothing in sight, nothing to stir a tremor of apprehension; but there, in deep water, under the shadow of that rock, or hidden beneath the shelter of the trees yonder, is a huge crocodile; it has spotted the swimmer and is watching its opportunity; the swimmer approaches; he is within striking distance; stealthily, silently, unperceived, the creature makes for its prey; the man knows nothing till he is seized by the leg and dragged under, and he knows no more. A bubble or two indicate the place where he has gone down and that is all.

"For a dread, unspeakable horror," Mr. Stanley adds, "there is no death by wild beasts like that of being killed by a crocodile. It is worse than being taken by a shark; for the shark must come to the surface and let itself be seen; whereas the crocodile strikes unseen and from below.

"The danger of the hippopotamus is that you come upon it unnoticed. You are floating down the river or rowing against the stream, no danger in sight, when you may be suddenly upset by a hippopotamus over which you have unconsciously floated, and the chances are that before you well know where you are, you are bitten in two by a snap of the beast's tremendous jaws. But the danger from the hippopotamus is not so great as that from the crocodile, because it does not lie in wait, and is not a stealthy animal. We naturally kill the crocodile whenever we get a chance to do so, but the Congo and its tributaries are full of them."

A. T. Stewart's Widow.

A New York letter to the San Francisco *Argonaut* has the following: Some days ago, walking past that marble palace on Thirty-Fourth street and Fifth avenue, I had a glimpse of Mrs. A. T. Stewart, the first for years. Poor old lady! One look at her is as good as a sermon on the follies of this life. Her coupe, gorgeous in gilded trappings and satin cushions, was standing at the curb and, just as I passed, the great white hall doors were thrown open with a flourish and out she came. Against a long vista of marble columns and shining floors, she began to creep slowly down the stairs, leaning heavily on the arm of her major-domo. That major-domo by the way is a wonderful old creature. He looks like a creation of Trollope's, and always dresses in decent black, with a black velvet skull cap on his long silvery hair, and his gold-tipped wand of office in his hand. He led Mrs. Stewart with fatherly care down the long flight of steps, then at the bottom delivered her into the hands of two gigantic footmen, who supported her to the carriage, while a maid followed, her blooming face peeping out from under a mass of shawls and air-cushions. That the widow of the merchant millionaire is as fond as ever of the pomps and vanities is shown in her blushing cheeks, in the mane of wild black curls, bobbing into her eyes and pouring in a jetty cascade down her back; in her gown of black silk, stiff as pasteboard, and covered with laces and jet and red satin bows, dragging its heavy length out behind her. It looks, however, as if she could not have much more time left wherein to enjoy them. She was so feeble the other day that her footmen had almost to lift her into her carriage; then the maid came tripping to the door and began putting her into shape—punched up her cushions and arranged her shawls, pulled the gloves up over her tiny, trembling hands, twitched her bonnet into place, pulled down her veil, patted the bow under her chin and settled her into the carriage as one might settle an extra expensive doll.

His Honor said admonishinly to the prisoner; "After this you ought to keep away from bad company." "Yes, your Honor. You won't see me here again in a hurry."

An Essay on Man.

Man was made in dry weather.

He was made of dust.

Quite a number have never recovered from their creation; they are still dry.

It's a man's nature to be discontented.

Adam had a monopoly, but he could not be happy without some one to crow over.

For a while he knocked round over the Garden of Eden, and then went to the house; but he had to cook his own supeer, there was no stove wood chopped and things went on in a bad shape generally.

The next morning it was the same way. He had to make his own bed and sweep out. His socks were dirty and his arm would run through a hole in his sleeve. So he was dissatisfied.

The next night, when he went to sleep the Creator punished him by making one of his ribs into a woman, a misfortune to the race.

It has been six thousand years since that rib was lost, and yet man continues feeling for it.

This is a very feeling subject.

Pursuit in this case is said to be sweeter than possession.

After Eve got acquainted with her mate, she vowed that all the men in the world were not worth Adam.

Goliah was a man.

Concealment in such cases is attended with but little trouble. It is only necessary to part his hair in the middle.

The family man resembles an oyster on half shell.

The shell is known at home—the soft side abroad.

Some men carry this resemblance in their faces. A great many men have countenances like oysters.

Job is said to have been a very patient man:

He had boils all over him.

Many a man now boils all over himself when the preacher reaches "thirteenthly" on a hot summer day, and never thinks of the grandeur of Job's example.

Pleasantries.

Whenever a British parliament gets into hot water it is sure to dissolve.

A man must not expect to live in clover simply because he marries a grass widow.

A Western man has a cyclone cellar to which he retires when his wife commences house-cleaning.

"Always pay as you go," said an old man to his nephew. "But, uncle suppose I have nothing to pay with." "Then don't go."

Smith—"I saw you carry home a couple of nice looking watermelons last night, Brown. How much did they cost you?" Brown—"I don't know yet. The doctor is up at the house now."

Bronson Alcott was holding forth on the benefits of a vegetable diet. He said that the pork-eater gradully grew to look like a hog, and the beef eater in time resembles a bull in his intellectual qualities. A listener asked Alcott if a vegetable diet might not make a man resemble a small potato.

Recently a man applied to Congress for a pension because he was "cicked by a muel," and now a Georgia farmer wants it to pay him $250 because his hogs have eaten up his wallet. What's the use of having a Congress if you don't make it useful?

"Can you draw, young man?" inquired Quilp of an applicant for a private tutorship. "Certainly," replied the candidate. "At ten years of age I could draw cider, at twelve a picture, at fifteen a handcart loaded with cabbages, at sixteen an inference, at twenty a bill of exchange. If I were an actor I believe I could draw the largest kind of a house, but being a teacher I am content to draw a salary, and the bigger the better." "You'll do," said Quilp.

The anti-slang movement is winning many adherents. The scheme involves a forfeiture of five cents for every slang word indulged in, the proceeds going toward some missionary fund. There is nothing that will knock slang silly so quick as to have to chip a nickel every time one toots his horn. We hope this movement will spread until the whole business is paralyzed.

A Captain's Fortunate Discovery.

Capt. Coleman, schr. Weymount, plying between Atlantic City and N. Y., had been troubled with a cough so that he was unable to sleep, and was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It not only gave him instant relief, but allayed the extreme soreness in his breast. His children were similarly affected and a single dose had the same happy effect. Dr. King's New Discovery is now the standard remedy in the Coleman household and on board the schooner. Free Trial Bottles of this Standard Remedy at W. D. Nydegger's Drug Store.

Clover-Sick Soils.

The following was written in reply to a letter sent to the New Jersey Experiment Station, inquiring what could be done to give more certainty to the growth of clover and to increase its yield;

There is much complaint among farmers in all parts of the country where clover is grown that the seed does not take as well as it did formerly, and that the crop is much more likely to fail than in former years. This failure of the clover crop has also become a serious damage to farmers in foreign countries. There it is attributed to the land having been cropped with clover till it is said to be clover sick. No certain cure for this condition of the soil has been found, though many experiments have been made. The most plausible hypothesis is that the soil and subsoil are exhausted of lime, magnesia, potash and soda, which are taken out of them by large quantities by the growing crop of clover. This is not proved to be the cause of the failure of the crop, but in the absence of anything better it would be well to consider it probable and make an experiment to test it. For this purpose the most convenient fertilizers to use would be kainit and plaster, as they would supply all the missing constituents mentioned. A mixture of the two fertilizers in equal quantities might be made, and 500 or 600 pounds of it used on an acre. It should be applied in the spring at the time of sowing the clover seed.

An Indian boy had asked the meaning of the word miss. To miss, I told him, is the same as to fail. If you shoot at a bird or a mark, and do not hit it; you miss it. You go to a tailor for a coat, and your coat fits badly; it is a miss fit. You hope to enter the middle class next year, but you cannot pass the examinations, and so you miss the promotion.

His face wore a puzzled air, and he shook his head.

"Then," said I, "there is another meaning of miss. We call a married woman, madam; but an unmarried woman, miss."

His face brightened. He smiled and nodded. "Ah, I see!" said he; "she has missed her man."

"It is hopeless," said the gentle doctor to Miss Jones, "you cannot live."

"And must I die?" she asked.

"You cannot live."

"Tell me, doctor, one thing before I go."

"What is that?"

"Does the hair change color after death?"

"No."

"Then I die happy. I'll look as well as those Smith girls on the day of judgment, anyway."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

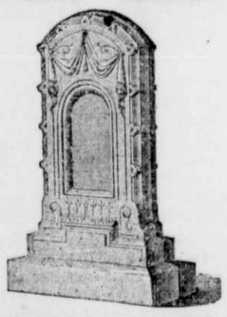
A HOME CHEAP.

I have a fifty acre lot, with small house and other improvements, about four miles from Oakland and two miles from Mountain Lake Park, which I will sell at a moderate figure. Application should be made soon.

W. H. TOWER, Agent.

7 17 tf

WHITE BRONZE



MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out-door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

6 17 t

P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Shartzer's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

$200.000 in presents given away. Send us 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the $200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

BALTIMORE FEMALE COLLEGE.

By the terms of the endowment of the above college, one pupil from each county is entitled to free tuition in all the branches taught in the college, with stationery and use of books.

The scholarship for Garrett county is vacant at present, and the Judges of the Orphans' Court are authorized to fill the same by appointment.

Applicants will please file their applications at once.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Register.

7 24

NEW ADVERTISEMNTES.

ORDER NISI.

In the matter of the Deed of Trust from John T. Davis, et. al., to Thomas J. Peddicord and H. Wheeler Combs, Trustees.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County. No. 370 Equity. August 3d, 1886.

ORDERED, That the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings made and reported by Edward H. Sincell and Frederick A. Thayer, Trustees, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the Thirtieth day of August; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Oakland, once in each of three successive weeks before the said Thirtieth day of August, inst.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $960.00.

W. H. TOWER, Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy—Test:
8 7 3t W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

MEAT MARKET!

The undersigned will have on hand, at his meat market in Oakland, every day, from 5 A. M. to 11 A. M.,

Fresh Beef, Mutton and Veal,

of the best quality and at fair prices. He will also run his wagon to

MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK

every day, and to

DEER PARK

every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

7 10 T. W. CASTEEL.

FOR SALE.

AT A BARGAIN.

A large two-story frame house, with celler and basement, situated on the Oakland and Mountain Lake road, near the latter place, is offered for sale at a bargain.

There are about two acres of ground, good outbuildings, well of good water, and a number of large shade trees. One of the handsomest locations for a summer residence in this neighborhood.

For information apply to or address

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Oakland, Md.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

fl 24 DAVID LITTLE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 30th, 1886.

GOING EAST.

No. 2	7.20 A. M.
No. 66	5.56 A. M.
No. 6	12.35 P. M.
No. 4	11.53 P. M.
No. 82—Accommodation	5.10 P. M.
Way	11.36 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 1	9.34 P. M.
No. 65	5.55 P. M.
No. 5	3.57 P. M.
No. 3	1.41 A. M.
No. 81—Accommodation	9.30 A. M.
Way	11.36 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS, Master of Transportation.

L. M. COLE, General Ticket Agent

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y

HENRY ALBRIGHT,

—Manufacturer of—

Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,

OAKLAND, MD.

☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done.

Nov. 21, 85.—1 y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

SIXTEEN ACRES OF LAND

at Altamont, Md., improved by a

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE

18 by 36 feet, two stories high. There are on this land two never failing springs of good water, and a running stream.

Situation Delightful!

Two miles from Deer Park, with excellent graded road

Excellent Situation for Summer Residence.

For particulars and terms apply to or address

J. A. HAYDEN, Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE.

TRACTS & MILITARY LOTS.

The subscriber offers for sale the following lands in Garrett county:

"Bank Property," 1625 acres on Backbone Mountain, near West Virginia line. There is on this tract good Poplar, White and Red Oak, Chestnut, Birch and Sugar Timber, and the land when cleared, will make good farms.

"Friedland," 175 acres, near Accident, part improved.

A fine building site near Fort Pendleton, lot containing two acres.

Also the following Military Lots, containing 50 acres each:

Lots Nos. 4061 and 4062, with the well known Boiling Spring, two miles south of Deer Park, with which it is connected by a good road.

Lot No. 1914, on B. & Ohio R. R., East of Wilson's store.

Lots Nos. 361, 363, 364 and 365, near Ben Davis'.

Lot No. 390, West of Garrett Moon's.

Lots Nos. 371 and 377, West of (late) Hugh Cooper's.

Lot No. 383, East of (late) Elisha Harvey's.

Lot No. 1252, near West Virginia line.

WILLIAM I. BROWN, Box 41, Oakland, Md.

Sept. 5th, 1885.—1 y

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT, MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

10 7 y

Sellers' Liver Pills.

Act Directly on the Liver.

CURES CHILLS AND FEVER, DYSPEPSIA, SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUS COLIC, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, PILES, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, DIZZINESS, TORPID LIVER, COATED TONGUE, SLEEPLESSNESS, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER AND STOMACH. If you do not "feel very well," a single pill at bed-time stimulates the stomach, restores the appetite, imparts vigor to the system.

They cure all diseases like magic. Get the right kind SELLERS' LIVER PILLS. Sold by druggists. Send for circular.

SELLERS MEDICINE CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence in Russell's brick house Second street.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

3 15 ly.

SURVEYING!

Military lots located. Estimates of timber lands a specialty. Sales negotiated on reasonable terms. Areas computed by Logarithms—the only correct method.

HIRAM P. TASKER,
11 6 tf Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hoopole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 281, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

F. A. THAYER,

INSURANCE AGENT,

OAKLAND, MD.

Insures both Real and Personal Property at moderate rates.

☞ Represents Six First Class Companie

THE BEST FARM IMPLEMENTS.

Brown, New Champion and Delaware Wagons, Universal, Roland and Double Shovel Plows, Champion Reapers and Mowers, Spring Wagons and Carriages, Grain Drills, Cider Mills, Orchilla Guano, Feed Cutters, Barbed Wire, Sewing Machines, Spring Harrows, Thomas Hay Rakes, Hay Forks and Carriers &c., &c.

EVERYTHING FULLY WARRANTED.

For sale by

J. M. DAVIS & SON.

February 24, 1886.—tf.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 10. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, AUG. 28, 1886. NUMBER 26.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

VEGETABLES,

FRUITS, &C., &C.

Always on hand, as they come in market.

NEW CROP OF

TURNIP AND RUTABAGA SEEDS.

ALL RELIABLE.

VEGETABLE PLANTS of all kinds in season.

(MOSS ROSE.)

ROSES, and all kinds of Flowering Plants.

CUT FLOWERS

AND FLORAL DESIGNS,

for Funerals, &c., at short notice, at our old stand on Railroad street near Depot.

☞ Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

H. WEBER.

3 13 OAKLAND, MD.

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,

OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.

OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.

Is the place to buy

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints,

Oils Varnishes,

Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

☞ Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c

Physicians Prescriptions

Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.

Give me a call.

W. D. NYDEGGER.

AVOID MALARIA!

AND BREATHE THE SEA AIR!

THE STOCKTON, Atlantic City, N. J., Corner Atlantic and Maryland avenues, is now open. Guests are supplied with every comfort and convenience possible. The best summer hotel on the coast. Terms moderate; special rates to families. KELSEY & LEFLER, Proprietors. [Mention this paper.]

FOR SALE

In Deer Park a

TWO-STORY COTTAGE,

Highly situated and containing seven rooms with front portico, back porch and bay windows. Good never failing well of water. Land in cultivation for garden with fruit trees and stable. Will be sold cheap and terms made reasonable. Title unquestionable.

Apply to

7 5 tf E. C. TILLSON, Deer Park, Md.

Valuable Real Estate

FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.

For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov 20 1880 1 y.

HELP for working people. Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, grandly successful. 50 cents to $5 easily earned every evening. That all who want may test the business we make this unparalleled offer. To all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE.

NO. 1.

MILITARY LOT NO. 219,

lying near Chisholm's Mill, in Ryans Glade, Garrett county. Well timbered and underlaid with coal. Unimproved. Will be sold cheap.

NO. 2.

Military Lots Nos. 2305 and 2307,

Unimproved timber lots, lying near Grantsville, part of the estate of the late Holmes Wiley.

NO. 3.

An Elegant New Residence

on Oak street, Oakland, Md., containing 8 rooms. Large lot improved by stable, carriage house, ice house, &c. Well of good water. Terms easy. Price, $2200.00.

NO. 4.

THE "WOODLAND FARM,"

situated on the road leading from Oakland to Accident, two miles from Oakland, containing 97 acres, well fenced and cultivated. Improved by a large first-class mansion house, suitable for a summer resort. The farm would suit for a first-class market garden or general farming.

NO. 5.

HOUSE AND LOT

On Oak street, Oakland, Md., comfortable dwelling. Well of good water and convenient outbuildings. Will sell at a bargain.

NO. 6.

600 ACRES OF LAND,

covered with white pine, spruce and white oak timber, and underlaid with coal, iron ore and fire clay. Water fall 71 feet. Steam saw mill on the premises doing a good business. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 8.

HOUSE AND LOT

On Liberty street in Oakland, 8 rooms. Good property.

In all cases we will furnish purchasers with an abstract of title and prepare deed without cost to them.

Full discription of the property contained in the above list will be given upon application.

NO. 9.

NEW DWELLING HOUSE

On Oak Street, 8 rooms and good cellar. Large livery stable attached; room for 18 horses and 15 vehicles. Good stand for business. Excellent opportunity for any desiring to go into livery business.

NO. 10.

100 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND

Near Oakland. Well timbered. Title indisputable. Price, $8 per acre.

NO. 11.

GOOD DWELLING & LARGE LOT

Near Court House. 10 rooms and out-buildings. Good well of soft water. Terms easy.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,

Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

J. LEE HARNE,

Sign and Ornamental Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

VALUABLE

COAL & TIMBER LANDS

FOR SALE.

The undersigned offers for sale the following valuable Real Estate.

"BANK TERRITORY,"

containing 431 acres, and

"MOUNT PISGAH,"

containing 470 acres.

Both of these tracts are well timbered and are underlaid with a vein of coal from 8 to 11 feet thick, an eleven foot vein being now opened and in operation on the tract known as "Bank Territory." This land lies on or near the line of the W. Va. C. R. R. I also offer for sale a tract of land containing 611 acres, lying and being situate in Grant county, W. Va., near Job Henline's. This tract is also well timbered and is supposed to be underlaid with coal. All of the aforesaid lands are well suited to farming and grazing purposes.

For any information concerning these lands terms, prices, &c., apply to Peddicord & Thayer, Attorneys-at-Law, Oakland, Md.

EMIL J. DELVAILLE.

May 25th 1886.—3m*

WIN more money than at anything else by taking an agency for the best selling book out. Beginners succeed grandly. None fail. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. B. FAY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals. Also in adjoining counties of West Va.

☞ Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.

Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

EDWARD H. SINCELL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

(one door West of Sturgiss' Drug Store.)

Special attention given to Collections the negotiation of Loans.

Sept. 23, 1885.—1 y.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

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Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

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Offers his services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. Office and residence on Oak street, second house East of Catholic church.

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Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

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VALUABLE

STOCK FARM

FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Wilink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Oakland, Md.

LAKE VIEW

PLANING MILL

is now in full operation, and prepared to fill orders for

Flooring, Weather-boarding, Sash, Doors, Frames, Brackets, and Mouldings of all Kinds,

☞ Will contract for the erection of buildings.

Orders solicited. Satisfaction guranteed.

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FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

GOLD fields are scarce, but those who write to Stinson & Co. Portland, Maine, will receive free, full information about work which they can do and live at home, that will pay them from $5 to $25 per day. Some have earned over $50 in a day. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required. You are started free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of snug little fortunes. All is new.

In Wig and Gown.

London World.

Lady Hayward had been to London to see her lawyers about some urgent business, and leaving Lord Hayward to entertain the guests during her short absence, had gone alone, or rather with her maid. She had staid the night in town, in order to bring with her a new dress for a ball which was to be given at the castle the following evening.

At last the carriage dashed up to the door, driven very fast, for the coachman knew it was late. The first person who emerged from it was an exceedingly quiet-looking, well-dressed young woman—the maid evidently. She quickly disappeared and was followed by Lady Hayward, who instantly seized her husband's arm.

"I want to speak to you," said Lady Hayward, "before you dress; there's just time."

He followed her up to her dressing room, where tea was waiting on a little table by the fire. Lady Hayward's maid just put an easy wrapper temptingly ready, and was busy getting out a dinner dress for her mistress.

"I will send for you in a few minutes, Taylor," said Lady Hayward; and the perfectly-trained servant vanished at once.

"I wonder whether it's that girl after all," exclaimed Lord Hayward, "yet it seems impossible."

"Don't talk enigmas," said Lady Hayward imperiously. "There isn't time. What is the matter?" she was pouring out her tea as she spoke, and now begin to sip it.

"More things have disappeared," said Lord Hayward, in a low voice, "and this time it's worse. The old Duchess has lost a big diamond ring, and your sister's diamond neclace is gone."

Lady Hayward put down her tea.

"Vernon, this is awful," she said. "What are we to do? Who can it be? It's absurd to talk about Taylor, she was with me in town."

"Ah, but we can't tell exactly what time the things were taken; she may have gotten rid of them in London. It was when you took her to town with you last that your diamond brooch went."

"So it was," said Lady Hayward. "But that makes no difference. The brooch was taken while we were away. Besides, the thing is absurd. Taylor is above suspicion, I know the girl so well. Why, Vernon, she went with me all through France and Italy when I joined you in Rome; we were always together, and I used to talk to her a great deal. She is a very superior girl. No; it would be most unjust to suspect Taylor."

"Well, there is no one else," said Lord Hayward dejectedly, "except poor little Rose Mannering."

"Poor little Rose Mannering" was the governess who took charge of their one little girl.

"Absurd!" said Lady Hayward. And so it was on the face of it. They knew Rose Monnering's family well; she was a lady, and little more than a child.

A silence followed, during which both looked into the fire for inspiration. All the servants in the house were born of families who had been for generations on the estate. The idea of suspecting any of them was too painful. Taylor was the only exception, and she had been with Lady Hayward two years.

"I begin to believe," said Lady Hayward, "that it is one of our guests."

"Good heavens, Kate, what an idea."

"Can you suggest anything else."

"No, I can't. There's some infernal deviltry at work, but beat my brains how I will, I can't see where it comes from."

"I'll tell you what we must do, Vernon," said Lady Hayward decisively. "We must be very careful, not to frighten any one, and keep our own counsel. Ride over to the town early to-morrow morning and telegraph to Scotland Yard for a detective to come down disgused to the hall. There will be so many people the servants won't have time to notice him. He must stop as a visitor until he finds out something."

"That will do," exclaimed Lord Hayward.

"Now go," said Lady Hayward, ringing the bell for Taylor, "I must dress at once."

As he went out he met the maid in the doorway, and gave her a more curious look than usual. The result was only to give up his idea as preposterous. She had a very gentle good face; her soft brown hair, brushed smoothly over her ears, gave it an almost Puritanic look. Lady Hayward had made something of a friend of her, and the girl had never presumed in the least upon it, but had always retained her subdued, sweet manner.

Lady Hayward scrutinized her too, during the progress of dressing, but she shrank from the thoughts in her own mind. She had grown fond of her treasure of a maid, and felt ashamed of her quickly-suppressed suspicions.

Early next morning the telegram was sent to Scotland Yards by Lord Hayward, who rode over alone to send it, and waited for the answer. The reply seemed to please him, and he rode back in good spirits to a late breakfast. He even faced, with moderate cheerfulness, Lady Hayward's eldest sister, who was in a frightful state about her necklace. This lady was one of his pet aversions; she was not pretty nor clever, like his wife, but she was more irreproachable, more moral, more perfect, and she was an an old maid. Probably she was the only person in the world of whom Lady Hayward was afraid. Miss Collette was a severe censor in all things, and kept her eye-glass well fixed on her younger sister, who had an important position to fill before the world. At present Miss Collette was very angry because she did not know what was being done about the thefts; and she held that she ought to be one of the council. But Lady Hayward was obstinate; she had found out before that the exemplary Cecilia could not hold her tongue.

This extreme discretion having been observed, the Scotland Yard detective arrived as a visitor, and no one paid any particular attention to him. He was very quiet and adopted the character of a man who does not dance, or talk, or do anything and it answered admirably. A number of other men with superb shirt-fronts hung about the doorways and looked bored. Mr. Hawk was admirably gotten up for the purpose, and had only to mingle with these others and look as bored as they. Lady Hayward was delighted at this excellent effacement of himself and kept her eye on him with great interest. She managed to speak to him very late when the party was breaking up. He had discovered nothing so far—not even a "clew"—and she went up to bed disappointed.

Visitors at Hayward Castle breakfasted, of course, at any time during the morning; but the family and household always assembled to morning prayers at a quarter to 9, and breakfast formally began directly afterwards. Mr. Hawk had learned this and was in the breakfast-room early—the only guest present. No one else turned up but Lord and Lady Hayward themselves. Rose Mannering, who always appeared with her charge at this time, and the servants. Even Miss Collette was too tired to come down, though no one was stricter, theoretically, on the subject of family prayers. How grateful was Lady Hayward, half an hour afterward, that her sister had been late that morning.

The servants all came in, led by the butler and the stately housekeeper, and Lord Hayward read prayers. Mr. Hawk sat very quietly in the shadow of a curtain.

With all decorum the servants filed out again, and Mr. Hawk did not move. The moment the door closed on the last of them he leaned over to Lord Hayward.

"My Lord," he said, "may the men servants watch the windows of this room outside for a few moments? Don't ask me to explain, there's no time to lose."

The old butler came in at that moment, carrying a silver coffee-pot. Lord Hayward gave the order.

"And tell them to keep their eyes open," added Mr. Hawk. "We've got to deal with the lightest pair of heels in the kingdom."

Lady Hayward listened and looked, her heart in her mouth. What was coming next?"

"Your ladyship," said Mr. Hawk, "may I send for your maid?" Lady Hayward rang instantly.

"Why should you suspect her?" protested Lady Hayward. "She is a most superior girl. She has traveled with me and I know her well. No suspicion must fall on her unless you have proofs."

Mr. Hawk rose and went anxiously to the door. The order had been given, but scarcely a moment had elapsed.

"Do you expect her to come here in less than a moment?" asked Lady Hayward, a little crossly.

Just then Taylor appeared at the door; the butler was behind her. She came in and the door was shut, the butler remaining outside. At the first glance Lady Haywood had seen a curious look on the girls face—one she had never seen there before. But immediately she was herself again, and now she stood before Lord and Lady Haywood and the detective, perfectly quiet, without a quiver on her face.

"John," said Mr. Hawk, "this is really very wrong of you; it is an infamous trick to have played. For two years you have been wanted, and I knew you weren't out of the country; but I'd no idea you could be doing such a thing as this."

While he spoke Mr. Hawk had approached Taylor and put a pair of hand-cuffs on her. There had been a little byplay first; Taylor had scanned the windows and instantly saw they were guarded.

"So the game's up!" she said sullenly.

"Yes, my lady's maid, to the tune of fourteen years," answered Mr. Hawk.

"What does it mean?" cried Lady Hayward; "I can't understand!"

Mr. Hawk snatched the dainty little Parisian cap and the smooth brown wig from Taylor's head and flung them on the floor. In an instant the gentle girl's face became a man's, smooth and malleable as wax. It was not nice to look at just now. The head was covered with a dark very, very short growth of hair.

Lady Hayward uttered a shriek and fell back into her chair.

"I'll take him off," said Mr. Hawk. "It's too much for her ladyship."

"Mr. Hawk! Mr. Hawk!" cried poor Lady Hayward, "put on his wig and take him away as a woman! I'll give you anything—anything, if you will do that."

Mr. Hawk seemed suddenly to understand.

"Your ladayship may depend on me," he said solemnly, and he put the wig and cap on again with the greatest solemnity.

"Vernon," exclaimed Lady Hayward hysterically, the moment the door was shut, "promise you'll keep the secret—don't tell anyone—don't tell Cecilia. Vernon, are you a brute? I believe you are laughing."

From a Grand Army Man.

ELLICOTT CITY, MD., 6 8, 1884.

Dear Sir:—I have been a sufferer for a long time with dyspepsia, and have tried most everything in the way of medicine, but nothing gave me any relief. I procured one bottle of your "AROMANNA," and had only been taking it about six days when I began to feel it was doing me good. I told a number of my neighbors what it had done for me and they commenced using it, and all agree with me that it is the only medicine that will do all that it is recommended to do. One thing about "AROMANNA," while it is acting and cleansing the system it does not weaken, but builds up, adds new strength and imparts new vigor. I do not think I can say too much in favor of it. You are free to use my name in any way you see best, to proclaim the merits of "AROMANNA." It will pay any sufferer to try it.

J. C. MOONEY, Adjutant

A. D. Reynolds, Post No. 23, G. A. R.

Price 25 and 75 cts. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland, Md.

"You must be more careful," said a mother to her daughter, who was complaining about getting her mouth poisoned by poison ivy. "I know it, mamma; but Arthur will persist in using that horrid dye-stuff for his mustache."—*Tid Bits.*

An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Sheperd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well."

Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25c. per box by Wm. Nydegger.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

The day but not the bride is come,
As in her blossom-time;
But golden lights sustain the home,
She cherished in her prime.

May we not call upon the band?
May we not ask the priest?
Our golden wedding is at hand,
And we shall hold a feast.

But where is he in snow-white stole,
Who the old service read
That made us one in heart and soul?
Long, long has he been dead.

The bridesmaids clad in silken fold
Who waited on the bride,
Where are they now? Their tale is told;
Long, long ago they died.

Where is the groomsman, chosen friend,
The true, the well-beloved?
His term, alas! is at an end;
Too soon was he removed.

Where is the bride, ah! such a bride
As every joy foretells!
I see her walking by my side,
I hear the wedding bells.

Where is she now? That we should say
She did not live to know
How passed her silver wedding-day,
So many years ago!

But come, and for your mother's sake,
Though vain it were to weep,
Let us the silent feast partake,
Her golden wedding keep.

—*Thomas G. Hake, in Magazine of Art.*

AN ESCORT ADVENTURE

Which Turned out "Creditable to the British Army."

"Sergeant, you have been detailed to proceed on escort with the prisoner Scales. I would advise you to keep a sharp eye upon him. He is a desperate character, and if he gets half a chance, will endeavor to give you the slip," remarked our Adjutant to me.

"Very good, sir," I replied.

"Here is your paper," said the officer, as he handed me the warrant which bound me, under severe penalties for non-fulfilment of its provisions, to take private Jeremiah Scales "dead or alive" to the district military prison.

I saluted the Adjutant, and was turning to leave, when the Colonel entered the orderly-room.

"Good-morning, Colonel," said the Adjutant. "This sergeant is going on Scale's escort, and I was just warning him to take great care of the rascal."

"Confound the fellow!" grumbled the Colonel. "After all, it seems the scoundrel is coming back to me. The court-martial that tried him—very properly, considering his antecedents—sentenced him to be discharged on the expiry of his term of imprisonment; and now the General, presumably acting on superior instructions, remits the only part of the punishment that is likely to benefit the service. During my twenty years' experience, I have always found it the same in the army. Last spring, for instance, during the wholesale reduction that took place, we had, perforce, to send away a number of good men, infinitely better than this blackguard. Now, the Franco-Prussian business comes on the boards, and the authorities at the Horse Guards are moving creation to obtain recruits in order to get the regiments up to full strength. Every broken-down scarecrow in the kingdom is being enlisted, at least if I may judge from the precious specimens sent up to me. Bettial with regard to the discharge with ignominy of the scum of the army are not being given effect to, and the rascals are allowed to remain in the service. Yes, sergeant," resumed the commanding officer, addressing me, "you've got a cut-throat, incorrigible blackguard to deal with; and if you don't look out, he'll give you some trouble."

I then saluted the officers, and leaving the orderly-room, retired to my quarters to make a few preparations for my journey, which was a tramp of about eight miles along the seacoast. These finished, I proceeded to the room of the private who was detailed to accompany me, in order to have a consultation with him on the subject. This man, a Welshman, named Williams, was a veteran whose period of service had almost expired. He was, speaking literally the 'hero of a hundred fights;" his experience of active service beginning while a boy in the second Sikh war. He subsequently was engaged in Kaffirland, the Crimea, and in India during the suppression of the Mutiny, finishing with the Abyssinian expedition, which took place two years prior to the time of which I write.

I narrated to Williams the remarks of the Colonel and the Adjutant regarding our prisoner; but the veteran affected to treat the matter very lightly. "I've had tougher jobs than this in my time, sergeant," he said; and then added significantly, pointing to his Snider: "Just let him try to bolt, and my word, he won't get very far!"

The prisoner, Scales, was a repulsive looking fellow of about twenty-five. He was more a lithe and active than a powerful man, but was nevertheless, by reason of his brutal and vindictive disposition, the terror of all the peaceably disposed men of the corps. He had served in the army for about three years, during which period he was always in trouble. On the return of the regiment from abroad, he came to us from the depot with an extremely bad character; and this evil reputation he afterwards consistently maintained. At the reduction of the army referred to in the Colonel's remarks, the services of Mr. Scales would to a certainty have been dispensed with had he not at the time been a deserter. Being apprehended and brought back to the corps at the beginning of the scare occasioned by the disturbed relations of Prussia and France, he received two months' imprisonment, and was sent to his duty. Three days after his release, an officer's room was broken into and all his valuables abstracted; and in this business it was supposed Scales was implicated conjointly with a comrade of equally bad repute. This private deserted with the booty, and Scales was apprehended on suspicion and handed over to the civil authorities; but he was liberated owing to no sufficient evidence being forthcoming to warrant his being sent to trial on the charge. His next feat was striking a non-commissioned officer, and for this offense he was now sentenced to nine months' imprisonment; the further recommendation by the court-martial for his dismissal from the service with ignominy being remitted by the General commanding the district.

No wonder that our worthy Colonel was indignant at the prospect of having such a character sent back to the regiment! Blackguards of his description, in regard to the relation of soldiers with civilians, invariably bring the regiments which have the misfortune to own them into general discredit. The great majority of soldiers are respectable and well-conducted men, and to such it is very galling and annoying to be subjected to a social ostracism as rigid, in some cases, as that experienced by a time-expired convict, because of the excesses committed by a disreputable minority of their number; the civil community being addicted to the belief that all who wear the red coat are bad alike. It is to be regretted that the commanding officer of a regiment has not the power of summarily dispensing with the services of an incorrigible ruffian by having him kicked out of the barrack gate.

In the afternoon Williams and I, equipped in marching order, and provided each with ten rounds of ammunition and a day's rations, made our appearance at the regimental guardroom. The sergeant of the guard gave me a word of caution, and informed me that Scales had been boasting to the men that he meant to make his escape.

Our man received us with a stolid look, and mechanically held out his wrists for the reception of the handcuffs; and after a word of farewell to the other prisoners, he took his place beside the private, who had his bayonet fixed. I then marched them out of barracks into the principal street of the town. Perceiving a man of my own regiment who was engaged on garrison police duty, I asked him to accompany us to the outskirts, in case the prisoner took a fancy to bolt down one of the numerous tortuous alleys that led to the wharfs near the pier. Having reached the limits of his beat, the private returned, and I was congratulating myself on having nearly reached the open country, in which Scales would run a poor chance of escaping from our custody, when we were met by a large drove of oxen. In spite of the exertions of the drovers, the cattle passed on either side of us, and Scales, handcuffed though he was, watching his opportunity, suddenly sprung aside, and dodging among the animals, gained the footpath, and ran townwards with the fleetness of a hare. Disengaging ourselves as quickly as possible from the cattle, we started in pursuit; but as we were encumbered with our rifles and knapsacks, we made but little headway, only managing to keep the fugitive in sight. We shouted to a few rustics to intercept him; but the yokels perceiving that it was only a soldier running away from an escort, greeted him instead with cries of encouragement. Suddenly, to my delight, a policeman appeared ahead, who spread out his arms and tried to catch the runaway; but Scales, dropping his head, butted him like a ram, and knocking over the guardian of the peace, turned to his right and disappeared down a lane a little distance ahead. This lane led into a yard, which was situated at the back of a row of warehouses, and which was a *cul de sac*. Reinforced by the policeman, we followed close on the heels of the fugitive, feeling certain that as there was no means of exit we would speedily capture him. Meeting at the entrance to the yard a drayman with his vehicle loaded with barrels, we eagerly asked him if he had seen a soldier.

"Yes," the fellow replied, with a grin; "I guess you will find him in the farthest cellar."

We hastened in the direction indicated, but found, to our dismay, that the cellar door was securely padlocked, while the rusty condition of the hasp showed that it could not recently have been opened. The high wall that bounded the other side of the yard precluded the idea of the prisoner being able to scale it; so we stood for a moment, out of breath with excitement and our recent chase, perfectly perplexed with Scales' unaccountable disappearance. Williams at this juncture began ominously to untie his packet of cartridges and placed them loose in his ball-bag, ready for use, in the eventuality of the fugitive, should we come across him, declining to surrender when ordered. Knowing the determined character of my comrade, I knew that Scales' life if he proved obdurate, would not be worth a pin's fee. (In the days of the muzzle-loader, it was customary, I may mention, to carry loaded rifles while escorting prisoners; but since the introduction of the breech-loader, the practice has been discontinued).

We searched the yard thoroughly, but found no signs of our man. All the cellar doors, like the first we examined, were closed. The warehouses referred to were principally used for the storage of grain; but owing to the war in progress, trade was interrupted with the Prussian towns in the Baltic, and little business being transacted, the buildings had in consequence been shut up. At last a light seemed to break upon the policeman, who exclaimed: "I'm blessed, sergeant, if I don't think the cove wasn't stowed in one of the drayman's barrels!"

This idea seemed to explain Scales' mysterious disappearance; so we started in the direction of the main road, and turning towards the town, found the drayman unloading barrels at the door of a public house. The man, with roliocs of the choicest Billingsgate, stoutly denied that he had afforded shelter to the fugitive; so, perceiving that it was useless wasting words on him, we again pursued our search, scarcely knowing in which direction to turn. Pursuant to my request, the constable proceeded to the police office to report the matter, in order to have the other members of the force put on the alert.

I was now in a terrible quandary. Trial by court-martial and reduction to the ranks, together with a possible sentence of imprisonment, for allowing the man to escape, stared me in the face; while imprisonment for Williams was a certainty. My chances of advancement in the service would be absolutely ruined, I reflected, if I did not recapture the man, so I resolved, when I had so much at stake, to continue the search, although I looked for him all night. It was no use hunting for Scales in the principal streets of the town, as these were patrolled by military police, intent on apprehending soldiers who showed the slightest symptom of having had an extra allowance of liquor; besides being ruthlessly down on delinquents who had a tunic button undone, or the chin strap not adjusted in the regulation position.

While I was mentally shaping out a course of action, my companion stopped and excitedly exclaimed: "I have it now, sergeant! I'll bet ten to one he's gone to old Nathan's!"

"I'm not sure of that," I remarked dubiously; "but at all events we'll go and see."

Nathan was a rascally old Jew, who, though he was rigorously kept out of barracks, carried on with the soldiers a brisk business in the sale of coarse, rank, contraband tobacco. He had "agents" in the different regiments to further this branch of commerce; and one of his accredited representatives in ours was private Scales. Besides, the old rascal, although it had never been brought home to him, was suspected of purchasing articles of "kit" from ne'er-do-wells, and supplying ragged plain clothes to deserters in exchange for their uniforms. We lost no time in making our way to the squalid alley in the slums near the harbor where the business establishment of Mr. Nathan was located; and when we reached the Jew's dirty little huckster's shop, we found him weighing out a small quantity of a condiment resembling coffee to a couple of grimy children. Pausing until the juvenile customers had left the shop, I asked Nathan whether that afternoon he had received a visit from Mr. Scales.

"No, sergeant; no soldier hash been here," replied the Jew, who then continued in an undertone: "Can I do bishness wit you in some goot tobacco?"

I paid no heed to the old Israelite's statement and decided to inspect the premises myself, without any scruples as to the legality of that course of action. Placing Williams at the door with instructions to allow no one to pass in or out, I proceeded, in spite of the expostulations of Nathan and his threats to call the police, to carefully search the little back-room behind the shop. No one was there; so I ascended a rickety staircase, and finding the door at the top locked, I kicked it open; but the foul-smelling apartment into which the door led was plunged in utter darkness. Returning to the shop, I helped myself without ceremony to one of a bunch of candles and, lighting it, returned to the upper room, which, on examination, proved to be a storehouse for the rags and bones in which the Jew dealt largely. I opened the shutters of the dirt-incrusted, diamond-paned window and probed with my gun barrel every heap of rags; but, to my disappointment, the fugitive was not concealed in them. Suddenly I perceived some glittering particles on the floor, which, on stooping to examine, I found to be bright iron filings! I was now filled with a feeling of exultation. Scales had apparently been to the Jew's, and thus relieved of his handcuffs. I once more examined the room. The window was apparently a fixture, and no one could make his exit without removing the sash. I next surveyed the roof, and perceived a trap-door giving access to the attics just large enough to allow a man to enter it. "My man is there right enough," I exclaimed to myself in great glee. I then shouted through the aperture: "I know you are there, Scales; it will be better for you if you come down at once." There was no response; so I decided to have the region explored. I called to Williams to keep a lookout for a policeman, and almost immediately my comrade shouted to me that he had secured the services of a constable. I thereupon summoned Williams to my assistance, leaving the Jew in charge of the policeman. Placing the rickety table under the trap, Williams speedily crawled through and gained the attic. Knowing the desperate character we had to deal with, I considered it expedient that my comrade should be prepared for an encounter; so I unfixed his bayonet and handed it to him together with the lighted candle. Crawling over the creaking joists in the direction of the gable in which the window was fixed, Williams made a careful examination of the interior, while in the room below I waited with breathless excitement.

"Anybody there?" I cried.

"One moment; I haven't had time to see," Williams replied; and then began to search the opposite end. "Come out of that, you rascal!" he at length indignantly shouted. "I've got him, sergeant; he's stowed in a corner!"

I then heard the fellow hiss out: "I've got a knife, and if you come near me I'll cut your throat, if I have to swing for it!"

Fearful of exposing my comrade to the peril of a hand-to-hand tussle with such a ruffian in the circumscribed area of the attic, I called Williams to the trap-door, and placing a cartridge in my Snider I handed it to him. Then mounting the table, I thrust my head through the trap and held the candle. My blood was now up, and I determined to order the rascal to be shot if he refused to obey my commands.

"Surrender in the Queen's name!" I shouted.

There was no response; but the click of the lock of William's rifle, as he placed the hammer at full cock, must have been distinctly audible to the runaway.

"If you don't come out before I count five, you are a dead man. One—two—three!"

"Stop! For mercy's sake, give me a chance!" now pleaded the wretch in a husky whisper.

"First throw your knife this way and then come out."

The villain tossed his knife to Williams, who threw it behind him to the other extremity of the attic; then leaving his retreat, he crawled toward us, and I was surprised to see by the dim light of the candle that he was attired in plain clothes. When he got near us we were astonished beyond measure to find that he was not the man of whom we had been in search, but Scales' companion, the deserter who had been suspected of rifling the officer's room!

"I own I took the things," confessed the man doggedly, seemingly anxious to make a clean breast of it; "but Scales helped me, and old Nathan put us both on the job"——

"Scales has been here," I interrupted. "You may as well tell me what you know about him; it will be the better for you."

"Yes," replied the deserter, when he dropped through the trap on the floor; "I had got off his handcuffs, and here they are;" scattering a heap of bones and displaying "bracelets," each receptacle for the wrists being filed in two.

"Now," I continued, "if you can give me any information that will enable me to catch Scales, I'll report in your favor at headquarters. Perhaps it will save you something when you are tried. Where is he now?"

"Well, sergeant, Nathan gave him a suit 'plains,' and he went out. I don't know where he has gone. But I don't mind 'rounding' on him, and I'll tell you this: He's to be back here to-night at twelve. Nathan's to let him in by the little window that looks into the yard."

We then descended the stair with our prisoner; and the man perceiving the Jew, broke away from us, exclaiming: "You old villain! if it hadn't been for you, I wouldn't have got into this!" and before we could prevent him, struck the miserable Israelite a terrible blow. This act of castigation, under the circumstances, however, rather pleased me than otherwise.

Two additional policemen having been summoned, the deserter and Nathan were taken away in custody. When they had gone, I was rather amused when Williams informed me that despite the Jew's extreme trepidation while I was examining his upper story, his commercial proclivities did not for a moment desert him, as he attempted to open negotiations with the private regarding the purchase of his war medals. Two detectives now arrived to search the premises: but of course this investigation did not lie within my province. No article of a criminating nature was found, however, except Scales' uniform, which was concealed beneath the Jew's filthy mattress. I lost no time in dispatching my companion to an adjacent blacksmith's shop, in order to have the divided parts of the handcuffs welded together, and this operation was completed within an hour.

It was now dark; the Jew's house had been locked up by the police; so my companion and I turned into the back yard, in order to await the expected return of Scales. We first made sure that he was not concealed about the dilapidated outhouses, which consisted of a disused coal-cellar and shed. In the latter place we set a couple of boxes, and seating ourselves upon them, with our loaded rifles within reach, patiently awaited the return of the runaway—prepared, if need be, to give him a very warm reception. As the night wore on, the sky became clouded, while the oppressive heat was apparently the precursor of a thunderstorm. Suddenly, we were startled by a loud clap, followed almost immediately by a blinding flash of lightning, which, as we could see from our place of vantage, vividly lighted up the towering chalk cliffs that overhung the town. Then rain began to fall in torrents, and the decayed roof of the shed proving most indifferent shelter, we were compelled to put on our great-coats. To add to our misery, the floor became a regular pool, occasioned by the overflow of a huge water-butt.

After awhile the storm ceased as suddenly as it had begun; and being perfectly overpowered with fatigue and the day's excitement, I fell fast asleep, and slumbered until Williams shook me up and informed me that the town clocks had struck twelve. Being stiff and chilled with the drenching I had received, I got on my feet and took a turn about the shed, keeping at the same time a wary eye on the wall, every minute expecting to see the form of the fugitive in the act of scaling it. The monotony of our vigil was now a little relieved by the appearance of the Jew's cat, a large brindled animal, which came purring and rubbing against us. Williams took puss in his arms and caressed her for some time; and when he got tired of this amusement, he stepped over to the water-butt and, acting on a sudden mischievous impulse, tossed the animal inside. To our surprise, a howl of pain proceeded from the interior of the cask; and upon investigation there stood our prisoner up to the neck in water! Williams had thrown the frightened cat with outstretched claws plump on his face. The poor wretch was stiff and numb with cramp, and was perfectly unable to get out of the butt. We then, with a heavy plank, stove it in near the bottom, and when it was empty, assisted Scales to the shed, where I made him at once strip off his wet clothes—with which Nathan had provided him—and assume his uniform. When the shivering wretch was able to speak, he informed us, that having returned sooner than arranged, and perceiving the arrest of the Jew and the deserter, he was so overcome with fright, that he took refuge in the water-butt, as no other place of concealment was available. At dusk he was thinking of getting out of his uncomfortable hiding-place, when he was deterred by seeing us take up a position in the yard. He had, he asserted, been nearly drowned by the volumes of water that poured on his head during the thunderstorm, and confessed to having been terribly scared by the lightning—a circumstance, considering his situation, perhaps not to be wondered at. Also, he admitted, he had actually been concealed in an empty barrel on the drayman's cart, and that the driver had further facilitated his escape by arranging with a fellow-wagoner to have him transferred to his vehicle and driven to the alley in which the Jew's shop was situated.

In consideration of the trouble Scales had given us, I had but little sympathy with his sufferings, and put slender faith in his profuse promises to go with us quietly. Having replaced on his wrists the repaired handcuffs, of which the previous day he had managed to get relieved so speedily, I decided also, by way of making assurance doubly sure, to strap his arm to that of Williams. We then set out in the direction of our destination; but Scales, even supposing he intended mischief, was too much played out to give any further trouble. At last, to my intense relief, we reached the prison at daybreak, and I handed Mr. Scales over to the custody of a warden. My comrade and I, after partaking of much-needed refreshment kindly offered us by one of the prison officials, returned to headquarters, where I lost no time in reporting the whole circumstance of the case to the Adjutant.

That officer ordered the private and myself to appear before the commanding officer, a command which at "orderly hour" we obeyed. The Colonel administered to us—to speak paradoxically—a commendatory reprimand, alternately animadverting on the enormity of our offense in allowing the man to escape, and praising the qualities of courage and perseverance we had displayed in tracking and capturing him, together with the missing thief—"Conduct," as the commanding officer was pleased to put it, "which is creditable to the British army in general, and the —th Regiment in particular."

The Jew was committed for trial on a charge of receiving stolen property; but a day or two before the assizes, he committed suicide by strangling himself in his cell. The deserter was handed over to the civil authorities, and received a long term of imprisonment; and a similar fate awaited Scales when his term in the military prison had expired. The case of the latter individual was further considered by the General, who cancelled his remission of Scales' discharge with ignominy, so that her Majesty's —th Regiment of foot was happily enabled to get rid of a knave.

I may now relate my final experience with regard to the foregoing adventure. The sergeant of the barrack-guard reported the roughly repaired handcuffs to the orderly officer, who mentioned the matter in the return he sent to the orderly room. The case was then remitted to the quartermaster, who had the handcuffs examined by the armorer; and that functionary having reported them unfit for service, I was mulcted in the sum required for a new pair. I paid the charge without grumbling, as, every thing considered, I was heartily glad to get off so cheap.—*Chambers' Journal.*

ECONOMIC FUEL.

Petroleum to be Used for Both Land and Sea Propulsion.

Colonel Stewart of the British army a short time since delivered a lecture before the Royal United Service Institution, London, on the use of petroleum for both land and sea propulsion. Colonel Stewart's leading idea is that petroleum is to be the fuel of the future. Coming, as they do, from a citizen of a country whose immense stores of coal have given her such enormous military and mercantile prominence, his views are of no inconsiderable interest to us Americans.

Colonel Stewart is chiefly hown as the officer who "stalked" Skobeleff's arms in 1880, disguised as an Armenian horse dealer. Repeatedly before that adventure he had visited the Caucasus and Persia. More recently, after serving with Sir Peter Lumsden on the Afghan frontier, he has paid another visit to Baku. He consequently speaks with a considerable show of authority.

He fully confirms the extraordinary expansion of the petroleum industry of Western Asia as depicted by Mr. Charles Marvin and others. At the end of the year the Russian petroleum fleet on the Caspian will number one hundred steamers; before long liquid fuel will be commonly used on the Black sea. One English firm—Tweedy & Co.—is applying petroleum furnaces to their steamers. Petroleum refuse, costing at Baku two shillings and six pence per ton, now costs at Batoum twenty-five shillings; but when the pipe lines are laid down the difference in price between the two places will be almost nominal.

Colonel Stewart recommends the use of liquid fuel in the British navy; says that Russian oil fuel can now be sold at Suez as cheap as coal, allowing one ton of refuse to be equal to a ton and three-quarters of coal. He points out that the new discoveries in Egypt and the British annexation of the oil fields of Burmah secure to Great Britain an ample supply, to say nothing of the enormous quantity of shale oil obtainable in the British islands.

This question of the fuel of the future is of immense interest to the people of the United States, while the wonder is that we are allowing people in other countries to thus take the lead in its development.—*Chicago News.*

HOW IT ORIGINATED.

A Trifling Disagreement Between Two Friends and Its Results.

A fight between two prominent Memphis business men originated in this way:

Cagle—The first case of yellow fever that developed in this city was a negro woman at my house.

Boyle—No, the first case was a negro boy at my house.

C.—You are mistaken.

B.—I tell you that I know.

C.—I ought to know, for I was there.

B.—Reckon I was there.

C.—I doubt it. You ran away before the alarm was given.

B.—Who did?

C.—You did.

B.—Liar!

C.—Liar!

Note in daily paper: "The firm of Cagle & Boyle, so well and favorably known in this city, has dissolved by mutual consent. The strongest friendship existed between the two partners and the dissolution took place in the best of good humor." Local paragraph: "Yesterday while the Hon. Peter Cagle was going down in the cellar he fell over an obstruction, struck a barrel and blacked one of his eyes, and, singular to relate, shortly afterward Colonel Boyle slipped on the sidewalk and seriously bruised his nose. At the present writing both gentlemen are doing well and will, we trust, be out again in a few days."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—In a railway carriage—An old soldier, noticing that his pipe troubled a lady, said to her, "They don't smoke in your regiment, ma'am?" "In my regiment it is possible," replied the lady, "but in my company, never."

TRAVELING RULES.

Suggestions for Women Who Go Out Into the World in Steam-Cars.

First—Be sure you know where you want to go before you get on the train.

Second—When you purchase your ticket you will have to pay for it; no use to tell the ticket agent to "charge it and send the bill to your husband." And if he says the price of the ticket is three dollars, don't tell him you can get one just like it off the conductor or at the other store for two dollars and a half; he won't believe you and he might laugh at you.

Third—Never travel without money. It requires broad views, liberal education, keen discernment and profound judgment to travel without money. No one can do this successfully but tramps and editors.

Fourth—Beware of the drummer.

Fifth—Don't give a stranger your ticket and ask him to go out and check your trunk. He will usually be only too glad to do it. And what is more, he will do it, and your trunk will be so effectually checked that it will never catch up with you again. And when the conductor asks you for your ticket, and you relate to him the pleasing little allegory about the stranger and the baggage, he will look incredulous and smile down upon you with half-closed eyes and say that it is a beautiful romance, but he has heard it before. And then you will put up your jewelry or disembark at the next station.

Sixth—If you are going three hundred miles don't try to get off the train every fifteen minutes, under the impression that you are there. If you get there in twelve hours you will be doing excellently.

Seventh—Call the brakeman "conductor;" he has grown proud since he got his new uniform and it will flatter him.

Eighth—Put your shawl-strap, bundle and two paper parcels in the hat rack; hang your birdcage to the corner of it, so that when it falls off it will drop into the lap of the old gentleman sitting behind you; stand your four house-plants on the window sill, set your lunch basket on the seat beside you, fold your shawls on the top of it; carry your pocket-book in one hand and hold your silver mug in the other, put your two valises under the seat, and hold your band-box and the rest of your things in your lap. Then you will have all your baggage handy, and won't be worried or flustered about it when you have only twenty-nine seconds in which to change cars.

Ninth—Address the conductor every ten minutes. It pleases him to have you notice him. If you can't think of any new questions to ask him, ask the same old ones every time. Always call him "Say" or "Mister."

Tenth—Pick up all the information you can while traveling. Open the window and look forward to see how fast the engine is going. Then when you get home you can tell the children about the big cinder you picked up with your eye, and how nice and warm it was, and what it tasted like.

Eleventh—Don't hang your parasol on the cord that passes down the middle of the car. It isn't a clothes line. It looks like one, but it isn't.

Twelfth—Keep an eye on the passenger who calls the day after Monday "Chewsday." He can't be trusted a car's length.

Thirteenth—If you want a nap, always lie with your head projecting over the end of the seat into the aisle. Then everybody who goes up and down the aisle will mash your hat, straighten out your frizzles and knock off your back hair. This will keep you from sleeping so soundly that you will be carried by your station.—*Toledo Blade.*

WONDERFUL DESKS.

Something New in the Line of Practical Telephone Inventions.

Work is now being done which will soon make it possible for merchants in this city to set a cosy little desk in their counting-rooms and talk without rising with people in New York, Boston and Philadelphia as well as with every subscriber of the Southern New England Telephone Company. A copper circuit has already been completed between New York and Boston, and the wires are fast approaching Philadelphia. Instead of the ordinary telephone at the wall the subscriber can be furnished with a beautiful rosewood desk about the size of a ladies' writing desk, with plenty of room to write upon, and with several drawers for papers. The desk conceals the big magnet which operates the bell and also the other mechanism of a powerful telephone, except two silver warning bells and the transmitter. The transmitter with a silver mouth-piece about the size of a silver dollar is held by a metallic arm which is so arranged that it can be moved to raise or lower the mouth-piece several feet. By an automatic device the transmitter is also kept in the same relative position to the mouth at whatever position it is set. The only other thing which shows that the desk is not a gentleman's ordinary office furniture is a little movable bar with four metallic switches. By this device the subscriber puts himself out of the city circuit and switches himself onto the main line for New York or Boston, which he rings up and calls a New York or Boston subscriber with less trouble than is caused to call a subscriber in the same city. The copper circuit is perfect and free from induction. A reporter recently talked from the executive office of the Southern New England Telephone Company to New York over it. Although the wire passes through lengthwise the whole noisy city of New York a whispered conversation there was more easily heard than the ordinary city telephoning.—*New Haven Register.*

—Four years ago Julia Smith, who lived in an old house in a lonely place between Haddam and Chester, Conn., died. She left as her only mourner a mongrel dog, which has lived at the house ever since. No one lives in the house now and no one wants to, but the dog is always in the little yard, and neighbors say that they never see him go out. There are those who think that Julia's ghost feeds her faithful cur.—*New Haven Register.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Vanderbilt University, at Nashville, Tenn., has received a bequest from Mrs. Kinser, of Memphis, of $40,000 for its Biblical department.

—Rev. Dr. Jessup, of Beyroot, reports that a numerous body of Mohammedans in a Syrian city are reading the Bible, have rejected the Koran and profess belief in Christ.

—Read to the congregation at least the first line of every hymn that is to be sung. There is no other test so severe as this in making sure that one has the right place.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Church revenues have fallen off very greatly in England, according to London reports. A decrease of over $150,000 is reported in one case and $100,000 in another, within the period specified.

—Four Chinamen were lately baptized by the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Kansas City, Rev. Dr. T. Schley Schaff. They sought baptism of their own accord and exhibited a good understanding of the right and the doctrines of Christianity.

—In his address to the graduates of the Eastern female high school in Baltimore Mayor Hodges said: "I believe that you may make the nearest approach to a happy life by living according to these rules—have something to love, something to do, and something to believe."

—With a taxable valuation of $130,000,000 Arkansas expended last year $729,168 for the salaries of teachers and other current expenses of its free public schools, built more than twenty new school houses at a cost of from $3,000 to $20,000 each, and then had $469,837 left in the school fund.

—The London Ragged School Union is doing a great work among the poor children of London. Last year's report shows that in the 215 Sunday afternoon and evening schools connected with the union, there was an average attendance of 42,304; in the 173 day and week night schools an average of 3,538.

—Archdeacon Farrar made an address before a Presbyterian body in London not long ago, in which he said: "I am a sincere and convinced Episcopalian. You are sincere and convinced Presbyterians. For my part, I do not believe that either the Episcopalian or the Presbyterian organization is essential to a church."

—The President of the province of West Prussia has issued an order imposing a fine on parents and guardians of school children for each day of the latter's unjustifiable absence from school. If the fine of ten pfennige to one mark is not paid, imprisonment of from six hours to three days is the punishment. Employers of children of the school age during the hours of study are subject to heavier penalties.

—From mountain to seaboard, from the Savannah to the Chattahoochee, Georgia is overrun with a multitude of raw young men and immature young women who are blindly laboring to impart knowledge to which they are strangers. The average teacher possesses a smattering of "spellin', readin', 'ritin', 'rithmetic and jography"—for the rest he is the humbug of humbugs. To him thoroughness is an unknown word. In the language of a member of the Board of Education of a Southwest Georgia county: "Mos' teachers is pow'ful on show, but they busts on thrashin' I'arnin' into their scholars." Let him who doubts the accuracy of the estimate here placed upon the average teacher investigate for himself.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Lady—"My dear doctor, what is you candid opinion of the state of my health?" Doctor—"I will advise your husband to buy you a new dress; that will calm your nerves."—*N. Y. Herald.*

—"My dear Adolf, I was yesterday introduced to a gentleman who is your very image!" "I can hardly believe that!" "He is so much like you that he even asked me to lend him five florins."

—Disappoints the audience: "I must discharge that man," said the irate manager one day; "he is constantly disappointing the audience." "Fails to appear?" "Not at all. Would that he did. He appears."—*Texas Siftings.*

—A writer has just published a book entitled "The Habits of the Hog." We have not read it, but trust he mentions that very common habit of occupying two seats in a railroad car.—*New Haven News.*

—"Papa, why do women use yeast in making bread?" "To make it rise, my son." "But why do they want to make it rise, papa?" "So that it will be high bread, my son."—*Boston Budget.*

—The Illinois editors considered the subject of "Truth in Journalism" at their recent meeting. We forwarded the secretary of the association several copies of the *Herald*, so that the editors could see what the genuine article looks like.—*Norristown Herald.*

—At the club: Breakfast time. "Waitaw." "Yessir. "Give me, aw, some oatmeal, a tomataw salad, a woll, and a pint of St. Julien." "Yessir. And a nice little steak or chop, sir?" "Steak! Chop! Cuss it! Do you think I am a twuck dwivar?"—*Town Topics.*

—Wife—"Victor, my dear, last Christmas you were so kind as to make me a present of Menzel's History of Germany—that you wanted to read so badly. I have ever since been racking my brain to find out what I should give you for your birthday. What do you say to a new carpet for my boudoir?"

—Very Wrong: Bertie—"It's very wrong, ma, to tell a falsehood, isn't it?" Mater—"Of course it is, dear." B.—And it's wicked to ask a little boy to tell lies? M.—"Why, yes." B.—"Well, that's what my teacher made me do to-day." M.—"Gracious me! made you tell a lie, Bertie?" B.—"Yes, mamma; she made me promise to be always a good boy in future."—*Tidbits.*

—A little girl, who is just at the age when her table manners are beginning to be looked after, called out at supper one night recently: "Give me some cake." "How do you ask?" said mamma, correctively. "Please give me some cake," returned the little miss, and added, unabashed: "I didn't forget, I was saving it up."—*Boston Courier.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

HUSH-A-BY, BABY.

Hush-a-by, baby, the bees in the clover—
  The red, red clover—have fallen asleep,
Swaying and swinging, now under, now over,
In the red, red clover,
  So sweet and so deep.

Hush-a-by, baby, the cows from the meadows—
  The green, green meadows—are loitering home;
Their bells tinkle softly as through dew and shadows,
From the green, green meadows,
  They loitering come.

Hush-a-by, baby, the birds and the flowers—
  The sweet, sweet flowers—have fallen asleep;
They sway and they swing through the soft, dewy hours,
The sweet, sweet flowers,
  In meadows so deep,

Hush-a-by, baby, 'tis time you were sleeping,
  So sweet, sweetly sleeping in dreamland afar;
Low over the meadows the night mists are creeping,
'Tis time you were sleeping,
  My baby, my star!

—*J. K. Ludlum, in Our Little Ones.*

THE END OF THE RAINBOW.

Gertie and Jack's Search for a Pot of Gold.

Gertie, aged ten, and Jack, aged six, stood looking out of the great wide-open doors in grandpa's barn, whither they had fled for shelter from the shower which had come up suddenly and interrupted their play.

The sun was shining brightly, and through the fast-falling rain-drops they saw a beautiful bow spanning the southeastern sky. It was so sharply defined that one could almost see the exact spot in the meadow where the arch started, while the other end seemed to rest at the foot of a great Norway pine, which stood like a solitary sentinel high up the hill in Grandya Marsh's pasture.

The shower was soon over, and the beautiful vision vanished.

"Gertie," said Jack, excitedly, "did you see where the rainbow stopped?"

"Yes."

"Let's go and dig for the pot of gold."

It was a belief that had been instilled into their minds by their German nurse, that at the foot of every rainbow there was buried a brimming pot of gold.

Gertie hesitated. The grass and bushes were dripping from the shower. She feared that if she asked permission of grandma to go to the pasture it would not be granted. But the pot of gold was a great temptation. If Gertie had a weakness it was for chocolate creams and caramels, and if she and Jack found the buried treasure her share of the money would supply her with these luxuries the rest of her natural life. Besides, if she didn't ask grandma, and so wasn't expressly forbidden, where was the wrong?

The little girl who hesitates is lost. In spite of sundry twinges of conscience, Gertie at last fell in with her brother's plan.

"I'll get a spade from grandpa's shop," said Jack.

Alas! after the first wrong step is taken, the others come easier. Both Jack and Gertie knew that grandpa never allowed them to use one of his tools without express permission. But the prospect of finding a pot of gold overcame their scruples. Jack opened the door of the workshop and possessed himself of a spade. Grandma and the hired girl were in the kitchen preparing supper, and so did not notice what the children were about. Rover, the great Newfoundland dog, which had been lying on the rug on the piazza, saw them start, and came bounding along to accompany them.

"Go back, Wover!" said Jack, and the faithful fellow retreated, much abashed.

Jack and Gertie started across the fields to the pasture. They crept through the bars and climbed up the steep hill to the tall pine, at whose foot the treasure was concealed. The children dug away until blisters began to appear on their hands from the unaccustomed toil. But no pot of gleaming gold rewarded their labors.

"Let's go and pick some wasberries," said Jack, "and then we'll come back and dig again."

Gertie willingly consented. They were not far from a "cut-down," where raspberries grew in great abundance. The children picked and ate berries for some time, wandering further and further into the "cut-down." At last they came to a tree which had been blown over in some storm, and whose trunk was overhung by a great mass of bushes. Jack was just reaching up his hand to pull down a bush heavily laden with berries, when he saw something that almost made his heart stop its beating.

Near the roots of the fallen tree stood a large black animal, and around it were playing two or three smaller ones, about the size of young puppies. It was a mother bear and her little ones. The cubs seemed unconscious of the presence of strangers, but rolled and tumbled over one another in their frolic, while the mother bear looked at Jack and Gertie with more of surprise than of anger in her eyes.

At length the bear gave a low growl. The children turned and ran screaming away. Fear lent wings to their flight. They dashed through clumps of bushes, they scrambled over logs and bowlders, they tripped over roots and running vines, they minded not torn clothes or scratched hands, they were heedless of their course, only that it took them away from the dreadful monster.

They ran until they were breathless and exhausted, and then sank panting to the ground. The bear was nowhere in sight.

"I thought she would surely tear us in pieces," said Gertie.

"I dess God sent an angel to stop her mouf, same as He did when Daniel was cast into the lions' den," said Jack.

The children stood up and looked around. They had fled from the "cut-down" and were now in the forest. Tall trees were all around them, their interlacing branches almost hiding the sky. They started in what they supposed was the direction of their grandpa's house, and walked for some time, but no opening gladdened their eyes. Then they took another course, but with no better results. Finally, they came to the conclusion that they were lost.

It was growing dark in the woods. The thick growth shut out the light. It was late in the afternoon when they left home, and they must now have been away three hours. The sun had set, and twilight was falling upon the land. Of course, in the woods the light faded away sooner than in the clearings. Jack began to cry. Gertie was badly frightened, but she felt the necessity of keeping up her brother's spirits.

"Let's play camping out," she said. "Here is a nice place for a tent at the foot of this tree."

"I want to go home, and I want my supper," sobbed Jack. "I'm tired all over, and I'm hungry!"

"We shall have to stay here until grandpa comes after us," said Gertie. "God can take care of us here just as well as He could if we were at home. He saved us from the bear, this afternoon. Let us ask Him to forgive us for being naughty, and to keep us safely till grandpa comes."

The two children knelt down, and prayed for Divine protection. A sense of a Presence filling the place came to them. Their fears vanished, and they felt secure. Gertie sat down on the ground, with her back against a tree. Jack sat down beside her, and rested his tear-stained face in her lap. It was dark now. They could see the stars through the openings in the tree tops. They looked for a little while, and then, wearied with the excitement and fatigue of the past few hours, fell fast asleep.

How long they slept they knew not, but they were awakened by some large animal snuffing about their faces. Jack threw out his hands, and they came in contact with the animal's coarse, thick hair. He saw two eyes gleaming like balls of fire in the darkness. Both children were paralyzed with terror. They supposed that the bear had found them. Suddenly their nocturnal visitor began to bark furiously. There came a great revulsion of feeling.

"It's Wover! it's Wover!" exclaimed Jack.

Soon they heard a distant shout, and in a few minutes they could see a light dodging in and out among the trees. It came nearer, and they could see that it was a lantern, and that it was borne by Reuel, grandpa's hired man. A dinner horn was tied to his waist.

"Bless my stars!" said Reuel, "here are the folks we're after."

Reuel put the horn to his mouth and gave three loud blasts. A moment later, there came answers from all around them. Reuel repeated the signal, and soon forms with lanterns were seen coming from all directions. One of the first to arrive was grandpa, who, in spite of the remonstrances of the others, insisted upon taking Jack on his shoulder and starting for the house. Reuel caught up Gertie in his strong arms and followed. An hour later the rescuing party reached Grandpa Marsh's residence. The house was full of women. Grandma's eyes looked as if she had been weeping. She gave a glad cry when she saw the children, and almost smothered them with kisses.

It was long after midnight when Jack and Gertie were put into their beds, but, despite the lateness of the hour, grandpa and grandma did not retire until they had read, with very moist eyes, the first nine verses of the fifteenth chapter of Luke.—*Edgar L. Warren, in Congregationalist.*

FOREIGN STYLES.

Toilet Worn by the Princess of Wales at a Recent Crystal Palace Fete.

A lady visiting in London writes that at the recent Crystal Palace fete to the Indians and Colonials the Prince and Princess of Wales were present, the Princess wearing a short, becoming toilet of black satin draped with black lace, the rare devices of which were outlined with fine jet beads. Above this was a lace coat opening over a graceful vest of plaited satin, the plaits embroidered in a running vine pattern also in jet. The black lace bonnet was trimmed with jet ornaments and high standing jet aigrettes. The display of fireworks on that occasion surpassed, it was said, any thing before witnessed anywhere. The first set piece was fired by the Princess of Wales. She drew upon a slender cord laid to reach her balcony, which ignited a quick match, and a significant presentation of a rose, a shamrock and a thistle gracefully intertwined instantly gleamed out, presently fading so as to be almost invisible, and then bursting forth again into vivid portraits of the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales, which spectacle elicited tumultuous cheering.

A curious novelty in the way of Paris hats has lately arisen. They are made in knotted hay and pliant rushes, in a sort of trellis-work design, very open, and trimmed with long branches of hawthorn, violet-colored tulips, with their long leaves knotted together, and a bow of moss-green velvet ribbon as a sort of background for the floral garnitures. Hats are becoming quite universal for summer wear, and the French flowers and fruits are quite wonderful in their naturalness, the fruit being soft and yielding instead of of hard and glossy, as of old. One pretty broad-brimmed hat is made of cactus lace straw and trimmed with sage leaves, groundsel, scarlet lobelia blossoms, and sprays of rose leaves bristling with thorns. Another hat of open-work Italian braid, very yellow of hue, is faced with black velvet and trimmed with pale green hop heads, red bean blossoms, wood moss and clusters of yellow wheat. Field flowers, mixed with loops of narrow velvet ribbon, are fashionably worn on seaside and mountain hats in sailor, Swiss peasant and the revived Maude Muller shapes.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

—An entirely new vegetable is being introduced by a great French firm (the well-known house of Vilmorin, Andrieux & Co., of Paris), which is exciting some interest. It is called chorogi and is a native of Northern Africa. It belongs to the mint family (botanical name Stachys affinis). Its fleshy roots or tubers only are eaten, dressed like string beans or fried like fritters, and are said also to make an excellent pickle. Whether it will become a useful vegetable and a desirable regular market crop in this country can only be determined by trial.

THE BAZAR.

Description of the Inevitable Market Place of an Oriental City.

We strolled leisurely through the bazar of Seddath, a long street canopied over with tattered mats as a slight protection from the baking sun, a protection of which the hornets and flies, equally with the Arabs, avail themselves. The principal goods exposed for sale on the stalls ranged on each side were hookahs, beads and sweetmeats, the latter in the form of animals, mosques, ships, etc., the previous day having been a sugar festival. These confections were covered by fierce clouds of pugnacious hornets in possession that dared not be disputed, not to speak of black masses of flies that shared with them the spoil. Some native women passed through the bazar with the usual long dark blue calico veils covering their faces, and, with the exception of two small apertures for their eyes, completely enveloping them. Down the center of these overalls depended long strings of gold or silver coins, to show at a glance the wealth of the wearer. Hang-dog, greasy-looking Moslems lounged and squatted by the sides of their stalls, all smoking hookahs as if it were the business of their lives and looking as if we were taking a liberty in asking them to hand us their goods or accept payment for them. Emerging from this uninviting region of Arabs, greasy sweetmeats, mangy pariahs, hornets, flies and dirt, we advanced, ankle-deep in sand, along a narrow street lined with high square houses, on the flat roofs of which the better off class of women were to be seen promenading for air and exercise, their only means of obtaining these. A higher and whiter looking house than the others marked out the British representative's, and we sent in our cards by an Arab porter standing at the entrance. Just inside the doorway was a tank for drinking water, a scarce commodity, and sometimes selling at the rate of even five shillings a gallon. This great necessity, or rather luxury here, can only be obtained by purchase, and that from one man, who leases at a high rental from his Government the only wells allowed to be dug, and hawks the water around the streets in skins loaded upon camels and donkeys. The profits on this monopoly from the town, as well as from the immense stream of pilgrims forever journeying on the Mecca route, must be considerable. Such is one of the ways by which the "Sublime Porte," as he is termed, replenishes his exchequer. It reminds one somewhat of the natives of India not being permitted to utilize the sea water on their shores for the manufacture of that precious article salt, though, of course, between salt and drinking water there is a wide gulf.—*London Society.*

COOLING A CELLAR.

How Proper and Beneficial Ventilation Can Be Secured.

A great mistake is sometimes made in ventilating cellars and milk houses. The object of ventilation is to keep the cellars cool and dry, but this object often fails of being accomplished by a common mistake, and instead the cellar is made both warm and damp. A cool place should never be ventilated unless the air admitted is cooler than the air within, or is at least as cool as that, or a very little warmer. The warmer the air the more moisture it holds in suspension. Necessarily the cooler the air the more this moisture is condensed and precipitated. When a cool cellar is aired on a warm day, the entering air being in motion appears cool, but as it fills the cellar the cooler air with which it becomes mixed chills it, the moisture is condensed, and dew is deposited on the cold walls, and may often be seen running down them in streams. Then the cellar is damp, and soon becomes moldy. To avoid this, the windows should only be opened at night and late—the last thing before retiring. There is no need to fear that the night air is unhealthful—it is as pure as the air of midday, and is really drier. The cool air enters the apartment during the night, and circulates through it. The windows should be closed before sunrise in the morning, and kept closed and shaded through the day. If the air of the cellar is damp, it may be thorougly dried by placing in it a peck of fresh lime in an open box. A peck of lime will absorb about seven pounds or more than three quarts of water, and in this way a cellar or milk room may soon be dried, even in the hottest weather.—*Scientific American.*

A JOKER tells of a capitalist so timid that he will not let well enough a loan without good security.

A PRINTED sheet, although square, is called a circular, because it is intended to go round.

"ST. NICHOLAS" tells of a dog that can count. But it can't equal a cat in running up a column.—*Texas Siftings.*

SAID a witness: "My friend conducted his future wife to the altar, and there his leadership came to an end."

"MAMMA," said an interesting juvenile, "do sheep write?" "No, child." "Then, why are they provided with pens?"—*N. Y. Herald.*

FRESH air is about as cheap as any thing that can be raised. A little blowing does the business.—*N. O. Picayune.*

IN case of a riot, send a pickpocket into the crowd, and it will very soon be dispersed.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

A WIFE should be like roast lamb—tender, sweet, nicely dressed, plenty of fixing, but without sauce.—*St. Louis Chronicle.*

YOUNG men and young women often like to be alone, but they like to be alone together, as it were.—*New Haven News.*

A FASHION journal says "bows on chairs have had their day." Yes, but they still continue to make a night of it.—*Burlington Free Press.*

LITTLE GIRL: "Mamma, why doesn't the sea run over if all the water flows into it?" "Nonsense, child! Don't you know it's full of sponges?"

IT is said that the green turtle can live for six weeks without food. This is nothing to talk about, however. The mock turtle never has to be fed.—*Lowell Citizen.*

WHAT is more pathetic than to see the simple faith with which a bald-headed man will buy an infallible hair-restorative from a bald-headed barber?—*N. Y. Post.*

Vegetables Better Than Drugs.

Asparagus purges the blood.

Tomatoes act upon the liver.

Beets and turnips are excellent appetizers.

Lettuce and cucumbers are cooling in their effects upon the system.

The common dandelion, used as greens, is excellent for the same trouble.

Celery acts admirably upon the nervous system and is a cure for rheumatism and neuralgia.

Red onions are an excellent diuretic and the white ones are recommended eaten raw as a remedy for insomnia. They are a tonic and nutritious.

Onions, garlic, leeks, olives and shallots, all of which are similar, possess medicinal virtues of marked character, stimulating the circulatory system, and the consequent increase of the saliva and the gastric juice, promoting digestion.—*Colman's Rural World.*

WOULD people be more lawless if there were less law?—*Texas Siftings.*

A Prize in the Lottery

of life which is usually unappreciated until it is lost, perhaps never to return, is health. What a priceless boon it is, and how we ought to cherish it, that life may not be a worthless blank to us. Many of the diseases that flesh is heir to, and which make life burdensome, such as consumption (scrofula of the lungs), and other scrofulous and blood diseases, are completely cured by Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" after all other remedies have failed. Dr. Pierce's treatise on consumption mailed for 10 cents in stamps. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

"WHAT did your father leave you when he died, Pat?" "Faith, he left me an orphan."—*Tid-Bits.*

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AFTER all it may turn out that the only honest butter is the goat.—*Baltimore American.*

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IF a lady who hesitates is lost, what must it be, then, for a lady who stammers or stutters?—*N. Y. Telegram.*

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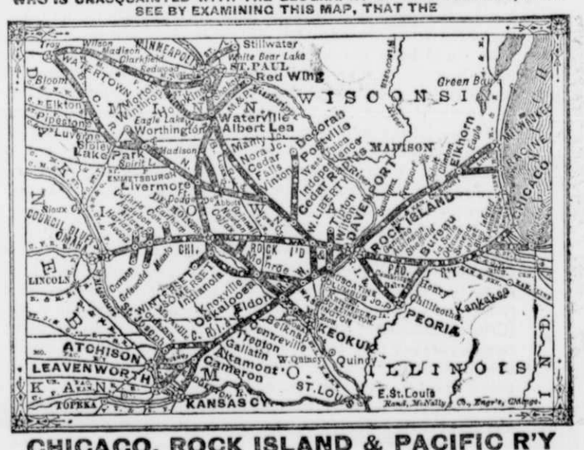

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SATURDAY, AUG. 28, 1886.

TO THE REPUBLICANS OF GARRETT COUNTY.

You are requested to meet in your respective districts on

Saturday, September 11th, 1886

for the purpose of selecting five (5) delegates from each district to meet in County Convention in Oakland on

Friday, September 17th, 1886,

for the purpose of selecting three delegates and three alternates to represent Garrett county in the Republican Congressional Convention to meet in Hagerstown Tuesday, September 21st, 1886, to nominate a candidate for Congress from the Sixth Congressional District of Maryland.

Members of the District Committee are requested to make the necessary arrangements for the primaries named in this call.

By order of the State Central Committee for Garrett county.

DANIEL CHISHOLM,
Chairman.

Col. Baughman knows he is a bigger man than Congressman McComas and for that reason he will not try to squeeze himself into the congressman's seat. Such self-consideration is worthy of the highess commendation.—*Balto. American.*

Hon. L. E. McComas, of Hagerstown, will likely be re-nominated for Congress in his district. He deserves to be, for he has been one of the ablest representatives, in all respects, the Sixth District has ever had. If Congress was composed entirely of such men as Mr. McComas, very little time would be wasted in its sessions.—*Waynesboro' (Pa.) Gazette.*

The Tennessee Democrats are in advance of their brethren up in the north. They incorporated in the platform at their late convention a plank favoring the submission of a prohibition constitutional amendment to the people. What a blow this must be to the stricklers for "anti-sumptuary legislation."

The Wheeling *Intelligencer* took occasion to criticise some of Sam Jones' utterances at the Moundsville camp, and Sam responded, in a sermon, in the following chaste and gentle manner:

I know the newspapers can garble what I say and misrepresent me, but I tell you the congregation to which I preach—I believe they understand me. If newspapers could hurt me I would have been dead long ago. If such whippersnapper, one-horse editors as the one on the ground here yerterday with his shirt tail full of type could have his way, I would have been dead long ago. I have been swallowed by whales and gnawed at by minnows, but this is the first place I have ever been troubled by ants. Brother Bodley hollers amen; and I expect many a one would holler the same, if he would holler his sentiments. Right is right, and I know brethren, if I please the politicians and newspapers of this country, I will displease God. I am going to please God. Let the politicions howl, Thas is my doctrine. [Cries of "Amen," "Amen."] The newspapers say they made me, and I asked an editor one day if he could make another one like me, and he said he couldn't. Said they hadn't any more dirt.

The State Central Committee Meeting.

The Republican State Central Committee met in Baltimore at noon Thursday of last week at Dushame Post Hall, Col. James C. Mullikin, of Talbot county, chairman, C. George Peters, of Baltimore county, secretary, Some 30 or 40 of the members were present, and on a call of the roll it was announced that the three legislative districts of Baltimore city and a majority of the counties reported representatives. Among those in attendance were David W. Sloan, Dr. E. C, Gaskill and B, A, Richmond, of Allegany county, Chas. W. Adams, of Washington county; Hon, Milton G. Urner, of Frederick; Benjamin H. Miller, of Montgomery; George W. King, of Howard: Henry R. Herbert, of Cecil; Joseph Mallalieu, of Queen Anne's; Dr. William R. Wilmer and Benjamin G. Stonestreet, of Charles; George M. Rusum, of Caroline; Dr, Washington G. Tuck, of Anne Arundel; Wm. T, Henderson and J. Emory Weatherby, of Baltimore city.

Col. Mullikin, in calling the central committee to order, said dates and places for the Congressional nominating conventions were to be fixed and other business connected with the party management transacted, among other things the committee would be called upon to elect a chairman as his successor, as he proposed to resign from that position. He thought the prospects of the Republican party in Maryland were bright, notwithstanding the reverse of last year. The attendance on the meeting of the central committee was small, but there was nothing discouraging in that, and he predicted that if victory does not come this year it will come next year. It is true, the Republicans have lost the federal patronage, but the old heartburnings are passing away, and there is a feeling of unity in the ranks. For one he hoped the party would only nominate tried and true Republicans for every office hereafter. The young Republicans of the State have no incentive to party loyalty when they are asked to rally under an alien banner and support fusion movements with dissatisfied Democrats.

The delegates went into conference by districts and selected the time and places for holding the Congressional conventions, as follows:

First District—At Easton, Talbot county, September 23.

Second District—At Dushane Post Hall, Baltimore city, September 23.

Third or East Baltimore District—at hall corner of Baltimore and Bond streets, October 14.

Fourth or West Baltimore District—At Western China Hall, October 14.

Fifth District—At Laurel, Prince George's county, September 21.

Sixth District—At Hagerstown, Washington county, September 21.

On motion of Mr. Urner. of Frederick, a sub committee of one from each Congressional district was appointed to report upon matters relating to the affairs of the party, and upon the Congressional campaign. The central committee took a recess until 3 P. M. to give their sub committee time to prepare a report. The afternoon session of the central committee lasted for three hours, and with closed doors the private business of the party was discussed.

Capt. H. Clay Naill, of Frederick county, late surveyor of the port of Baltimore, was elected chairman of the State central committee, to succeed Col. Mullikin. The secretary was directed to inform Capt. Naill of his election.

Mexican Bravado.

A dispatch to the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* gives the following editorial from El National newspaper, published in the City of Mexico, and republished in *El Frontierizo*, a Spanish paper, and the *Frontierizo*, a Spanish-American paper, both published on the American side of Nogales, A. T.:

"As seen from New York, the smallest, most insignificant newspaper of the neighboring republic, in fact all the American newspapers, are filling their columns with the name of the man who, yesterday a modest printer and obscure editor, by Providence becomes the celebrated man upon whose liberty depends peace or war between quarrelsome Americans and ourselves. The Americans have taken upon themselves to call us slaves, bandits and other names, forgetting that among them, and principally in Texas, Colorado, Kansas, New Mexico and other Southern and Western States, are many honored citizens who deserve the same epithets. Who has not seen in our country any number and variety of cowboys, assassins and thieves from the other side of the Rio Grande that deserve to be hung every day, and who are the advance guard of the exalted civilization of America in our country? We admire the grand things possessed by the Americah people—its constitution, and the virtues that adorn the greater portion of her sons, but at the same time we do not forget the unspeakably infamous corruption among her 50,000,000 inhabitants, from the government officials, bankers and the balance of the well-to-do, down to the lowest classes of society. The scum of all nations go to the United States. There gather all the impostors and all the vicious people, and they freely mingle with the better class and are considered respectabte, provided they have in their pocket-books a few greenbacks. It is folly and stupidity to think that with all the injustice that has been showered upon us by the American press there will be no war. It is foolish to think that there will be none because it is not convenient for the United States, and it is also stupid, because they have shown the Mexican people that they are determined to continue our enemies, and we must be prepared, with gun in hand, to receive them in a dignified manner, as we will do the first day they cross the Rio Grande. They may whip us out of existence, but the Mexicans will yield only by walking over mountains of American dead. And this war will cost the United States not only much blood, but, what is worse for them, millions of money. Nevertheless, Cutting remains in jail, and will not be released except through Mexican laws and justice. Neither our people nor our government are to be scared or menaced by the American press nor by the demand of the Hon. Mr. Bayard."

Cutting's Case.

EL PASO, TEX., Aug. 22.—The second chamber of the supreme tribunal of this State on Friday, with closed doors, took up the case of A. K. Cutting, and after reviewing the entire evidence, the argument began. This did not last long. The attorneys, pro and con, had previously come to an agreement that "the two months' imprisonment already suffered by Cutting be considered a complete purgation of his crime." This makes it certain beyond a doubt that the sentence which follows shortly will conform to this agreement among the attorneys. The court holds that both Judge Castendor and Judge Zubia were exactly right in trying and sentencing Cutting, but under the circumstances thinks he has now, by two months' confinement, suffered enough, and they will order his release, to take effect probably by Tuesday or Wednesday next. The $600 fine is also to be remitted. The court expressly reaffirms all that has been said in favor of the right of Mexico to try an offense committed in the United States. Therefore the status of the case as an international question is not and will not be in the least altered by the release of Cutting. It will come up again directly on a question of indemnity. Consul Brigham says he did not see how the release of Cutting at this stage would change anything but the personal comfort of Mr. Cutting. It was not so much a question of the personal liberty of Mr. Cutting as the broad principle at stake between the governments, and, as he understood, the court had expressly affirmed the validity of the law which Secretary Bayard has rightly said that the United States could never permit to be enforced. It was likely that the point would come up again on the question of indemnity, which, he thought, would have to be paid.

THE "WAR" IS OVER.

DENVER, COL., August 23.—An El Paso special says: At 11:30 this morning Cutting was taken before Judge Castendas' court, when the official minutes of the Chihuahua Supreme Court, which which had arrived this morning, were read to him, which recited the decree relessing him from further custody. The decision of the court is based entirely upon the fact that Medina had waived his right to a civil suit for damages, the court holding that this ended the proceedings in the State.

When released by the court Cutting replied: "As long as I am not further detained as a prisoner I accept my liberty, and I request that a copy of the decree of the Supreme Court be given me for my future use."

This the court consented to do in Spanish. Judge Castendas sent a copy of the decree to Mr. Provincio, who sent back word that he in person would give Cutting his liberty, accompanied with some wholesome advice.

Cutting said to a reporter: "Well, I can't understand what all this has to do with my card in the El Paso *Herald*, for which solely I was arrested. For four weeks I was incarcerated, and was being tried at the time my government made a demand for my immediate release."

It is said on the other side of the river that the Mexican constitution prohibiting the residence of agitators and other dangerous characters within the republic will be enforced against Cutting.

Through Niagara's Whirlpool.

NIAGARA FALLS, Aug. 22.—Wm. J. Kendall, of Boston, to-day swam successfully, in a cork vest, the whirlpool rapids of the Niagara river. The trial was to settle a wager of $10.000 made by Boston parties, he to receive $1,000 of the stakes. There were few spectators to the affair, it having been kept quiet.

Kendall relates the following experiences when he reached the spot where Captain Webb is supposed to have lost his life. The water seemed to go from under him, and a huge wave struck him on the head and shoulders, knocking him unconscious for a few moments. He found his swimming abilities of no use whatever, and never expected to come out alive. When entering the whirlpool he was so benumbed and partly unconscious that he could not use a limb and did not know what he was doing. The current took him into the main eddy and sucked him down like a flash, keeping him under fully 15 seconds. Upon reaching the under current he was shot out of the pool fully 50 feet from its centre. When he reached the surface of the water he had partly regained consciousness, and, knowing that there was no time to spare before he would be dashed down the lower rapids, he swam to the shore. While landing he was so overcome that he again became unconscious, and his assistants were fully half an hour occupied in reviving him with the aid of stimulants and by rubbing.

When asked if he would ever make another trip he said most emphatically: "No; there's not enough money in the world to induce me to repeat this afteanoon's experience. A child would have the same chance to go through the rapids and come out all right as an expert swimmer."

It took him three minutes to go from the railroad bridge to the whirlpool, Kendall is 24 years of age, six feet two inches in height, weighs 195 pounds and is well proportioned. He was born in New York, but has spent most of his life in Boston. The cork vest consisted of five pieces of cork 16 inches long, four inches wide and two inches thick, which were sewn in white canvas, similar to a life preserver.

Mexicans Ready to Strike.

GALVESTON, Aug. 23.—A special to the *News*, from Laredo, says: In connection with the fact that the military authorities in Mexico have within the last week purchased all the arms and ammunition to be had in Laredo, it is also a fact that in addition to the 2,000 troops within a few hours march of Nuevo Laredo, there are at present 2,000 Mexican cavalry posted along the Rio Grande, between Nuevo Laredo and Piedras Negras. At the old town of Polofay, 40 miles above here, there is a detachment of Mexican troops, and they are reported to be throwing up fortifications, pending the final decision in the Cutting case. Great uneasiness prevails on this part of the border concerning the utterly defenceless condition of the people, and sharp criticism on all sides are heard of the President's fishing trip to the Adirondacks while Mexico is pushing her troops to the Rio Grande in order to strike hard in the event of war being declared.

Weston, in Lewis county, W. Va., is in a fever of excitement over the whiskey question. The county commissioners have refused to grant licenses for several years, but the saloons have boldly violated the law. There were 700 indictments against one saloon-keeper, and he let them accumulate and then cleared the docket by paying $600. A new prosecuting attorney was appointed by the mayor to fill a vacancy, and began pushing the cases. The result was that one dealer was fined $300 in five indictments, and in default of payment was sent to jail. The council met and discharged the two policemen who had secured the evidence in the last case and appointed an ex-saloon-keeper to one of the vacancies. This raised a furore of indignation in Weston. The mayor appointed the two discharged policemen as special officers, and in a few days they had several more cases against the imprisoned saloon-keeper. The council notified the mayor to desist, and called a special meeting, acting under the advice of the town attorney, reduced the penalty for selling liquor from $10 to $100 down to $1. The citizens threatened to mob the council, but refrained and held an indignation meeting instead, at which the council was denounced. During the meeting the town attorney, who is a brother of one of the principal violators of the law, came on the platform and began to excuse himself, but the saloon-keepers were the only ones who would listen to him.

The Anarchists Convicted.

CHICAGO, Aug. 20.—The tremendous interest taken in the outcome of the anarchist trial and the finding of the jury was illustrated by the crowd which gathered in front of the court house to await the announcement. Nearly two thousand people gathered on Michigan street in front of the main entrance to the building, gazing up at the windows. The police kept the crowd moving, however, and it appeared to be composed entirely of simply curious people.

Judge Gray arrived at 9:47 o'clock, and almost at the same monent Capt. Black and Mr. Zeisler, completing the quartette of the defendant's counsel, arrived. Capt. Black remarked to his wife when he entered, "I have just had a talk with the prisoners. They have seen the papers and know what the probable outcome is. They will laugh at death," said the attorney, with a half tragic air. He declared that they would show no excitement. Quite a number of attorneys were allowed to come within the railing, which served to give the room a somewhat more crowded appearance.

The prisoners were brought into the court room at 9:52 o'clock, and were seated at the northeast corner of the room on some side benches.

The court was called to order at 9:54. The prisoners were not observable to the eyes of but few in the court room. They presented about the usual appearance, though Spies and Fischer looked deadly pale. The jury arrived at 9:55 o'clock. There was an impressive silence as they filed in. When the jury appeared Judge Gary enjoined absolute silence. There was a whispered consultation between the judge and the clerk, when the verdict was read as follows:

"We, the jury, find the defendants August Spies, Michael Schwab, Sam'l Fielden, Albert R. Parsons, Adolph Fischer, George Engle and Louis Linng guilty of murder as charged in the indictment, and fix the penalty at death. We find the defendant Oscar W. Neebe guilty of murder in manner and form as charged in the indictment, and fix the penalty at imprisonment in the penitentiary for fifteen years."

Capt. Black asked that the jury be polled. The jurymen answered with firm voices.

Capt. Black said he would desire to make a motion for a new trial. State's Attorney Grinnell said it would be impossible to dispose of the motion during the present term, but by agreement the motion could be argued at the September term. This was agreed to by the defense. The court let the motion be entered and continued until the next term, and the defendants were taken back to jail.

AN EDITOR'S REGRET.—"By an unfortunate typographical error," says a Dakota newspaper, "we were made to say last week that our distinguished townsman, Professor Kennedy, was about to rig up a nobby baboon for the comfort and enjoyment of his daughter on her wedding trip over the prairies. What we meant to say was a nobby balloon. We write this with our left hand, while lying on our spare bed, with one eye entirely closed and the other hand-painted, and an inverted chair across our stomach for a writing-table. The extent of our regret for the blunder may be measured by the difficulties we have surmounted in penning this explanation."

Wooed by an Indian Maid.

While on his recent visit to Detroit Lake, William Penn Nixon, accompanied by his wife, visited White Earth Indian Agency, says the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*. One morning he was chatting with Agent Sheehan, who was dilating upon the rapid progress made by the aborigines, when an Indian girl dashed up to the door upon a pretty pony, dismounted, and taking the train of her riding habit on her arm, walked into the agency, presented a certificate from a surveyor in regard to fees paid and said she wanted a patent for her land.

"Here," said Agent Sheehan, "is a good illustration of just what we were speaking about." The Indian girl, though a full blood, made an attractive picture in her bright riding habit, and the editor spoke up, saying, "by the way, how can I secure some land here?"

"Where do you live?" asked the red girl.

"In Chicago," replied the philosopher of the press.

"Oh, then, you'll have to marry me in order to obtain land here on this reservation," piquantly spoke up the maid.

"But I am already married; here is my wife."

"Yes, but she is old. I am young. I hear you can easily get a divorce in Chicago. Come here, marry me and you can have land."

Her entreaties wers so earnest and arguments so strong that the editor was compelled to use his utmost strategy in order to prevent completing the "treaty" with the Indian maid.

"Are you a Christian, young man?" asked a melancholy missionary of a by-stander whom he thought might prove a hopeful case. "Oh! dear, no," was the cheery reply, "I'm a choir singer.

"Pa, what do they mean when they say a man is qualified for Alderman?" "Well, my son, ordinarily it means that his saloon is doing a big business."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

$200.000 in presents given away. Send us 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the $200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

WIN more money than at anything else by taking an agency for the best selling book out Beginners succeed grandly. None fail. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK Co., Portland, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ORDER NISI.

Susan M. Naylor and others, vs. John B. Widener and others. } No. 277 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county

ORDERED, That the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings being the private sale of Military Lot No. 1150, as made and reported by Gilmor S. Hamill, Trustee, and made to Lafayette T. Friend, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the twentieth day of September next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Oakland, once in each of three successive weeks before the Eighteenth day of September next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $250.00.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

Tue copy—Test:
8 28 3t W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

SHERIFF'S SALE!

By virtue of writ of fieri facias, issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, State of Maryland, at the suit of John Shartzer, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Viola Groves, Andrew Kimmell and William A. Browning, to me directed, I have seized and taken in execution, all the right, title, claim, interest and estate, at law and in equity, of the said Viola Groves, in and to all that piece, parcel or lot of land, situate at the intersection of Alder street with Fourth street, on the North side of Alder street, and on the West side of Fourth street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, the same being known and distinguished as

LOT NUMBER SEVENTY-NINE

(79), and being the same property that was conveyed by William R. Percy to the said Viola Groves, by deed dated February 13th, 1885.

Said lot is improved by a small

DWELLING HOUSE

and necessary out-buildings, and I hereby give notice, that

On Monday, SEPTEMBER 13TH, 1886,

at 3 o'clock P. M., on the premises, I will offer for sale the said property so seized and taken in execution, by public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash.

JOHN H. RILEY,
8 21 4t Sheriff.

TRUSTEE'S SALE!

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting as a Court of Equity, passed in a cause (being No. 169 Equity) in said Court, wherein Joel Willand is complainant, and Florisa Biddinger, Simon Biddinger and James Bowser are defendants, the undersigned was appointed Trustee to make sale of the real estate described in the proceedings in said cause. In discharge of the trust reposed in me, by the terms of said decree I will,

On Tuesday, THE 7TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER,

at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, in front of the Glades Hotel in Oakland, offer at public sale, all that tract, piece or parcel of land known and described as

"MOUNT AIRY,"

being the same land which was conveyed to James Bowser by Florisa Biddinger and Simon Biddinger by deed dated the 14th of January, A. D. 1879, and beginning for the same "at a stone pile and a small bounded Hickory standing at the end of one hundred and seventy-seven and one half perches on the first line, of a deed from Jesse Tomlinson to Jacob Hare, and running thence South eighty-seven and one half degrees West, one hundred and twenty-two perches to a stone pile on the first line of the said whole tract called "MOUNT AIRY," thence with said first line North sixty-two and one half perches to the end of the third line of part of a deed conveyed by Henry M. Hare to John Hare, and with said third line reversed North eighty-seven and one-half degrees east one hundred and twenty-six and one-half perches to the first line of said deed from Jesse Tomlinson to Jacob Hare, and running with said first line South six and one half degrees East sixty two and one half perches to the beginning, containing fifty acres of land."

There is a

SMALL DWELLING

upon said land, and a part of said land is cleared and under cultivation. An excellent opportunity is offered for a man of small means to procure a good home. Said land lies near Grantsville, in a goood farming community.

TERMS OF SALE as prescribed by said decree. One half of the purchase money shall be paid in cash on the day of sale, and one half in twelve months from the day of sale; the purchaser to execute his single bill bearing interest for the deferred payment with surety to be approved by the trustee, and when the whole purchase money is paid, and not before, the undersigned will convey said property to the purchaser in accordance with the terms of said decree.

Conveyancing at cost of purchaser.

F. A. THAYER,
8 14 4t Trustee.

TRUSTEES' SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
TIMBER
—AND—
MINERAL LANDS.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in the State of Maryland, standing as No. 372 on the Equity docket of said Court, in which John Swan and others are complainants and Willie Swan and others are defendants, the subscribers will sell at public sale,

ON SATURDAY, THE 2D DAY OF OCTOBER, 1886,

at 11 o'clock A. M., at the Glades Hotel, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, the tract of land known as

"Yough Manor,"

containing about 9,000 acres of land more or less. The said tract is situated on the

"YOUGHIOGHENY RIVER,"

in said county, and extends from said river to the West Virginia line, and is about 15 miles from Oakland, on the Baltimore & Ohio Rail Road, and about 15 miles from Confluence, on the Pittsburg & Connelsville Rail Road.

It is valuable for the large quantities of Pine, Oak and other varieties of timber common to the region, and now upon it; also for the large veins of bituminous coal, iron ore, lime stone and fire clay upon it, and lying in convenient proximity to each other. It also contains a large quantity of good tillable land, a small portion of which is improved and in cultivation.

THE TERMS OF SALE Provided by the decree are: One-third of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, one-third in one year and the balance in two years from the day of sale, or the whole in cash, if the purchaser prefers it. The deferred payments, if any, to be secured by notes of the purchaser with security to be approved by the trustees.

WM. J. READ,
D. W. SLOAN,
J. H. GORDON,
Trustees.

8 7 3t

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Lenge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

—Go to J. M. Davis & Son's for the celebrated Telegraph Cider Mill.

—Sachs & Pruden's Ginger Ale at A. J. Harne's.

—"Pel's" Ladies' fine hand-made shoes at OFFUTT'S.

—If you want a good Cider Mill, call on J. M. Davis & Son.

—WANTED.—A good Shoemaker. Must understand stich work. Apply to H. D. Albright, Oakland, Md.

—Jacob Brown, Esq., of Cumberland, spent several days with his daughter, Mrs. Chisholm, in Oakland this week.

—A daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. F. Deakins, aged about thirteen years, died at Fort Pendleton, Saturday last.

—NOTICE.—I will be in my office in Accident on the 8th of Sept., and remain until the 13th.

WM. HINEBAUGH,

—Look out for the great opening August 31st, of a very large bankrupt sale of clothing, dry goods and notions, at Cor. Third and Alder streets, opposite old *Democrat* office.

—There will be a Sunday School pic-nic and festival at South Point Thursday, Sept. 2nd, 1886. Ice cream and other refreshments on the ground. All are invited.

—Look out for the great opening August 31st, of a very large bankrupt sale of clothing, dry goods and notions, at Cor. Alder and Third streets, opposite old *Democrat* office.

—The game of base ball played between our boys and the Terra Alta club at Mountain Lake Park Wednesday, was witnessed by the largest crowd of any game this season. The score stood 11 to 10 in favor of Oakland.

—A pic-nic will be held in the grove at Mrs. M. Otto's, on Saturday, September 4th, 1886. Both brass and string bands will be on the ground. Care will be taken to preserve order. Refreshments on the ground.

—Alfred and George D. Howell, Esqs., of Uniontown, Pa., left Oakland last Thursday for their home, much to the regret of their many warm friends among the guests of the Oakland Hotel and residents of our town.

—About three thousand persons attended the Knights of Honor pic-nic at Mountain Lake Park Wednesday last. The main part of the crowd came from the east, there being some misunderstanding west of here as to the date. The Gilbert Band, of Piedmont, and the Arion Band, of Frostburg, were present and rendered some excellent music. Able addresses were delivered by Judge Oakey Johnson, of Parkersburg, W. Va., and Mr. W. L. Wellington of Cumberland, Md.

—A shocking accident occurred Saturday near Shaw, on the West Virginia Central Railroad. The boiler of engine No. 3 exploded and instantly killed the fireman, John Bartlett. A number of others were injured. The engineer, John O'Brien, was blown seventy-five feet from the engine, but escaped with but a few cuts and bruises. Timothy Cady, a brakeman, was scalded, but, luckily, not seriously, and his escape is considered wonderful. The engine was blown from the track. The cause of the explosion is unknown.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7½ P. M. by Rev. J. Engle.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. by the Pastor.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

St. Matthew's Church—Rev. J. Newman, Rector—Holy Communion at 8 A. M.; morning prayer and sermon at 11 A. M.; Sunday School at 4:30 P. M.; evensong 5 P. M. Wednesday evening prayer at 5 P. M.

Corrections in Registration Notice.

Changes have been made in the Registration notice as published last week, in Districts Nos. 2 and 10. In No. 2 the sittings were announced for Friendsville and Rush's school house, but as announced this week the September sitting will be at Friendsville, and the October sitting at Selbysport. In No. 10 the first three days of the September sitting will be held at Altamont, and the last two days of the September sitting and the two days of the October sitting will be at Deer Park.

—The "Improved Buckeye Cider Mill," at OFFUTT'S.

—HAY FOR SALE—The undersigned has for sale, on his farm, formerly the "Procter Farm," about forty tons of Timothy Hay, put up dry and in the best of order.

8 14 3t JOHN BRADLEY.

Look out for the great opening August 31st, of a very large bankrupt sale of clothing, dry goods and notions, at Cor. Third and Alder streets, opposite old *Democrat* office.

—About noon Friday of last week the dwelling house of Mr. B. B. Green, in the suburbs of Oakland, near the woolen factory, was discovered to be on fire. A crowd soon gathered and removed most of the household goods from the burning building, but owing to lack of water the building could not be saved, and was totally destroyed. The building was occupied jointly by the families of Mr. Green, Mr. Shipley and Mrs. Sagers. Loss on the building about $600. The loss on household effects was considerable, owing to their hurried removal. No insurance.

Public Notice.

Having purchased the large and commodious house on Maine street, in Oakland, Garrett county, Md., generally known as the Ludwig house, and finished and furnished it throughout I will open it to the public on the 13th of September, 1886. My aim shall be to anticipate the wants of my guests, and make it pleasant for them while stopping with me.

Terms moderate.

J. AULT,
8 28 2t Proprietor.

The Maryland Sunday School Union.

By this time each Sunday School in the county has received an appeal from the above old and useful institution. The Union's work in our county for several years past speaks more eloquently in its favor than words from us. We know that many schools are poor, but each can give a little to aid this institution to do its work, which all acknowledge to be important. Don't fail to promptly fill up the statistical blanks sent the schools, as the union is the only institution that compiles the statistics of the whole State.

Orphans' Court Proceedings.

The Orphans' Court for Garrett county convened Tuesday, Aug. 24, 1886. Present, Judges Barnard and Casteel and Samuel Lawton, Register.

Third and final account of Thos. R. McRobie, administrator of Joseph Knox, ratified and confirmed.

Sixth and final account of Thomas B. Frantz and Henry Frazee, executors of John Frantz, (of Jos.), ratified and confirmed.

First account of Thomas H. Biddinger, administrator of Carlisle Hoover, ratified and confirmed.

Court adjourned to meet Tuesday, September 14th, 1886.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending August 24:

P. Hamill and wife to Josiah Moon, military lot No. 326; $50.

Gilmor S. Hamill, Trustee, to Wm. Colmer, part of a tract of land called "Republic"—48 acres—consideration, the purchase money.

Rosanna Hoover to Ella C. Hoover, 2½ acres of land; $30.

C. P. Masden and wife to James O. Smith, lots Nos. 909 and 911 in Mt. Lake Park; $650,

Mt. Lake Park Association to J.C. Bardell, lot No. 76 in Mt. Lake Park; $300,

Calton L. Bretz to Sylvester Rinard, one undivided third part of a tract called "Browning Manor and Border Life" —800 acres—$1549.27.

Go to F. G. Hyde, the Reliable Jeweler

For watches, clocks, jewelry, silverware, eye-glasses, spectacles, etc., either wholesale or retail. The largest stock of reliable goods in this part of the country. Everything fully warranted to be just exactly what it is. I handle everything that appertains to the jewelry trade, at prices that will stand comparison with any responsible house. An inspection is requested.

F. G. HYDE.
7 17 tf Oakland, Md.

For Sale.

The property owned by the late Thresa M. Smithman, corner third and Water streets, Oakland, Md. will be sold at private sale. This is a very desirable property and will be sold in whole or in part, to suit purchaser. Terms reasonable. For further information call on or address

JOS. H. SMITHMAN,
5 15 tf Oakland, Md.

The Guards Win Again.

The target shooting at Wilson Post Camp, near Baltimore, Monday and Tuesday, resulted in a victory for the Haymaker Team of the Garrett Guard, the Easter Flower Team, of the same company being second in both days shooting. Following are the scores for both days:

MONDAY'S SHOOTING.

Easter Flowers.—Captain R. T. Browning, 3, 4, 4, 3, 5, 4, 4—27; Sergeant William Crim, 4, 5, 5, 3, 4, 4, 4—29; Sergeant William Johnson, 4, 4, 3, 4, 4, 4, 3—26; John F. Browning, 3, 5, 3, 4, 5, 4, 4—28; Arthur Chisholm, 5, 4, 4, 4, 5, 4, 4—30; Lieutenant D. C. Burns, 4, 5, 4, 3, 3, 4, 4—27; L. Chisholm, 5, 4, 5, 5, 4, 4, 3—30. Total score, 197 out of a possible 245.

Haymakers—Captain P. A. Chisholm, 4, 4, 5, 4, 5, 4, 4—30; Lieutenant Sam Johnson, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 3, 4—27; R. S. Jamison, 4, 5, 4, 5, 4, 4, 4—30; George D. Browning, 4, 4, 4, 5, 5, 4, 4—30; Samuel Friend, 4, 3, 4, 5, 4, 4, 4—28; W. Stoyer, 5, 4, 5, 4, 4, 4, 4—30; N. C. Browning, 4, 4, 3, 4, 4, 4, 4—27. Total score, 202.

Fort McHenry Team—Total, 187.

Washington Regulars, Team No. 1.—Total, 190.

Washington Regulars, Team No. 2.—Total, 194.

TUESDAY'S SHOOTING.

Easter Flowers—Col. Wardwell, 5, 4, 4, 4, 4, 3, 5—29; A. Chisholm, 3, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 5—28; Sergent Crim, 2, 4, 3, 4, 4, 3, 4—24; Lieutenant Burns, 4, 5, 3, 4, 3, 3, 4—25; J. F. Browning, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 3—27; L. Chisholm, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 5, 4—29; Lieutenant Browning, 3, 4, 4, 3, 5, 4, 3—26. Total score, 188.

Fifth Regiment Team—Total score, 173.

The Haymakers—G. D. Browning, 4, 4, 4, 4, 5, 5, 4—30; S. Friend, 4, 4, 4, 4, 3, 5, 4—28; Capt. Chisholm, 3, 5, 5, 4, 4, 5, 4—30; Corporal Stoyer, 4, 5, 5, 5, 4, 4, 4—31; N. C. Browning, 4, 4, 5, 4, 4, 4, 5—30; Lieut. Jamison, 5, 4, 3, 4, 4, 4, 4—28; Lieut Johnson, 4, 3, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4—27. Total score, 204.

Another Shooting Affair in Cumberland.

William Horner Saturday evening shot Dr. W. S. Madden, one ball taking effect in the head and the other ball went through the lungs. Horner, it is said, met Madden on Baltimore street, just in front of the post-office, and fired the two shots as above stated. There are a great many rumors afloat as to the cause of the shooting. It is charged by some that Madden has been sending Mr. Horner's wife some letters, which enraged the husband. Sheriff Houck, who was an eye-witness to the shooting, arrested Horner and took him before 'Squire Harbaugh, by whom he was committed to await the result of the affair. Dr. Madden was taken to the Windsor Hotel, where he is being treated by a number of doctors. Dr. Madden has only been here a few years, and is not very well known. Mr. Horner is a junk-dealer, and well known. It is thought the doctor will speedily recover.

Death of the Mine Inspector.

Dennis Sheridan, mine inspector died about twelve o'clock Friday night of last week after a very short illness. Although Mr. Sheridan had been feeling quite unwell for sometime past, nothing serious was thought to be ailing him. Last week Mr. Sheridan left for Berkeley Springs in the hope of recuperating his health, but instead of doing so, he began failing fast, and was brought back to Cumberland, and was thought to be better for a while, but afterward grew worse. Mr. Sheridan was at the last session of the legislature re-appointed and confirmed as mine inspector, and had only served a few months on his second term. He succeeded Thomas Brown in the position in 1884, and filled the position to the satisfaction of all the mining region, and was very popular among the miners as well as the operators. He was about forty-five years old and unmarried, and was born and raised in Allegany county. He was an accomplished civil engineer. There is already some speculation in the mining region as to who will succeed Mr. Sheridan.

Deer Park.

A very sad accident happened here this (Tuesday) morning. Charley King, a boy about 13 years old, son of Mr. Arch. King, an old resident of Deer Park, tried to jump on a passing train, but missed his footing and fell on the track. Five or six cars passed over him, completely severing his body. The train went on without any of the men on it knowing of the occurrence. An inquest was held at the station house. The accident has cast a gloom over the whole town as the little fellow was so well known here, and should be a warning to the other reckless boys who so often put their lives in jeopardy in the same manner. Mr. King is at present at work over on the W. Va. Central R. R., and was telegraphed for immediately. His brother, Mr. John King, who lived a couple of miles from here died last night of consumption, after a long sickness. The little boy's funeral will take place to-morrow. The bereaved family have the sympathy of the entire community in this sudden and terrible affliction.

Deer Park has an unusual number of summer visitors. The Hotel is very full, as are also all the private boarding houses.

Miss Florence Kidwell, of Washington, is visiting Mrs. A. C. Lott.

Mr. Chas. Schoolman, of Philadelphia, is a guest of his sister-in-law, Mrs. G. W. Haulenbeck.

Mrs. Bell and her daughter, Mrs. West, all of Washington, are at Mrs. Jos. Lashorn's.

Mr. Jos. Foster, of Swanton, was in town one day last week.

The whooping cough is prevailing in some parts of Deer Park. A little child of Mr. Jos. McRobie died of that disease last week.

The Children's Home is being fitted up for its occupants as fast as possible.

Mr. W. D. Landstreet, of Kansas, City; Mr. Beverly Landstreet, of Nashville, Tenn.; Mr. Lee Porter, of Cecil, Md.; Misses Kate Downey, of Franklin, Md., Effie Jamesson, of Westernport, Md., Leah Jones, of Richmond, Va., and Emma Warfield, of Cumberland, Md., have been visitors of Mrs. W. R. Davis and family during the past week.

Registered at Wing-and-Wing:

Washington — Misses Lillie and Grace Acker, Miss Mary Aukward, Miss Emma Little, Geo. Aukward and Chas. Little.

Barnesville, O.—W. R. M. Denny.

Middletown, Md.—Geo. W. Hyatt.

Moundsville, W. Va. — Samuel Booher.

Tallahassee, Fla.—K. H. Baker.

***

Mountain Lake Park.

After the lecture on Monday night the ladies and gentlemen of the C. L. S. C. began their decorations, and worked very busily until about midnight. Then early in the morning began again, and only completed their work as the people began to assemble for the Recognition service. The entire front of the Auditorium was handsomely and profusely decorated with ferns and flowers and evergreens, and handsome mottos and a large American flag, graced the center in flowing loops. Over one of the aisles there were three beautiful arches erected, making a beautiful gate-way of evergreens and flowers, though which those who were worthy should enter.

Miss Bollock with her kinter-garden school assembled in the grove near the Auditorium with the C. L. S. C. class, and all marched once around the building, then entered the arched way at the rear. When the children who had lead the procession had passed up to the front of the Auditorium they divided, letting the rear ones enter and take their seats first.

The responsive exercises prepared for the occasion were then gone through with, which were very interesting and instructive, at the close of which Diplomas were given to the several graduates in the C. L. S. C.

At night Dr. Miller gave us his magnificent lecture on Eyes or the Art of Seeing, to a large audience.

On Wednesday evening we listened with profound attention to Our Country and some of its Problems, delivered in the most earnest and forcible manner by Dr. Miller.

Rev. J. B. Young, of Harrisburg, Pa., for whom we had been looking for several days arrived on the evening train on Thursdays of last week and took us a very pleasant delightful visit to the great cities of the New Testament world. On Friday evening we spent a very pleasant time in Scotland and other splendid scenes in stereoptican views. At the close of this splendid lecture by Rev. Mr. Young, Dr. Frysinger then delivered the Diplomas to the graduates in the Normal department.

The Assembly was now over, and the time had now come to elect officers for Assembly Association for next year, which were as follows: Rev. C. P. Masden, President; Rev. W. M. Frysinger, Superintendent of instruction; Rev. J. B. Young, Corresponding Secretary; Mr. R. W. Armstrong, Treasurer; Rev. H. C. Pardae, Superintendent of C. L. S. C. department; Dr. T. H. Logan, Musical Director; Rev. C. E. Young, Instructor in the Greek department, and Mr. J. B. Phipps the department of Illustration.

The entertainment which was to have been given the evening before the Assembly was deferred until the evening after, at which time the Misses Mullen gave us another grand entertainment.

Monday night the ladies of the Park gave ice cream, cake, candies, nuts and fruits at the Auditorium to a large number of people. At the close of this there was an exhibition of fire-works. These, with other contributions, had almost entirely cleared up the old Assembly debt which Dr. Frysinger had been carrying for several years.

Last Sunday was another grand day for us. By very earnest persuasion Dr. Miller preached for us again in the morning with wonderful power, dwelling with great emphasis on the words, "we see Jesus." Then at night Rev. Randolph spoke with great earnestness on the value of one soul.

On Wednesday evening the Japanese, Rev. Motera gave us a very entertaining lecture on "the manners, customs and religion of Japan."

Mr. E. J. Stone has caught the spirit of improvement again and has commenced an addition to one of his cottages.

Mrs. Logan, wife of Dr. T. H. Logan, of Wheeling, W. Va., died here Monday morning, the 23d inst., after a long and painful illness.

On Tuesday the Stockholders of this place held their fifth annual meeting and elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

Revs. J. B. Van Meter, C. W. Baldwin, E. J. Stone, J. M. Davis and Mr. C. W. Conner.

J. A. E.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. D. Nydegger, Druggist, Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., August 25th, 1886.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office at Oakland, on

Monday, Sept. 13th, 1886,

for the transaction of such business as may properly come before the Board.

By order of the Board.

W. H. HAGANS,
8 28 3t Clerk.

GO TO

W. C. L. CORRELL'S

NEW STORE,

In the Michaels Building, Oakland.

FOR BARGAINS.

Having just opened a full and complete line of

Boots & Shoes,

I feel confident I can suit all classes at very LOW PRICES. Also HATS AND CAPS, for men and boys, at BOTTOM PRICES. I have also on hand a good line of

Dry Goods and Notions and Gent's Furnishing Goods,

to which I expect to add in time for the fall and winter trade a full and complete stock of Men's and Boys' CLOTHING. It will pay you to come and see me before purchasing elsewhere.

8 21 86 W. C. L. CORRELL.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Miss Lilly Brown and Miss Mary Weber will open a

PRIVATE SCHOOL

for pupils of all grades, at the Oakland Public School Building, beginning

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, '86,

and continuing for a term of twelve weeks.

TERMS VERY MODERATE.

Circulars can be obtained at Sturgiss's Drug Store. 8 14 3d.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the matter of the Deed of Trust from Kate A. Rasche and Henry A. Rasche, her husband, to Wm. P. Townshend, Trustee.

No. 362 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

The Creditors of Mrs. Kate A. Rasche are hereby notified to file their claims properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, on or before the 11th day of September, 1886, as on that day I will state an account in the above Cause, distributing the fund in the Trustee's hands amongst the Creditors entitled thereto.

E. Z. TOWER,
8 21 3t Special Auditor.

TOWN PROPERTY

FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

W. H. BUTLER'S

Cheap Cash Grocery

—AT THE—

"LITTLE BIG" STORE

ON SECOND STREET,

OAKLAND, MD.

May 18th, 1886.—tf.

BALTIMORE FEMALE COLLEGE.

By the terms of the endowment of the above college, one pupil from each county is entitled to free tuition in all the branches taught in the college, with stationery and use of books.

The scholarship for Garrett county is vacant at present, and the Judges of the Orphans' Court are authorized to fill the same by appointment.

Applicants will please file their applications at once.

SAMUEL LAWTON,
7 24 Register.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE

To the Qualified Voters of the Respective Election Districts of Garrett County.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Officers of Registration of Voters in and for the respective election districts of Garrett county, will sit in their respective election districts in said county, on the Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, after the first Monday in September, that is to say on the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, in the year 1886, and also for two successive days commencing with and including the first Monday in October, that is to say on the 4th and 5th days of October, in the year 1886, at the respective places and on the respective days hereinafter named, for the purpose of ascertaining and registering in the proper registries of voters and poll-books persons qualified to vote in their respective election districts, and of revising and completing their respective registries of voters and poll-books of their respective election districts.

The undersigned Officers of Registration will commence their said respective sessions on the respective days, and at the respective places herein named at the hour of 8 o'clock A. M., and continuing the same until the hour of 7 o'clock P. M., on each of said days, as follows, to-wit:

Election District No. 1.—Swanton.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Swanton.

Election District No. 2.—Selbysport.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th 10th and 11th days of September, at Steele & Friend's store at Friendsville, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October at Selbysport.

Election District No. 3.—Grantsville.

Tuesday and Wednesday, September 7th and 8th, at the residence of the Officer of Registration, and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, September 9th, 10th and 11th at Grantsville, and Monday and Tuesday, October 4th and 5th at Grantsville.

Election District No. 4—Bloomington

Tuesday and Wednesday, the 7th and 8th days of September, at residence of Dennis Collins, at Franklin Mines, and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Bloomington.

Election District No. 5—Accident.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th 10th and 11th days of September, and on Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Accident.

Election District No. 6.—Sang Run.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at the house of Nathan Browning, in said district.

Election District No. 7.—Oakland.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Oakland.

Election District No. 8—Ryans Glade

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 7th, 8th and 9th days of September, at Elkins and Friday and Saturday, the 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Mrs. Thomas Grime's, in said district.

Election District No. 9.—Frostburg.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Johnson's.

Election District No. 10.—Deer Park.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 7th, 8th and 9th days of September, at Altamont, and Friday and Saturday, the 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Deer Park.

Election District No. 11.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, at the Mill of John H. Gregg, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at the house of John Wilhelm.

Election District No. 12.—Kitzmillersville.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Kitzmillersville.

All naturalized citizens applying for Registration will be required to produce their certificates of naturalization to the officers of Registration.

H. O. HAMILL, Officer of Registration 1st District.
R. E. FRIEND, Officer of Registration 2nd District.
ISAIAH FULLER, Officer of Registration 3rd District.
JOHN COLLINS, Officer of Registration 4th District.
HENRY F. LININGER, Officer of Registration 5th District.
N. C. BROWNING, Officer of Registration 6th District.
PETER A. CHISHOLM, Officer of Registration 7th District.
JAS. W. MASON, Officer of Registration 8th District.
SAMUEL JOHNSON, Officer of Registration 9th District.
MICHAEL T. BRADY, Officer of Registration 10th District.
JOHN C. CHANEY, Officer of Registration 11th District.
LEWIS C. HAMILL, Officer of Registration 12th District.

MARYLAND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

Next Session Opens September 20, 1886.

Besides the regular Collegate Course, embracing ENGLISH, the CLASSICS and the SCIENCES, special Courses in AGRICULTURAL, CIVIL and MECHANICAL ENGINEERING and APPLIED CHEMISTRY are provided, under the direction of

A Full Corps of Professors and Eminent Lecturers.

A liberal equipment in the shape of a Chemical Laboratory and a Museum of Minerals, Woods, Seeds, Skeletons, Charts, &c., is also provided.

The Cadets are under Military organization and Discipline.

Send for Catalogue giving full particulars as to COURSES OF INSTRUCTION, TERMS and SCHOLARSHIPS.

Location unsurpassed for beauty, healthfulness and convenience of access.

Address: AUGUSTINE J. SMITH, President, MARYLAND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, Prince George's county, Md. 7 24

Notice to Tax-Payers

In order to give the tax-payers in the various districts an opportunity to save the discount on tax bills, I will be at the following places on the days mentioned, viz:

Johnsons, Monday, Augutt 9th, 1886.
Gregg's Mill, Tuesday, August 10th.
Bloomington, Wednesday, August 11th.
Swanton, Friday, August, 13th.
Selbysport, Wednesday, August 18th.
Johnstown, Thursday, August 19th.
Accident, Friday, August 20th.
Deer Park, Tuesday, August 24th.
Chisholm's Mill, Wednesday, August 25th.
Red House, Thursday, August 26th.
Oakland, Friday and Saturday August 27th and 28th.
Grantsville, Monday and Tuesday, August 30th and 31st.

A discount of 4 per cent, will be allowed on all taxes paid before September 1st, 1886, and 2 per cent. on all taxes paid between September 1st and and November 1st.

JONAS E. GNAGEY,
7 31 tf Collector.
P. O. address, Grantsville, Md.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE CASHIER'S DREAM.

At midnight, in his little bed
The cashier dreamt about the time
He'd clean the bank of every cent
And seek some other clime;
He saw the vaults all clean and bare,
He heard the sick Directors swear
And people howling on the stair
For wealth they'd never see.

He saw the experts try to fix
The sum he'd taken out;
He saw the triumphs of his tricks
And gave a happy shout.
The wealth was all in his valise—
The dust, the chink, the soap, the grease,
And therefore he could smile in peace
And take his onward way.

But hold—a change! He saw a man
With looks of black despair
Come up and join the angry clan
And stamp around and swear;
He said he'd spend at least a year
To hunt and find that thief cashier,
And then he'd smash him on the ear
Because his wealth was gone.

He saw this man, like keenest hound,
Take up the trail and hunt;
He tried in vain to dodge around,
The man came to the front.
He caught the cashier, and he broke
His head in with a wagon spoke—
And then the bank cash er awoke
And said he would reform.

—*St. Louis Whsp.*

A RUINED WONDERLAND.

Its Destroyer Being a Most Terrific Volcanic Eruption.

New Zealand's Volcanoes Send Forth Oceans of Molten Lava—The Romantic Hot Lake District Destroyed—Death and Desolation.

The recent volcanic eruption was the most terrific ever known in the history of New Zealand. Mount Tarawera and its twin cone Ruawahia, in the Hot Lakes district of the North Island, which have hitherto been classed as extinct volcanoes, burst suddenly into activity. Immense volumes of flame were projected to a great height. Dense clouds of smoke and steam obscured the sky, while vivid flashes of forked lightning played through the pall of smoke in all directions. Several violent shocks of earthquake added terror to the scene. More than one hundred natives perished.

The district affected by the disaster is known as the wonderland of the world. Tarawera mountain, the scene of the volcanic eruption, lies north and south, rising from the south end of Tarawera lake, two miles from Rotomahana. It is about 2,800 feet high, with three table tops separated by two extinct craters, the formation of which is beyond the memory of man. Its surface of bare volcanic rock contained no vegetation. Although there are, or were, two craters on the top of the mountain there has been no eruption within the memory of man, and the Maoris had no tradition whatever respecting this mountain. Mount Tarawera is about ten miles from the settlement of Te Wairo village, which lies between Ratakakahi lake and Tarawera lake, about two hundred feet above the latter, connected by the Wairo stream. Two years ago Ratakakahi lake, which is about three miles in length, rose to nearly the boiling point. This was considered a most remarkable phenomenon, as the lake was always cold before. There was also a very strong outflow down the Wairo valley into Tarawera lake, lasting for a day. Since then the Ratakakahi had remained at its normal state. The shores of Tarawera lake are rugged, and rocky, and steep; its waters deeply and darkly blue. The lake extends some seven or eight miles lengthwise, and is five or six miles in breadth. The three flat cones of Tarawera mountains loom loftily to the southeast 2,000 feet above the sea level, and eastward, through a gap in the ranges, the towering peak of Mount Edgcumbe is plainly visible. Through that gap in the ranges runs Tarawera's outlet Awa o te Atua (river of the gods), past Edgcumbe and away on to the bay of plenty. At some distance from its source the river forms a magnificent waterfall.

The Rotonabana was one of the smallest lakes of the lake district. It is now a volcano. Its form is very irregular on the south side, where the shore is formed by swamp; three small creeks are meandering and discharging themselves into the lake. In many places of those swamps warm water streams forth, but mud pools are also visible here and there, and from the projecting points muddy shallows covered with swamp grass extend almost as far as the middle of the lake. At its north end the lake grows narrower. The quantity of boiling water issuing from the ground, both on the shores and the bottom of the lake, is truly astonishing. There are three principle springs to which the lake owes its fame. First of all is the Te Tarata at the northeast end of the lake, with its terraced marble steps projecting into the lake, the most marvelous of the Rotomahana marvels. About eighty feet above the lake, on the fern-clad slope of a hill from which in various places hot vapor was escaping, there lies the immense boiling caldron in a crater-like excavation with steep, reddish sides thirty or forty feet high, and open only on the lake side, toward the west. The basin of the spring is about eighty feet long and sixty wide, and filled to the brim with perfectly clear, transparent water, which, with the snow-white encrusted basin, appears of a beautiful blue, like the blue turquoise.

The flat-spreading foot of the terraces extends far into the lake. There the terraces commence with low shelves, containing shallow water basins. These small water basins represent as many nutural bathing basins. Some of the basins are so large and deep that one can swim about in them. During violent water eruptions from the main basin steaming cascades may occur. At ordinary times but very little water ripples over the terraces, and only the principle discharge on the south side forms a hot, steaming fall. After reaching the highest terrace there is an extensive platform, with a number of basins, five or six feet deep, their water showing a temperature of 90 to 110 degrees Fahrenheit. In the middle of the platform arises, close to the brink of the basin, a kind of a rock island, about twelve feet high, decked with manuka, mosses, lycopodium and fern. It may be visited without danger, and from it the curious traveler has a fair and full view into the blue boiling and steaming caldron. Such was the famous Te Tarata. It is now feared that nearly all these beautiful wonders have been destroyed. The terraces are buried in lava, and the villages of the Maoris have been swept away.

As regards Auckland the first intimation received of the terrible catastrophe was the sound of loud explosions as of heavy guns, and from elevated positions in the city the flash as of artillery was distinctly visible. The impression on the minds of those who witnessed these phenomena was that a vessel was ashore at the Manukau heads and was firing signals of distress, and as there appeared to be more than one fired at a time it was thought to be a Russian man-of-war which was known to be on the coast.

News was flashed from Rotoma that a dreadful night had been passed. Every man, woman and child thought his end had come. The sensation was fearful and indescribable. It commenced about one o'clock in the morning by several severe shocks of earthquake. The vibrations were strong and frequent. The windows in the houses rattled violently, the feeling being similar to that on board of a vessel in a storm. People were running about frantically, when all at once a great roar was heard, which was accepted at first as that of an earthquake, and a great glare appeared upon the horizon. The scene was grand, but awful toward Rotomahana. The flames were distinct, with huge volumes of smoke, with sparks of electricity illuminating the whole sky, and it appeared as if hundreds of bright stars were chasing one another. When this was at first seen by those who were outside they rushed about calling people up. Males and females of all ages left their homes and a general rush was made for Ngatata mountain for safety. Many left their homes in their night-dresses with shawls around them, mothers carrying babies or young children with but one arm, to flee from the devouring element which was expected at every moment to engulf the entire community, so great was the terror of the people. This was about two o'clock a. m. On the approach of daylight the vibrations lessened, but they by no means ceased. About four o'clock there was a shower of ashes similar to sand, supposed to be lava.

Mr. McRae, the hotel keeper at Wairoa, gave your correspondent the following account of the destruction of his hotel: "About 12:30 p. m. the place began to shake and shook continuously for an hour before the eruption broke out. When this was first seen, it was just like a small cloud on the mountain, with flashes of lightning of great brilliancy. All were got out of bed and went up to the old mission station to ascertain the cause of the occurrence. We saw a sight that no man who saw it can ever forget. Apparently the mountain had three craters, and the flames were shooting up fully a thousand feet high. There appeared to be a continuous shower of balls of fire for miles around. As a storm appeared to be coming on, we returned to the hotel, and shortly afterward what seemed to be heavy hailstones came pouring on the roof, which continued about every quarter of an hour. This was succeeded by a heavy fall of stones, fireballs and mud, the lava falling after the manner of rain. The weight of these substances upon the roof soon began to tell upon it. The first portion that gave way was the detached kitchen and pantry, and then we all collected in the smoking-room. The roof of the hotel gave way at about half-past four a. m. with a loud smash, and the whole of the upper story collapsed, the debris falling into the rooms below. We left the smoking-room and went into the drawing-room, which, as it was the newest part of the house, we thought would stand the longest; but it was with the greatest difficulty that we got there, going through fallen stones and mud which impeded us. The back part of the house, in which was the dining-room, gave way next, and all of a sudden we heard a fearful crash and roar as if thousands of tons of stuff were falling, and we heard the balcony come down. At this we agreed that we should make an effort to save ourselves, and with this object we determined to leave the hotel. At 6:30 I went up to the residence of the Hazard family. The house was in ruins and in flames. I then could see no signs of Mr. and Mrs. Hazard and their children. As soon as a glimpse of daylight came we commenced to dig for the bodies of the Hazards, and to our great astonishment discovered Mrs Hazard alive. Her two children were found dead beside her, but she was not greatly injured. We continued operations until we were quite exhausted, but found no more bodies."

Between one and two o'clock in the morning the inhabitants of Tauranga were startled by repeated and vivid flashes of lightning, shooting at intervals of a few minutes from a dense mass of black cloud, extending along the southern sky. The electrical display continued through the night, and about four o'clock in the morning a series of severe earthquake shocks were distinctly felt. The flashes of electricity continued to increase in brilliancy as the morning wore on, and from the same direction came continued rumblings, which appeared to extend along the line from Rotorua to White Island. Toward seven o'clock a leaden-colored cloud slowly advanced from the direction of the hill behind Mr. Jonathan Brown's property until reaching Matapini. It appeared to hang for a short time, after which it again advanced and burst upon the town and district in a heavy shower of fine sulphuric dust, enveloping the entire neighborhood in total darkness. About 8:30 this partly cleared away, but only for a few minutes, after which it returned with increased density, and ere long had again wrapped the town and suburbs in complete darkness. The dust, which emitted a sulphuric smell, soon formed a coating upward of half an inch in thickness over the ground.

Mr. H. R. Burt, native agent, who has just come into town, says he camped at Okaro lake, five miles from Rotomahana. He went to bed about two o'clock, and was awakened by a rumbling noise like that of an earthquake. He went outside the door, but could see nothing, although it was a clear night. The noise proceded from Tarawera. He looked round again and saw a huge mass of flame rise in the heavens, and instantly lava and smoke covered the ground. Soon after a volume of flame issued from Runanga, close to Tarawera.

The scene on the mountain-top was awful. Large balls of fire were thrown from the gaping mouth toward Taupo, this accompanied by terrible reports which shook the whole place. Forked lightning followed close upon the balls of fire; it resembled the wriggling of snakes; it returned to the crater, forming the letter "V." This was a most wonderful phenomenon. The roar was tremendous, resembling the heaviest thunder. As each piece of hillside slipped into the open basin, large clouds of black dust rose out of it and ascended to the heavens. The fall of earth into the open crater seemed to stop the fiery balls from coming up, but forked lightning still continued. Dense volumes of smoke issued from the crater, going in various directions.

As soon as Ruawhina stopped sending forth its terrible balls of flame a huge white cloud issued from the cap of Rotomanana, and heavy booming was heard, followed by volumes of white compressed steam from Lake Rotomahana. It rose with terrible velocity and seemed to be going toward Okaro lake. This lake is about five miles from Lake Rotomahana, and the appearance it presented at times was something like a huge boiling caldron, bubbling in all directions. Lightning then commenced to shoot from Mount Kakaramea. On this side toward Okaro lake it commenced to turn to the side of the mount. It seemed to be like a sheet of flame. From the whole mount there came myriads of shooting stars like large rockets.

Shortly afterwards shocks of earthquakes were felt, accompanied by a noise resembling minute guns, but louder than the heaviest gun known. There was an open crater on Mount Kakaranga, and immediately a huge volume of dense black smoke issued from it, and the country all round began to get dark. In half an hour it was so black that no one could see his hands in front of him. While this was going on a shower of pieces of lava the size of peas came down with terrible swiftness and with such force as to be almost as dangerous as bullets.

The natives at this time had gathered at Tiharepuni, where they assembled in one place. They are all Hauhaus about this place. They presented a dismal spectacle. They had three Maori prophets in the center, and the natives were in a state of panic, some crying, others praying, while some were rushing about in all directions. The Maori prophets were worse than the others, and set up a howling, dismal noise. Mr. Burt spoke to them to try and get them to be calm, and advised them to go up Horomanga gorge, where he was going himself. He tried them, but could not induce one of them to move. He immediately started for the place himself, and had got about a mile along the road when the dust and smoke became so suffocating that he dropped down between some manuka bushes and could scarcely breathe. He kept his mouth close to the ground, and stones fell with great force upon him The pieces of lava seemed to be increasing in size, and as he was becoming surrounded he rose up and thus kept himself from being smothered. At seven o'clock in the morning there was no sign of daylight, and at 9:20 a small streak of light appeared over Taupo. After much exertion he got up and made his way to where he had parted from the natives, and found them still in the same place.

At this time it is impossible to estimate the number of the killed. Exploring parties are at work, and their reports are eagerly awaited. The natives declare that several hundred of their countrymen have perished. This much is certain, Mount Tarawera is a wreck. The terraces are destroyed, and all the natives who were living in the vicinity of the calamity were overwhelmed by the streams of lava which belched forth from the mouths of the craters.—*Auckland Cor. N. Y. Herald.*

BEATING THE MUD.

How a Patient Colored Man Overcame Topographical Disadvantages.

About four miles out of Birmingham, Ala., we came across a stretch of road about four miles long which was a foot deep with red clay mud. We had to ride our horses along the edge of it, and then it was a job to pull through. On the far side, about fifty feet from the solid road-bed, we came upon a colored man with his mule and cart, the latter loaded with wood and stuck fast in the mud. The man was seated by the road-side, while the old mule was chewing away at a heap of brush and grass which had been cast before him.

"Stuck?" asked one of the party, as we drew rein.

"Reckon so," was the reply.

"How long you been here?"

"Since yesterday."

"Why don't you unload and get out?"

"Too much trouble, boss. Ize started fur town, an' 'twon't pay to go back home agin."

"But what will you do?"

"Wait fur de mud to dry up, sah. She's bakin' mighty fast under dis hot sun, an' two days more will let me frew."

Just at evening of the second day we saw him come into town with the load, the mule being plastered clear to the tips of his ears. The man recognized us, and bowing very low he said:

"You's got to hev a leetle patience down in dis yere country, boss, speshullay when the mule am ober twenty y'ars ole."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"Harmonious coloring gives a feeling of repose in the home," says an art journal. Therefore, if you have a red-headed wife, furnish your house in the same tint.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

—The Young Women's Christian Association now numbers eight thousand members in Ireland.

BLANCO'S EXECUTION.

Thrilling Scene at the Death of a Marderer at San Domingo.

Senor Blanco, a man noted for his desperate character, had in Dajabon brutally and in a most cowardly manner murdered an inoffensive person for some fancied slight. The murderer escaped into the swamp at El Cupey, but the Governor, with commendable promptitude, exerted himself with great vigor, and after a search of ten days one of the searching parties sent out by him ran across the fellow in a part of the swamp inhabited only by alligators, and, tying him up, brought him back. He was tried for the murder and sentenced to death. San Domingo, more advanced than America, doesn't use the rope to execute its criminals, but shoots them, and a part of the public plaza is set apart for that unpleasant ceremony. The criminal is brought out and, placed with his back to a low brick wall built for the purpose of stopping bullets, receives his leaden death.

At the appointed time Blanco—a magnificent specimen of a man, tall, powerful and with all the courage of desperation—was taken from his place of confinement in the little jail and prepared to be marched out to his fate. The heavy irons which manacled his wrists and ankles were removed, and he was allowed to make his last toilet. This he did, tightening his collar a little and touching up the set of his wristbands, and then, with as firm a step and an unfaltering an air as if he had been going to receive the highest honor, he stepped into his place between two armed soldiers, and waited quietly until with measured steps the rest of the rifled guard—twenty-five in number—closed in upon all sides of him. Obeying the order to "march" with as much military precision as those who guarded him, the condemned murderer started to his death. The march was straight through the heart of the town, the streets crowded with people who were going to see him die, and Blanco glanced at them with a palpable sneer, disfiguring his handsome mouth. His courageous bearing impressed even those people, accustomed as they are to scenes of the kind and, with a wonderful forbearance, they did not throw stones at him or even attempt to deride him. Arrived at the plaza, where the Governor and his staff, all in full uniform, and a crowd of people were waiting for them, the guard and their prisoner halted. They stood at just the right distance from the fatal spot upon which Blanco was to stand, and which was already marked by the grisly-black coffin which was so soon to receive its burden. At a movement from the Captain, Blanco stepped firmly forward and in long strides walked up to his position and, stopping, turned around and faced his executioners. There was a pause, broken by the clear voice of the murderer asking for permission to give the word to fire. The request was so unusual that the Captain was for a moment nonplussed, but at a sign from the Governor he simply bowed his assent, and Blanco, apparently satisfied, began calmly to take off his coat. This being accomplished, he slowly opened his shirt-front and, baring his protruding breast, braced himself to meet his death-blow. There was a rattle of muskets as the file, at a sharp command of their officer, brought their pieces to "aim," and there was another deadly pause as the men waited for the doomed to give the word to fire. It was again broken by Blanco's clear voice: "Shoot at the breast of a man. Fire!" The blast which rang out from those twenty-five deadly weapons was deafening. Through the cloud of smoke I saw Blanco. For a second after the discharge he stood perfectly still, not a quiver distorting his placid features. His arms hung loosely down at his sides and his hands were tightly clinched. Then, without any bending of the knees, he fell forward on his face. As he did so his arms—the hands unclinching as he fell—rose slowly above his head and, reaching the ground, his fingers buried themselves in the soft, grassy earth. For more than ten seconds did he remain in that position, when, with the last convulsive energy of life, and by a movement which no athlete could repeat, he sprang straight upon his feet, his hands tearing away little bunches of earth adhered to grass as he rose. Glaring at his executioners with a look of hatred that shall never be effaced from my memory of this scene he, with a quick movement, raised his two hands and flung with wonderful power the dirt straight at the heads of the soldiers in front of him. Before the earthy missiles had reached their destination Blanco sank down upon and across his coffin and was dead.—*N. Y. Times.*

Cultured Committee-Men.

Any one who has known what it is to have dealings with the unlettered school-committee-man will appreciate the following:

"Give a sentence in grammar," said a committee-man to an applicant for a country school.

"He sits down."

"Taint right. It should be, 'He sets down.'"

"That haint right, nuther," said the second committee-man. "It's 'He sot down.'"

"Gentlemen, you air all wrong," solemnly observed the third committee-man, inflating his chest till he resembled a pouter-pigeon.

There was an expectant silence when the latter proceeded:

"It's 'He has sot down.'"

The council looked doubtful, but he added with confidence and emphasis:

"You'll all need ter be mighty spry ef ye pass my catekisin'!"—*Youth's Companion.*

—As it has repeatedly happened of late that women in men's clothes have attended executions in Paris, the Police Prefect has given orders to enforce strictly the law of 1835, prohibiting the disguise of women in men's clothes. Exceptions have always been freely granted, among them being, according to the Paris papers, an American lady who is in the habit or riding on horseback in men's fashion.

TEMPERANCE READING.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

John Barleycorn, my Joe, John,
When we were first acquaint,
You were a little fiery, John,
And smelt of peppermint.
But I began to love you, John,
And soon I loved you so
I'd share my only cent with you,
John Barleycorn, my Joe.

But now the time has come, John,
For me that love to smother,
And you must take one road, John,
And I will take the other.
For never more on earth, John,
We hand in hand will go,
I will be fair, and tell you why,
John Barleycorn, my Joe.

You have not used me well, John,
While journeying together;
You were to be my friend, John,
In fair or stormy weather.
But when the rain came down, John,
And fierce the wind did blow,
You left me in the roadside ditch,
John Barleycorn, my Joe.

Your sense of right is wrong, John
You've even led in crime;
But when we broke the law, John,
I paid for't every time.
Ah! many are the scrapes, John,
You've got me in, you know,
But never once have helped me out
John Barleycorn, my Joe.

Tho' we can—I admit, John—
Of jolly moments tell,
The reckoning at their close, John,
To my lot always fell.
And if we tumbled down, John,
Trudging o'er hubs or snow,
The hurts or frost bites all were mine,
John Barleycorn, my Joe.

With sorrow you have caused, John,
My good, true wife to sign,
My children to wear rags, John,
With hunger made them cry;
And then, if I rebuked them, John,
Which added to their woe,
You always said I served them right,
John Barleycorn, my Joe.

You've bleary made my eyes, John,
Put blotches on my cheek,
And painted red my nose, John,
My once strong hands made weak.
I think you must have aimed, John,
In death to lay me low,
And none too soon I've found you out,
John Barleycorn, my Joe.

—*Ensil Vester, in N. Y. News.*

THE WAY IT WORKS.

The Effects of Alcoholic Liquors on the Human System.

In reply to a correspondent who wants to know the effect of alcoholic liquors on the human system the Toledo *Blade* says:

Whether induced by fermented liquors or by distilled spirits, it is through the alcohol contained in either that the effects of intoxication ensue. The effects of alcohol, in a single act of intoxication, vary according to the way in which the spirit has been taken. If swallowed rapidly, in large quantities, or in a concentrated form, the agency is that of a powerful narcotic poison. The mode of action here is partly through a direct impression by the alcohol on the nerves of the stomach, and partly by its absorption into the blood, and its transmission thus to the brain, which is proved to take place with great rapidity. The action of any kind of alcoholic drink, in moderate doses, is that of a somewhat rapid stimulant. The bodily and mental powers are for a time excited beyond their ordinary strength, after which there is a corresponding depression. Although the alcohol which is introduced into the system can not act as a true food (for in that case it would not pass through the system unchanged), it indirectly takes the place of food, by diminishing the wear and tear of the system, and thus rendering less food sufficient. In animals destroyed when intoxicated, the portions of the brain and of the liver are found to yield, weight for weight, considerably more alcohol than blood. The fact of the retention and accumulation of alcohol in the nervous centers and liver tends to throw much light on the special diseases of drunkards, where the appetite for ordinary food fails, the digestion is impaired, the sleep is disturbed and the vigor of frame and capacity for exertion sink accordingly, the limbs often aching and trembling, and the heart drooping with a miserable feeling of nervous exhaustion. Even prior to this the drunkard is often liable to those minor illusions which end in the full development of what is known as the drunkard's delirium, or delirium tremens, a form of temporary insanity characterized by a state of abject terror, with shaking of the limbs, the sufferer fancying that he is surrounded with monstrous phantasms, or that he is devoted otherwise to horrors, disasters or crimes. In this state, if the miserable man does not take his own life, he is ready, without any provocation, to take the life of any one with whom he comes in contact. One effect, and a leading one, of the customary presence of alcohol in the blood of the drinker is to reduce the vitality of that fluid, so that it tends to sustain only the lowest forms of nutrition and animalization, and deposits, in great part, merely an inert fat within those organs where it should minister to the growth and maintenance of a delicate construction, destined for uses essential to life. Thus we have fatty deposits, or changes of higher structures into fat, in the heart, the liver and in the blood-vessels, the coats of the last becoming easily ruptured. Hence, liability to diseases of the heart and of the liver, often followed by dropsies, or to affections of the other intestines, or to attacks of apoplexy and palsy. If not cut off abruptly in his career, the life of the drunkard becomes one long malady towards its close, the final condition being usually one of imbecility of mind and body, yet with throes of suffering to the last. It has been authoritatively shown that, while the average expectation of future life to the temperate man at fifty may be reckoned at twenty years, that of the drunkard at the same age is only four years. Again, between the ages of twenty-one and thirty, the deaths among drunkards have been found to be more than five times, and between thirty-one and fifty, more than four times what occur among the general community at the like ages.

Of the whisky sellers of New York, 2,004 have served their time in different State prisons; 2,655 have been confined in county prisons and 1,769 have been "cooled off" in the station houses, leaving only 1,616 out of 8,032 who have thus far successfully cloaked their deviltry from the police. Of the whole number, 502 are Americans, 2,179 Germans, 3,051 Irishmen, 265 negroes.—*Exchange.*

BEER, WHISKY AND TOBACCO.

They Cost the People of This Country $1,189,000,000 Yearly.

While demagogues continue to complain about the sufferings of labor, and croakers of the hard times, the consumption of luxuries in almost every particular is greater than it was one or two years ago, and in most classes of expenditure greater than it ever was in the times called most prosperous, as is shown by the internal revenue report. The consumption of beer increased 1,524,980 barrels. The consumption in 1885 was greater than ever before, and, adding the officially reported increase, it appears that no less than 642,000,000 gallons of beer were consumed last year. Reckoning the mean population for that year at about 59,257,000, the consumption appears to have been 10.83 gallons for every inhabitant, babies included. Considering that a large part of the population does not consume beer at all, this seems to imply an enormous consumption to those who do.

The increase in the consumption of whisky was 1,606,108 gallons, which makes the consumption for the year 70,763,010 gallons, or 1.19 gallons per capita. That is much more than was consumed in the years of depression, the fiscal years 1878 and 1879, when the tax was the same that it is now; but it is much below the consumption of 1883 or 1884, when the quantity was 1.41 and 1.42 gallons per capita. Probably the rapid spread of prohibition has reduced the consumption. Fifteen years ago, when the tax was only 50 cents per gallon, the consumption ranged between 1½ and 2 gallons per capita.

The increase in consumption of tobacco in various forms has been remarkable, but especially in the least healthy of all forms. Snuff-using, it may be remarked, is on the decline; 195,747 pounds less were used last year than the year before. But the consumption of manufactured tobacco, for smoking and chewing, increased 11,010,574 pounds, reaching 191,023,663 pounds, or 3.22 pounds per capita, which is considerably in excess of the consumption in any previous year. Prior to 1870 the quantity consumed was from 1 to 2 pounds, in 1870 it rose to 2.38, and until 1879 averaged about 2.50; then it rose in 1880 to 2.75, in 1182 to 3.06, and has been above 3 pounds ever since. But the increase in this form of tobacco would have been greater but for the increase in the consumption of cigars and cigarettes.

The number of cigars consumed increased last year 151,925,855, making a total consumption of 3,510,372,539, or 59.2 per capita. Twenty years ago the consumption was 10.2 yearly; in 1870 it rose to 30; in 1875 to 43.9, and then declined a little with the hard times to 40.5 in 1878, but in 1881 it rose to 52.6, reaching 61.5 in 1884, and declined to 58.2 in 1885, but has now risen again to 59.2. The consumption of cigarettes has greatly increased. Last year alone the increase was 252,212,112, or about 25 per cent., making 1,310,556,512 in all, or 22.1 per capita. In 1865 there was a small consumption, but practically none officially recorded in the years 1866-1869. In 1870 it rose to .4 per capita, in 1875 to .9 per capita, and in 1876, just ten years ago, rose to 1.7 per capita. But that was only the beginning; in 1880 it had risen to 8.2 per capita, in 1884 to 16.1, in 1885 to 18.3, and now averages 22.1 per capita.

Supposing cigars to average only five cents each and cigarettes twenty cents a package, tobacco a dollar per pound in retail forms, beer five cents a glass and spirits five cents for half a gill, prices which are certainly not as high as those paid by most consumers, the cost of these articles to the people of this country is over $1,189,000,000, or $19.82 for every inhabitant. This burden is borne by about 20,000,000 wage-earners, however, and for them it averages $59.46 yearly. The consumption of liquor alone costs the working people much over $800,000,000.—*United Presbyterian.*

Playing Fool.

An industrious young shoemaker fell into the habit of spending much time at a saloon near by. One by one his customers began to desert him. When his wife remonstrated with him for so neglecting his work for the saloon, he would carelessly reply: "Oh, I've just been down a little while playing pool." His little two-year old caught the refrain, and would often ask: "Is you goin' down to play fool, papa?" Smith tried in vain to correct this word. The child persisted in his own pronunciation, and day by day he accosted his father with: "Has you been playin' fool, papa?" This made a deep impression on the shoemaker, as he realized that the question was being answered in the falling off of his customers and the growing wants of the household. He resolved again and again to quit the pool table, but weakly allowed the passion of play to hold him a long time. Finally he found himself out of work, out of money and out of flour. Sitting on his bench one afternoon, idle and despondent, he was heard to exclaim: "No work again to-day; what I'm to do I don't know." "Why papa," prattled the baby, "can't you run down and play fool some more." "Oh, hush! you poor child," groaned his father, shame-stricken. "That's just the trouble. Pa pa has played fool too much already." But he never played it again, and to-day his home is comfortable and happy once more.—*Temperance Review.*

THE saloon is bad, and only bad. There is no aspect in which it can be considered as beneficial, either to morals or religion, to the State or to individuals, to industry or commerce. As a market for our grain and grapes it is a waste; as an employer it makes labor unproductive; as a public business it pauperizes the many for the sake of the conscienceless few; as a source of taxation it pays the State hardly a tenth of its cost. What is it good for? To instruct in vice, to harden in crime, to reduce to poverty, to paralyze brawn and brain, to wreck homes and to betray every interest dear to an intelligent and prosperous people.—*Christian Evangelist.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle in London now has a membership of 5,214.

—About eighty thousand barrels of oil are produced daily by the wells of Pennsylvania.

—The original meaning of the word Halifax is red hair, of Colfax black hair, and of Fairfax blonde hair.

—George Rooke, a once noted pugilist, is in jail in Orange County, New York, for assaulting his wife. On receiving his sentence he affectionately kissed his wife good-bye.

—The latest material utilized for the manufacture of hats is wood pulp. It is said that hats made of it are finer than anything now in the market, are impervious to water and flexible.—*Troy Times.*

—A mule is never tamed thoroughly except at the front. A bovine can be tamed all over except in front. The man who habitually stands behind a bull and in front of a mule will never die with his boots on.—*Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer.*

—The powers of the Cuban pony are said to be remarkable. He will make from sixty to eighty miles a day in a continuous jog or half rack so easy to the rider that a glass of water could be carried in the hand all that distance and not a drop be spilled.

—The encroaching waves have destroyed the beach in front of a Coney Island hotel and even threatened the building itself in severe storm, but the manager rises to the occasion and proudly advertises that "the hotel and its environments have now a Venetian appearance."—*Hotel Gazette.*

—A Texas judge has decided that when a man in that State approaches another with his hands in his pockets it is an invitation to shoot. A Virginia judge, of happy memory, once decided that calling a man a liar was equivalent to knocking him down, and he could thereafter govern himself accordingly.

—"Well, John," said the judge to a pig-tailed Celestial, "what can I do for you?" "Want to getee name changed." "What's your name now?" "Sing Sing. No goodee. Too muchee Aldelman. Getee changed to Walble Twicee." "To Warble Twice?" "Yep. Allee samee Sing Sing."—*N. Y. Times.*

—A curious phenomenon happened recently at Shickshinny, Pa. For about fifteen minutes a lively shower took place, and after its cessation the streets, sidewalks, housetops and vegetation were found to be dotted with spots of slime about the color of the white of an egg. The substance succumbed to the rays of the sun, and by noon all had disappeared. Several bottles were filled with the slime, which will be sent to a scientist for examination.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

—One of the most interesting incidents in connection with the recent graduation of the class of '86 at Smith College, Northampton, was not noted by our correspondent. The class numbered forty-nine, and she had her picture taken—all in one—by the new and remarkable process of composite photography, each one of the group sitting one-forty-ninth part of the regular time, then making way for the next. The total result, as might have been expected, was a face of wonderful beauty, strength and refinement.—*Boston Congregationalist.*

THE COMING GIRL.

An Exceedingly Pleasant Prophecy as to What She Will Be.

The coming girl will cook her own food, will earn her own living and will not die an old maid. The coming girl will not wear the Grecian bend, dance german, ignore all possibilities of knowing how to work, will not endeavor to break the hearts of unsophisticated young men, will spell correctly, understand English before she affects French, will preside with equal grace at the piano or wash-tub, will spin more yarn for the house than for the street, will not despise her plainly-clad mother, her poor relations, or the hand of an honest worker; will wear a bonnet, will darn her own stockings and not read the story paper oftener than she does her Bible.

The coming girl will walk five miles a day, if need be to keep her cheeks aglow; will mind her health, her physical development and her mother; will adopt a costume both sensible and conductive to health; will not confound hypocrisy with politeness; will not place lying to please above frankness; will have courage to cut an unwelcome acquaintance; will not think refinement French duplicity; that the assumed hospitality, where hate dwells in the heart, is better than condemnation, will not confound grace of government with silly affection; will not regard the end of her being to have a beau.

The coming girl will not look to Paris but to reason for her fashions; will not aim to follow a foolish fashion because milliners and dressmakers decree it; will not torture her body, shrivel her soul with puerilities, or ruin it with wine and pleasure. In short, the coming girl will seek to glorify her Maker and to enjoy mentally His works. Duty will be her aim and life a living reality.—*Household.*

A Remarkable Set of Books.

The city of Paris has become lately the possessor of a remarkable collection of documents, which will have great interest in years to come for historical investigators. This was the series of death warrants, extending from 7th April, 1808, to 8th December, 1832, belonging to Samson, the notorious headsman of the revolution. The collection was bound up in 19 volumes, and Samson has prefixed to each volume a summary of the contents. It appears that during 25 years he executed 7,143 capital sentences, being an average of 217 executions in each year—rather a busy life. During the 25 years he only twice ascended the scaffold without a fatal result—once in 1815, when General Count Lavalette was to have been executed for complicity in the return of Napoleon, but escaped the night before his intended execution through the heroism of his wife. The second time was in 1817, when Phillippe Jean Antoine, a noted coiner, was respited at the last moment by Louis XVIII.—*London Times.*

REMINDERS OF COOPER.

The Home of the Great American Novelist as It Appears To-day.

The romance of a locality made famous by the writings of Fenimore Cooper is doubtless the charm of the Cooperstown of to-day. People come here, it is true, for fresh and wholesome country air; for rest and quiet; for natural scenery and homely enjoyment, and they find it all. But more especially, I imagine, they come here to visit the scenes made familiar in the ever-popular Leather Stocking tales.

Forty years ago Cooperstown boasted the most notable society of any interior town of the State. It was not then a popular summer resort, but every season found visitors of culture and refinement enjoying the generous hospitality of Otsego Hall, Cooper's home. Occasional special terms of the United States Circuit Court, held here to suit the convenience of Justice Nelson, brought lawyers of distinction here from all parts of the country, frequently accompanied by their wives and daughters, and the Bowers family, the Morehouses, the Prentisses, the Campbells, the Keys, the Scotts, the Averills, the Nicholses, the Pomeroys, the Phinneys, the Starkweathers and others kept open houses for their city friends. There were no hotels here then—nothing but the ordinary country tavern—so that the promiscuous summer visitor was infrequent. Private entertainments were then a chief charm, and lake parties to the historic old Three-Mile point, under the guidance of Joe Tom, the colored master of ceremonies, were the grand events.

But Cooperstown has changed. Now the stage-coach is superseded by the railroad, and passengers are landed here directly from palace-cars. Grand hotels invite general patronage. Joe Tom's roomy old scows, which then conveyed the happy picnickers up the quiet lake, returning them via the Echo, where his stentorian lungs awoke the vigorous responses of Natty Bumppo himself, and his stalwart whistle called back melodies from the hills, are now, like their owner, memories of the past, having given place to the bustling, tooting, noisy steamboat, with its business air and no nonsense about it.

In the good old days James Fenimore Cooper was called an aristocrat, and his home was carefully guarded from the intrusion of the vulgar and ignorant. But the doors of Otsego Hall always stood invitingly open to all comers of intelligence and ordinary refinement, whether rich or poor. Cooper himself was a Democrat—socially as well as politically. He mixed with the village people freely, and his charming daughters spent their days in missions of charity and sympathy among the needy and distressed. Cooper always had a pleasant word for all, old or young. Scores of times have I seen him with the crowd awaiting the opening of the mail at the post-office, talking familiarly with his fellow-townsmen, or entertaining a swarm of village urchins by teaching them how to tie the various sailors' knots, using the storekeeper's coil of rope for easy illustration. In those days there used to be a character in the village of no great repute beyond his gift for lying and boasting of his past history. Cooper cornered him one evening in the post-office and began questioning him, to the great amusement of the fast-increasing crowd. He was born in England, emigrated to the West Indies when he was a young man; lived in Bermuda a score of years; followed the sea as a sailor fifteen or twenty years; had lived in various cities of the United States, so many years in each, and finally had been in Cooperstown fifteen years. Cooper gave him plenty of rope and kept a mental tally of his years. When he had finished the old tramp was confused by Cooper's quiet remark: "Well, John, for a man 163 years old you look remarkably young."

Of the Cooper family, three daughters and his only son still survive. The son, Paul, is a lawyer in good practice in Albany. The three daughters—one the widow of Richard Cooper, another the widow of Frederick Phinney, and the other, Miss Susan—still reside in the village. Miss Susan devotes her time to the care and management of an orphanage, begun a number of years ago in a small way with her own resources, and now grown to a large institution under the special patronage of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Albany. It is the principal public charity of the village. The old home of the Coopers—Otsego Hall—was transformed into a hotel after the death of the novelist, and was soon after burned. The property then passed into the hands of George Clark, and has been permitted to go to decay, and is now an eye-sore to the village, as is much other desirable property of the same ownership.—*Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

STRUCK BY A METEOR.

An Unprecedented and Most Interesting Occurrence Reported from London.

A correspondent writes: "As a gentleman, a well known public official, was passing from St. James' Park into Pall Mall by the garden wall of Marlborough House, recently, at a quarter to five in the afternoon, he suddenly received on the right shoulder a violent blow, accompanied by a loud, crackling noise, which caused him great pain and to stumble forward as he walked. On recovering his footing and turning round to see who had so unceremoniously struck him, he found that there was no one on the pavement but himself and the policeman on duty at the park end of it. On reaching home the shoulder was submitted to examination, but nothing was at first discovered to account for the pain in it. But in a little while the servant who had taken away the coat to brush brought it back to point out that over the right shoulder the nap was pressed down flat in a long, straight line, exactly as if a hot wire had been sharply drawn across the cloth. The accident is therefore explained as having been caused by the explosion of a minute falling star or meteor. It is an unprecedented and most interesting occurrence, and deserves, I think, to be placed on public record."—*London Times.*

SOME SIMILES.

They Show That Language Sometimes is a Slippery Thing to Deal With.

"The child of the past and the parent of the future" is not an unhappy simile for the—present. Happiness has been likened to a ghost; all talk about it, but few, if any, have ever seen it. Ambition's ladder rests against a star, remarks a clever writer, who also tells us that a proverb is a short truth sandwiched between wit and wisdom.

Eloquence is a coat of many colors judiciously blended. No one thing will make a man eloquent. Flattery has been termed a kind of bad money to which our vanity gives currency. Society, like shaded silk, must be viewed in all situations, or its colors will deceive us. Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together, and charity is an angel breathing on riches, while graves have been poetically called the footsteps of angels.

Language is a slippery thing to deal with, as some may find when selecting their similes. Says a writer: "Speak of a man's marble brow, and he will glow with conscious pride; but allude to his wooden head, and he is mad in a minute." The young lecturer's "similes were gathered in a heap" when he expressed the whole body of his argument on deceit in the following: "O, my brethren, the snowiest shirt-front may conceal an aching bosom, and the stiffest of all collars encircle a throat that has many a bitter pill to swallow."

Plagiarists are a species of purloiners who filch the fruit that others have gathered, and then throw away or attempt to destroy the basket.

It has been truly said that the abilities of man must fall short on one side or another, like too scanty a blanket when you are in bed; if you pull it up on your shoulders you will leave your feet bare; if you thrust it down on your feet your shoulders are uncovered. The man, we are told, who has not any thing to boast of but his illustrious ancestors, is like a potato—the only good belonging to him being under ground.

The man at dinner in evening dress has been likened to a conundrum; you can't tell whether he is a waiter or a guest. A Yankee, describing a lean opponent, said: "That man doesn't amount to a sum in arithmetic; add him up, and there's nothing to carry." An American critic, in reviewing a poem, said: "The rythm sounds like turnips rolling over a barn floor, while some lines appear to have been measured with a yard-stick, and others with a ten-foot pole."

An amusing illustration was given by a parent when asked by his boy, "What is understood by experimental and natural philosophy?" The answer was: "If any one wants to borrow money, that is experimental philosophy. If the other man knocks him down, that is natural philosophy." Curious and comical illustrations seem natural to many children. A little girl suffering from mumps declared she felt as if a headache had slipped down into her neck. "Mamma," said another youngster, alluding to a man whose neck was a series of great rolls of flesh, "that man's got a double chin on the back of his neck." A little three-year old, in admiring her baby brother, is said to have exclaimed: "He's got a boiled head, like papa."

Talking of curious similes, among the southern languages of India is the Teloogoo or Telinga, so rough in pronunciation that a traveler of the nation, speaking it before a ruler of Bokhara, admitted that the sound resembled "the tossing of a lot of pebbles in a sack." A simile for scarlet stockings is fire-hose; laughter is the sound you hear when your hat blows off; and trying to do business without advertising is said to be "like winking at a girl in the dark." An unpoetical Yankee has described ladies' lips as the glowing gateway of beans, pork, sauerkraut and potatoes. This would provoke Marryat's exclamation of, "Such a metaphor I never met afore." Much more complimentary was the old darkey's neat reply to a beautiful young lady whom he offered to lift over the gutter and who insisted she was too heavy. "Lor,' missy," said he, "I'se used to lifting barrels of sugar." Wit from a man's mouth is like a mouse in a hole; you may watch the hole all day and no mouse come out; by and by, when no one is looking for it, out pops the mouse and streams across the parlor.

Marrying a woman for money, says a philosopher, is very much like setting a rat-trap and baiting it with your own finger.

An American writer says: "A man with one idea puts me in mind of an old goose trying to hatch out a paving-stone." An editor's simile of a man's career is summed up in the lines: "Man's a vapor, full of woes; starts a paper, up he goes."

We all recollect how the Bath waters were associated in Weller's mind with the "flavor of warm flat-irons." The humorist who created that character was often reminded of a printer's parentheses by the appearance of a bow-legged child; and the elongated pupils of a cat's eyes before a bright light were likened by him to "two notes of admiration."—*Chambers' Journal.*

How They Must Have Suffered.

An incident occurred at the time of my rescue which has never been in print, and which I have not mentioned but once or twice. When the rescuing squadron came Chief Engineer Melville, who served with DeLong in the Lena Delta, came, and on a scrap of paper which we picked up around some of the articles left by the shipwrecked crew, we obtained the information that DeLong was dead. We thought the entire party had perished, and we spoke of it many a time. Melville came to the tent with us, and we were in such a condition that the rescuing party were unwilling to move us for fear we should die before we got on shipboard. Melville told the story of DeLong and the Lena Delta and of the suffering they had gone through, and this man, listening, lying there without hands or feet, starved for ten months, looked up at Melville and said to him: "How yoc poor fellows must have suffered!"—*From Lieut. Greely's Woodstock Address.*

WORLD LITERATURE.

Its Foundations Laid by Ancient Egyptians Who Wrote for the Future.

Let us look first of all at the Egyptians, who seem to me to possess the consciousness of the most distant, and almost immeasurable past. They did not adorn their temples with inscriptions for their own pleasure only. They had a clear idea of the past and of the future of the world in which they lived; and so as they cherished the recollections of the past, they wished themselves to be remembered by unknown generations in times to come. The biographical inscriptions of Aahmes, a Captain of marines of the eighteenth dynasty, is addressed, Champollian says, "to the whole human race," (t'et-a en-ten ret neb, loquor vobis hominbus omnibus.) A monument in the Louvre (A. 84) says: "I speak to you who shall come a million of years after my death." These are the inscriptions of private persons. Kings, naturally, are still more anxious that posterity and the world at large should be informed of their deeds. Thus Sishak I., the conqueror of Judah, prays in one of his inscriptions at Silsillis: "My gracious Lord, Amon, grant that my words may live for hundreds of thousands of years."

The great Harris Papyrus, which records the donation of Rameses III. to the temples of Egypt, together, with some important political events, was written to exhibit to "the gods, to men now living and to unborn generations [*hamemet,*] the many good works and valorous deeds which he did upon earth, as great King of Egypt." Whatever other motives, high or low, may have influenced the authors of these hieroglyphic inscriptions, one of them was certainly their love or fear of humanity, their dim conviction that they belonged to a race which would go on forever filling the earth, and to which they were bound by some kind of moral responsibility. They wrote for the world, and it is in that sense that I call their writings the first germs of a world literature. And as in Egypt, so it was in Babylon, Nineveh and Persia. When the dwellers on the Euphrates and Tigris had learned that nothing seemed to endure, that fire and water would destroy wood and stone, even silver and gold, they took clay and baked it, and hid the cylinders, covered with cuneiform writing, in the foundations of their temples so that even after the destruction of these temples and palaces future generations might read the story of the past. And there in their safe hiding places these cylinders have been found again after three thousand years, unharmed by water, unscathed by fire, and fulfilling the very purpose for which they were intended, carrying to us the living message which the ancient rulers of Chaldæa wished that we, their distant decendants, should receive. Often these inscriptions end with imprecations against those who should dare to injure or efface them. At Khorsabad, at the very interior of the construction, was found a large stone chest, which inclosed several inscribed plates in various materials—one tablet of gold, one of silver, others of copper, lead and tin; a sixth text was engraved on alabaster, and the seventh document was written on the chest itself. They all commemorate the foundation of a city by a famous King, commonly called Sargon, and they end with an imprecation:

"Whoever alters the work of my hand, destroys my constructions, pulls down the walls which I have raised—may Asshur, Kinib Raman and the great gods who dwell there, pluck his name and seed from the land, and let him sit bound at the feet of his foe."—*Max Muller, in Contemporary Review.*

AGRICULTURE A FRAUD.

Observations of a Good Man Who Intended to Grow Rich by Farming.

The basest fraud on earth is agriculture. The deadliest ignis fatuus that ever glittered to beguile and dazzled to betray is agriculture. I speak with feeling on this subject, for I've been glittered and beguiled and dazzled and destroyed by this same arch deceiver.

She has made me a thousand promises and broken every one of them.

She has promised me early potatoes and the rain has drowned them, late potatoes and the drought has withered them.

She has promised cherries and the curculio has stung them, and they contain living things uncomely to the eye and unsavory to the taste.

She has promised strawberries and the young chickens have devoured them and the eye cannot see them.

No wonder that Cain killed his brother. He was a tiller of the ground. The wonder is that he didn't kill his father, and then weep because he hadn't a grandfather to kill. No doubt his Early Rose potatoes, for which he paid Adam seven dollars a barrel, had been cut down by bugs from the headwaters of the Euphrates; his Pennsylvania wheat had been winter killed, and wasn't worth cutting; his Norway oats had gone to straw, and would not yield five pecks per acre, and his Black Spanish watermelons had been stolen by boys who had pulled up the vines, broken down the patent picket fence, and written scurrilous doggerel all over his back gate. No wonder he felt mad when he saw Abel whistling along with his French merinos worth eight dollars a head and wool going up every day. No wonder he wanted to kill somebody, and thought he would practice on Abel.

The fact is agriculture would demoralize a saint. I was almost a saint when I went into it; I'm a demon now. I'm at war with every thing. I fight myself out of bed at four o'clock, when all my better nature tells me to lie still till seven. I fight myself into the garden to work like a brute when reason and instinct tell me to stay in the house and enjoy myself like a man. I fight the pigs, the chickens, the moles, the birds, the bugs, the worms—every thing in which is the breath of life. I fight the docks, the burdocks, mulleins, the thistles, the grapes, the weeds, the roots, the whole vegetable kingdom. I fight the heat, the frost, the rains, the hail—in short, I fight the universe, and get whipped in every battle.—*Cincinnati Times.*

POINTS FOR BEE-KEEPERS.

Interesting Suggestions on Reversing Hives, Frames and Sections.

For the purpose of this essay, it is assumed that the normal condition of a colony of bees is that in which the members are constantly increasing, and that it is at its best when in this condition. "Keep your colonies strong," is an old adage, and as good as it is old.

The invention and introduction of the movable frame advanced the study of bees hundreds of years at a single stride. The objects of these frames was the control of the combs so that we might see what was taking place in the hive. No one supposed that more bees could be reared in these frames than in the trunk of a tree. They were mainly considered excellent because swarming could be controlled, colonies increased at pleasure, and because queenlessness might be prevented. By and by it began to be observed that certain manipulations of the frames stimulated brood-rearing, and that rapid increase of bees was the result. It was also observed that bees entered the surplus boxes more readily when placed in close proximity to the brood in the hive. So important did this idea become that numberless devices were offered that proposed to effect this object. Hives were so made that boxes could be placed adjoining the sides of combs full of brood. Triangular frames were invented which offered two surfaces for boxing, and square frames were hung at opposite corners so as to furnish the desired boxing space near the brood. In all these hives the same features presented themselves, to-wit: brood in the upper part of the frame at the time when putting on the boxes; later, brood in the lower half of the frame and honey in the upper half and between the brood and the boxes. The increase of the colony was checked, its numbers began to grow less and the storage of honey diminished. Another idea here introduced itself—"contraction." Taking it for granted that brood-rearing must be checked, it was the most natural thing in the world to force the depleted colony into the boxes by lessening their space below. It was a most common experience to have storage cease while the secretion of nectar was yet abundant; it was a cause of complaint everywhere.

The invertible hive seems to meet most of the difficulties in securing storage of honey as long as the supply lasts. In early spring the hive is set on one end, giving a vertical depth in the brood nest of about eighteen inches. The upper end of the brood chamber being the warmest, brood-rearing is carried on there first until the upper end of the brood nest is occupied with it. Then as the weather gets warmer, turn the hive the other end up when it will soon be occupied with brood. This takes us to May 1. Now turn the hive down on the stand in the position that it is to occupy during the harvest, then within ten days turn the other side up, and ninety-nine times in a hundred that colony, if it had a fair supply of bees and a good queen to begin with, is ready for profitable work. From May 25 to June 1 is the time to put on sections, taking care to invert the hive first before putting on the cases. This places the cases nearest the brood and emerging bees and always secures the best results.

When it is noticed that the sections are getting nicely filled, and combs extended so they are strong enough, it is time to invert the cases. These cases should be so made that they touch the queen, excluding only around their edges: made thus, they may be detached and lifted off with almost the facility that a man may handle a bucket of water. To invert the section cases, take them off and set them aside; take off the queen excluder and then put on the top-board with the entrance open to the rear; attach the hive-lifter and invert the hive and set it down quietly in the same place it occupied before; no bees are crushed because the hive is not set down on the bottom-board, but the bottom-board is put on top before inversion, and all turned together; now take off the top-board, replace the queen excluder, put on a fresh case of sections, and on top of it place the case first put on, but in an inverted position so that the sections may be filled out plump to the bottom bar as well as the top. So perfectly does the brood-rearing keep pace with storage that, as a rule, the hives should be inverted every time a new case of sections is put on.

The reading of the above seems a long process, but five cases of sections may be removed, the hive inverted and all replaced inside of five minutes. In a word, the invertible hive should be so made that it can occupy four different positions. The cases should be so made that they will hold the sections true and allow the bees to touch them nowhere only on the inside. Without separators full sheets of very thin foundation should be used. If separators are used, starters will answer.

There is but little to say about reversible frames. Even fastidious people reject "two bites to a cherry," and eight to ten or twelve bites would be incomprehensible. "All the frames at once" is the demand of the times, but they should be made so that they may be removed if necessary to be examined for any purpose; and the hive containing them should be constructed so that the frames may be removed when either side is up.—*Paper read by J. M. Shuck before N. Y. State Society of Bee Keepers.*

—Seven years ago George Vanderpool, of Gaen, N. Y., received a wound in the palm of his left hand by some broken glass. In course of time the wound healed, leaving a small tumor, that at times caused more or less pain. A few days ago this tumor became more painful than ever before. A poultice was applied to it, and in a short time it opened and a small piece of glass worked out. The probability is that Mr. Vanderpool is now relieved of what has caused him so much pain during seven years of his life.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—A pious old lady recently sent as wedding presents a pair of flatirons, a rolling-pin and a motto worked on cardboard, reading: "Fight on."—*Bangor Commercial.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Don't give more attention to your colts and calves than you do to your boys and girls.—*Boston Post.*

—Canned fruit and vegetables in glass are apt to lose their color when long exposed to the light.

—The numerous baskets used for toilet purposes may, when soiled, be gilded or bronzed and made prettier than new.

—To never let one acre of ground lie any longer than can possibly be helped without producing, and largely, too, is a good motto to adopt on the farm.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Now is the time to store up a supply of dry earth for winter use in the stables. It is one of the best absorbents that can be used, is cheap and may be substituted for more valuable material.—*Troy Times.*

—Shade trees are regarded by Dr. Stephen Smith as veritable life savers in the heats of summer in built-up portions of large cities, and he thinks the authorities should provide them freely in the streets.—*Boston Bulletin.*

—A household writer says that flies can not live more than forty-eight hours without water, and that if water and all other liquids are kept out of a room that long the flies will leave it. Most people will prefer the flies.

—For hoarseness: Beat well the whites of two eggs—add two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, then grate in half a nutmeg, add a pint of warm water, stir well and drink often; repeat the preparation if necessary.—*Toledo Blade.*

—Cellars are usually damp because the walls are cooler than the air, which causes condensation of moisture. To prevent this condensation of moisture it is recommended that the windows and doors of the cellars be closed during the day and opened at night.—*Albany Journal.*

—There is literally no end to the tints and tones that each color is made to express in the new ribbons of satin, gros grain or satin striped with velvet, which are the kinds most used in dress garniture, although moire ribbons in plain colors are in steady demand.—*Boston Budget.*

—The *Scientific American* states that plush goods and all articles dyed with aniline colors faded from exposure to light will look bright as ever after being sponged with chloroform. The commercial chloroform will answer the purpose very well and is less expensive than the purified.

—To make sealing wax for glass jars melt together by gentle heat two-thirds of rosin and one-third of beeswax: after corking the jars or bottles tightly, dip the tops into the melted wax so that necks are covered below the corks. When the wax is cold on the jars examine it; if there are any air-holes close them with more wax.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Tomato soup without meat: One quart of stewed tomatoes, one quart of new milk, one rolled cracker, one teaspoonful of soda, a small bit of butter and a little salt. When tomatoes are sufficiently cooked add the soda, then the cracker, butter and salt. Heat the milk in a saucepan and pour into the kettle, and as soon as it boils remove it from the fire and serve it at once.—*The Household.*

—Cabbage Salad: Shave a hard, white cabbage into small strips; take the yelks of three well-beaten eggs, a cup and a half of good cider vinegar, two teaspoonfuls of thick cream, one teaspoonsul mustard mixed in a little boiling water, salt and pepper to suit the taste. Mix all but the eggs together and let it boil; then stir in the eggs, rapidly turn the cabbage into the mixture and stir well. Make enough for two days at once and it keeps perfectly and is an excellent relish for all kinds of meat.—*The Caterer.*

—It has been found that trees are longest lived when kept in sod. When the soil is cultivated the trees, especially in a rich soil, will often make a rank growth of three or four feet. The wood will be soft, and, as it generally fails to ripen, the growth will be killed during the winter. In clean, open soil, too, the freezing and thawing of winter is more injurious than if the ground is covered with a good sod. The best rule is to consult the appearance of the tree, and if the growth is too rank throw the land into grass, and keep it in sod as long as it makes a good growth.—*Cleveland Leader.*

GOOD COMPLEXION.

Some Common-Sense Treatments Which Are Beneficial to the Skin.

An ugly or imperfect complexion is an annoyance to any woman who cares for her personal appearance—and what woman does not? The use of cosmetics is not desirable, for, though they may cover present defect, their continued use is very detrimental, as will be readily seen if a moment's thought is given to the subject. They clog the pores of the skin. Good health is the greatest and best beautifier, and healthful food and exercise are producers of good health, unless there is organic disease.

Certain kinds of treatment are beneficial to the skin. If the skin be dry, milk or butter-milk can be applied. It is well to mix some flour of sulphur with the milk and let it stand for about two hours, or over night, and then use without disturbing the sulphur, which will have settled at the bottom. This should be used before washing and a small quantity should be prepared as required, as it is not a commodity adapted for keeping. If the skin presents a greasy appearance, due to an excess of oily secretions, milk should not be used, but a lotion composed of equal parts of rose-water and elder-flower water, or a little eau de cologne may be added to the water before washing.

But the best aids to a good complexion are cold water, a pure soap, healthful food, good digestion and reasonable out-door exercise.

A soothing application for sunburn is water to which vinegar has been added at the rate of one spoonful to a wineglass of water and a little starch. Vaseline is good; so is glycerine and rose-water, in the proportion of one part glycerine to three parts rose-water.—*Christian Union.*

HUCKLEBERRIES.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

"Well, it's out now!" as Miss Amelia Wylie spoke she entered her sister's chamber and shut the door hard. Pretty little Vesta, who was reading at a window, looked up from her book.

"What, Amelia?"

"Our destination this summer."

Vesta waited, while Amelia excitedly knocked about the toiled-bottles on the dressing-case.

"After all the dresses we've made, and my spending my private allowance for that peach-colored evening silk that mamma refused to get me, we are going—guess, where Ves."

"To Newport?"

"No."

"To Long Branch?"

"No."

"I understand that we are not going to Saratoga."

"We are not."

"Well, what makes you look so dismal? Are we going to Mammoth Cave?"

"We might as well. We are going to Starville."

"Starville!"

"Yes. That little village in the backwoods where there's nothing but cows and huckleberries."

Amelia's look was tragic. Vesta sank back in her little rocker and langhed.

"Is mamma crazy?"

Mrs. Wylie entered.

"No, my dears. I have a good and sufficient reason—as for everything I do."

She sat down and smoothed her black satin lap with her jeweled honds.

"I might say we are short of money this summer."

She paused.

"I might say Amelia's health will not bear the wear and tear of another fashionable season."

She paused again.

"They would both be true. But they would not be the main—the principal reason."

Vesta listened brightly—Amelia sullenly.

"John St. Rose is to be at Starville."

Amelia started up—Vesta sat quiet, but a little conscious color crept into her cheek.

"What in the world is he there for mamma," cried the former.

"He is making some geological examinations with his father—who is such a brilliant scientist, you know—among the hills. And now that you know this, it would be idle to veil my motive in sending you to Starville. He is a very social young man, and he will have very little society. Under these circumstances, you have every advantage of securing the most brilliant match."

"Which one of us?" asked Vesta, mischievously.

"Either; it is immaterial to me. Only I should prefer to see Amelia married first—and with her superior knowledge of society, St. Rose is more likely——"

"Mamma," interrupted Vesta, "I should really like to go to Starville I never was on a farm in my life, and I am tired of so much excitement as we have had the past year. But as to making any advances to John St. Rose, I can never do it."

"You know I don't bid you do anything out of character, Vesta—of course I despise bold girls. Amelia knows what I mean."

"Trust me, mamma."

Amelia arose and waltzed twice around the room.

"He's worth two hundred thousand dollars. He drives the handsomest span I ever saw. He is a perfectly elegant fellow——"

"And has absolutely no vices," interrupted mamma. "When you have seen more of the world, you will appreciate this fact. John St. Rose is really a very eligible match. Somebody's daughter will secure him—why not mine?"

Why not, mamma?" echoed Amelia, jubilantly.

There was only one place for summer boarders at Starville—The Tamaracks—a farmhouse mansion surrounded with fruits and flowers; the pleasantest place in the world, Vesta thought, as she reached the door and saw the cool porches, the lawns and shade trees, and a big black cat snoozing in a cushioned chair in the hall.

"How sweet the air is here. Smell the strawberries, Amelia, and see the pinks, How comfortable. I shall just wear a gingham dress all day, and grow fat."

"Hush!" said Amelia. "There he is!"

The gentleman in question came briskly across the lawn—a handsome graceful fellow, with English whiskers—and shook hands with the young ladies.

"Welcome, welcome," he said gayly. "I began to think I should have no society this summer. Mohammed could not go to the mountain, and so the mountain has come to Mohammed. But this is a very nice place to be exiled to. It is a world in itself."

Amelia at once began chatting vivaciously, while Vesta thought John St. Rose handsomer than when she saw him at the last German. But she would not let him have known it for the world: and so she seemed quieter than usual; St. Rose thought it owing to her father's death, which had occurred since he saw her last, He had always fancied the dainty, brown-eyed girl, but at present he had his hands full with the black-eyed one.

She was all spirits, life and animation. She must see the falls and Goldwing Mountain. She was interested in geological strata, and charmed with the specimens. He must find a spot to swing her hammock. Her health was delicate and his constant attendance in numerous walks, for its benefit, would be gratefully received. Vesta was taken along in these strolls, though she privately rebelled.

There were other boarders—a family of Greys and a Miss Catherwood, who openly rebelled to Amerlia's appropriation of the only beau.

"Umph! is she engaged to him?" she asked spitefully of Vesta one day, as St. Rose and Amelia marched away on a fern expedition, Vesta absolutely refusing to go.

"Certainly not. But we have known Mr. St. Rose a long time," replied Vesta, wishing to defend her sister.

"I should think so," returned Miss Catherwood, significantly.

"Our mothers were friends."

"Umph!"

Vesta turned away with a burning cheek. Others then noticed what a dead set Amelia was making at the heir of the St. Roses. Her cheeks burned and with an impatient breath she sat down on a rustic seat outside the door. Well, she could not help Amelia's cause, but she would die before she would thus openly seek a young man's attentions! She would live and die an old maid, or die poor, rather.

Now, Miss Catherwood did not covet Mr. St. Rose's attention on account of his money—she was herself rich, and drove the most elegant little pleasure carriage at The Tameracks By and by she came walking her ponies down the lawn, and seeing Vesta's sober face, she turned her stately head. Honestly, she liked the sweet faced girl, and her tone was quite sincere and cordial as she called:

"Won't you get your shade hat and drive with me. I am going to the village and want company."

Miss Catherwood could be as agreeable as she could be disagreeable, and Vesta longed for a change from her unpleasant thoughts, so she rose and went for her hat.

A few rods from the house they met St. Rose and Amelia returning, and Miss Catherwood drew rein.

"I have a seat for one of you," she said, brightly.

"Thanks," said St. Rose; "I have an engagement at noon—but Miss Wylie would like to go to town, I presume."

Now, Amelia cordially hated Miss Catherwood, because she dressed better than she did, but she assiduously cultivated her, because the lady moved in the best society. She readily accepted the invitation to step into the elegant little phaeton, and so unconsciously, made a misstep; for at Starville Centre the carriage was run into by a heavy team, and, as the wheelwright could not satisfactorily repair it until the next day, the ladies were forced to spend the night at the village hotel, which, fortunately, was very comfortable.

They returned in good spirits, and somewhat elated with their adventure; had a late dinner; and looked about them. It was a cool, bright afternoon, but the tennis-ground and the croquet-lawn were deserted—there were no ladies in the parlor, no gentlemen on the porch; only a solitary invalid lady sewing in the wide hall. All the people had gone "huckleberrying" she said—"gone to Dewings' Pasture."

"I know where it is! It is lovely and cool down there. Let us go!" cried Vesta.

"Huckleberrying!" cried Amelia, disdainfully. "Shall you go?" she inquired of Miss Catherwood, who was kirtling up her carriage-dress.

"Certainly," replied the lady, who though John St. Rose might be there. "When I am in Rome, I always do as the Romans do."

Vesta, tripping along, came first into the Pasture. It was a pretty spot. Great oaks stood about, and the river nearly circled it, like a ribbon of blue steel. It was full of bosky knolls and some kind of a fragrant bush, honey-sweet with blossoms; and all about came the flight and song of birds.

"Oh," screamed Vesta, "this is the prettiest place we have been yet. This is real country!"

A gray dress and shaker-bonnet rose up from behind a huge huckleberry-bush.

"Do you enjoy it so much, my dear? Well so do I. I have not been huckleberrying before for forty years.

Such a pleasant, aged face, and such a soft, old voice! Vesta stepped nearer to the big bush and the little woman.

"I haven't any pail," she said. "Let me help you fill yours."

She had grown quite familiar with the old lady in the shaker-bonnet in half an hour, and the two-quart pail was nearly full of the purple fruit when voices drew near.

"Huckleberries, indeed! I wouldn't touch the dirty things for the world—staining on's fingers and getting bugs on your clothes! Ugh! Where is Vesta? Oh, there she is, hard at it, with some hideous old woman she has picked up."

Amelia and Miss Catherwood approached, and John St. Rose was with them.

"Are you enjoying yourselves?" he asked, cheerily, of the old lady; and then he added: "Allow me to present you to my mother, ladies."

Mrs. St. Rose took off the shaker-bonnet, and showed her lovely old face flushed softly with the exercise and exertion.

"It has been a most novel and delightful afternoon, John," she said. "And it is an unusual experience for you, too, is it not?" turning to the others, with a look of gentle inquiry But there was something in the keen blue eyes which made Amelia understand that she had been overheard by the hideous old woman. The latter took her son's arm, while he took the pail of huckleberries, and the party walked slowly out of the Pasture.

That evening, young St. Rose said: "Well, mother, those are the Misses Wylie I wrote you of. How do you like them?"

"The youngest is a dear little thing. I should like her for a daughter."

"I was not prepossessed in her favor."

Now, as there was nobody in the world John St. Rose thought so much of as his beautiful little old mother, it is not to be wondered at that the remarks made the deepest impression upon him. He had always thought Vesta pretty. Now, as he looked at her brown eyes and modest brow, he loved her. And there and then—fresh huckleberrying—he resolved to win her.

Vesta is the young mistress of the elegant St. Rose mansion in the city now. She is her husband's pride—his old mother's darling. The latter tells how John met her at the station; how she was seized with a fancy to join the berrying party who started from the hotel the next day; and what an enchanting little creature she found Vesta from the first. So some people were very happy, while others were disappointed, but Mrs. Wylie congratulates herself on the stroke of policy which has married one of her daughters "well"—overlooking Vesta's personal merits as inconsiderable. Amelia is still on her hands.—*Frank Leslie's.*

Where Manna May Be Found.

Sicily is the chief source of manna; in that country the trees are cultivated in plantations, and when about 8 years old they begin to yield. Cuts an inch and a half to two inches long are made in the bark, cutting through to the wood. One cut is made daily, beginning near the bottom of the trunk, with each succeeding cut about an inch above the former one. The thick, sirup-like juice exudes from the cuts and hardens on the bark into white spongy flakes, which when hard enough are removed and dried still further before they are packed for commerce. It consists mainly of a form of sugar called manite, and has mild, laxative properties.

There are, in dry Oriental countries, several other trees and shrubs also, which yield manna, usually when punctured by insects; but little is known of these kinds of manna outside of the localities that produce them. Even some of those plants, low in the order of vegetation—known as lichens, produce manna. These are like the plants often seen on old trees and on rocks, which are incorrectly called "mosses." Several of these, which grow very rapidly on the ground, are encrusted with a sort of sugar or manna.—*American Agriculturist.*

Good Results in Every Case.

D. A. Bradford, wholesale paper dealer of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes, that he was seriously afflicted with a severe cold that settled on his lungs; had tried many remedies without benefit. Being induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, did so and was entirely cured by use of a few bottles. Since which time he has used it in his family for all Coughs and Colds with best results. This is the experience of thousands whose lives have been saved by this Wonderful Discovery. Trial bottles free at W. Nydegger's drug store.

"Daniel," remarked the President yesterday morning in a thoughtfu tone.

"Yes, sire," responded Daniel,

"Where hath the Attorney-General gone for the summer?"

"He hath gone to Arkansaw, sire."

"And is the fever and ague bad in Arkansaw this year, Daniel?"

"Exceedingly bad, sire."

"Knowest thou, Daniel, of a case wherein the fever and ague of Arkansaw hath been fatal?"

"Aye, that I do, master; many such cases are on record."

"Ah, well, Daniel, do thou write a friendly letter to the Secretary telling him in my name that I will look after the electric interests of the government so long as he shall desire to remain at rest; tell him, Daniel, to take a good vacation."

"Yes, sire."

"I am not given overmuch to levity, Daniel—much levity doth not become the married state; but if I should remark that I cherish the hope that the ague of Arkansaw will save me the trouble of giving the eminent Attorney-General the 'shake,' it would not be bad. Eh, Daniel?"

"I' good faith, master, thou dost rive me with thy jokes."—*Omaha Republican.*

"Oh! if I were lucky enough to call this estate mine, I should be a happy fellow," said a young man. "And then" said a friend. "Why, then I'd pull down the old house, and build a palace, have lots of prime fellows round me, keep the best wines, and the finest horses and dogs in the country."—"And then?"—"Then I'd hunt, and ride, and smoke, and drink and dance, and keep open house, and enjoy life gloriously."—"And then?"—"Why, then, I suppose, like other people, I should grow old and not care so much for these things."—"And then?"—"Why, then, I suppose, in the course of nature I should leave all these pleasant things—and—well, yes—die!"—"And then?"—"Oh, bother your 'thens!' I must be off."

Many years after, the friend was accosted with, "God bless you! I owe my happiness to you!"—"How?"—"By two words spoken in season long ago—'And then?'"—*The Quiver for August.*

The Best Chill Medicine.

SALISBURY, MD., Aug. 1884.

Dear Sir:—I had the ague and chills and fever for six months, had taken several different medicines, but none done me any good. Through the recommendation of a friend I was induced to try "AROMANNA." I used one bottle and have not had a chill since.

JOHN PARSONS.

SALISBURY, MD., May 25, 1885.

Dear Sir:—I was cured of Dyspepsia by using two bottles of "AROMANNA."

MARY HEARN.

Price 25 and 85 cts. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

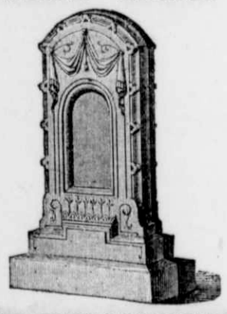
A HOME CHEAP.

I have a fifty acre lot, with small house and other improvements, about four miles from Oakland and two miles from Mountain Lake Park, which I will sell at a moderate figure. Application should be made soon.

W. H. TOWER, Agent.

7 17 tf

WHITE BRONZE



MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out-door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

6 17 t

P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Shartzer's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

FOR SALE!

Steam Engine, Saw Mill and Shingle Machine.

I am authorized to sell a Fifteen Horse Power "Page" Engine, Saw Mill and Shingle Machine, with carriages, &c., complete, the property of Mrs. Eva F Riggs. The mill has been in use about five years and is in good running order. Will be sold cheap for cash or collateral which may be easily converted into cash. May be examined at Swanton, Md. Must be sold soon.

For price and terms address or apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

IMPROVED FARM FOR SALE!

I will sell my farm, on the headwaters of Deep Creek, adjoining lands of Ransey Browning, A. C. Browning and others, on the easiest terms. The farm contains one hundred acres of land, all under fence, and about 60 acres cleared. The improvements consist of a

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE

and large frame barn, young fruit trees, &c., &c. This farm is in a good neighborhood, about 4 miles from Deer Park, and about 8 miles from Oakland.

Reason for selling—advanced age.

Apply to or address

LUKE WOOD,
8 7 tf. Deer Park, Md.

MEAT MARKET!

The undersigned will have on hand, at his meat market in Oakland, every day, from 5 A. M. to 11 A. M.,

Fresh Beef, Mutton and Veal,

of the best quality and at fair prices. He will also run his wagon to

MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK

every day, and to

DEER PARK

every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday,

7 10 T. W. CASTEEL.

FOR SALE. AT A BARGAIN.

A large two-story frame house, with celler and basement, situated on the Oakland and Mountain Lake road, near the latter place, is offered for sale at a bargain.

There are about two acres of ground, good outbuildings, well of good water, and a number of large shade trees. One of the handsomest locations for a summer residence in this neighborhood.

For information apply to or address

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

A PRIZE.

Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

ft 24 DAVID LITTLE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 30th, 1886.

GOING EAST.

No.	2	7.20 A. M.
No.	63	5.56 A. M.
No.	6	12.35 P. M.
No.	4	11.53 P. M.
No.	82—Accommodation	5.10 P. M.
Way		11.36 A. M.

GOING WEST

No.	1	9.34 P. M.
No.	65	5.55 P. M.
No.	5	8.57 P. M.
No.	3	4.41 A. M.
No.	81—Accommodation	9.36 A. M.
Way		11.36 A. M

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.

L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y

HENRY ALBRIGHT,

—Manufacturer of—

Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,

OAKLAND, MD.

☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done.

Nov, 21, 85.—1 y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

SIXTEEN ACRES OF LAND

at Altamont, Md., improved by a

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE

18 by 36 feet, two stories high. There are on this land two never failing springs of good water, and a running stream.

Situation Delightful!

Two miles from Deer Park, with excellent graded road

Excellent Situation for Summer Residence.

For particulars and terms apply to or address

J. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE, TRACTS & MILITARY LOTS.

The subscriber offers for sale the following lands in Garrett county:

"Bank Property," 1625 acres on Backbone Mountain, near West Virginia line. There is on this tract good Poplar, White and Red Oak, Chestnut, Birch and Sugar Timber, and the land when cleared, will make good farms.

"Friedland," 175 acres, near Accident, part improved.

A fine building site near Fort Pendleton, lot containing two acres.

Also the following Military Lots, containing 50 acres each:

Lots Nos. 831 and 862, with the well known Boiling Spring, two miles south of Deer Park, with which it is connected by a good road.

Lot No. 1914, on B. & Ohio R. R., East of Wilson's store.

Lots Nos. 361, 363, 364 and 365, near Ben Davis'.

Lot No. 390, West of Garrett Moon's.

Lots Nos. 371 and 377, West of (late) Hugh Cooper's.

Lot No. 383, East of (late) Elisha Harvey's.

Lot No. 1252, near West Virginia line.

WILLIAM I. BROWN,
Box 41, Oakland, Md.

Sept. 5th, 1885.—1 y

DR. J. DAILY, RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,
MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. 1621-y1

Sellers' Liver Pills.

Act Directly on the Liver.

CURES CHILLS AND FEVER, DYSPEPSIA, SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUS COLIC, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, PILES, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, DIZZINESS, TORPID LIVER, COATED TONGUE, SLEEPLESSNESS, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER AND STOMACH. If you do not "feel very well," a single pill at bed-time stimulates the stomach, restores the appetite, imparts vigor to the system.

They cure all diseases like magic. Get the right kind SELLERS' LIVER PILLS. Sold by druggists. Send for circular. SELLERS MEDICINE CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence in Russell's brick house Second street.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

8 15 1y.

SURVEYING!

Military lots located, Estimates of timber lands a specialty. Sales negotiated on reasonable terms. Areas computed by Logarithms—the only correct method.

HIRAM P. TASKER,
11 6 tf Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

F. A. THAYER, INSURANCE AGENT,

OAKLAND, MD.

Insures both Real and Personal Property at moderate rates.

☞ Represents Six First Class Companie

THE BEST FARM IMPLEMENTS.

Brown, New Champion and Delaware Wagons, Universal Roland and Double Shovel Plows, Champion Reapers and Mowers, Spring Wagons and Carriages, Grain Drills Cider Mills, Orchilla Guano, Feed Cutters, Barbed Wire, Sewing Machines, Spring Harrows, Thomas Hay Rakes, Hay Forks and Carriers &c., &c.

EVERYTHING FULLY WARRANTED.

For sale by

J. M. DAVIS & SON.

February 24, 1886.—tf.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 10. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, SEPT. 4, 1886. NUMBER 27.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

VEGETABLES,

FRUITS, &C., &C.

Always on hand, as they come in market.

NEW CROP OF

TURNIP AND RUTABAGA SEEDS.

ALL RELIABLE.

VEGETABLE PLANTS of all kinds in season.

(MOSS ROSE.)

ROSES, and all kinds of Flowering Plants.

CUT FLOWERS

AND FLORAL DESIGNS,

for Funerals, &c., at short notice, at our old stand on Railroad street near Depot.

☞ Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

H. WEBER.

3 13 OAKLAND, MD.

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,

OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.

OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.

Is the place to buy

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints,

Oils Varnishes,

Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

☞ Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c

Physicians Prescriptions

Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.

Give me a call.

W. D. NYDEGGER.

AVOID MALARIA!

AND BREATHE THE SEA AIR!

THE STOCKTON, Atlantic City, N. J., Corner Atlantic and Maryland avenues, is now open. Guests are supplied with every comfort and convenience possible. The best summer hotel on the coast. Terms moderate; special rates to families. KELSEY & LEFLER, Proprietors. [Mention this paper.]

FOR SALE

In Deer Park a

TWO-STORY COTTAGE,

Highly situated and containing seven rooms with front portico, back porch and bay windows. Good never failing well of water. Land in cultivation for garden with fruit trees and stable. Will be sold cheap and terms made reasonable. Title unquestionable.

Apply to

7 5 tf E. C. TILLSON, Deer Park, Md.

Valuable Real Estate

FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.

For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov 20 1880 1 y.

HELP for working people. Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, grandly successful. 50 cents to $5 easily earned every evening. That all who want may test the business we make this unparalleled offer. To all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE.

NO. 1.

MILITARY LOT NO. 219,

lying near Chisholm's Mill, in Ryans Glade, Garrett county. Well timbered and underlaid with coal. Unimproved. Will be sold cheap.

NO. 2.

Military Lots Nos. 2305 and 2307,

Unimproved timber lots, lying near Grantsville, part of the estate of the late Holmes Wiley.

NO. 3.

An Elegant New Residence

on Oak street, Oakland, Md., containing 8 rooms. Large lot improved by stable, carriage house, ice house, &c. Well of good water. Terms easy. Price, $2200.00.

NO. 4.

THE "WOODLAND FARM,"

situated on the road leading from Oakland to Accident, two miles from Oakland, containing 97 acres, well fenced and cultivated. Improved by a large first-class mansion house, suitable for a summer resort. The farm would suit for a first-class market garden or general farming.

NO. 5.

HOUSE AND LOT

On Oak street, Oakland, Md., comfortable dwelling Well of good water and convenient outbuildings. Will sell at a bargain.

NO. 6.

600 ACRES OF LAND,

covered with white pine, spruce and white oak timber, and underlaid with coal, iron ore and fire clay. Water fall 71 feet. Steam saw mill on the premises doing a good business. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 8.

HOUSE AND LOT

On Liberty street in Oakland, 8 rooms. Good property.

In all cases we will furnish purchasers with an abstract of title and prepare deed without cost to them.

Full discription of the property contained in the above list will be given upon application.

NO. 9.

NEW DWELLING HOUSE

On Oak Street, 8 rooms and good cellar. Large livery stable attached; room for 18 horses and 15 vehicles. Good stand for business. Excellent opportunity for any desiring to go into livery business.

NO. 10.

100 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND

Near Oakland. Well timbered. Title indisputable. Price, $8 per acre.

NO. 11.

GOOD DWELLING & LARGE LOT

Near Court House. 10 rooms and out-buildings. Good well of soft water. Terms easy.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,

Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

J. LEE HARNE,

Sign and Ornamental Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

VALUABLE

COAL & TIMBER LANDS

FOR SALE.

The undersigned offers for sale the following valuable Real Estate.

"BANK TERRITORY,"

containing 431 acres, and

"MOUNT PISGAH."

containing 470 acres.

Both of these tracts are well timbered and are underlaid with a vein of coal from 8 to 11 feet thick, an eleven foot vein being now opened and in operation on the tract known as "Bank Territory." This land lies on or near the line of the W. Va. C. R. R. I also offer for sale a tract of land containing 611 acres, lying and being situate in Grant county, W. Va., near Job Henline's. This tract is also well timbered and is supposed to be underlaid with coal. All of the aforesaid lands are well suited to farming and grazing purposes.

For any information concerning these lands terms, prices, &c., apply to Peddicord & Thayer, Attorneys-at-Law, Oakland, Md.

EMIL J. DELVAILLE.

May 25th 1886.—3m*

WIN more money than at anything else by taking an agency for the best selling book out. Beginners succeed grandly. None fail. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK Co., Portland, Maine.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. B. FAY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals. Also in adjoining counties of West Va.

☞ Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.

Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

EDWARD H. SINCELL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

(one door West of Sturgiss' Drug Store.)

Special attention given to Collections the negotiation of Loans.

Sept. 23, 1885.—1 y.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1619-1y

T. J. PEDDICORD. F. A. THAYER

PEDDICORD & THAYER,

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 4 '84 1y

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

AND

SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.

July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

v3n47.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

All business attended to with promptness and fidelity. Particular attention given to Surveying and Investigation of land titles.

☞ Office on 2d Street. 5 19 tf

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,

RESIDENT DENTIST,

OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

v3n48

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Offers his services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. Office and residence on Oak street, second house East of Catholic church.

Sept. 9, 1885.—1 y.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

2 5 3m.

VALUABLE

STOCK FARM

FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Oakland, Md.

LAKE VIEW

PLANING MILL

is now in full operation, and prepared to fill orders for

Flooring, Weather-boarding, Sash, Doors, Frames, Brackets, and Mouldings of all Kinds,

☞ Will contract for the erection of buildings.

Orders solicited, Satisfaction guranteed.

C. RATHBURN,

MANAGER.

4 3 9m Mountain Lake Park, Md.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

GOLD fields are scarce, but those who write to Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, will receive free, full information about work which they can do, and live at home, that will pay them from $5 to $25 per day. Some have earned over $50 in a day. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required. You are started free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of some little fortunes. All is new.

BLAINE IN MAINE.

At the approaching election in Maine, a Governor, four Congressmen and a Legislature will be voted for. The campaign was opened on Tuesday, the 24th inst., at Sebago Lake, upon the part of the Republicans by a speech from Mr. Blaine. When he appeared upon the platform he was received with wild enthusiasm by the thousands of people who had come from miles about the country to hear the greatest and most popular of Republican statesmen. Want of space forbids our giving the entire speech. The following are extracts upon questions that especially interest our people:

THE TARIFF.

"It is in the first place especially worthy of observation that in the history of industrial questions no party in time of peace has ever been more united in support of a policy than is the Republican in support of a protective tariff to-day. At the late session of Congress a measure known as the Morrison Tariff bill, designed to first weaken and untimately destroy the protective policy, was resisted by so compact an organization of the Republican members that a single vote from New York and two or three votes from Minnesota were all that broke the absolute unanimity of the party. And this was rendered still more striking by the fact that the organs of Republican opinion in New York and Minnesota declare that these exceptional voters were adverse to the wishes of a large majority of those who elected the dissenting members.

"On the other hand, the vast majority of the Democratic members supported the free trade side of the question; but a small minority, uniting with the Republicans, found themselves able to defeat the measure. Thereupon the Democratic papers quite generally throughout the country denounced the recusants as unfaithful to the creed of the party, and the journal in New York which is said to reflect the views of the national administration gave formal notice to all Democrats, North and South, who lean towards the policy of protection, that they must revise their opinions or leave the party, because with their views they can find no sympathy in Democratic ranks and no standing room on Democratic platforms.

"These leading facts indicate that the policy of protection versus free trade is an issue shaped and determined no longer by sectional preference—but has become general and national—affording a distinct, well marked line of division between the Republican and Democratic parties.

FIGURES AND FACTS THAT TELL.

"The Democratic party is constantly using the comparative dullness in business, which their own course in Congress for twelve years has largely developed, as an argument against the policy of protection. But it is worth while to compare the condition of the country in this year of grace with its condition the year before the Republicans succeeded in enacting their first protective tariff. In the nine states which still do the larger amount of manufacturing for the country, and which did it nearly all a quater of a century ago, it is interesting and instructive to compare their financial conditions at the beginning of 1861 and at the beginning of 1886. The states referred to are the six New England, with New York New Jersey and Pennsylvania. In 1861 the country presented a condition brought about by nearly a generation of free-trade, and the aggregate amount which the people had accumulated in their savings banks during that long period was less than one hundred and sixty millions of dollars. In the same states on the first of January, 1886, the aggregate amount in the savings banks was over one thousand and twenty millions of dollars. The difference in the amonnt of savings in Maine for the two periods shows that in January, 1861, the people had a million and a-half in bank, while in January 1886, the people had over thirty-six millions in bank.

During this period it must be remembered that the increase of population in the nine states has been about thirty-five per cent., while the increase of deposit in savings banks has been at the rate of eight hundred per cent.

It must be remembered that seventy-five per cent of this vast sum belongs to the wage workers. The vast number of depositors may be inferred from the fact that in Maine, where the aggregate population is less than seven hundred thousand, the thirty six millions of deposits are divided between 110,000 persons, showing that one in six of the total population is a depositor, and that the average to each is about three hundred and twenty dollars.

"The figures with which we are dealing have been confined to the nine states named, because in 1861 the manufacturing done in this country was mainly confined to those states. But the thousand millions of savings by the workers within their borders become still more significant, as an economic fact, when we remember that since 1861 the great body of Northwestern states, under the inspiring influence of a protective tariff, have in turn developed an enormous aggregate of manufacturing industries.

"And yet another comparison may be made still more embarassing to the free trade doctrinaries, and more difficult for them to answer. While the American workmen in nine states, working under a protective tariff, have a thousand millions of dollars in savings banks, the vastly greater mass of workingmen in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, the whole United Kingdom, all working under free trade, have less than four hundred millions of dollars in the aggregate, both in savings banks and postal banks.

LABOR QUESTION.

"The leading feature in the industrial field of 1885 and 1886 is the discontent among the men who earn their bread by skilled and unskilled labor. Uneasiness and uncertainty are found on all sides; there are wise aims among many, and with not a few there is aimlessness, with its inevitable result of disappointment and discouragement. The man who could by any prescription remove this discontent and at once restore harmony and happiness would be philosopher, patriot and statesman. The man who professes to be able to do it will generally prove to be a compound of empiricism and ignorance. But in the end, perhaps by toilsome paths, with many blunders and some wrongs, no one need doubt that sound and just and righteous conclusions will be reached. Perfect freedom to test the virtues and secure the advantage of organization, to exert strong power through combination, are certainly among the common rights of all men under a Republican government. Labor associations have the same sanction and the same rights that any form of incorporation may assume—subject, as all must be, to the condition that the persons and property of others shall be respected. It is well for every citizen of a free government to keep before his eyes and in his thoughts the honored maxim that 'the liberty of one man must always end where the rights of another man begin.'

I have no new nostrums to offer for the cure of labor troubles. I have no quack remedies to propose. I am a firm believer in the efficacy of the protective tariff, and I can look back with serene satisfaction to my record in Congress as never blotted by a single vote that was not friendly to the interests of American labor.

In what may be termed the political creed of the various labor organizations, I have observed some singular omissions of pertinent, and, as I think, controlling facts—facts which in a spirit of friendship and candor, I beg to point out. I read, a few days since, in a creed put forth by an association of Knights of Labor, in another State, a recital of eighteen distinct ends which they desired to have secured or maintained by national legislation. Among these there was not the slightest mention of a protective tariff. That might have been accidental; or it might have implied a perfect sense of safety in regard to the continuance of the tariff; or it might have meant that those who proclaimed the creed are indifferent to the fate of protection.

In any event, it would be well for the labor organizations to diligently inquire and ascertain how the wages of labor in the United States can be kept above the rate of wages in England, Germany and France on the same articles of manufacture without the intervention of protective duties? With the present cheap modes of interchange and transportation of all commodities, I inquire of these gentlemen how, under the rule of free trade, can wages in the United States be kept above the general standard of European wages? I do not stop for the detail of argument, I only desire to lodge the question in the minds of the millions of American laborers who have it in their power to maintain protection or to inaugurate free trade; who have it in their power to uphold the party of protection or the party of free trade.

The situation is, therefore, plainly discernible and demonstrable, viz: First, if the Democratic party shall succeed, as they have been annually attempting for years past, in destroying the protective tariff, the artisans of the United States will be thrown into direct competition with the highly skilled and miserably paid labor of Europe. Second, if the Democratic party shall be able to hold control of the national government, the colored laborer in the Southern States will remain where the Southern Democrats have placed him politically, subject to the will of the white man, and unable to fix the price or command the value of his labor. The colored man will, therefore, under those conditions and influences, remain a constant quantity in the labor market, receiving inadequate compensation for his own toil, and steadily crowding down the compensation of white labor, if not to his own level, yet far below its just and adequate standard.

At every turn, therefore, whether it be in exposing the white American laborer to the danger of European competion by destroying the protective tariff, or whether it be in reducing the wages of the white man by unfairly making the colored laborer his competitor, in all the fields of toil the Democratic party North and South appears as the enemy of every interest of the American workman. With that party placed in full power, and with all its measures achieved, the wages of the American laborer will fall as certainly as effect follows cause.

From a Grand Army Man.

ELLICOTT CITY, MD., 6 8, 1884.

Dear Sir:—I have been a sufferer for a long time with dyspepsia, and have tried most everything in the way of medicine, but nothing gave me any relief. I procured one bottle of your "AROMANNA," and had only been taking it about six days when I began to feel it was doing me good. I told a number of my neighbors what it had done for me and they commenced using it, and all agree with me that it is the only medicine that will do all that it is recommended to do. One thing about "AROMANNA," while it is acting and cleansing the system it does not weaken, but builds up, adds new strength and imparts new vigor. I do not think I can say too much in favor of it. You are free to use my name in any way you see best, to proclaim the merits of "AROMANNA." It will pay any sufferer to try it.

J. C. MOONEY, Adjutant

A. D. Reynolds, Post No. 23, G. A. R.

Price 25 and 75 cts. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland, Md.

"Pa, does God make anything in vain?" "No, my child; why do you ask such a question?" "Pa, didn't a whole lot of generals in the war get beat?" "Yes, my son. "Got licked every time, didn't they?" "Yes, dear." "Never licked the rebels once?" "No, my son." "Got scared and run every time the rebels came near 'em?" "Yes." "Well, didn't God make those generals in vain?" "Oh, no, my poor, simple-hearted child. He made them to deliver learned lectures and write long magazine articles and big books on the blunders and mistakes of the successful generals."

Miraculous Escape.

W. W. Read, druggist, of Winchester, Ind., writes: "One of my customers, Mrs. Lou Pike, Bartonia, Randolph Co. Ind., was a long sufferer with consumption, and was given up to die by her physicians. She heard of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, and began buying it of me In six months' time she walked to town, a distance of 6 miles, and is now so much improved she has quit using it. She feels she owes her life to it."

Free trial bottles at Wm. Nydegger's drug store.

Nothing is easier than fault-finding. No talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character are required to set up in the grumbling business. But those who are moved by a genuine desire to do good have little time for murmuring or complaint.

Reprobates are useful as guide-boards put upon the broad road which leads to perdition. Over every unlawful gate, Providence sets the bloody head of a transgressor—a sorry, but instructive spectacle.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

MIDDLE AGE.

O days of fair midsummer time!
O days of prose, of peace, of calm!
Now when I seek the blue sea wave,
It is for comfort and for clams,
And not to follow pretty Rose,
With glasses on her piquant nose.

Not to obey her queenly nod,
Not to spend hours before the glass
Inventing of a wondrous tie
Which shall my rival's tie surpass,
And envy to his dark soul bring,
Although, alas! I can not sing.

He was a plaintive fair-haired youth,
Who played upon the light banjo,
And warbled 'neath the witching moon:
"My love that loved me long ago,"
Till even the rocks felt his regret:
Her spectacles were glistening wet.

'Tis not to waste my manly strength
In rowing any lovely maid,
Or scrambling after harebells blue
To deck her false but golden braid;
'Tis not to lose my sleep for care,
For throbbing hope and dark despair.

Now years have flown, and Rose has wed
The gentle youth with voice so sad,
And I in middle-aged peace
Pass all my days serenely glad.
The sweetness of indifference
Is my delightful recompense.

For all the harrowing pains I felt
Here by the water's twinkling smile,
A zest for idleness I've gained,
A heart not touched by woman's wile,
To happy freedom still I cling,
For though I loved, I could not sing.

—*S. H. Swett, in Harper's Weekly.*

CONVICT NUMBER 2 319.

A Song, a Memory and a Changed Life.

CHAPTER I.

A pretentious mansion, pleasantly set down in the midst of spacious grounds, beyond the noise and crowds of the great city; the well-kept lawns, neatly trimmed hedges and smooth-rolled carriage ways, the primness and orderly arrangement of which are just visible in the gathering darkness, evidence the taste and wealth of the owner. The long lines of magnificent elms which mark the boundaries of the drive, venerable in their age and grandly massive in their size, lend an air of stability to the whole, and here and there dense masses of shrubbery give variety to the surroundings of the stately but showy old mansion. A young moon, sailing swiftly across a cloudy sky, casts ghostly shadows as she plunges in and out of heavy banks of clouds. Lights shine through all the windows of the mansion, within which there is a revel to-night, and here, in rooms bright with the flashing light from rich chandeliers, in an atmosphere heavy with the mingled perfume of thousands of flowers, youth and beauty and wealth and fashion are assembled.

There is music and joyous laughter, and occasionally exquisite snatches of song, and these sounds float out through the open windows and break the silence which broods over the scene. In the company which throngs the parlors are to be found men and women famous in their respective walks in life—in the professions, in art, in politics and the ranks of commerce and finance. The hostess, the wife of one of the most noted jurists of the day, beams with satisfaction as she stands to receive her guests, or moves from group to group, making presentations or suggesting topics of conversation where interest seems to flag, for her reception is a success.

Presently, emerging from the groups, she leads to the piano a fair young girl, whose appearance causes a murmur of applause, for she is at once recognized as one whose artistic triumphs as an amateur are at this hour on every tongue. As she seats herself at the instrument and lets her fingers run over the keys with the apparent carelessness that is born of a complete mastery of the art, she strikes the signal for a lull in the hum of conversation, and the guests gather about her in expectant eagerness. Then, as the silence of rapt attention settles down on the room-full of people, the artist sounds a brilliant prelude. A pause of a moment follows, and then the room is full of melody as she breaks into glorious song.

Her selection is a spirited rondo, and the flute-like tones fill the room with the freshness and profusion of the lark's sun-greeting melody. There is a seeming recklessness in the manner in which the notes are trilled forth, mounting higher, and growing fuller as the close of the composition is reached, with a brilliant burst as the climax, that speaks the artist confident of her power. She is greeted with a murmur of approval as she pauses, and then with the glow of animation and enthusiasm on her face she again begins.

But now the voice has changed. It is still the flute-like warble, but dreamily and sadly soft and low. The first melody was the carol of spring, with the glorious sunshine, the opening buds, the sweet perfume and balmy air of nature's youth; the second is the wail of autumn, as with mournful face she paces the deserted gardens, her breath sadly waving the drooping stalks and stirring the stricken leaves compassionately the while her eyes rain bitter tears. The first was the rejoicing of the bridegroom, strong, manly and exuberant; this the mourning of the widow over dead and buried hopes and dreary desolation. The first, the children of Israel singing to the music of their timbrels on beholding the long-sought Canaan; this, Rachel mourning for her children and refusing to be comforted because they are not.

The last is the triumph of art, and the singer feels it. Thought, sense and action are all yielded to the expression of love's deepest and saddest impulses. The hostess and guests listen with pleased attention and at the close tender polite congratulations. The artist, accustomed to such compliments, receives them with well bred self-possession and retires from the instrument, and for all present the incident has ended. And is this all? Can it be that in the economy of the universe such divine gifts are to be thus lightly wasted—the inspiration of the poet, the art of the composer, and the heaven-born melody of the singer to be thrown away? Let us look farther and see.

Out where the shadows fall deepest on the close cut sward, ears unthought of by hostess or guests have listened to the singer. Crouching against the trunk of a tree in the thickest gloom a man has listened with strained attention to every note. A man—a tramp, a vagabond—in whose eyes is fixed a look that convicts and the hunted, whether human or brute, wear. An auditor certainly never dreamed of by the artist. He had crept in here when the shadows of night were coming down. Trudging wearily on towards the city's lights, the seclusion of the place attracted him and he stole into the deepest shadows to rest and hide. To rest, for he is tired; to hide, for he is hunted. He is under the ban of the law, he has committed crime and merits punishment. Almost his whole life's history is summed up in these words. He is familiar with the interior of courts and prisons; more familiar with them than with the insides of school-houses or churches. Perhaps one is the complement of the other. The learned jurist upon whose ground he is now trespassing could not better recite to you the list of offences against property than this man. He has been a criminal from boyhood, the records of the courts would tell you, but the courts have never asked the question you would perhaps ask—why?

Fleeing the law's penalties, invoked by the commission of a fresh crime, he is seeking the shelter of the city where, in the haunts of the most hardened criminals, he will be comparatively safe from pursuit. Pausing here, he has unknowingly taken a step towards working out his problem of life. The artist has sung within the house to the surfeited ears of an audience to whom such entertainment is not novel, but floating out beyond them through the open windows her song has reached this man crouching low among the trees, and heedlessly and carelessly as it may have been sent on its mission, the accomplishment of its purpose has begun.

Awakened from a restless and fear-haunted slumber by the first burst of song the fugitive's earliest feeling is of annoyance at being disturbed. It is a warm, balmy night, and the air is laden with the perfume of roses, but he has been indifferent to their sweets. What are roses to such as he? More inviting would be the stifling atmosphere of some greasy, sweltering den in the city's slums—that is now associated with the idea of safety from the law's sleuth-hounds. But there is something in the air to-night which affects him strangely. It impresses itself upon him vaguely as the shadowy form of a dream. He tosses restlessly about in his hiding place, uneasy under this influence. He can not shake it off. Some memory within him is stirred; he knows not how or why.

He is not given to analyzing his feelings. He knows when he is hungry, when he is tired, when he wants to drink; he knows even (but this only indistinctly) when he looks back to his childhood, which is seldom, that he is troubled as he is now, and that this trouble is the consciousness of a face associated with those early days—a woman's face, sad eyed and weary—his mother's face. Ah! that's it. He suddenly starts up as the thought flashes across his mind. Now he knows what affects him—it is that song, it is the odor of those flowers. He has heard other songs, not so well sung perhaps, but just as full of life and spirit—the gay choruses of companions, when exhilarated with liquor and not yet brutalized by it; and for him flowers ordinarily have little attraction. It is the combination of these, with the thought of that sad face, that brings back in an instant a recollection. He listens, and as he listens his thoughts turn back to the little village in which he was born. He walks through a lane of flowers—ah! that perfume—they are roses, and they border the little pathway up to the church door. Some one holds his hand. It is that sad-faced mother. A sound is in his ear—it is the glorious burst of choral song pouring forth through the open door of the church. Ah! those memories, how they unnerve him! He is prostrate on the sward now, and as he buries his face in the fresh green grass the burden of the song pours into his ears. It ceases. There is a murmur of voices audible even to him, and then comes a pause, and then the beating of his heart is almost stilled as the first low-toned notes of the succeeding song fall upon his ears, and soft, sweet and tenderly sad as the dirge of the dying swan the melody is borne out to him.

The sad-eyed mother has long since passed away from earth, leaving the child at once her all and her shame to the tender mercies of a world that showed her no mercy, and never asked whether in her one fault she had been most sinned against or the sinner. None other extended protection to him or claimed his duty. He knows not the meaning of love, and never incurred an obligation of gratitude. Yet this song opens his heart, and as in a vision there come to him remembrances of long forgotten precepts learned at the sad-eyed mother's knee. Long after its faintest echo has died away he remains prone upon the ground. In the train of confused emotions that crowd upon him there is not only the memory of long-forgotten precepts, but the awakening of feelings that have never before found a place in his heart.

Hours after the singer's voice has ceased this man rises, changed in heart, with the germ of a better life struggling into existence within him. As yet his mind is confused, but one thought has seized upon it and dominates all others. He will be a man—no more a criminal. He will try to follow out the precepts, the remembrance of which has thus lately come to him. He is young yet and strong. He can labor and reform. But that is not all. He has been a criminal; he has wronged society and owes it some reparation. That debt must be paid and then he will start clear again. Just how he will pay it he can not think now, but he has no doubt the knowledge of what to do, and the opportunity will come to him.

If he can only get away from the consequences of this last crime for which he is being pursued he will do something that will take away the reproachful look from those sad eyes. If he can elude the vigilance of the law's officers and get away somewhere where he can work out his reparation—if—ah!— "You are my prisoner. Put on the bracelets, Jim!"

Rudely as this is his dream broken in upon. Almost before he is aware of it he is manacled—in the clutches of the law.

* * * *

"To think that that dreadful man should have been loitering about our grounds last night. It's shocking, John; do look around and see if any thing has been stolen. Dear me, I wish the police would protect people's property better. I trust the judge will see to it that an example is made of this man."

Thus rattles on the hostess of the last night, she who invoked the genius of song which enthralled this dangerous criminal, when on the day following she discusses the arrest made in the grounds of her mansion some time after the departure of her guests.

CHAPTER II.

"How say you, prisoner—guilty or not guilty?"

The judge's tones are sharp. There is a business-like ring to his words. He is anxious to get through with this case, as there can be but one ending to it, the evidence is so clear. Why then should there be any delay over a mere formality? The dingy little court room is crowded, its atmosphere not the most congenial, while outside there is the summer air, the bright sunshine. Why then linger over this case? It is only one criminal who is to get his deserts—only one man to be taken away from these fresh fields, that bright sunshine, the songs of the birds, the sweet scents of the meadows, and immured behind stone walls and iron bars. Here he sits. Replying to the formal inquiry of the judge, he has just pleaded "not guilty." That also is a mere form, followed only at the suggestion of the half-fledged attorney appointed by the court as a matter of form to look after the prisoner's interests. He knows there is no chance of escape and he knows also how merciless the law is to such as he. He has waited for this hour, not with any hope, but with a dull sort of resignation, as one stage to be passed. He has already sounded the blackest depths of despair and to-day lies in the abyss with upturned eyes waiting for the inevitable—waiting as might have waited some hope-abandoned victim of the Inquisition, who with a daily terror watched the walls of his cell close in about him, and hourly counted the fractions of the inches of breathing space yet left him.

A strange metamorphosis has been wrought in him since he came into court this morning. He has become possessed of a double consciousness. He stands here awaiting trial and condemnation, but another self is far away, out of the reach of turnkeys and gyves, beyond the limitations of iron bars and stone walls. One of his two selves is trammeled by the body and remains in the dock; the other ranges the universe. One is mechanically attentive to all that is going on in the court room; the other is cognizant of occurrences of the past and reviews the present and future. With this last self at one moment every thing swims about, the spectators, judge and jurors whirling in a wild, mad dance; at another the crowd presses in upon him until he gasps for breath; now he is at the bottom of a deep pit where the death-like stillness almost makes his brain giddy; anon, a confused murmur is borne to his ears, at first like the pattering of the rain drops on a dusty road, then like the crash of thunder in a forest. He is looking at the spectators and the hundreds of faces seem to be blending into one huge countenance, with myriad eyes, glinting and glistening and sending darts to his very soul.

He, while he is racked with this mind torture, is physically awake to the slightest movement in the court room. He notices that the judge's whiskers are longer and whiter on one side than on the other, and mentally goes through the operation of arranging them; he is acutely observant of the actions of three or four newspaper reporters, who, used to such scenes, sit indifferent onlookers, arranging and rearranging their notes and sharpening their pencils; he hears the merry chirping of a bird in the branches of a tree outside the window; he even smiles at a witty sally of one of the callous lawyers near him.

Yet he never for an instant forgets his present situation. That forms the dark background of the mental kaleidoscope on which these varied fancies and pictures are outlined. How strong the evidence against him is he has no need to trouble himself to consider. It is conclusive—damning. Yes, he can see the judge's face grow sterner as he listens, and the young attorney who has been constituted his defender throws up his hands hopelessly as the crushing tide of fact pours in. At last it was finished, and now comes the prisoner's chance, so called. Why, an innocent man would be doomed by that defence, though it is the best the young fledgling of the law is capable of making. It is soon over and is followed by the crushing arraignment of the prosecuting counsel. The judge's charge to convict and the jury's verdict of "guilty" rendered without leaving the box, consume but little time, and then comes the hush which always precedes the delivering of a sentence upon a criminal.

An unconscious bird sings for a moment on the window ledge, but is frightened off as the solemn tones of the judge's voice fall upon the hundreds of listening ears. Ere it has winged its flight to the nearest bough the words have been spoken, the trial is ended, justice is vindicated and a man has been doomed to years of hopeless, abject, brutalizing, despairing misery. There is a great confusion as the crowd disperses. The judge picks up his papers, a lackey hands him his hat and cane and he takes his departure with a look of virtuous self satisfaction upon his face. The lawyers who attend such trials for the experience move off in groups with hardly curiosity enough to look at the prisoner, who in his turn is hustled away by bailiffs eager to get him off their hands and get home to their dinners.

If this had not come there might have been a reclamation of a human being and reparation to society. Justice, however, has been done, and the world, knowing nothing of the might-have-beens, is satisfied.

And yet, amid all the confusion despite the rough jostling of unfeeling officers of the law, and the audible expressions of satisfaction of the mob, the jeers of some and the rudeness of the irrepressible curiosity of others, to which the prisoner is keenly sensitive, with him are ever those sad eyes, the perfume of the rose and the heart-thrilling words of a song which has long since ceased to be even a echo, except with him.

CHAPTER III.

A hideous monotony of glaring white walls, dull, black bars, tier upon tier of narrow, grated cells, and row upon row of strong iron galleries. The tiers of cells, rising one above another, with a gallery about each, form an inner building in the center of the quadrangle enclosed by the outer walls of the prison. Long, heavily-barred windows in the outer walls reach from the ground to the roof on two sides, on the other two the walls are blank. Cheerless, cold and forbidding are the whitewashed walls, the red brick floors and the grated cells. Odors of damp straw and of cheap and not over-clean food in process of cooking make the atmosphere stifling. Here and there a guard lounges idly in the halls, and every now and then a squad of pale-visaged, closely-cropped men, out of whose faces have gone all traces of manliness, moves with the shuffling "locked step" across the corridors, marshalled by a guard who directs every movement by shrill whistles.

Outside in long, low sheds, ranged along both sides of a yard paved with cobblestones, other gangs of similar pale-faced, unmanned-looking men, wearing the same hideous, striped garb, are laboring unceasingly in absolute silence under the eyes of stern taskmasters.

Of what are all these men thinking in their enforced silence? Surely they think—the tongue may be trammeled but who will essay to bind the thoughts? Are they thinking of home—of wives perhaps, of children, of friends low and vile as themselves, of past exploits, of future plans, of any of the countless millions of things of which men think when free to talk and act as they please? Doutless they are. Who can limit the range of their thoughts; who can begin to picture the visions which float before the mind's eye of these men as they toil in silence through the long hours? Hearts are breaking here, but who cares? Who recks of the mild tumult going on in many a mind as thoughts bitter, heart-breaking, desperate, float back and forth? The lives here are full of tragedy.

Who knows, for instance, that the individual whose identity is lost to all but himself and the prison records in the prison, No. "2,319," is thinking as he labors of a balmy summer night under the shadow of grand trees, of the perfume of roses, of a song and a resolution? Yet such thoughts are ever present with him, his sole consolation amid the horrors of his surroundings, his only relief from the monotony of his daily existence. To-day he is thinking of them, thinking especially of the resolution that he would do something to take away the reproach from the sad eyes that he feels are constantly watching him. The dull, unceasing toil by day, the horror of the scant, dream haunted slumber by night have taken away from him much of the energy which naturally belongs to men of his temperament and physique, but his thoughts to-day arouse in him something of the old temper—the old aggressive spirit.

He has heard something! In that mysterious way in which the dwellers in prisons where no speech is allowed become possessed of information from the outside world as well as from their own dreary world indoors, and make plots and concoct conspiracies, he has learned of a proposed *emeute*. For days and weeks a plot for a rising has been hatching among these miserable creatures. They know it may mean certain death to some of them, increased misery to the many, escape only to a few. Yet they plan. In the utter dreariness of their lives any thing that promises a change is welcome. Besides, there is the chance of success for a few, and each hopes to be one of that few, and furthermore there is a desire for revenge. "No. 2,319" has heard all the details of the plot. He has not been a party to it otherwise, but he has been trusted by the conspirators. He knows on whom vengeance is to be wreaked—that the warden of the prison is doomed, and that the rising only awaits a favorable opportunity to make that detested officer a victim of the vengeance of the conspirators. The warden has been a hard taskmaster, relentless, cruel, a model tyrant with a capacity far beyond any who preceded him in this institution for cruel punishments and unnecessary severity. Whatever else may be done his life is to be sacrificed—that is settled. "No. 2,319" knows of this determination, and has himself reached one. He would not be human if he did not wish to see the rising successful, as far as the escape of some of his companions is concerned; but he is determined that if he can prevent it murder shall not be done. He means to save the tyrant's life, even at the risk of his own, and by preventing the consummation of the convicts' vengeance save some of the other lives which would necessarily pay the forfeit of the carrying out of their plans. This is to be his reparation—this his opportunity. To reason with these men he knows is useless; he will not inform on them, his only plan is to save the warden at the moment of the rising. It will be a desperate undertaking, and the cost—his own life. If he should not lose it in the effort, the inevitable revenge of his comrades, who will deem him a traitor, makes his speedy death a certainty. Yet he sees in this an opportunity to save life—an opportunity to make reparation. He will embrace it. He has nerved himself to the task before him, and to-day he feels that the hour of trial is at hand.

The afternoon of the short winter day is waning, and a storm is evidently coming up, for it is growing dark in the shops. Is it some intuitive sense of impending trouble that causes the guards in the shop to pay more than usual attention to the convicts, or is it that they have just begun to notice that something has changed in the room within a few minutes? Half an hour ago the sounds of labor alone broke the stillness. Now the rattle of the hammers and the clink of steel are interrupted in their regularity, and in the intervals a droning sound, something akin to the hum of a school-room, only less pronounced, is heard, punctuated every now and again with a hissing sound. Looking around on the busy groups not a lip is seen to move. The eyes of all are apparently steadfastly fixed on the work before them, yet the droning sound continues. Looking still more closely at the groups, one catches every now and again a sudden stealthy glance cast in the direction of a guard. The convicts are whispering.

"No. 2,319" knows what is going on. With ears strained he listens intently. Meanwhile it is rapidly growing dark. The uneasy guards instinctively gravitate together and converse in low tones. They keep their eyes on the striped laborers, but frequently glance at their watches, as if to anticipate the hour for getting their charges secured behind bolts and bars.

Suddenly a shrill whistle sounds, and is twice repeated. It is the signal for stopping work, and is given by a small blue-coated man who sits behind a desk in the rear of and overlooking the shop. The strictly disciplined workers instantly drop their tools and the work upon which they are engaged, and with a shuffling step form into three long lines. The guards grasp their muskets and take their places at the ends and near the center of each line.

Once more the whistle sounds—two notes. At the signal the lines close up until each man's stomach is pressed against the back of the man in front of him. Then each places his hands on the shoulders of the man preceding him and waits. For the third time the small man in the blue coat signals, only one note this time, and the line nearest the door takes up the march with the peculiar sliding, undulatory snake like motion of the "locked-step." An instant afterwards two whistles cause the line behind to move off, and in another moment the third line starts at the sound of one whistle.

They file out into the prison yard and cross it for the distance of about ten rods towards the main building of the prison. Lounging about in the yard are ten or fifteen prisoners engaged at special tasks with a little more freedom than ordinary convicts. They hardly raise their heads as their fellows pass them. Near the entrance to the main building a blue coated man wearing a heavy watch chain and swinging a light switch stands talking to a guard who leans idly on his musket. This man raises his eyes as the head of the line approaches him, but does not move. The guards in charge assume a greater vigilance over the convicts, who also recognize the warden, but make no sign.

It has grown quite dark now. Men's faces are barely recognizable. Suddenly there is a little confusion. A man in the first line stumbles and the line is broken. This man is some distance from the nearest guard, who immediately rushes forward to close up the gap in the line. The head of the line has, however, gone on, and as the man stumbled the rear stopped short like a train of cars suddenly checked. The second line, which follows in the track of the first too closely to be instantly turned out, stumbles over the men in the first line and receives a backward impetus which it communicates to the third.

As the lines stop they break, and what at first seemed accidental turns out to have been premeditated. Out of the confused mob half a dozen striped jackets bound upon the guards to disarm them. Yells and curses burst upon the ear. The head of the first line has with a rush reached the wide doors of the main building, and the convicts endeavor to force them shut on the guard inside. With mad yells others clad in striped suits rush in a dozen different directions. Half a score fling themselves upon the blue-coated man with the big watch chain and the guard who leans upon the musket. Both are overborne in the sudden rush, and a dozen hands reach for the throat of the warden. He is in desperate hands, yet, though dazed by the suddenness of the attack, struggles violently to free himself. A large revolver is in his pocket, but it is under him and he can not reach it. He is at the mercy of his assailants and in their faces there is no mercy.

But across the yard from the second line a form wearing the hideous prison garb bounds as soon as that line is broken. It is a stalwart convict, who makes straight for the spot where the warden is struggling, and as he reaches it hurls his fellows aside, as if he were a giant and they pigmies. For a moment the warden is free, but again the madmen rush upon him, and this time his stalwart defender is himself overborne. He fights desperately with his fellows in silence on his part and amid a storm of oaths on theirs, and the warden from whom the attack has been diverted, availing himself of the opportunity, retreats a few paces and drawing his revolver stands at bay. The stalwart convict breaks away from the half-dozen who hold him and rushes to throw himself in front of the warden. At that instant the crack of a musket rings out, the flash is almost in his face and the aim is true, for he leaps into the air, turns half way around and drops like a stone face downward. A guard has fired without orders to protect his chief and picked out the man he took to be the leader of the latter's assailants. As the wounded man falls the mad rush of his fellows is checked as if a wall had sprung up before them. It is but for a moment their confusion lasts, but before they can recover from it they are covered by the warden's revolver and the muskets of half a dozen guards who have by this time come to the rescue of the warden.

"Throw up your hands, boys; the game's up," says the foremost of the gang as he realizes that the least move on his part means certain death. Three or four of his companions spurn the dead body before them with their feet, and hiss, "Curse the traitor," but seeing that they have been foiled fall back.

The other parties who had engaged in assaults upon the guards seem to have been repulsed without the firing of a single shot and a few who have been captured. With oaths the guards are driving them into the most secure corner of the prison yard, and in a few moments all are penned in like a flock of sheep.

It is now so dark that faces are indistinguishable, but at the point of the bayonet the convicts are once more marshalled into lines, marched into the inner prison building and locked supperless in their cells. The *emeute* is ended.

* * * *

Out on the stones in the prison yard a form in a striped suit lies stiffening in a dark pool. The sullen sky bends down to the dreary stone walls of the enclosure, and a few flakes of snow quiver in the air. While the guards are marching the prisoners into safe-keeping no one comes to look at this man, the one victim of the uprising, but when the insubordinate convicts are safely housed two men bearing a stretcher and a third carrying a lantern come out to remove the body. They turn it over, and the dark blood wells forth from a hole in the side and reddens the snow sprinkled cobblestones of the yard. When they lift it on the stretcher the eyes stare up in their faces, but the features of the dead man are tranquil.

"Who is he?" queries one, and the one with the lantern, holding the light close to the body, reads from the breast of the hideous striped jacket "Number 2,319."

An official report on the *emeute* to-morrow will say that in quelling it, convict No. 2,319" assisted and perhaps saved the warden's life, but was unfortunately shot by mistake, this being the only casualty.—*Sidney Gough, in N. Y. Graphic.*

—Canada charges forty cents for every bushel of peaches that enters that country from the United States.

MARRIAGE IN PERSIA.

Great Importance of the Mother-in-Law in the Land of the Shah.

In Persia a girl marries to fill the place of her husband's confident and friend, to rule his household, and, above all things, to be a mother of children. The marriage of the rich are generally dictated by policy; while those of the middle and lower classes are often arranged by the parents. Love matches are the exception. Persians as a rule try to arrange what they consider sutiable matches for their children. Polygamy is the exception and not the rule, and where there are two or more wives there are also two or more establishments. Neither lodgings, money, servants, clothes nor jewels are held in common, and the only source of contention is the society of the husband. But the wives, instead of being jealous rivals, are usually the best of friends.

While it is quite true that theoretically a man can be rid of his wife by saying before witnesses, "Thou art divorced," yet practically to obtain a divorce in Persia is almost as difficult as it is in Europe. In Persia the poorest of women does not marry without a settlement, which has to be made good in case of divorce; and at her marriage her relatives exact from the husband an acknowledgment of a far larger portion than is actually paid to him. It is the liability to pay this, the "mehr," that restrains the husband from divorce save on the strongest grounds. In cases where mutual distaste is very strong, and divorce desired by both parties, the matter is simply arranged by the wife agreeing not to exact the whole or even a part of her settlement. There is another safeguard against frivolous divorce: a divorced man or woman does not find it easy to make a respectable marriage.

The marriage of first cousins is the favorite union. The reason is that cousins have been acquaintances and friends from childhood, while to all the rest of the world, save her brothers and sisters, the young girl is a veiled mystery; so that, unless there is a mutual disinclination, or too great a disparity of age, the Persian youth looks naturally to the "daughter of my uncle" as his future wife. Often the cousins are betrothed from childhood. As a rule, classes do not mingle in marriage. The sons of merchants wed merchant's daughters, the young tradesman mates with his like, and so with the members of the servant and soldier classes.

But in Persia, as everywhere else, extraordinary personal attractions soon become known and have their advantage. The beauty of the lower or middle classes need not aspire in vain. The mother of the King's eldest and favorite son, the most powerful man in Persia, was the daughter of a miller, who caught the Shah's eye while washing cloths at the brook-side. Many a poor and handsome girl is wedded without portion for her beauty's sake.

The young wife does not immediately assume the responsibilities of her position. Carefully tended as a bride for the first year of her wedded life, she willingly remains under the tutelage of her mother-in-law, if she have one, or if she be the daughter of a widow her mother usually accompanies her to her new establishment. Mothers-in-law have a better time in Persia than in some other countries. There they are regarded as the natural guardians of the inexperienced bride, and the proper care-takers of the young mother and her infant offspring. From the mother-in-law are learned the arts of housekeeping. Under her eyes all purchases are made from the huckster or female peddler, for a visit to the bazar by a young wife before she has blessed her husband with children would be considered a scandal among the upper, middle or tradesman class. Only among the very poor or the villagers does the young wife, save on ceremonial occasions, leave the shadow of her husband's roof-tree during the first year of her marriage.

Consulted in all matters, the Persian wife is her husband's trusted confident and counsellor. "But she is veiled, the poor thing, closely veiled!" exclaims the pitying Englishwoman. Yes, she is veiled. And loath would she be to part with what she looks on as a distinction and a privilege. To her the veil is the badge of modesty and the token of respectability.

And has she any accomplishment, any education; or is she merely the mother of the children? These questions are easily answered. Many of the Persian middle-class women are highly educated according to the Oriental ideas. They read and often write poetry; they sing and play, as a rule, well, and are mistresses of all the arts of plain and fancy needle work; cooking is a second nature to them; pastry-making and confectionery are among their pleasures. The accomplishments of the poor ones are naturally of a more useful kind. They are good cooks and bread-bakers; they make the clothes of the entire household; they often are able to add largely to the daily income by their knowledge of some business or trade, and none of them are idle.—*St. James' Gazette.*

—They were paring the elephants' toe nails when I dropped into the circus yesterday morning. At a motion of Prof. Newman one of the huge brutes would be loosened and come forward. At a word of command it would roll over on its side. Then a keeper would straddle one of its feet and begin operations with a draw shave. The sharp edge cut through the tough, callous substance as it would through cheese. The chips show a light yellow color, with pinkish tints. It is three or four inches thick on some parts of the foot. The animals seem to enjoy the operation. It has to be performed two or three times a year.—*Chicago News.*

—The Governor of Algeria has discovered a use for standing armies in time of peace. The greater part of the grain crop, he reports, has just been saved by turning the military loose on the locusts and crickets. No less than 276 cubic meters of locusts' eggs and 9,500 cubic meters of crickets were destroyed. The forced labor employed for this purpose, adds the report, represents a day's work of 1,700,000 natives—a sad commentary on the son of the desert's capacity for work.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The first college annual ever published in the South was recently issued by the University of Georgia.

—The nobility of England give $100,000 a year for missions, the Sunday-schools $500,000 and the "poorer classes" $2,000,000.

—The Chautauqua University has a non-resident School of Theology for the benefit of young ministers and others who wish to review their studies.

—The little Chinese Presbyterian Church in San Francisco gave for Home Missions last year $90; for Foreign Missions $158. The Chinese of Los Angeles gave $36 to one of the native helpers in China to open a mission school.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—Some vandal has stolen the ivy planted by the Yale class of '86. It was the gift of Mrs. Cushing, who got it herself from Mount Helicon, in Greece, from the face of a cliff where the marble was quarried for the buildings of the Acropolis of ancient Athens.—*Hartford Post.*

—A church in Morelia, Mex., has been agitated by a visit from the devil. Nobody saw the gentleman in person, but in a single instant every movable article in the church, except the reliquary and statue of the virgin, fell to the floor. It was plain that only the devil could have caused the disaster.—*N. Y. Times.*

—There are fourteen Presbyterian theological seminaries in this country, with libraries aggregating 203,000 volumes; eighteen Catholic, with 186,000; ten Congregational, with 118,986; fourteen Baptist, with 105,000; twelve Episcopal, with 86,000; thirteen Lutheran, with 52,000; one Reformed Dutch, with 37,000, and six Methodist, with 28,000.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—The country is becoming rich in schools and colleges. *Public Opinion* (Washington) figures out that the distinctively scientific schools number 92; manual schools, 255; medical colleges, 145; institutions for the higher education of women, 236; law schools, 57. There are 370 universities and colleges in the United States, with 65,522 students in attendance.

—The *Catholic Review* announces a new translation of the Bible into the Slavonian language by a Slavonian priest at Prague. It is to be published at the expense of a Slavonian dean and priest, who has given 10,000 florins for the purpose in gratitude to God for sparing him to celebrate his jubilee of fifty years in the priesthood. A copy is to be given to every Slavonian parish and convent church.

—The following advertisement recently appeared: "A father wants to find a school for his son where a manly and useful education will be given him, and where the teachers do not fill the heads of their pupils with humbug stories about nations that died and were buried thousands of centuries ago, not a citizen of which could either command a steamboat or manage a railway station."—*N. Y. Herald.*

—The report of the Baptist Missionary Union reveals remarkable activity and growing power on the part of the denomination. In the past seven years the receipts of the union have been $3,282,883, an increase of sixty-six per cent. over the receipts of the previous seven years. The number of missionaries has increased from 281 to 669. Over 700 churches have been organized and 467 church edifices have been built. It is now claimed that five-sixths of the Baptists in the world are in the United States.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—The man who is always looking for trouble is disappointed if he does not come to grief.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—The recent volcanic outbreak in New Zealand was followed by showers of mud. How like a political campaign!—*Alta California.*

—A donkey died of hydrophobia at Houston, Tex., but no other citizen of the town has had an attack of the disease yet.—*Newman Independent.*

—Marryin' a man ain't like settin' alongside of him nights and hearin' him talk pretty; that's the fust prayer. There's lots an' lots o' meetin' after that.—*Rose Terry Cooke.*

—"O if my creditors were only like my sins!" exclaimed Mr. Brown to his wife. "Why, my dear?" "Because my creditors call and catch me every day, but my sins always find me out."—*Springfield Homestead.*

—"What luck did you have fishing, Pennybunker?" asked an Austin gentleman of a well-known impecunious character, who owes nearly everybody. "Splendid! While I was out on the wharf twenty men with bills called at my house to collect money."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Lulu's grandma, becoming impatient with her noise, said to her: "Lulu, you are a mistake; you should have been a boy." Lulu was very thoughtful for a few minutes, then gravely answered: "Grandma, God don't make mistakes."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—In his capacity of debtor Jones pursues some queer methods. "As for me," said he, "when a creditor takes it into his head to write to me, I cross him off my list. That settles it; no money for him." "And when he doesn't write?" "In that case I wait until he does."—*Judge.*

—Dr. Gimlet returns empty-handed from a day's hunting, and in response to his wife's inquiries candidly confessess that he killed nothing. "Why," retorts Mrs. G. slowly, "you could have done better than that had you staid at home and attended to your regular business."—*Lowell Citizen.*

—The deacon's wife wanted to jot down the text, and leaning over to her scapegrace nephew she whispered: "Have you got a card about you?" "You can't play in church!" was his solemn, reproving answer; and the good woman was so flustered that she forgot all about the text.—*Boston Post.*

—Brown—"I saw that Nancy Bean just now; she is about as homely-looking woman as I ever set eyes on." Fogg—"Nonsense, man! she's not so bad; she's a great deal better looking than her sister." Brown—"Then you know Nancy?" Fogg—"No; never saw her. But I've seen her sister."—*Boston Transcript.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THREE LITTLE GIRLS' NAP.

Dear little Flossy is just as sweet
As any girlie that one may meet,
Her hair is yellow, her eyes are blue,
I think perhaps that she looks like *you*.

And Jennie well, she is also fair
As any lassie anywhere.
Her eyes are dark and her hair is brown,
In long, soft ringlets falling down.

And little Marie, it is hard to say
Whether her eyes are blue or gray,
And her hair with truth it may be said
Has just the *leastest* tinge of red.

These three little girls went out to play
In a clover field one sweet June day;
These three went out to play "I spy"
In a field of clover tall and high.

There they played till the sun went down,
The girls with the eyes of gray and brown;
The little one with the eyes of blue,
The one that possibly looks like *you*.

Then their mammas called them each by name,
Jennie and Flossy, but no one came.
She called out loudly: "Marie! Marie!
Where in the world can the dear child be?"

She started to look, it was getting late;
Where did she find them? as sure as fate,
There they lay in a little heap,
In the field of clover fast asleep.

In the fragrant clover fast asleep,
There they lay in a dear little heap;
Something as little boy blue, you know
Slept under the hay-stack long ago.

"We got so tired," the lassies said,
"So we played at last we would go to bed,
And we each of us said 'my soul to keep,'
And first we knew we were fast asleep."

And the girls with eyes of gray so true,
And brown, and the one that looks like *you*,
Told me, their aunty, the next day, what
A nap they had in the clover lot.

—*Carlotta Perry, in Chicago Advance.*

GRANDPA'S GARDEN.

The Constant Care Needed to Keep It Free from Weeds and Full of Beautiful Flowers.

"Grandpa, do come," pleaded Herbert; "you are doing just nothing, and I want you so much."

"Yet I am very busy, indeed," replied grandpa, "very busy."

Grandpa was sitting quite still in his big chair. Herbert looked about to discover grandpa's occupation, but could find nothing.

"Please tell me what you are doing, grandpa," pleaded Herbert.

"Weeding and looking into my garden," replied grandpa.

Herbert was more astonished than ever.

"Why, grandpa, you have no garden, have you? Mamma says she only wishes the yard was not all paving stones, with not a bit of flower border. Where is your garden, grandpa?"

Grandpa laid his hand upon his breast; "Here," he explained, "right here."

Herbert would have laughed loud and long at such an explanation had he dared, but he checked himself, and stood looking quizzically and inquiringly at grandpa.

"Every body has a garden," said grandpa; "some grow base weeds in their gardens, some grow tender flowers, but every garden requires constant attention; it must be watched and weeded."

Herbert had drawn the little stool closer, and sat down at grandpa's feet, with his chin resting on his hand and his hand upon grandpa's knee.

"My garden has required a great deal of attention," continued grandpa; "how does yours get along?"

Herbert smiled and looked down, and did not know what to say.

"Of course you know your heart is your garden," said grandpa, appearing not to notice Herbert's embarrassment.

"Oh, grandpa, you do make me laugh now!" exclaimed Herbert. "I never heard of such a garden."

"Never heard of such a garden!" exclaimed grandpa, in turn; and what is to become of it, pray, at that rate? Why, it needs to be weeded and watered every day of our lives, and if you let the work get ahead of you the chances are you will never make up for lost time."

"Grandpa, I am sure you are talking in joke," said Herbert, half amused, half perplexed.

"No, I am quite in earnest. The plants we grow are honesty or dishonesty, truth or falsehood, obedience or disobedience, patience or impatience, and many another plant of honor or of dishonor."

"My garden does not get along so very well," said Herbert, now beginning to see grandpa's meaning, and answering his question; "it is a funny notion, grandpa."

"Our garden is another name for our character; it is formed by the growth of many seeds; all kinds and sorts of seeds are springing up in the heart all the time. Its owner must keep a sharp lookout, and pull up, and clip off, and weed out, or matters soon get in a bad state."

"What kind of seeds, grandpa? I do not half understand."

"All kinds, good and bad; this minute a scrap of truth, the next minute a scrap of untruth; this minute a scrap of patience, the next a scrap of anger. The wise gardener pulls up the anger, and the untruth, just as it promises to shoot up."

"And where do the seeds come from, grandpa?"

"Sometimes from within ourselves; sometimes from the influence of other girls, boys, men and women; sometimes from God's own Spirit."

"It is a puzzle, from beginning to end."

"God puts good seed in our hearts—our gardens; if they are carefully attended they become healthful plants. Sometimes the influence of good or bad people takes root in our hearts; so we must be watching and weeding. Sometimes our wicked nature springs up into rank weeds. Your grandpa has been busy over his garden three score years, and yet finds plenty to do."

"What do you mean by watching and weeding, grandpa?"

"Taking time to think of such questions as these: What unkind word have I said to-day? what was my real, true motive in doing as I did to-day? was I selfish or unselfish in what I said or did? have I been honest or true ever since I awoke this morning? and many more questions of this kind, which will come of themselves into one's mind if we sit down earnestly to weed away the bad seed, and solemnly ask ourselves earnest questions, as before God."

"And that is what you call weeding your garden; I never could have guessed what you meant."

"Our good traits are like flowers; our bad traits are like evil weeds; both grow, if we allow them, and soon scatter seed into the hearts of other people; so by doing ill ourselves we endanger the character of others."

"We do not remember any thing about all this though, grandpa; indeed, I never thought of it in this way before."

"Yet it is so; just as truly as the thistle scatters its downy seeds we scatter the seeds which grow in our garden."

"But just boys do not matter, grandpa; when we grow big, of course, it is all different."

Grandpa was shocked.

"Never, never keep such a fancy," he said, quickly. "Is there a bad boy in your school?"

"Yes, sir."

"He lets his weeds grow and the seed get into the gardens of his neighbors."

Herbert had never looked upon such matters in this light before.

"If this boy takes no trouble to think over his wrong ways, and does not pull the weeds up, what kind of a man will he be?"

Herbert was thinking hard.

"It does matter, grandpa. I never did think a word about it just in that way, but Rupert will be a bad man, if he does not weed his garden."

"Then, Herbert, if Rupert's weeds should be pulled up, so should the weeds in every body's garden. I will go with you now, but do not forget about the garden. Stop sometimes and look in to see what is growing there; for, depend upon it, it takes a great deal of watching to keep the garden of the heart full of flowers."—*George Klingle, in Christian Union.*

THE GOGGLES FAMILY.

The Three Youngsters See the World, and Are Satisfied.

There were five of them. Mr. and Mrs. Goggles, and their three children, whom I had known from tadpoles.

They were quite respectable-looking frogs now, and, like most young folks, seemed to think they knew as much as or more than their parents; and often, on clear, moonlight nights, I have overheard Mr. Goggles talking to his youngsters, and striving to impress on their youthful minds some wholesome precept of sound wisdom.

But, as with human youngsters, so with frogs; the sermons all went in one ear and came out the other.

"The idea," the little fellows would argue, "of father croaking in that way about the world! Just because he and mother have lived *their* lives in this stupid old spring and meadow, to expect us to do the same! We will go out and see the world—that we will!"

The opinion was decided, the conclusion unanimous, that the young Goggles should see the world—with their parents' consent, if possible; if not, they would steal off some fine moonlight night.

When the subject was mentioned, Mrs. Goggles wept with despair.

That *her* boys should be so willful! There was the clear, cold spring, so deep, and affording such restful hiding to frogs. There was the lovely, green meadow, which, with the spring, had been the heritage of the Goggles family for years. Should she be left desolate and childless in her old age?

Mr. Goggles took it more calmly. Wiping his spectacles, he said:

"Boys, if you are determined to go, I'll not stop you. You'll soon be tired of the world. Remember, then, that both spring and meadow are open to you whenever you choose to return."

So the three frogs went forth to see the world.

Mr. Goggles told me all about it that night, as I rested at the spring, after driving home the cows.

Young folks would be silly, he said, and it could hardly be expected that they should show the wisdom which their parents had acquired only by bitter experience.

Mrs. Goggles was inconsolable at the loss of her children. She jumped to the bottom of the spring, with a loud splash, at my approach, saying:

"Here comes that meddlesome man, Goggles. I wish you wouldn't have so much to do with him. I hate 'humans,' anyhow."

Thinking Mr. Goggles lonely after the young folks had gone, I used to take my chair and cigar and sometimes spend whole evenings at the spring.

On such occasions, Mrs. Goggles would usually absent herself, either by retiring under a stone or going into the meadow.

The boys had been gone nearly a month, when, on coming home from a neighbor's one afternoon, I came on a young frog vaialy trying to make his way across my meadow. I picked him up and found that he had been wounded by a stone and was cut in several places. I gathered two or three large plantain leaves, and wrapping him in them, took him to the porch. After bathing him with some liniment, I covered him up in an old box and left him to recover.

That night, when I stopped at the spring, I found Mr. and Mrs. Goggles in the wildest state of excitement. Two of the boys had returned footsore, hungry and weary. But the third was, they feared, dead. His brothers had given an account of their journey; had made miraculous escapes from big fish in the pond and big snakes on land; and as they were journeying home to the dear old spring a boy threw stones at them. For awhile all three were senseless. But these two, recovering after a little, could see nothing of their brother, and so returned without him.

Then it just dawned on my mind that the third Goggles was in my box on the porch. Strange that I should not have recognized him at once.

The next morning, after doctoring his wounds once more, I returned the erring one to his home and friends.

Their delight and gratitude were unbounded, and I am a welcome guest at the spring now. Mrs. G. has grown very friendly, and I often sit and smoke my cigar there, with the five Goggles sitting at my feet. It is a happy and united family now. The youngsters wanted to see the world. They have seen it and are satisfied.—*Golden Days.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Keep insecticides and scythes out of the reach of children.

—The best market for any man, provided he has one, is the home market. He who "is near" to his market is better than he "who is far off."—*N. Y. Telegam.*

—A beautiful quilt for a present to a baby may be made of nun's veiling, lined with white sateen, with rosebuds embroidered on the turned over corners.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—Gooseberry Jam: A gill of water to each pound of ripe fruit; boil for an hour. Then add the sugar, three-quarters of a pound for every pound weight of the fruit. Cook slowly for another hour.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—We are asked if in planting potatoes it is best to turn the sprouts up or down. Practically we do not believe that it makes any difference, certainly not enough to warrant going to any special trouble about the matter.—*Troy Times.*

—Cheese and Egg Sandwiches: Grate the cheese, and to each cupful add the yelks of three hard-boiled eggs minced fine; rub to a paste with a teaspoonful of butter; season to taste with salt and pepper and spread between buttered bread or crackers. These are nice made of graham bread.—*The Caterer.*

—For graham wafers, take two-thirds graham and one-third white fine flour. Rub in a saltspoonful of salt, one-third of a small cupful of butter and a tablespoonful of brown sugar. Mix with fresh spring water enough to make a stiff dough, which should be rolled out thin and baked quickly.—*Toledo Blade.*

—Sweet-apple Indian Pudding: Scald thoroughly one cup of Indian meal and one cup of chopped sweet apple in a quart of boiling milk (skimmed), add two-thirds of a cup of molasses, a teaspoonful of salt and one of ginger, also a pint of cold milk. Bake in a covered dish from three to four hours. This eaten with sweet cream is delicious.—*Exchange.*

—Lady Fingers: Four ounces of white sugar, yelks of four eggs, mix well, four ounces of flour, mix again, and if too thick add one whole egg, and one-half teaspoonful of extract of lemon or rose. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and stir in last. Squeeze through a funnel made of white writing paper. These are used for Charlotte Russe and are very nice.—*The Household.*

—Raisin Pie: Grate the yellow from one lemon, discard all the white rind and seeds; chop remainder of lemon, and one cup stoned raisins. Add to these a little salt, piece of butter size of walnut, one half-cup molasses, one cup brown sugar, two cups water. Boil all together five minutes, then thicken with five tablespoonfuls flour. Bake between two crusts. This makes two medium-sized pies.—*Boston Budget.*

TWO FARMERS.

Two Ways of Investing the Profits From the Farm and Garden.

Two farmers we know own two farms which join. One farm contains 50 acres, the other 110. The farms are in New England. Farmer A. with his 50 acres has time to go to church, to the picnic and Grange. Time and again, while out riding with his family, he passes by farmer B, toiling in the field with never a thought for any thing but labor. Farmer A's wife has a horse of her own, which she can drive as she likes. The boys and girls have books and magazines and the time to read them. Mrs. B. has to beg for days for a horse, and then must take the old mare that can only be induced to hasten out of her slow walk by a thorough application of the stick.

Every rod of the smaller farm does its work. Manure is a respected friend. The crops raised are those that sell for cash. The soil does not run out because the farmer makes a business of keeping it up. On the larger farm there are weedy pastures. The manure is put into small strips of the best land. The grass is never fertilized. The soil is expected to make up in area what it lacks in quality. Farmer B. makes money, for he never spends any. He looks across at his neighbor and sneers. Do these extra horses, these books and papers pay? Not a cent in cash. Farmer A. puts it like this: "Neighbor B's idea of true profit is different from mine—that's all. He wants his in hard cash; I'm ready to spend a part of mine in comfort. I can't spend my money to a better advantage than in making my family contented. I could save this money and buy more land, but I like my little farm. I feed it and it keeps its strength. Why should I spend the best part of my life in continually grubbing for money that will never benefit me?" Now, friends, which plan do you like best? Which are you following? What is your idea of true profit? Is your money in the bank, or is it invested in happiness? Think it over.—*Rural New Yorker.*

IMITATION MILK.

An Obnoxious Fluid Composed of Potash, Glycerine and Other Chemicals.

The air is so full of rumors of frauds practiced in the dairy business, or rather on it, that credit is now given to the story that San Francisco has been the victim of imitation milk made from nitrate of potash, glycerine and other pleasant chemicals. It is said the people of San Francisco have been fed on this compound for many months without finding out that they were being imposed upon by a substitute for cow's milk. It was only the other day they made the discovery, as this imitation so closely resembled the pure article that only the bottled fed babe could detect it. All of which reads very nicely, at the same time there is not much temptation for the man who knows all about cow's milk to take much stock in this story, for it is hard enough to keep genuine milk tasting like itself without trying to imitate it with a foreign compound. It is easy enough to make a white insipid stuff that resembles milk in color and consistency but there the likeness ends and the taste soon tells that something is wrong about it, though, of course, the unaided taste can not always tell just what the matter is.—*Agriculture.*

COLUMBUS' BIRTH-PLACE.

A Corsican Town Whose People Are Rudely Upsetting Biography.

While statesmen and patriots are busy making history, the citizens of the little town of Calvi have been industriously upsetting biography. Every one knows that Christopher Columbus was born at Genoa. The intelligent school-boy has read it in the geography books. The hard-working tourist has noted it in his Baedeker. The statue to the great navigator has been set up just outside the railway station, regardless alike of expense and (the critics) say of nature. No one can come in or out of the city without being impressed by the fact that he has seen it. The citizens of Calvi have endured this for years. But the inhabitants of an island which produced a Bonaparte were not to be silenced by statuary or guide books. Recently they revolted and claimed their rights. Such festivities were held in honor of Columbus that all Corsica must regard his birthplace as settled. A marble tablet has been let into the front of the house where he was born, and Calvi claims, henceforth, an indefeasible honor. Unfortunately, some sixteen miles out of Genoa the frontage of a little mean tavern in the village of Cogoleto also exhibits a remarkable plaque. This is the inscription engraved upon it: "Stop, traveler. Here Columbus first saw light. This too straitened house was the home of a man greater than the world. There had been but one world. 'Let there be two,' said Columbus, and two there were." Till Calvi can rival this superb piece of grandiloquence, Cogoleto is safe.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Rebuking His Tailor.

Mr. Shers, a New York tailor, while at Manhattan Beach, in passing through the hotel perceived Judge Clamwhooper, who never pays his bills, busily engaged at a dinner fit for a king.

"Here's a pretty state of things," exclaimed the enraged tailor, "here you owe me for the clothes you have got on and you can afford to pay for champagne and the delicacies of the season."

"That's where you are off, I don't pay for any thing. I get all these delicacies on a lingering credit just as I got these clothes from you on credit. Don't you, Mr. Shears, in your pride and self-conceit, imagine that you are the only man to whom I owe money. I owe lots of money to men who put on twice as much style as you do, men who have got as many dollars as you have cents. Because I owe you money you must not imagine that socially you are my equal."—*Texas Siftings.*

Circumstances Alter Cases.

"I see that this man Quacker is coming again," said a Dakota editor to his business manager, referring to a traveling physician, "and I have just written a column article which I think will fix him. I spoke of his deluded victims and——"

"Well, it won't look hardly right, will it?—he just came in and left an ad."

"Is that so? One of his column ads?"

"Yes, he said that he had decided to advertise in our paper exclusively as he believed it to be an excellent medium."

"Yes, of course. Say," he added, turning to the foreman, "just kill that piece headed 'Death to all Quacks and Frauds.' I must go and write another to take the place of it—I suppose we might as well give the doctor a pretty good send-off."—*Estelline (D. T.) Bell.*

This is the dude's own season. Every thing is fresh and green.

The color produced by Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers, is permanent and natural.

To promote digestion, to keep the body healthy and the mind clear, take Ayer's Pills.

When a singer's voice fails he can not take up his notes.—*Lowell Citizen.*

A Complete Feminine Toilet Service always includes Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, Black or Brown, 50c.

No, my boy, the ryse in wheat will barley make a man cereal well if he gets corned.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is agreeable to use. It is not a liquid or a snuff. 50c.

Hens are very exclusive. At least each one likes to stick to her own set.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Isn't it paradoxical that 1:20 o'clock is past one, while 1:30 o'clock is only half past?—*Texas Siftings.*

Queen Elizabeth style is expected to come in again about 1888. This is, indeed, ruff.—*Boston Transcript.*

When amateur sparrers contend for a cup, the cup should be in the shape of a punch-bowl.—*Puck.*

When a woman wants to drive a hen she shakes her dress at it. Cloth shoos, as it were.—*Easton (Pa.) Press Press.*

St. Louis has a citizen called Pye. This gentleman's boy is familiarly known as "old Pye's son."—*Chicago News.*

Edward P. Weston has walked 63,500 miles since 1868, but he doesn't seem to have got very far away.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"Great men often rise from small beginnings," says a writer. They often rise from small endings, also—*e. g.*, the point of a pin.—*N. Y. Herald.*

It is stated that a young girl in New York is a skillful locksmith. She is probably one of those whom Love laughs at.—*Texas Siftings.*

The first mention of clams in song is where "John Anderson, my Joe, John's" wife reminds him that they "clam the hill together."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Educated tramps are rare. They always say: "I seen some wood." They never put it: "I saw some wood."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

"Lawks!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, "what monsters these master-builders must be! I am told some on 'em have as many as a hundred hands!"

"What are you doing there, you rascal!" "Merely taking cold, sir." "It looks to me as if you were stealing ice." "Well, yes—perhaps it will bear that construction."

It is a curious fact that whenever a British Parliament gets into hot water it is sure to dissolve.—*N. Y. Independent.*

It is a sleepy old coat that has had no nap in seven years.—*St. Louis Chronicle.*

People who live in glass houses should have curtains.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Every Woman Knows Them.

The human body is much like a good clock or watch in its movements; if one goes too slow or too fast, so follow all the others, and bad time results; if one organ or set of organs works imperfectly, perversion of functional effort of all the organs is sure to follow. Hence it is that the numerous ailments which make woman's life miserable are the direct issue of the abnormal action of the uterine system. For all that numerous class of symptoms—and every woman knows them—there is one unfailing remedy, Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," the favorite of the sex.

A green turtle can live six weeks without food. That is why it is green.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

A Strong Endowment

is conferred upon that magnificent institution, the human system, by Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" that fortifies it against the encroachments of disease. It is *the* great blood purifier and alterative, and as a remedy for consumption, bronchitis, and all diseases of a wasting nature, its influence is rapid, efficacious and permanent. Sold everywhere.

A man must not expect to live in clover simply because he marries a grass widow.—*N. Y. Independent.*

* * * * Premature decline of power in either sex, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Book for 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Made of all work—the newspaper.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

If afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

If a man's wife is well-bred, he never wants any but-her.

Distress After Eating

Is one of the many disagreeable symptoms of dyspepsia. Headache, heartburn, sour stomach, faintness and capricious appetite are also caused by this very widespread and growing disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach, creates an appetite, promotes healthy digestion, relieves the headache, and cures the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia. Read the following:

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced. It relieved me of that faint, tired, all-gone feeling. I have felt so much better since I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I am happy to recommend it." G. A. Page, Watertown, Mass.

N. B. Be sure to get only

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Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

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Cleanses the Head. Allays Inflammation. Heals the Sore. Restores the Senses of Taste, Smell, Hearing. A quick Relief & positive Cure.

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A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable to use. Price 50 cts. by mail or at druggists. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

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This medicine combines Iron with pure vegetable tonics, and is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. It Enriches and Purifies the Blood, Stimulates the Appetite, Strengthens the Muscles and Nerves—in fact, thoroughly Invigorates.

Clears the complexion, and makes the skin smooth. It does not blacken the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*all other Iron medicines do.*

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Mrs. T. Henry, Catlettsburg, Ky., says: "I suffered for many years with ulcers in my stomach; was confined to my bed from debility; was unable to retain anything on my stomach. I used Brown's Iron Bitters with the most satisfactory results. Can now eat almost anything."

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Celebrated "ECLIPSE" HALTER and BRIDLE Combined, can not be slipped by any horse. Sample Halter to any part of the U. S. free, on receipt of $1. Sold by all Saddlery, Hardware and Harness Dealers. Special discount to the Trade. Send for Price-List. J. C. Lighthouse, Rochester, N. Y.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

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$65 A MONTH and Board for 5 live Young Men or Ladies in each county. P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia.

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A. N. K.—C. 1097.

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 4, 1886.

TO THE REPUBLICANS OF GARRETT COUNTY.

You are requested to meet in your respective districts on

Saturday, September 11th, 1886

for the purpose of selecting five (5) delegates from each district to meet in County Convention in Oakland on

Friday, September 17th, 1886,

for the purpose of selecting three delegates and three alternates to represent Garrett county in the Republisan Congressional Convention to meet in Hagerstown Tuesday, September 21st, 1886, to nominate a candidate for Congress from the Sixth Congressional District of Maryland.

Members of the District Committee are requested to make the necessary arrangements for the primaries named in this call.

By order of the State Central Committee for Garrett county.

DANIEL CHISHOLM,
Chairman.

Hon. W. L. Wilson, the present Congressman from the Second West Virginia district, was re-nominated by acclamation at the Keyser convention Wednesday of last week. Wilson has already served two terms.

The Second Annual Reunion of the Grand Army of the Republic and Veterans' Association of Somerset county, Pa., will take place in Somerset, on Friday, the 17th day of September, 1886—the 24th anniversary of the Battle of Antietam.

Between 9 and 11 o'clock Tuesday night a succession of earthquake shocks passed over the eastern section of the North American continent. The western portion seems to have escaped entirely, as no shock was felt at Omaha, Ogden or San Francisco, while it was very light at Chicago. The severity of the disturbance varied in different localities, from a slight quivering, noticeable only in the top stories of the higher buildings, to shocks which swayed the buildings and caused chimneys, &c., to topple over. The shock was felt in Oakland about 10 o'clock, but was so slight as to be barely noticeable.

The Ohio State Republican convention Wednesday of last week nominated Gen. James S. Robinson for Secretary of State. The platform declares "that the Democratic administration of President Cleveland has failed to keep the pledges upon which it came into power. It promised retrenchment and economy, but has been the most extravagant ever known. It has shown itself incapable of securing an honorable adjustment of the fisheries question, and has subjected us to the humiliation of seeing our flag insulted, our seamen seized and the vessels of our citizens confiscated by the authorities of Canada, while with rash haste and blundering it has involved us in complications with our friendly neighbor, the sister republic of Mexico."

The Hagerstown *Mail* (Dem.) in an editorial on the Congressional question, says:

Mr. McComas will be the Republican candidate. He is by all means the strongest candidate they can nominate. He is thoroughly acquainted with the people of the district—is active and has made an able, attentive and obliging representative. What will give him strength with the people will be the fact that he will be running for the third term. The intelligent people of Western Maryland do not agree with the few, who may want to succeed Mr. McComas in Congress, that a man from Maryland should not go to Congress the third time, for experience shows that his usefulness just begins after he is there several terms. The men of great influence in Congress are those who have been there from ten to twenty years. If the Maryland standard of Congressmen is to be elevated, she must send her representatives there a number of years. We feel assured the people generally think so, and this will make Mr. McComas stronger than if he would be a new candidate.

We object to Mr. McComas because he is a Republican; because he represents principles which we oppose. He is in favor of that which we think is politically wrong. We want this district represented by a Democrat—one who will represent Democratic principles.

The *Christian Advocate*, the representative of the Methodist church, writing of the third party movement in New York, says:

"There is no Christian or temperance man who will withhold his ballot or halt between two opinions when he is convinced that the proper time has come for action, and that practical methods are being advocated by honest men. Indeed, these three essentials are necessary to the success of any cause, and the Prohibitionists have yet to convince the majority of temperance men that all of these essentials are embodied in their movement.

The temperance men of both of the great political parties reject the recent movement, not from party prejudice, but because they condemn the present methods as being impracticable, and they remain in their respective parties, not because they are slaves to them, but for the reason that they can find nothing better than an organized form,"

The *Advocate*, in further commenting on the evil results of the unwise action of these political Prohibiitionists, gives the following practical illustration; In ten assembly districts in New York, where Prohibition candidates were nominated, they received a sufficient number of ballots to accomplish the defeat of ten known temperance men who were candidates of the other parties, and every one of the ten men elected from these districts voted against the bill to submit the question of prohibition to a vote of the people, which was discussed by that legislature and which was defeated by a majority of two! In this case it will be seen, as in many others, the Prohibitionists defeated their own cause by their unwise methods.

The Miners to Gov. Lloyd.

CUMBERLAND, MD., August 27.—The miners of George's Creek coal region, as well as the Knights of Labor, have been waiting very patiently for Governor Lloyd to take action on the Mining bill that passed both houses unanimously at their last session: The Knights of Labor, after waiting for some time for His Excellency to dispose of the bill, sent the following resolutions to him, and which to-day are given to the press, so the citizens of the region may see the action they have taken in the matter.

BARTON, MD., Aug. 3, 1886.

To His Excellency Governor Lloyd:

Dear Sir:—At a delegated meeting of the Knights of Labor of Allegany county the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, We, with the assistance of the best legal talent of the county, drafted, in the interest of and for the protection and health of the miners and mine laborers of Allegany and Garrett counties, what is known as the "Mining and Ventilation bill," and placed the same in the hands of our late lamented senator, Hon. A. B. McKaig, by whose hands it passed rapidly and unanimously through the Senate, meeting with the same kind of treatment in the House of Delegates. Its abstraction and return to your possession are too well known to need repetition. Therefore be it

Resolved, That we most earnestly solicit such information as at this date you have in your possession why said bill did not become a law, to the great injury done to thousands of good citizens of the county and other matters in connection with said bill, which you no doubt are conversant with. Hoping we may have an early reply, we are respectfully your humble servants, Knights of Labor committee. James Campbell, secretary.

Mayor Hodges states that he refused while in Bar Harbor, to be introduced to Mr. James Blaine. This reminds us of a story of an ex-Confederate general, now a resident of Baltimore. The story has been told before, but seems peculiarly apt in connection with the supreme disdain with which Mayor Hodges treated the Maine statesman. This Confedate general had been captured by Major General Hancock. Under guard he was led up to Hancock's tent. With the instincts of a true gentleman, General Hancock stepped from his tent and extended his right hand to the Confederate prisoner. "No, sir," said the Confederate, "under these circumstances I decline to shake hands with you." Hancock, who towered about three feet above his prisoner, looked at him a moment, then quietly said, "Under any other circumstances I should not offer you my hand." No doubt, if Mr. Blaine should ever hear that he had been treated with scorn by the Mayor of Baltimore he would feel over it about as Major General Hancock felt over the refusal of his Confederate prisoner to shake hands with him.—*Baltimore American.*

The Society of West Virginia Veterans will hold its first Re-union at Portsmouth, Ohio, in connection with the Re-union of the Society of the Army of West Virginia, September 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th. This Re-union will excel anything of the kind ever held in Ohio.

A Needed Reform.

[Baltimore Sun, Democrat.]

The subject of reform in the cerical and administrative service of the Legislature of Maryland impresses itself upon the public mind every time the General Assembly meets. The officers and attendants of the Legislature have been quite numerous and costly enough to the people of the State. There is not a session at which some gross blunder does not occur, either in making up the journal, as in the entry in the Senate journal as to the vote on the third reading of the Armstrong marriage license bill, or in engrossing the bills, as in the case of the substistution of 1870 for 1875 in a bill passed by the Legislature of 1874, which blunder, whether willful or accidental, came very near costing the Drum Point Railroad Company its character; or in presenting bills to the Governor for his signature, as in the case of the bill before the Legislature of 1882 to strike out the word "white" from the bastardy law, which was never passed by the Legislature, but which was presented to the Governor for his signature, was signed by him, and will be found printed in the official volume of the acts of that year. Still more scandalous things are of biennial occurrence at Annapolis. It is a recognized fact that one of the methods of killing a bill which has more opponents in the lobby than among the members is to steal it from the files, either during the time it is pending before one or other of the two houses, or as in the case of the miners' bill at the last session, after it has passed both houses and is awaiting the action of the Governor. There have been charges besides, more or less well authenticated, that the vote as it is announced and is recorded in the journals is sometimes not the vote which was actually cast.

State of Trade.

NEW YORK, Aug. 27—Special telegrams to *Bradstreets* report a continuance of favorable trade, the features heretofore noted of the movement of general merchandise is fully equal to that in the past week, while the total volume for August thus far is equal to, and in points, is excess of like periods in preceeding years. The total bank clearings at thirty cities show a decline of $93,065.548 or 10½ percent as compared with that of last week. The shipments of dead freight east from Chicago show a marked increase as compared with last week and receipts of grain at primary markets are heavy.

The domestic money markets are fairly firm and at the east the demand is noticeably in excess of the supply owing to the special denfand at this time for funds to pay for grain forwarded. It is noteworthy that the demand for funds for use in commercial and industrial enterprises at the west continue large. The New York stock market has been dull and heavy, owing to the stringency of the money market here, the unsettled condition of the London market and the disturbed condition of politics in Eastern Europe. The money market is firm on call; loans are 6@8 percent and time loans are 5@6 percent, are difficult to obtain. Foreign exchange is slightly firmer owing to the advance in the bank of England's rate. The New York Stock Exchange's transactions this week aggregated 853,000 shares against 1,402,000 shares, and bond sales of $5,000,000 against $8,000,000 a week ago.

The dry goods trade with Eastern jobbers is active. Owing to the reclassification of railway freights on dry goods the shipments from New York have increased very materially. Sales of woolen dress goods, both American and foreign, have been heavy. Cotton flannels have also been in active demand. Plain cottons have advanced in price since June 1 ⅛@¾c. per yard. The distribution of clothing is active. Print cloths are steady.

Pig iron is very firm and any material gain in demand is likely to cause increased production. Scotch irons are a shade higher, about 25 cents per ton. Steel rails are stiff at $34.50 per ton, at which figure makers are receiving about $7 profit. No advance is probable in the near future.

The Kansas corn crop will be larger than expected, which has helped trading in that region. The spring wheat crop in Minnesota is also in excess of late anticipations. The price of wheat has declined to some extent, owing to expectation of heavy deliveries to the increased visible supply and to freer selling by holders.

The total number of failures in the United States this week was 150 against 129 last week, 146 the like week last year. Canada had 26 this week against 17 last week and 8 last year. Improved demand for sugar has caused small local advance, but the announcement that the estimate of the beet crop had been advanced to 2,500,000 tons caused a decline in London.

Cleveland and Blaine.

A reporter of the *Evening Star* gives in that paper the result of interviews had with public men recently touching the outlook for 1888. He finds them committed to a man to the idea that Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Blaine will again oppose each other. Mr. Cleveland is esteemed a stronger man to-day than ever before, and upon lines that promise him a steady increase of influence and popularity. The indorsement of the administratton by the Democrats of the different States is declared to be enthusiastic and without equivocation. The case as to Mr. Blaine is stated as follows:

Mr. Blaine's friends think his chances for securing the Republican nomination are greatly increased by "his being out of politics." Just now they think the rivalry among other candidates who have been brushing against one another during the winter put them all out of the question. Being out of the way, Blaine has not irritated his rivals by protrusive agitation, and he has been left alone, while Sherman, Logan, Edmunds and the rest were cutting one another's throats. Meanwhile, Blaine's friends have very adroitly shaped things so as to make the campaign issues those with which the Maine man is most directly associated as champion. The issues made in McPherson's campaign book are said to represent Blaine throughout, and are practically what he will make a point on in Maine this fall. The campaign this fall, it is said, will follow a line marked out by Mr. Blaine, and will bring to the front questions upon which he is particularly strong. His closest friends made no concealment of the fact that they consider him the most available candidate in the party, and that they expect circumstances to lead to his nomination. It is predicted that his speeches in Maine during the coming campaign will emphasize this.

Enough of Free Trade.

LEWISTON, ME., Aug. 28—Mr. Blaine, in his campaign address here yesterday, advocated the policy of protection as against that of free trade. Among other things, he said that we only needed to protect those products which were brought in competition with those of other nations. Numerous articles, like tea and coffee, which we could not produce in our climate were not taxed, and placed on the free list. This was absolute free trade, and the United States has it to a degree never known in any government since government was known among men. England has no free trade with her colonies. They tax her products. England cannot export an article to Canada without its being taxed at the custom-house, whereas all articles produced in any part of the United States are sent to every other part free of duty. There was more free trade in this country than could be found in the whole continent of Europe. Therefore, we combine the benefits of protection from foreign competition with internal free trade. It would be absurd to enlarge our free trade system so as to give foreigners access to it. One of the sins of the Democratic party consists in their willingness to expose our workingmen to the competition of men who are not to day getting one-half of the wages of American labor.

A Manly Response.

Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette.

Francis Murphy, who has just returned from the One Thousand Islands, said yesterday in response to the attack made upon him by Sam. Jones: "I consider it a great compliment to be accused of getting a respectable hearing from publicans and sinners. I am sorry that Jones should think that I have committed a sin in preaching the Gospel to the very class of people to whom Christ himself appealed. The Pharisees called Christ the friend of publicans and sinners. But *He* did not come to call the righteous but sinners to repentance." After quoting a number of Biblical texts in support of his work, Mr. Murphy continued: "I am a man of peace and I think that to enforce the laws against drunkenness requires a kindly and loving spirit. If the law should be made a yoke of oppression, the people would rise up against it. If Jones meant me when he said 'a man with one arm around a saloon-keeper and the other around a drunkard,' I am sorry for him. My views on prohibition are to leave the question entirely to the people to decide on an unpartisan platform, as has been done in Kansas, Maine and Iowa."

Colonel Baughman is a gentleman of discretion. He doesn't want to fight with McComas unless he is pushed into the ring. In deference to the Colonel's prudence, we take pleasure in stating that after Mr. McComas is through with him, we will publish a great and appropriate obituary notice for him free of cost.—*Baltimore American.*

The commissioner of internal revenue has issued regulations to collectors concerning the oleomargarine law. Revenue officers are relieved of the necessity of proving the imitation or resemblance to butter, except as to the mixtures of tallow, beef fat, etc., and the commissioner says that establishments of the magnitude necessary to successfully conduct the manufacture of oleomargarine may be easily discovered, and are likely to be found adjoining slaughter-houses. Manufacturers are required to give bond, not less than $5,000, and to keep books showing the articles used in making the oleomargarine, and to make monthly returns of the same. They must also display their full names, business and number on the factories. Explicit directions are given for stamping the oleomargarine. Imported oleomargarine is not compelled to have the internal revenue stamp attached until withdrawn from the custom house for sale. Provision is made for appeals in cases where the nature of any substance supposed to be deleterious to health is concerned. On October 1, when the law goes into effect, all oleomargarine in the hands of dealers must be in wooden packages of not less than ten pounds, and all not properly marked is to be seized.

Packing Butter for Winter.

In putting down butter for winter use in a small way there is nothing better than large well-glazed crocks, with covers close fitting and glazed inside as well as outside. Glazing on the inside of covers is often neglected and when it is the porous earthen, which is a powerful absorbent, soon becomes loaded with foul matter that gives off bad odors and infests whatever the crock may contain. The packing should be solid and the butter reach to one inch of the top of the crock and the butter covered with bleached muslin free from any starch or sizing. The jar should then be filled with all the salt it will hold and snugly pressed down. Then turn on a little pure water—just enough to rise to one one-half the depth of salt and no higher. Brine on the butter with dry salt on top makes a better protection than all brine or all dry salt. Then cover as closely as possible and set in a cool dry cellar—not on the ground—and if the butter is all right when it is packed it may reasonably be expected to be sound next winter. In a large way, 100-pound white oak firkins, after being thoroughly cleansed of sap and all liability to imparting woody flavor by soaking in boiling not water, may be usen in the same way as crocks.

Probation After Death.

NEW YORK, Aug. 28.—Just as soon as the summer vacation is over the leading clergy of the Congregational Church will confer on the question whether the unrepentent heathen has a spell of possible probation after death. The difference of opinion in the American Board of Foreign Missions has become a heated controversy. The trouble began when Secretary Alden refused to appoint as missionaries persons who believed that there was any salvation for heathen who died unconverted. He held that the belief in a probationary period beyond the grave was heterodox, and therefore disqualifying in a candidate for labor in a foreign mission field. Some of his fellow members of the board disagreed with him on that doctrinal point, and the issue is now so sharply defined that no further progress in missionary work can be made by the Congregationalists until it is settled. The present idea is to hold a conference of a hundred representative Congregationalist divines in this city in October. The question at issue is considered by many so vital and the belief of the church so divergent that a division of the missionary society, if not of the denomination itself, is imminent.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

SCHOOL BOARD MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Aug. 31st, 1886.

A meeting of the Board of County School Commissioners will be held on

Thursday, Sept. 9th, 1886,

for the transaction of business.

E. H. BARTLETT,
9 4 1 Secretary.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS
OAKLAND, MD., August 25th, 1886.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office at Oakland, on

Monday, Sept. 13th, 1886,

for the transaction of such business as may properly come before the Board.

By order of the Board.

W. H. HAGANS,
8 28 3t Clerk.

TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

FREE SCHOLARSHIPS.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Aug. 31st, 1886.

The two Scholarships offered to this county by the Trustees of the Maryland Agricultural College, are to be filled by the Board of School Commissioners.

The great educational advantages offered, at the moderate cost of one hundred and fifty dollars per annum, for tuition and board, including washing, light and fuel, render these Scholarships very valuable, and early application for the same should be made.

For Catalogue and further particulars, apply to

E. H. BARTLETT,
9 4 2t Secretary Board School Comm's.

GO TO

W. C. L. CORRELL'S NEW STORE,

In the Michaels Building, Oakland.

FOR BARGAINS.

Having just opened a full and complete line of

Boots & Shoes,

I feel confident I can suit all classes at very LOW PRICES. Also HATS AND CAPS, for men and boys, at BOTTOM PRICES. I have also on hand a good line of

Dry Goods and Notions and Gent's Furnishing Goods,

to which I expect to add in time for the fall and winter trade a full and complete stock of Men's and Boys' CLOTHING. It will pay you to come and see me before purchasing elsewhere.

8 21 86 W. C. L. CORRELL.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Miss Lilly Brown and Miss Mary Weber will open a

PRIVATE SCHOOL

for pupils of all grades, at the Oakland Public School Building, beginning

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, '86,

and continuing for a term of twelve weeks.

TERMS VERY MODERATE.

Circulars can be obtained at Sturgiss's Drug Store. 8 14 td.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the matter of the Deed of Trust from Kate A. Rasche and Henry A. Rasche, her husband, to Wm. P. Townshend, Trustee.

No. 362 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

The Creditors of Mrs. Kate A. Rasche are hereby notified to file their claims properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, on or before the 11th day of September, 1886, as on that day I will state an account in the above Cause, distributing the fund in the Trustee's hands amongst the Creditors entitled thereto.

E. Z. TOWER,
8 21 3t Special Auditor.

W. H. BUTLER'S Cheap Cash Grocery

—AT THE—

"LITTLE BIG" STORE

ON SECOND STREET,

OAKLAND, MD.

May 18th, 1886.—tf.

BALTIMORE FEMALE COLLEGE.

By the terms of the endowment of the above college, one pupil from each county is entitled to free tuition in all the branches taught in the college, with stationery and use of books.

The scholarship for Garrett county is vacant at present, and the Judges of the Orphans' Court are authorized to fill the same by appointment.

Applicants will please file their applications at once.

SAMUEL LAWTON,
7 24 Register.

MARYLAND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

Next Session Opens September 20, 1886.

Besides the regular Collegate Course, embracing ENGLISH, the CLASSICS and the SCIENCES, special Courses in AGRICULTURAL, CIVIL and MECHANICAL ENGINEERING and APPLIED CHEMISTRY are provided, under the direction of

A Full Corps of Professors and Eminent Lecturers.

A liberal equipment in the shape of a Chemical Laboratory and a Museum of Minerals, Woods, Seeds, Skeletons, Charts, &c., is also provided.

The Cadets are under Military organization and Discipline.

Send for Catalogue giving full particulars as to COURSES OF INSTRUCTION, TERMS and SCHOLARSHIPS.

Location unsurpassed for beauty, healthfulness and convenience of access.

Address: AUGUSTINE J. SMITH, President, MARYLAND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, Prince George's county, Md. 7 24

FOR SALE!

Steam Engine, Saw Mill and Shingle Machine.

I am authorized to sell a Fifteen Horse Power "Page" Engine, Saw Mill and Shingle Machine, with carriages, &c., complete, the property of Mrs. Eva F. Riggs. The mill has been in use about five years and is in good running order. Will be sold cheap for cash or collateral which may be easily converted into cash. May be examined at Swanton, Md. Must be sold soon.

For price and terms address or apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

$200.000 in presents given away. Send us 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the $200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

A HOME CHEAP.

I have a fifty acre lot, with small house and other improvements, about four miles from Oakland and two miles from Mountain Lake Park, which I will sell at a moderate figure. Application should be made soon.

W. H. TOWER,
7 17 tf Agent.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Lenge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

—Go to J. M. Davis & Son's for the celebrated Telegraph Cider Mill.

—Sachs & Pruden's Ginger Ale at A. J. Harne's.

—"Pel's" Ladies' fine hand-made shoes at OFFUTT'S.

—If you want a good Cider Mill, call on J. M. Davis & Son.

—The "Improved Buckeye Cider Mill," at OFFUTT'S.

—Hon. Wm. Brace, of Cumberland, was in Oakland Tuesday,

—We noticed Prof. Wade, of Morgantown, in Oakland Tuesday.

—A full line of men's and boys' course boots at Correll's New Store.

—Thomas Cook Hughey, a well-known former resident of Cumberland, died Saturday, August 21st, at Lebannon, Ohio.

—We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of a large box of choice grapes, the gift of Mr. Frank Kern, of near Morgantown, W. Va.

—Mrs. Isabella Welch, who has been with friends near Morgantown, W. Va., for about a year, is again in Oakland for a protracted visit.

—Mrs. Geo. Rippon, of Jacksonville, Ill., and her little daughter Nellie are visiting their cousin Mrs. Jos. Haslam, and are delighted with the mountains.

—Messrs. Carrolton and Allen Perry, sons of Mr. A. A. Perry, of Oakland, are at home on a two weeks' vacation. They are in the insurance business in Baltimore.

—Married, at the residence of the bride's parents, near Oakland, Md., September 1st, 1886, by Rev. J. P. Wilson, Mr. John A. Wagner and Miss Mollie Johns.

—Hon. Lewis E. McComas, our present able representative in Congress, accompanied by his family, were at the Oakland Hotel from Saturday until Wednesday.

—Lee Kussart, Esq., editor and proprietor of the Kingwood (W. Va.) *Argus*, paid our office a pleasant visit Thursday of last week, on his return from the Keyser convention.

—Mrs. Airsworth, who is visiting her niece, Mrs. Jos. Haslam, will return to her home in Philadelphia on Wedneseay, greatly pleased and benefitted by the mountain air of Oakland.

—The following teachers, well known in Garrett county, have secured public schools in Allegany county: Wm. Johns, principal of Mt. Savage school; A. W. DeWitt, principal of Bowery school; Ed. A. Browning principal of Grahamtown school.

—WANTED TO BUY.—A good saddle and buggy horse. Weight from 1,000 to 1,200 pounds. Age 4 to 6 years. Good action. Sound, quiet and free from bad habits. A. F. Rogers, at Parsonage, near Henry Beckman's, about three miles from Oakland.

—The new grist mill of Mr. P. P. Gortner on the West Union road, about four miles from Oakland, has been completed and is now ready for work. He asks for a share of the public patronage which he will endeavor to deserve by fair and satisfactory dealing.

—Married, on the 1st instant, at Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church, Mr. Asa W. Waters and Nellie Dawson, both of Cincinnati, Ohio, by Rev. Dr. Thomas Fullerton, of Washington, D. C. The groom is a prominent attorney of the city of Cincinnati, Ohio.

—Messrs. Ren and Will Smith, of Johnstown, made a business visit to Hardy and Hampsher counties, W. Va., last week, to look after their landed interests there, returning this week. They trought with them and left at this office a sack of peaches raised on their farms, for which we return thanks.

—The Baltimore *Sun's* Oakland correspondent says: "'Yough Manor,' a tract of land comprising 9,000 acres, lying on both sides of the Youghiogheny river, has been offered for sale. The general opinion is that it will be purchased by the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and that the narrow gauge road already projected to 'Skipnish,' a tract now owned by that corporation, will be extended through 'Yough Manor,' so as to intersect the Pittsburg and Connellsville road at Confluence, Pennsylvania. If the project is carried out it will open up a large and now undeveloped portion of Garrett county, and very materially enhance the value of lands in that section."

—Miss Lizzie Leary, of Oakland, is on a visit to relatives and friends in Hagerstown,

—School Examiner Squires, of Kingwood, paid us a very pleasant call Thursday morning.

—Married, Aug. 8th, 1886, at the residence of Mr. Chas. A. Friend, by Rev. Joseph DeWitt, Mr. Josephus Ferguson and Sarah E. Strawser.

—Married, Aug. 29th, 1886, by Rev. Joseph DeWitt, at the residence of the bride's parents, Adam Schlossnagle and Edith V. Friend.

—Married, Aug. 29th, 1886, at the residence of Charles Schlossnagle, by Rev. Joseph DeWitt, John J. Schlossnagle and Amanda Deitrick.

—Persons attending court are requested to call and examine the large stock of Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps at the New Store, in the Michael building, Oakland, Md.

—A Hunter Boyd sold Saturday last at Mortgagee's sale the farm located near Frankville, this county, formerly owned and during the last years of his life occupied by the late ex-Governor Francis Taomas. The farm is one of the best producing places in Garrett county, contains 410 acres, and was sold for $2,900, William E. B. Broadwater being the purchaser.

—The large two-story frame building, used as a laundry and servants' quarters of the Oakland Hotel, was totally destroyed by fire Saturday morning last. Besides the loss of the building, the guests lost heavily, and the servants lost almost all they had. The fire is supposed to have been caused by a defective flue. For a time there was a feeling of uneasiness as to the fate of the main building.

—The pulpit of Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church was occupied last Sabbath by Rev. John S. Lefevre, one of the former pastors of the congregation worshipping in said church, and delivered an eloquent and powerful sermon, which will long be remembered by those in attendance. His many friends were glad of the privilege of bidding him welcome, but disappointed in that he could not protract his stay longer among them, and trust that he will be able to make his visits more frequent and of longer duration, that his health, which is precarious, may be restored, and thus be enabled to serve in the cause in which he so much delights. He was accompanied by his beloved, admired and accomplished lady. Come soon again, Bro. Lefevre. T.

Cheap! Cheap! Cheap!

A big lot of Childrens' and Infants' shoes, at the New Store in Michael building.

Notice to Tax-Payers.

Mr. Jonas E. Gnagey, tax collector for this county, will be in Oakland during September court, in order to afford those in attendance an opportunity to pay their taxes.

Horse and Wagon For Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale a good work horse, 8 or 9 years old. Gentle, sound and will work any where; also a one-horse spring wagon and set of single harness.

C. B. CROPP,
9 4 tf Oakland, Md.

Episcopal Visitation.

The Rt. Rev. W. Paret, Bishop of Maryland, will visit St. Matthew's Church on Wednesday next, September 8th. Morning prayer 10:30 A. M. Evening prayer at 8 P. M. in Anderson Chapel, Swanton. This being his annual visitation the Bishop will preach at both services.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. D. Nydegger, Druggist, Oakland, Md.

Go to F. G. Hyde, the Reliable Jeweler

For watches, clocks, jewelry, silverware, eye-glasses, spectacles, etc., either wholesale or retail. The largest stock of reliable goods in this part of the country. Everything fully warranted to be just exactly what it is. I handle everything that appertains to the jewelry trade, at prices that will stand comparison with any responsible house. An inspection is requested.

F. G. HYDE.
7 17 tf Oakland, Md.

For Sale.

The property owned by the late Thresa M. Smithman, corner third and Water streets, Oakland, Md. will be sold at private sale. This is a very desirable property and will be sold in whole or in part, to suit purchaser. Terms reasonable. For further information call on or address

JOS. H. SMITHMAN,
5 15 tf Oakland, Md.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Communion services and missionary collection at 10½ A. M. and song service at 7¾ P. M.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 7¾ P. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M., and 7¾ P. M., by Rev. C. W. Sechrist.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

St. Matthew's Church—Rev. J. Newman, Rector—Holy Communion at 8 A. M.; morning prayer and sermon at 11 A. M.; Sunday School at 4:30 P. M.; evensong 5 P. M. Wednesday evening prayer at 5 P. M.

Please Pay Up.

We are forced to again appeal to our delinquent subscribers to make an effort to pay up their old score. We are sadly in need of money at the present time. The September term of our Circuit Court will afford an opportunity for either bringing or sending back subscription accounts. Don't put it off any longer.

"Kicked" by a Gun.

Mr. George Wiseman, whilst out bird shooting near Oakland, Wednesday last, was painfully cut and bruised about the face, by the rebounding of the gun. He fired at a bird and both barrels were discharged at the same time. In the rebound the hammer struck him in the cheek, cutting entirely through, and the gun stock bruised his face. He says that he killed the bird.

Cloaks.

We have just opened a large stock of Ladies' Wraps, the latest New York styles, Short Wraps, Jackets, Circulars and Newmarkets, manufactured of boncle cloth, corkscrew diagonals, &c.

We have also in a line of fall Hats, Velvets, Fancy Ribbons, Astrachan and many other new and desirable goods.

M. L. SCOTT,
Baltimore Store,
Oakland, Md.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Garrett county, Md, for the month of August, 1886.

Buayer, John.	Latrobe, Mrs, T.
Codling, Frank	Lewis; Susanah
Carter, Miss Hattie	McConnell, Mrs. J. J.
Dunlop, Will	Murphy, Miss Annie
Digman, T. B.	Mills, Miss S. M.
Doody, Miss	Porter, Maj. D. E.
Encil, Chas.	Robinson, W. J.
Fisher, Miss Nancy	Schank, Chas. (foreign)
Heelf, Isaac	Smith, H. H.
Henson, Robert	Thompson, O. D.
Hyatt, Geo. W.	Thomas, Jno. W.
Hopper, Mrs. Le. V.	Thomas, Adonijah
Jacubs, Mrs Sallie	Woodward, McM.
Kellogg, Com. A. G.	Werner, Miss Bertha
Kelley, Bridget (for)	Young, C. W.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

P. HAMILL, P. M.

A Band Pic-Nic at Frostburg.

The Amalgamated Band Association pic-nic held Saturday of last week at Frostburg was largely attended. Special trains were run over the Cumberland and Pennsylvania Railroad, and brought large crowds from all points along the road. Upon the arrival of the train from Cumberland about half past ten o'clock, a procession was formed at the depot. It marched to the Centennial Pic-nic Grounds, just outside of the city limits, in the following order: Colorbearer, Cumberland City Band, of Cumberland; barouche, containing Hon. Louis E. McComas, of Hagerstown; Potomac Cornet Band, of Barton; Frostburg fire department; Jackson Cornet Band, of Lonaconing; German Arion Band, of Frostburg; Independent Cornet Band, of Eckhart; Marine Band. Immediately upon the arrival of the procession at the grounds Mr. McComas delivered an address of welcome.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses were granted to the following parties during the month of August:

Simon Peter Baker and Elizabeth E. Warnick.

Wm. M. Cayton and Carrie Adams.

Joseph Duitch and Laura F. Jones.

Wm. A. Rodehayer and Alice Jennings.

Garrett Maxwell and Flora Dillon.

Wm. F. Jordon and Carrie Belle Boyd.

John J. Schlosnagle and Amanda Deitrick.

Adam Schlosnagle and Edith V. Friend.

John C. Brattan and Mary Deahe.

Orvily D. Johnson and Mary E. Shaffer.

Daniel Albright and Annie Miller.

John Fallonse and Ella E. Roggs.

Asa W. Waters and Nellie Dawson.

John A. Wagner and Mary E. Johns.

And two with request not to publish.

Good Shooting.

The target shooting at Wilson Post Camp, given in our last issue, did not include the shooting of Thursday, when the Haymakers gave an exhibition in compliment to Gen. W. E. W. Ross, who was elected honorary president of the team. The marksmen were as follows: Col. E. H. Wardwell, Capt. Chisholm, Lieuts. Jamison and Johnson, Corps. G. D. Browning and William Stoyer, and Private Louis Friend. They made the score of 220 out of a possible 245. Capt. Chisholm made the score of them—33 out of a possible 35.

Following is the score in detail:

Lieut.-Col. Wardwell	4 4 5 4 5 5 5—32
Corp. G. D. Browning	5 4 5 4 4 5 4—31
Capt. Chisholm	4 5 5 4 5 5 5—33
Corp. Wm. Stoyer	5 5 5 4 4 4 5—32
Louis Friend	4 4 5 5 4 4 4—32
Lieut. Jamison	3 4 5 5 5 5 5—32
Lieut. Johnson	4 4 4 4 5 5 4—30

Total, 220.

Parlor Concert.

On Monday evening, through the courtesy of Dr. E. H. Bartlett, a Parlor Concert for the benefit of St. Matthew's Church, was held in the large parlor of the Glades Hotel. The room was tastefully decorated, and at 8 P. M. a large number from Oakland and Deer Park had assembled to enjoy the musical treat prepared for them.

The following programme of music was rendered in a manner evidencing the most careful preparation, and the frequent and enthusiastic applause clearly showed the pleasure of those present:

PROGRAMME.

1. Piano duo, "Hungarian Dances." Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Gen. J. G. Foster.
2. Duet, "Spring Song." Mrs. Murry Cheston and Mr. Wyatt.
3. Soprano solo, "Arab Song." Mrs. Reynolds.
4. Duet, "La luna immobile," Mrs. M. Cheston and Mrs. E. K. Goldsborough.
5. Tenor solo, "Rhein lied." Mr. Martin.
6. Piano solo, "Gavotte." Mrs. Brown.
7. Soprano solo, "Pienor." Mrs. Reynolds.
8. Violin solo, "Reverie." Miss Maud Tarlton.
9. Duet, "When I know that thou art near me" Mrs. Reed and Mrs. E. K. Glodsborough.
10. Quartet, "Sweet and low," Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Cheston, Mr. Wyatt, Mr. Fellows.

Lack of space prevents particular mention. Every selection was rendered accurately and with most pleasing expression, and a rare treat was furnished to lovers of good music.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending August 30:

Otto Speelman and wife to Geo. W. Dunham, part of a tract of land called "Rich Hill"—110 acres; $700.

Wm. C. Cunningham and wife to Bashrod C. Washington, their interest in tracts of land called "Cheviot Dale" and "Hunting Dale;" $1000 and other considerations.

Wm. P. Townshend, Trustee, to David Aronhalt, 143¼ acres of land in county; $1110.

David Aronhalt to Stugley Clark, the above named piece of land—143¼ acres: $1110.

John O'Brien and wife to Bernard Reilly, lot No. 9 in Oakland; $1 and other considerations.

Wm. C. Pennington, Trustee, to Henry Kamp, part of a tract of land called "Rights of Man," second part, and lot No. 1—200 acres; $500.

Gilmor S. Hamill, attorney for J. S. Jamison, Mortgagee, to Henry Wagner, Sr., and Jacob Gnagey, a tract of land called "Smooth Valley"—200 acres; $1350.

Public Notice.

Having purchased the large and commodious house on Maine street, in Oakland, Garrett county, Md., generally known as the Ludwig house, and finished and furnished it throughout I will open it to the public on the 13th of September, 1886. My aim shall be to anticipate the wants of my guests, and make it pleasant for them while stopping with me.

Terms moderate.

J. AULT,
8 28 2t Proprietor.

A Dakota citizen had just finished a funny story, and everybody in the bar room laughed but a stranger near the door.

"You don't laugh, Mr. Stranger," hinted the Dakota man.

"I heard that story in Boston ten years ago."

"Oh, did ye?" and the Dakota man reached around to his hip-pocket and pulled a gun.

"But," added the Bostonian, hastily: "It's still funny enough to smile over.

And the crowd leaned its elbows on the bar and smiled comsumedly.

"My!" said the tramp, as he sat on a block of ice, mistaking it for a step: "this is a cold and slippery world, in which we're always making missteps."

A pretty girl won a musket in the French lottery. When they gave it to her she asked: "Don't they give a soldier with it?"

Brother Gardner's Summer Sermons.

Detroit Free Press.

Dar am sartin fings which you kin chalk down on de cellar doah wid a feelin' dat you am gwine to hit nine times whar you miss once.

De wuss a man's breff smells de clusser he am gwine to git to you in argyment.

It am twice as easy to spend fifty cents to go to de circus as it am to pay back two shillings of borrowed money.

No man can remember where he frowed his empty cans and bottles until he diskivers dat somebody has dumped ashes ober his fence.

Broadcloth and silks looks well on de streets, but dey doan hit werry well wid cold 'tators at home.

De walue of de dog you kick am no gauge for de feelins of de owner, if he happens to be around.

Nine men outer ten borrow wid de expectashun of bein just so much ahead. De odd one will want to borrow again as a reward fur his honesty.

It am powerful easy to discriminate between a wise man an a fanatic. De wise man belongs to your party; de fanatic to de opposishun.

While you should luv your naybur as yourself, doan gin him to understan dat you kin be depended on to lie awake o' nights to protect his grape arbor.

De man who figgers dat he can so live as to dodge slander an escape malice has got a heap o' thistles waitin fur his bar feet.

The aiverage man's bizness word kin be depended on up to a sartin pint—as far as he will profit by keepin it.

De problem of livin doan depend so much on hangin to an old welvet ca'pet in de parlor as it does in savin de crusts and crums in de kitchen.

When a man's whisky costs mo' dan his flour he should stan ready to wote fur de buildin of two wings on de county po' house.

While it am true dat all men war created equal, a heap of us have got spiled in de bringin up. About de only time social barriers is abolished am durin a steamboat exploshun.

A Yankee Trick.

A six-foot Yankee, seated upon a load of brooms, drove his team up before the door of an establishment where he expected to find a purchaser. Jumping from his seat, he entered the store, and the following colloquy took place:

Yankee—Can't I sell you a load of brooms to-day, mister?

Dealer—No; don't want any.

Yankee—Better take 'em; sell 'em dog-cheap.

Dealer—Don't want 'em, got enough brooms.

Yankee—I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll take the lot, I'll let 'em go for a dollar a dozen; you know they are wuth double that

The dealer stroked his chin for a moment, as if in deep thought, and then replied:

Well, I don't want any brooms, as I told you; but I don't mind making a trade with you.

Yankee—What sort of a trade?

Dealer—Well, I'll take your whole load at a dollar a dozen, and pay you one-half cash, you to take the other half in trade.

Yankee—No you don't mister, You'll charge me such an all-fired profit on the other half that I might come out at the little end of the horn.

Dealer—Oh, no; I promise you that you shall have the goods just at what they cost me.

Yankee—Wall, mister, that's what I call squar' dealin'. It's a bargain.

And he commenced to unload the brooms in a pile on the sidewalk. When he got through he walked into the store: "There you are, mister; just fourteen dozen, which I criculate makes just $7 coming to me."

Dealer—Yes, that's right; there's the money. Now, what goods do you want for the other $7?

Yankee—Wall, I dunno. You see mister, I hain't much posted in your other truck, so I guess I'll take brooms!

A special to the Baltimore *Sun* from Cambridge says that in regard to the resolutions adopted by the George's Creek miners asking Governor Lloyd why the mine ventilation bill has not become a law, Gov. Lloyd stated that the bill is now in the executive department, but has never been indorsed by the secretary of the Senate, and was never presented to him for his approval. Regardless of the question of its merits, he would not sign any bill coming to the department so long after the adjournment of the Legislature and in such an irregular manner.

Rural recreation abroad and books at home, are the innocent pleasures of a man who is really wise, and gives fortune no more hold of him than of necessity he must.

A veteran authority on the subject says: "People have the idea that the base ball business don't amount to anything, but you may be surprised to know it, that one house alone in New York does a business of $50,000 a year, making nothing else but base balls. There is a large demand for them, especially in the West and South, and they are sent to Canada, Omaha, New Orleans and Cuba in large quantities. In the height of the season the largest house in New York employs seventy-five persons and turns out 300 dozen balls a day. This year the manufacturers have more orders than they can fill, and the demand is far ahead of any previous year. An interesting fact about base balls is that in the past fifteen years the only important change in the professional dead ball is that of a double cover. Of coure fifteen years ago they did not have everything quite so fine about a ball, for there were no professional clubs then, and the players were not so particular. No patent was ever obtained on the shape of the covering to a base ball, though there have been a number of claimants to its invention."

Words of Wisdom.

Think much, speak little, write less,

A young man idle, and old man needy.

Better it be done than wish it had been.

Report is a quick traveler, but not a safe guide.

A wise man changes his mind, but a fool never.

The greatest glory of a free-born people is to transmit that freedom to their children.

Conscience is a great ledger-book, in which all our offences are written and registered.

Those who act right walk with the stars, and with all the deepest processes of the universe.

Education is the only interest worthy the deep controlling anxiety of the thoughtful man.

"What was that great racket I heard in your wood-shed after you got home from fishing last night?" asked one Estelline small boy of another.

"It was me swingin' the buggy whip for fun," the other replied.

"But I heard somebody jumpin' around too?"

"Oh, that was pa seeing if he could jump over the wash-boiler and two tubs."

"But who was it yelled so like thunder?"

"Why every time he made an extra high jump he would holler kinder in fun, you know."—*Estelline Bell.*

There is room for the exercise of charity everywhere—in business, in society and the church; but the first and chiefest need of it is at home, where it is the salt which makes everything sweet, the aroma which makes every hour charming, and the divine light which shines starlike through all gloom and depression.

The girl who never screams when she sees a snake isn't a safe girl to marry. With her clam, cool, collected, unexcitable disposition she would hit where she aimed with the rolling pin every time.—*Christian at Work.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TRUSTEES' SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

TIMBER

—AND—

MINERAL LANDS.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in the State of Maryland, standing as No. 372 on the Equity docket of said Court, in which John Swan and others are complainants and Willie Swan and others are defendants, the subscribers will sell at public sale,

ON SATURDAY,

THE 2D DAY OF OCTOBER, 1886,

at 11 o'clock A. M., at the Glades Hotel, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, the tract of land known as

"Yough Manor,"

containing about 9,000 acres of land more or less. The said tract is situated on the

"YOUGHIOGHENY RIVER,"

in said county, and extends from said river to the West Virginia line, and is about 15 miles from Oakland, on the Baltimore & Ohio Rail Road, and about 15 miles from Confluence, on the Pittsburg & Connelsville Rail Road.

It is valuable for the large quantities of Pine, Oak and other varieties of timber common to the region, and now upon it; also for the large veins of bituminious coal, iron ore, lime stone and fire clay upon it, and lying in convenient proximity to each other. It also contains a large quantity of good tillable land, a small portion of which is improved and in cultivation.

THE TERMS OF SALE Provided by the decree are: One-third of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, one-third in one year and the balance in two years from the day of sale, or the whole in cash, if the purchaser prefers it. The deferred payments, if any, to be secured by notes of the purchaser with security to be approved by the trustees.

WM. J. READ,
D. W. SLOAN,
J. H. GORDON,
8 7 3t Trustees.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND. GARRETT CO., MD.

THE PRIZE ESSAY.

She left the crowded platform and
The air was filled with cheers,
Her essay was so sweetly blent
In mingled smiles and tears.

Her subject "Woman's Mission" was,
She treated it with care,
And showed the line of noble names
Of women wise and rare.

"O, do not think to wed!" she said,
"A slave unto the ring!
'Tis better far in fancy's flight
To soar on freedom's wing!

"Too prone we are to think," cried she,
"That marriage is the goal
To which each maiden's pathway tends—
And all Life's currents roll.

"My voice is still for liberty,
No bonds of love for me!
I'll show the world a happy sight—
A spinster wisely free!"

She tripped away amid the flowers
That flew from far and wide;
In just four months she was of course,
A proud and happy bride!

—*Cleveland Sun and Voice.*

A CAR ROMANCE.

A Hot Day, an Accident, and the Result.

I.

"All-conquering heat, O intermit thy wrath,
And on my throbbing temples potent thus,
Beam not so fierce."—*Thomson's "Seasons."*

It was a warm summer afternoon. The sun was sinking behind the tall roofs and the shadows were falling full half-way across the deserted street. Not one of them appeared to be able to stand up. They crawled, stretched out, and in every way wrestled with the stern decree of nature which makes shadows always fall; but their only progress was toward the limpid gutter and the granite curbstone opposite. One grizzled old man with a palm-leaf fan, a white sun-umbrella, a seersucker coat, and a contingent reminder of wardrobe making the usual complement, was the only person visible. He dodged forward from house to house, pausing where the shade was thickest and driving ahead with reckless energy where intervening spaces let the sun at him. He had nobody to express his opinion to, but he was apparently slightly displeased with the weather.

At the third corner from the place where he was discovered by the gentle reader, he sat down. A broad, cold expanse of marble steps received him and he uttered a sigh of pleasure. Suddenly he got up again. The servant had been washing the steps and had forgotten to dry them. With a wild despairing cry he was about to make public the sentiment: "S'Death, I am undone," when the cheerful tinkle of a bell was heard. He turned and it turned. It came round the corner and moved full force toward him. Attached to it was a mule, and to the mule a street car. Two minutes later, any old resident of Philadelphia standing near this point of vantage would have admitted that it was one of the palatial vehicles of the Nineteenth street line. He raised the signal of distress and whistled to be taken on board, but for a moment his damp bandanna baffled the breezes in vain. The driver evidently did not notice him; he had the front door open and was talking politely—as is the habit of Philadelphia street car drivers—but firmly to some one inside the car. One or two passengers were on their feet, and there seemed to be a mutiny in progress. The mule, which at first seemed to be listening to the driver's remarks with approbation, turned away for a moment to aim his tail at a fly, and caught sight of the neglected fare. He hesitated, waited for encouragement and stopped. An old colored woman with a market basket, who had been standing near the back door trying to clutch the bell-strap, shot out into the sun and kissed the cobblestones very suddenly; but there was no other visible damage, and the old gentleman and his umbrella climbed into the car.

II.

"To marry a wife, if we regard the truth, is an evil; but it is a necessary evil."—*Menander.*

By a sudden movement the mule continued to stand still, and as it is too hot to stand around with him, readers who are interested may as well come in off the hot bricks to the home of Archibald McFadden. They will find it more comfortable still, if they make the time about eight a. m., when Archibald rose from his tardy breakfast. He had no coat on, and instead of a palm-leaf fan, he had a fork in his hand; but they would need no introduction to him, for he had already been introduced, later in the day, pulling along the hot street, sitting on the wet steps and climbing into the bob-tail car. He was through breakfasting when he rose up, for Archibald never left a good thing while it lasted, but he was evidently pained. He held the waist-band of his trousers. Two buttons had departed and his suspenders were left in the lurch. Gentlemen who have been unfortunate enough to have led a bachelor's life, and ladies who have heard them growl, are aware that the loss of two buttons on one side approaches the awful proportions of a fatal accident. Two buttons so distributed as to make one departure on each side of the meridian line are not of so much consequence, for statistics show that 738 out of every 1,000 bachelors live, move and have their being in that perilous condition anyhow. But two on one side! Ruin and desolation! There would be at least three inches difference visible to the public in the amount of striped cassimere on duty at the ankles.

In this case, that three inches applied directly to the ankles of Mr. Archibald McFadden, and with that piercing, analytic insight into the deep problems of human existence which always characterized his mental nature, he saw that some remedy must be applied. He was even then—at the moment the fair reader discovers him—on the way to apply it. He had mingled his last last cup of coffee with cogitation on the subject, and had determined to try a nail. The fork in his hand, hitherto unexplainable, was intended to wrench from its resting place the desired article. Its head shone bright as a tallow candle on a dark night when he opened a cupboard door and dragged out a box filled with black bottles and marked in big letters "soap." He smiled and wrenched off part of the lid to get at it; then he put the prongs carefully about its neck and bent downward on the handle. There was a report, a howl and an expletive which, in justice to Mr. McFadden, must be omitted. The tempered steel had snapped short off and a pronged hand struck him in the eye.

"Now, by my halidom," said he, when the bright light of day struggled into his retina again, "I can endure this bachelor's life no longer. I must change it for a better."

And Archibald McFadden was putting this rash resolve into execution when the reader formed his acquaintance. For Mr. McFadden was a man quick to act.

III.

Fate steals along with silent tread,
Found oftenest in what least we dread,
Frowns in the storm with angry brow,
But in the sunshine strikes the blow.

—*Cowper.*

As Archibald dusted off the seat with his palm-leaf fan and puffed himself into it he noticed a young lady standing near the front door, talking very earnestly with the driver. The mule resumed operations suddenly, but that only disconnected the conversation, without breaking it off. "What is the matter?" said Archibald to a vinegary looking lady of uncertain age who sat near him. The lady drew the folds of her dress a little closer to her, twitched her nose slightly but firmly, and remarked, with rather unnecessary vigor that she was not in the habit of being spoken to by strange men in the cars. Then she relented a little, if her features were any indication, and finally told him that he might find out if he listened. He thanked her—for he was never deficient in politeness—struck her off his list of possibilities and addressed his ear to the young lady's story.

"I thought that ticket was all right," she said, taking one moment between each word for an attractive blush, "but if you say not I suppose I am mistaken."

"Oh oh-h-h!" she shrieked, after a long look through the glass box. "It's a Turkish bath ticket! I bought a package only yesterday."

"Indeed," said the prim lady, with her nose and inflection rising at equal angles, while the driver imparted the information that neither he nor the officers of the company were likely to need such a thing. "I have a friend, however," he was just going to say, when the mule interrupted and the balance of the proposition died within him.

"I guess you will have to put in another ticket," he said, when he had recovered himself.

"But I haven't one," said the maiden, beginning to show the sparkle of two tear-drops. "Didn't I tell you I picked up the wrong package?"

"Well, then, some money. Five cents, please!"

"I have none of that, either," she said, tremulously.

"Well," said the driver, finally—but Archibald McFadden, as we have seen, was a man quick to act.

"Never, sir," said he, glancing defiance around the car; "no woman shall be put out into the cold world while Archibald McFadden has the money to pay her car fare."

He had forgotten in his earnestness about the temperature, but the sentiment was all right. Then he put his honest hand into his pocket. He flushed a little and then made the same effort on the other side; then he tried his vest; then his coat-tails, and then the pockets where more sanguinary men carry their revolvers. His hair stood straight up as the search was finished and the palm of his hand still showed empty air. He would have said nothing about the cold world if he had spoken again. It was remarkably warm on his side of the car.

"Well, then," began the driver once more, "I was just going to say, when that old codger interrupted me, that I would let you ride free. You can pay the fare some other time."

Archibald breathed harder than ever and the young lady sat down. There was something about her he liked. The fair hair rippled back from her forehead like the wavelets on a sunny brook, and her blue eyes beamed toward him like the violets on its banks.

"She is a better girl than the one I am after," said he, "even if she has no money, and, by Jove, I'll sacrifice myself. I'll find out, however," he added, prudently, "before the thing goes too far, whether she can sew on buttons or not." And then he braced himself up in his seat and patted his hair down with his left hand.

"Ahem, madame," said he. "Excuse me, but I was just in the act of helping you when that driver coarsely interfered. Can I be of any further service?"

"No, sir, thank you," said the fair one, sinking back into the corner as if she were glad to be through with the adventure and conversation.

Archibald was discouraged but not cast down. He moved a little nearer and cleared his throat. "Don't let any little feelings of reserve," said he, in mild chosen words, "prevent you from accepting a necessary favor from a stranger. I wish," he went on eloquently, throwing his whole soul impresively through his eyes, "to be of any service that I can."

The young lady was speechless and only shook her head.

"She is evidently affected," thought Archibald. "Now to press on to victory." He moved up an inch nearer and had a choice word just ready to fall from his lips, when the lady rose suddenly, smiled at some one running after the car. "My husband," said she, sweetly. "You can offer your suggestions to him." Archibald fell back abashed as a stalwart young man, with clear dark eyes and a big mustache, climbed into the car. The lady greeted him enthusiastically, like one very glad of his presence, and whispered something in his ear. He turned, glared at Archibald, and stepped toward him with clenched fists. "So, sir-r-r-! said he—but a swash which made the car reel, a crash, the breaking of glass, and the hoarse adjectives of the driver stopped him where he stood. One side of the car grew dark. He reeled, fell on the floor, and Archibald, bleeding from a cut on his forehead, fell beside him. The lady shrieked, and an awful howl rose from the other passengers. The car had run into a hay wagon.—*Tid-Bits.*

THE GREAT EASTERN.

Fate of the Most Gigantic Specimen of Modern Shipbuilding.

After many vicissitudes of fortune, in the majority of which the evil has certainly predominated over the good, the Great Eastern has at length been turned to a use which is decidedly pleasant, and which offers bright promise of ultimately becoming very profitable. For some weeks past the great steamship has been lying in the Mersey, and a kind of world's fair has been held on board every day and evening, to the intense delight of the Liverpudlians, great and small. The humors of that "Folly on the Thames," of which Ainsworth discoursed so picturesquely in "The Miser's Daughter," seem to have been revived in the leviathan argosy which was the crowning work of the inventive genius of Brunel and the constructive capacity of Scott Russell; but the somewhat tooexuberant joviality which made of "The Folly" a kind of floating Vauxhall has, in the case of the Great Eastern, been toned down and modified so as to be in accordance with the scrupulously decorous requirements of this extremely moral nineteenth century. The success of the venture has been so great that the proprietors of the enormous galleon propose to take her from port to port, always from an exhibition point of view; and there would not seem to be any valid reason why in process of time the Great Eastern should not turn up in the Bay of Dublin and in the Cove of Cork, in the Clyde or in the Firth of Forth, in the Downs or at Millwall, or in Plymouth sound; while, if some little difficulties in the way of coaling could be got over—and what obstacles are there where plenty of ready money will not surmount?—she might some day or other find the heartiest of welcomes at Barcelona or at Cronstadt, at Hamburg or at Rotterdam, to say nothing of a trip round the world touching at Naples, Colombo, Madras, Calcutta, Bombay, King George sound, Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane and Auckland, and returning by way of Cape Horn and the ports of the North Atlantic seaboard. If M. de Lesseps could only get the Panama canal finished, the Great Eastern might solve the problem of perpetual motion, and be incessantly circumnavigating the globe.—*London Telegraph.*

NOTHING BUT TALK.

Pretended Dissatisfaction of Wealthy People With Their Riches.

Nothing is more ridiculous and contemptible than the pretended dissatisfaction of wealthy people with their riches. An instance of this kind was furnished by an Eastern paper the other day. A millionaire was going up the *Tribune* elevator, and, incidentally hearing that one of the elevator men had gone to see the base-ball match, delivered himself of the following rot:

"That is right. You are not rich and can afford to enjoy yourselves. I am weighed down with wealth and must work from morning till night to take care of my interests. I wish I was boycotting somebody so that I might have a rest."

This is a fair sample of a great deal of talk that is heard from wealthy men. It would be better left unsaid, because nobody believes that it is honest or that it is not arrant humbug and hypocrisy. If these rich men are sincere they could very easily lessen their burden. It is not very difficult to get rid of one's money. But they don't want to get rid of it. They want to get more all the time, and they work hard and decline recreation solely for this purpose. Instead of contracting their business, they go on enlarging it. They are so wrapped up in money-getting that base-ball has no attractions for them, and that is the real reason they don't go to see the games. No, your average rich man has no desire to be a poor man, whatever he may say to the contrary. He is very well contented with his lot in life.—*Chicago Journal.*

THAT WAY HIMSELF.

Why a Traveler Submitted Gracefully to the Lunch-Counter Man's Extortions.

At a railroad lunch counter a stranger, indignant to see a fellow traveler charged four dollars and a half for a ham sandwich, which he pays without protest, exclaims: "What barefaced robbery!"

"That's so," the traveler assented calmly.

"Why he has charged you four dollars and a half for a sandwich that isn't worth more than five cents."

"I know it," said the other, tranquilly handing out two dollars for a five-cent cigar and receiving no change back.

"There's more extortion!" fairly screamed the stranger.

"It looks like it," returned the other, with the same exasperating imperturbability.

"Are you going to stand it?"

"O, yes, I suppose so."

"But how in the name of Heaven can you submit to such outrageous charges?"

"I know it is outrageous but it don't astonish me at all," said the traveler, moving towards the train about to start, "I am a little in that way of doing business myself."

"How's that?"

"I'm a plumber."

That settled it.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Mrs. A—— went into the kitchen one morning and informed Ellen that Mr. Thompson, a neighbor and prominent resident, had committed suicide. Ellen looked at her with an expression of mingled astonishment and disgust, and said: "Oh-h-h, mum, has he? Wid who?"—*Harper's Monthly.*

—The night school at Sing Sing prison for the benefit of the prisoners, which was started by Warden Brush in January, 1884, is said to have accomplished excellent results.—*N. Y. Mail.*

EMPRESS OF LOTA.

A Rich Woman Who Is a Potentate in the Heart of a Free Republic.

I notice an interesting paragraph in an English journal which informs us that a Leith firm has just completed a handsome screw steam launch, which has been built to the order of Mrs. Couteno, a South American lady, who is reported to be the richest woman in the world. The launch, which is built of steel, is twenty-five feet in length, and is to be employed as a tender to her large yacht. (The large yacht is engaged at present in the unpretending but profitable trade of carrying coal from Lota to Valparaiso.) It is elaborately fitted up in polished mahogany and is to be dispatched forthwith by one of the mail steamers from Liverpool for conveyance to Chili.

Besides being the richest lady in the world, she also enjoys the singular privilege of being Empress over a tract of territory called Lota, which lies some two or three hundred miles south of the port. It may appear strange to speak of an Empress in the heart of a free republic, but nevertheless the fact exists, and so absolute are her Majesty's powers that there are few of her subjects who would be resolute and courageous enough to claim the possession of their own immortal souls, or who would not be prepared to deny that on the making of the place a special arrangement was made with reference to coal deposits between the Divinity and the reigning monarch.

During her absence the Government is carried on, much as it is in Ireland, by means of a Viceroy, with this exception, that while the Irish are not infrequently rebellious and troublesome and actually lay claim to the the right of having a slight say in their destinies either in this world or in that which is to come, such a supernatural effort never enters the simple and uncomplaining minds of the population of this remarkable portion of God's footstool. And why should it be otherwise? The Viceroy, or boss Pasha, and his court have been so long accustomed to licking and cleaning the boots of their sovereign mistress, and passing along their own in return to their subordinates, who perform a similar but humbler task, and keep the ball rolling always downward, that it would be at once a dangerous and unkindly action to persuade them that they are featherless bipeds and not dirt-eating automatons.—*Panama Star.*

BOHEMIAN GLASS.

How the Most Beautiful Effects in Coloring Are Obtained.

The ornamentation of the glass is done partly in connection with the exposure in the furnace and partly in the finishing shops, where the work is completed by cutting, polishing, tarnishing, etching, painting and mounting in metal. The glass-houses have at their command a very complete color scale for transparent, opaque and clouded glasses. But it must not be supposed that a crucible is placed in the furnace for each color, from which glass colored for each ornament is to be made. The colors are worked out by means of what are called pastes, which are kept on hand in sticks or cakes. From pieces of these pastes, previously warmed till they are soft, suitable quantities are cut off, laid upon the foundation of white or colored glass, and then spread out by drawing or blowing. By this means only is an economical use of such costly materials as gold and silver compositions possible. Some of the glasses thus treated—gold, copper and silver glasses—remain still little, or not at all, colored after the melting, shaping and quick cooling, and do not take on their bright hues until they are reheated. This is the case with the new yellow-silver glass, which continues uncolored after the inter-melting of the silver salt until it is exposed in the furnace again. Very fine effects are produced by blending or overrunning of paste-colors, provided proper attention is given to the laws of harmony. A blue glass cup is, for example, overlaid with silver glass at its upper edge, and this is drawn down in gradually thinner tones till it fades away at the foot of the vase. Gold and copper ruby-colors are thus combined with green glasses, etc. Another brilliant effect is produced when a still hot bulb of glass is rolled in finely pulverized aventurine glass, and after this is melted, and previous to the shaping of the vessel, is overlaid with a coating of either colored or colorless glass.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

A Female M. D. of Nineteen.

The advance of the ladies is as marvelous as it is irresistible. Here is Miss Dolores Lleonart-y-Casanovas, M. D., who has just taken her doctor's degree at Barcelona. She began her university studies at the age of eight; when thirteen she became a B. A., and now, at the ripe age of nineteen, after coming out first in all her examinations, and taking numerous prizes she is a fully qualified physician and surgeon. Fancy a female B. A. of thirteen discoursing on hideous diseases with six-syllable names, and correctly diagnosing and prescribing for her brothers and sisters! But it is what we have got to expect, and the fair Spaniard is to be congratulated on being the first of her sex to show what can be done in the way of rapid development. Miss Dolores, etc., may be fairly addressed, like her namesake sung of by Mr. Swinburne, as "wise among women and wisest, our Lady of Pain."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The Nicest Nights Out.

"O, isn't it a lovely night, Adolphus? Just fancy how delightful the nights must be in the Orient! The azure blue sky, the perfume of the flowers, the soft tinkling ——."

"I tell you, Miranda dear, I prefer the nights they have in Alaska. They're just immense."

"Immense, Adolphus?"

"Yes; for courting. They're so long, you know."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—"I do my best to bring mankind higher," as the elevator man said, "but some will keep going down."

TEMPERANCE.

THE TIPPLER'S ADIEU.

No, no, not for me—I ain't drinking to-day,
It was not for that I called in on my way,
But to bid you good-bye. Going West? Well, not quite,
But I'll journey as far as St. Patrick's to-night.
Say, what ails you, old man, that so wildly you stare?
Can't make out what on earth is a-bringing me there?
Well, I mean a new life and new comrades to try,
And so, Mr. Barman, I'll bid you good-bye.

Let me see, I've been hanging around here three years,
And going down hill all the time, it appears;
I was then a smart fellow and handsome—somehow
I don't look as spruce and as go-ahead now.
There ain't the same fashion and cut in my clothes,
And I'm rather ashamed of my rubicund nose.
I've been thinking things over a trifle, and I
Have come, Mr. Barman, to bid you good-bye.

I bear you no grudge, though at last I've deserted
That our treaty of commerce is all on one side,
That I give you the best share of all that I earn,
And get only sickness and rags in return.
I have parted with happiness, manhood and health,
And lagged far behind in the struggle for wealth.
Misfortune is o'er me; destruction seems nigh;
So it's best, Mr. Barman, to bid you good-bye.

I know I've gone down on life's slippery track,
But I don't think I've lost every chance to turn back
I'll mount up the ladder; if one rung I climb
'Tis better than sinking the whole of the time;
But to keep right ahead I must carefully pass
Your glowing temptation of bottle and glass;
No poison my brain in a stupor must tie;
So adieu, Mr. Barman, I bid you good-bye.

—*Irish World.*

"NO MARKET FOR CORN."

How Farmers Have Been Fooled by the Fallacious Argument of Distillers.

Once upon a time I chanced to stand in a meat market soon after six o'clock Saturday night. Men from the machine shops were there getting supplies for Sunday dinners. I noticed with surprise how little some of them bought. One in particular took only a bit of liver, remarking as he handed over the few cents asked for it: "This is all that is left of my week's wages." Just then in came Charley, the rotund saloon-keeper whose saloon is on the street leading from the machine shops to the market. He is a big, pompous fellow, and walking up to the counter with a "I-am-monarch-of-all-I-survey" air ordered the nicest roast in the shop, pulled out a big roll of bank bills, handed one to the clerk to pay for the meat and went out. I saw that Jim, the liver buyer, stood watching him moodily, and that a peculiar look came over his face as his eye rested on the bill Charley paid, then glanced from the nice, juicy roast which was to be Charley's dinner to the insignificant bundle in his own hand.

As Charley passed out, Jim turned to his shop-mates and said: "See here; don't you know we're fools! That bill Charley paid for that roast is the very one I paid him for liquor not half an hour ago. It's gone to buy his family a good Sunday dinner, while mine can have nothing but liver. Next week I am going to keep away from his infernal saloon and see if my folks can't have roast beef for their Sunday dinner." "Let's all try it," they said, and went out discussing the question of Sunday dinners vs. whisky.

Curiosity led me to the same market at the same time the following Saturday. In came the same people; but I noticed that every one of those shop men bought a roast of beef, and great was the chuckling among them when Charley walked in with a long face, saying: "I never did see such luck as I've had this week; never had such a poor week for trade in my life; believe I won't indulge in a roast, but will take some of that *liver.*"

All of which set me to thinking. We were near neighbors to Peoria with its mammoth distilleries. My work took me much among the farmers; everywhere among them my Temperance appeals were met with: "We don't drink, nor wish to; but if you Temperance folks shut up the distilleries there'll be no market for our corn." I knew they were wrong, but could see no way to prove it to them, till the incident in the meat market let in a flood of light upon the question. I begun to investigate. The first step was, to write to the Internal Revenue Commissioner at Peoria, to see how much whisky was made out of a bushel of corn. Waiting his answer I asked Jack, Charley's son, who was a pupil of mine and my good friend, how many drinks there were in a gallon of whisky. "Well," he said, "that depends on how big the drinks are; but near as I can calculate they run about fifty to a gallon." The commissioner replied: "I have the honor to say that a fair average production of spirits from a bushel of corn for the period of one year is from 16¾ to 17½ quarts.

Then I went to figuring. Allowing each man to take but four drinks a day at five cents each, a low average you will allow, he would spend each day twenty cents for his whisky. In the course of the year that mounts up to over seventy dollars, or just about as much as a whole beef would cost him, bought at the market along as he needed it during the year. My housekeeping experience convinced me that a medium-sized family would consume that amount of beef in a year—if they could get it.

The next thing to figure on was the amount of corn used in making the whisky. Four drinks a day give 1,460 a year; taking Jack's average of fifty drinks to a gallon this calls for twenty-nine and one-half gallons of whisky, 117 quarts. To make this amount will require, according to the commissioner's figures, not quite seven bushels of corn. This, mind you, on the supposition that there is no "crookedness" in the whisky, nor any adulteration in the drinks; we give the distiller all the benefit of the doubt.

The next step was to discover how much corn would have been consumed to make the beef. This was harder to ascertain, for farmers do not keep records as strictly as the internal revenue does. By diligent inquiring and comparison of results as given by many farmers, I arrived at the conclusion that fifty bushels of corn was a low estimate for the amount eaten from the time the calf commences to eat corn until its appearance as beef in the market; that is, more than seven times as much corn goes to make a beef than is used to make the whisky which sells for the same amount of money. Now I was ready for my farmer friends, for they knew and I knew that the chances for a man's family having plenty of beef to eat are in inverse ratio to the quantity of whisky he drinks. So whenever they confront me with the question: "Where should we find market for our corn if distilleries are closed?" Yankeelike I reply with another question: "Which pays you best, to put one bushel of corn into whisky to make a man worse than a brute, and bring his wife and children to the poor-house for you to support, or to put seven bushels into beef to make good blood and brawn and brain for that man and his family so they can support themselves?"

There is another thing about this distilling business by which farmers are badly fooled. It is the competition into which it brings their honest, corn-fed beef with distillery-fed cattle. The distiller can fatten cattle literally upon nothing, so far as cost to himself is concerned. He gets big money back for what he pays you for corn, in the whisky, while on its leavings, which otherwise would be utterly valueless, he fattens beef and pork, and of course he can undersell you in the market. This competition so lowers the price of beef you sell to the butcher that on the amount you receive for it you lose more than the profits of all the corn you can sell to the distiller. And this loss to you is no gain to the consumer. The butcher asks his customer just as much for the distillery-fed beef as he does for yours; so whatever money is made in the transaction besides that made by the distiller goes into this middle-man's pocket, not into yours.

We rise no higher now than the level of your pocket-book. There is a sanitary and moral phase to the distillery-beef question that we advise you to study up in the loathsome stalls where distillery-fed cattle are kept. Aside from all that, have I not made out a case strong enough to convince you that the market for your corn will not be destroyed by shutting up the distillery?

The distillers have fooled you long enough by their cry: "No market for corn without distilleries." They fool you in regard to the proportion of corn used in their nefarious business. The number of bushels so used, given in the aggregate, seems enormous, and, without comparing it with the whole amount raised in the State, you are sure to think the proportion much greater than it really is. But comparing it with the entire crop, the amount used by distilleries is but as a drop in the bucket. By careful computation in Illinois it proves to be one peck for each man in the State. Are you willing to let the distilleries run and take the risk of ruin to your neighbors' or your own boy, which their running entails, rather than to endanger your chance to find a market for a peck of corn? If so you would better use that peck in making starch to stiffen your backbone.

In Iowa, before it adopted prohibition, George Woodford's calculation showed that the land used to raise corn for distilleries would not furnish room to bury the victims of the distillery's twin brother, the saloon. Do away with saloons and distilleries, and you will not need so much ground for graveyards.—*Union Signal.*

WHAT THEY THINK OF IT.

Strong Testimony Against Alcohol by Competent Witnesses.

Men who drink whisky are sure to go to the wall sooner or later on the street. I always win when I have whisky for my competitor.—*Henry Clews, the banker.*

I am utterly unable to understand how it is possible for any man, with any sense of decency, or any appreciation of manhood, or any sentiment of honor, or any one having any hopes or aspirations for respectable social, or moral standing in the community, or having any regard for the confidence and respect of his fellow men, can reconcile himself to the idea of becoming a common vender of intoxicating liquors.—*Judge John Martin, Kansas.*

For the pitiful sum a dime he [the owner of a groggery] furnished the poison which made the deceased a fool and this trembling culprit a demon! How paltry a sum for two human lives! This traffic is tolerated by law, and therefore the vendor has committed an act not recognized by earthly tribunals; but in sight of Him who is unerring in wisdom, he who deliberately furnishes the intoxicating draught which inflames men into violence and anger and bloodshed, is particeps criminis in the deed.—*Judge Johnson, California, in passing sentence of death upon a criminal.*

During a term of seven years as prosecuting lawyer in the Federal service at New York City, I seldom, during those seven years, knew a case of criminal violation of law by violence and force of arms that was not either conceived or committed or aggravated by the use of intoxicating liquor. I have been present when the chairman of the board that examines jails and poorhouses and asylums of New York went through those places; and I know it is the simple testimony of thoughtful, truthful people that liquor, in some form or other, is responsible for three-fourths of the pauperism of the State of New York.—*Stewart L. Woodford.*

The Sabbath is emphatically "the poor man's day." It is the best conservator of home, the guardian of the public morals, and the only guaranty in this busy day and world of some due attention to the cultivation of that spiritual nature in man, which gives life and force even to his work among material things. But the liquor traffic and the Sabbath are in natural enmity. It is no chance association which leads to the cry: "Down with the Sunday laws and the liquor laws" in so many parts of the country. The traffic wants the day. It wants the Saturday night wages. It wants opportunity and the temptation to drink on the day of rest. It has the day in Europe; it covets it in America. It will have it, unless the political power of the traffic be broken.—*Judge Robert C. Pitman, Massachusetts.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Mangum has been selected as the county seat of Greer County, Tex., the county which has been the subject of so much interest of late, because of the attempt of several persons to have it declared Government land and opened to settlers.

—The common milk-weed may become a profitable staple, as thread is now made from its blossom that has the tenacity of imported flax or linen thread. The fiber is long and easily carded and spun and has the smoothness and luster of silk.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—Prince Bismarck has seventy-six decorations, but he says he is prouder of a little silver medal which was given him for rescuing a soldier from drowning while he was a sub-Lieutenant in a cavalry regiment than of all the rest put together.

—Probably the largest rock in the known world is the south dome of the Yosemite, which rears itself, a solid rocky leaf, six thousand feet above the ground, a sheer precipice over a mile in height. No man ever trod the top of this dome until last year; then, however, after thousands of dollars had been expended, several persons found their way to the top.

—When a word is taken from some other language and embalmed in the English tongue the original spelling is preserved, though the pronunciation may be altered. It is different with the French, with whom beefsteak becomes "biftek," and roast beef "rosbif." The letter e in pocket is dropped or rather transferred to poker (the game), the words looking odd when they appear respectively as "poket" and "pocker."—*Chicago Herald.*

—In weight the salmon of the Canadian rivers average between twenty and twenty-five pounds. A thirty-pound salmon is very large, and a forty-pound fish will be talked of throughout the season, although it is said that salmon weighing fifty pounds have been caught in the Restigouche—one, indeed, was said to weigh fifty-four pounds.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A young tornado went through a Danbury (Conn.) hay field the other day. It was only about eight feet in diameter, but it caught a young man on its outer edge, carried him several feet and dashed him to the ground. Then it seized a good-sized haycock fairly in its clutches, turned it upside down, and then carried it, spinning like a top, at least 150 feet into the air, landing it on an adjacent hill.—*Hartford Courant.*

—The blind men of Brooklyn are in the main self-supporting. All are engaged either in commercial pursuits or else work at trades. Piano-tuning is their favorite pursuit. Nearly all are married and have families. None have married wives similarly affected, and the total number of blind men in the city, which is less than one hundred, are friendly and aid each other in time of need. One of them is worth $100,000 and a dozen more are worth half that amount.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The following unique list of wedding presents appears in an exchange: From father and mother of the bride, one Jersey calf; from bride to groom, hair wreath made from hair of her entire family; also, six fine shirts; from brother Elias, one book of poems, one dream book, one 'Polite Letter Writer' and a dog; from Aunt Harriet, six hens and a rooster; also, one jar tomato catsup; from Cousin Sarah, one poem made up by herself on bride and groom, fifteen verses in all.—*Boston Herald.*

—Cork is the bark, not the wood, of the cork-oak. The bark comes from Spain and Portugal, where they keep cork woods. It doesn't kill the tree to take its bark away, and it can be skinned every six or eight years. About $1,000,000 worth of the raw bark is brought to this country every year. The cork is steamed before it is cut. Cork stoppers are made in thousands of sizes and grades, six hundred sizes being kept in stock. None of the bark goes to waste. In a granulated state it is used as roof-packing.

A MUSHROOM TOWN.

How a Lively Colorado Village Disappeared in About Two Weeks.

"Away back in 1876 I was out in Colorado," remarked a man from New England. "It was my first visit and the scenes and incidents made an impression on me that time will not efface. To begin with, I had the mountain fever as soon as I got anywhere near the Rockies, and that little affair is calculated to make a man remember it for several days. I struck La Junta, which is pronounced as though it was spelled with an h. This was the last station on the branch of the Kansas Pacific that ultimately ran into Pueblo. At that time La Junta was a busy settlement. A hundred or so wooden buildings lined each side of the main street, including three hotels, a dozen boarding houses, immense stores, where the freighters into Old Mexico got their loads, and ten or twelve dance halls and saloons and gambling places. Every thing was wide open. The only thing the settlement did not have was a grave-yard. This fact was commented on most favorably by everybody who resided there. 'It shows what a healthy place we've got,' said any of them when approached on the subject, 'and it also shows what law-abiding fellers we are—for here we've lived for three or four weeks and nobody has died with his boots on.' This latter was a polite way of informing the stranger that no fatal rows had occurred within that time. Everybody was on the make and the hotels all charged at the rate of four dollars per day. The hotels, by the way, were not more than two stories high and were not fitted up with any great style or elegance. As soon as I got well enough to travel I went down to Trinidad, and was there just two weeks to a day, as I got out just as soon as I possibly could. In returning East I took the Kansas Pacific east from Pueblo. We passed La Junta—or at least where it had been—and not a single house remained. It was an unbroken prairie, save where posts had been left. It seemed that as soon as the branch was finished to Pueblo La Junta disappeared from sight, and all in the period of two weeks."—*St. Paul Globe.*

UNNECESSARY WORK.

Words of Caution to Over-Industrious and Over-Worked Women.

A sensible writer in an exchange says: "I am convinced that at least one-quarter of the work performed by women is unnecessary, and that the world would get along quite as well without it." I am inclined to go further still and put it at one-half. "I never find time to read," said a lady, at whose house I was calling, and at the same time she sadly threaded a needle with chenille, and remarking that some people had so much leisure, she continued her work of embroidering impossible yellow peaches on a red plush mantle scarf. It had not even the merit of economy, for the materials were as expensive as they were hideous. Any work that serves to make home a charming and lovable place is a sacred duty to a wife and mother; but that which contributes to no comfort or enjoyment, frightful fancy work that has not even any artistic merit, is, indeed, a waste of time and energy—"busy idleness."

Husbands undoubtedly like to feel that their wives are good housekeepers, but husbands are very human, and once let a woman sink the wife into the housekeeper, and her husband will very likely fall into the same error. The "over-clean" woman is a nuisance to her family and friends. I once overheard a conversation between two gentlemen in a car, whose wives belonged to the above class, and, though estimable women, were about as close to godliness as cleanliness could take them. It was during the season of that annual horror—"house-cleaning," and they were condoling with each other upon its miseries. They both voted it an entirely unnecessary evil, and one of them said that during its progress at his house every thing was so wet that he always felt as if there was an incipient flood, while his friend said he could endure the water, it was the smell of yellow soap that he objected to.

A woman should never allow herself to become a mere household drudge, and when she finds that she has no time to read an occasional good book, to write a letter to a friend, to read a story to the children, or to walk or talk with her husband, she may conclude that there is something wrong somewhere in her domestic economy, and the more quickly she recognizes and remedies the evil, the better it will be for herself and family. If she is obliged to do her own family sewing, every tuck or ruffle that she puts on her children's clothes is a crime. The hour or hours spent in making an elaborate dress that baby will look "lovely" in, is a waste of energy that a mother who does her own work can not afford. Baby will look quite as lovely in her eyes in a plain slip, and if he has only his elaborate dress to recommend him to the eyes of others, he might rather pass unnoticed. Give the matter serious thought, oh! tired housekeeper; and see if you do not daily take many unnecessary steps, and do much that you might, without injury to any one, leave undone. Rest your body and improve your mind keeping your face and heart as fresh as possible, as you value the love of your husband and children.

Since this is a chapter of quotations, I will end it with the remark made by a sarcastic gentleman: "Women seem to me to be divided into two classes, the over-industrious and the over-indolent, and of the two evils, I would choose the latter as being the least."—*Cor. Rural New Yorker.*

TOUGH WORK.

Impressions of a Scribe Who Happened to See a Farmer Shave.

To witness a farmer shave is one of the most painful operations ever witnessed outside of downright butchery. For some reason away beyond the depth of present knowledge, the man who breads the country always has a beard like a new hair brush and he never could learn how to sharpen a razor.

He gets on the back stoop with his shaving utensils, and after rubbing the razor over the strap in an awkward fashion, until whatever trace of edge it may have had has been destroyed, he hangs up his broken glass and takes a position alongside of the kitchen door where the old lady will be sure to jostle his arm when she goes out to empty her dish-water.

With a brush that has but little handle remaining he manages somehow to stir up a lot of lather from soap that would raise a blister on the bottom of a boy's foot in dog days, with which he coats his face till nothing but his eyes and the back of his head are visible. With a cob dipped in warm water he goes over the stubble with a vigor that makes the flesh creep, until he feels that all the reasonable precautions for comfort in the subsequent operations have been taken.

Taking up the razor and looking at it suspiciously over the top of his glasses, he runs his thumb along the edge, fails to draw blood as he had hoped, and then with a sigh like leaving town in a hurry, he grabs himself by the nose, shuts his eyes and gives a scrape that makes his hair stand on end as a bunch of beard seems to come out by the roots.

But once at it a terrible desperation seems to nerve him, and with teeth set he goes right on with a determination to get the agony over as soon as possible. Howls of woe break from him now and then, as an expression that poisons life steals over his face and stays there till the last nerve has been pulled out of socket by that terrible razor, and the last bit of stubble has been laid low, when with a sigh of relief, he strikes up a hymn of thanksgiving, and joyfully throws his shaving paper into the swill barrel near by.—*Western Plowman.*

—During a thunder-storm at New Richmond two thunderbolts went through a pillow, one at each end. A young lady's head reposed on the pillow, and her hair was singed and ruined. Next time she will hang her hair on the back of a chair in a distant part of the room, where a thunderbolt can get at it without scorching her face.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE APHIDE FAMILY.

The Only Safe Method of Destroying All Sorts of Plant Lice.

Some of the most apparently insignificant insects do the greatest mischief to the cultivator of the soil, and among the most destructive pests are the various plant lice. These small insects have a curious history, both as regards their physical character and the enormous damage they inflict upon the crops. One species has brought widespread ruin upon the vineyards of Europe and has threatened the entire extinction of grape culture in France and Germany until a partial remedy was found in grafting the European grapes upon our more hardy American stocks. Other species attack wheat and the grasses, cabbages, melons, peas, beans, hops, fruit, trees of all kinds, many forest trees, flowering shrubs and numerous other vegetables, and by their enormous numbers utterly vanquish all efforts to subdue them. The present year these insects have almost destroyed the American hop crop and have brought ruinous losses upon the hop growers. Mankind are powerless when they prevail and the best efforts are defeated by these minute creatures, whose very force of infinite numbers makes them invincible. How they increase and spread so rapidly is a surprise to those who are not acquainted with their habits and nature; and many persons are led to suppose that they have some origin different from that of other living creatures because of their vast powers of sudden propagation. But this is a mistake. Like every other species of animal life they are propagated in the usual manner primarily, but they have a later development which is abnormal and to which their surprising numbers are due. Plant lice belong to the large family of bugs and lice known to entomologists as hemiptera, or half-winged insects. This class of insects all live by suction, and are provided with beaks which serve to puncture and suck the juices from the animals and plants which they invest. The plant lice belong to the sub-order Aphide, which is made up of many genuses, and these have a large number of species. They infest almost every plant, roots, leaves and bark, and are the cause of the numerous galls found upon the leaves and branches. One variety is turned to valuable use, as the cochineal insect whose bright red color makes a valuable die; another is the shellac insect, whose secretion is used for making varnish.

The appearance of the insects is so well known that no description is necessary. The most curious part of their history is their manner of propagation. The mature insects have wings and are like small green flies. These are male and female. But the progeny of these mature individuals are sexless, or, more correctly, perhaps, are bi-sexual, having the ability to produce offspring without any intermediate process of generation, and this reproductive process is continued for we know not how many generations, but at least nine to eleven: and in one instance an observer kept the lice constantly reproductive for four years in a warmed room, in which the broods were not injured by cold. The young produced in this way are alive, eggs being produced only by the winged lice. Dr. Burnett believes the young lice are produced by a sort of budding process, much in the way that bacteria and other minute fungi or the lowest forms of animal life are reproduced. By this process the increase is inconceivably rapid, and the sudden appearance of overwhelming numbers of them upon plants and trees is thus explained. The unfortunate hop growers can thus understand how in a night, as it were, their yards are overrun, and all their hopes of a crop are dashed to the ground as by a sudden stroke. The muskmelon growers also find their crops which they left in good condition on Saturday night, stricken down on Monday morning without any hope of saving them.

There is no available remedy. The pests, as soon as their hateful existence begins, insert their beaks into the leaves, always on the under side, and suck the sap. The only resource is to strip off these leaves and burn them; or to destroy the plants upon which they have made a lodgment, to save the remainder, when this can be done. The suddenness of the attack, however, generally makes this remedy unavailable. One precaution may be usefully employed; this is to burn every vestige of a crop which has been infested, because some eggs may have been deposited by a few mature-winged lice, and these will remain during the winter to hatch in the spring and start the devastating horde on a new course. Fruit trees should be pruned, especially cherries, pears, peaches and apples, and the bark of willows, apples, horse chestnut and other trees which are infested with bark lice should be washed with lime or strong lye, and the twigs and small branches pruned off and burned. The vines of hops and melons and the leaves of cabbages that have been infested should be burned, and in this way and every other method of destruction possible should be used to get rid of the seed in the form of eggs that is carried over for another year. In this way only is there any escape from the pestilence which truly cometh in a night and walketh in darkness.—*Henry Stewart, in N. Y. Times.*

—A citizen of Yates, N. Y., has invented a machine for picking raspberries. It consists of a long tray made of cloth affixed to a light frame. This tray is carried from bush to bush very easily, and with a large hook in one hand the operator draws the bush over the tray while with the other hand he strikes the bush lightly with a padded bat. It has been proven that for fifteen dollars, as many berries can be picked as cost heretofore sixty dollars. In other words, one person with this tray can gather sixty quarts per hour or six hundred quarts in ten hours.—*Buffalo Express.*

—A Lewiston (Me.) man recently cuffed the ears of his wife because she talked of base ball at the tea table.

ABOUT WADRFAGE.

Interesting Notes on the Order and Law of Growth in Different Races.

Dwarfs may be described as human beings whose natural growth has been arrested at some early stage. That the human body has a definite law of proportion from birth to death has been long known. The most ancient art of the Egyptians and that of all nations, barbarian and civilized, including especially the Greeks, have shown evidences of their several observations of the general facts. A German of the name of Liharvik has worked out the details of the growth, and so demonstrated the law of human proportions more exhaustively than, perhaps, any one else. He exhibited a series of statuettes in the London Great Exhibition of 1862, showing the order of growth in both male and female, which had met with the approbation of Humboldt. Joseph Benomi also worked out a series of calculations tending to show the order and law of growth, which appears to be from the proportion of three to seven. Taking the head as a standard, the child at both measures, say three circles, of which the head to shoulder is one, to the bottom of the spine another, and to the feet the third. The period of each three years appears to add another circle to height, up to twenty-one or twenty-four years, varying according to favorable or adverse conditions. The sizes at birth may vary, but the proportions are the same over all the world. Thus, if the head of a newly-born child measures nine inches, its height will be twenty-seven; if the head be ten inches, its height is thirty. From this normal proportion it grows up to seven heads high among the average European or Aryan races. The average standard is, however, lower in the Semitic races, and lower still among the Turan types. These very primitive, rude and barbarian types appear to stand at four heads in height while the Semnite grows up to five or six heads, and the average of seven is reached only by the Indo-European, Aryan, or Teutonic races. Within this general law there are many modifications tending to favor or retard the growths—of from three to seven—as the proportion of form determines the possibility of actions thus dependent; so modifications affect the actions and results of proportion of both body and mind. In the law of growth we have a law of arrestment, by, in, or through which the proportions may be stayed at any stage of growth. Arrestment may be artificially worked out—as was done in the case of the Azteo children exhibited in Leeds some years ago—or it may be by excess of cold, heat, lack of food, improper treatment, etc., etc., all not being designed or purposed. This law of arrestment is very little known, and we may have a figure stayed at the proportion of six, five, four or even three heads high, without being able to account for it. The lower proportion is the dwarfage to which I would direct the reader's attention. In Derbyshire I have found many people of stunted proportions. In Leeds we have now a man who is not more than four heads high; and I saw a woman of full age at Millhill recently of even lower proportions. But the most perfect instance of the three-headed proportions that I have seen is a dwarf man and woman in the Cingalese troupe. His form and proportions are exactly similar to the figure of the God Ptah, or evil Typhon, as given in Bunsen's "Egypt's Place and History." In my collection are similar three-headed figures from art works (not caricatured) from North to South Scandinavian, African, New Zealand, Mexican, American and Hindoo. The fact is that all children and undeveloped intellected people of all ages draw the human figures always too short. Taking the head as standard, the tendency is to make figures three heads high. It would appear that the same law of proportion rules the evolution of human art that rules the growth of the human body. So the same phenomena of arrestment obtains in art, some individuals, like some nations, standing at a certain imperfect stage. The subject of dwarfing in both body and mind has many singular and important features to the study of humanity. Thus there is a general correlation of inferioror childish intellects with dwarfish figures, and hence dwarfs were kept as play-things to make sport of in the courts of the Middle Ages. They are so seen in the paintings of Velasquez, Paulo Veronese and others. In some—in fact, in many cases—we have a normal growth of body and arrested development of mind and perceptions; in this way we may explain and account for most, if not all, the varieties of human actions, in art, religion and association. To ethnologists these Buddhist natives of Ceylon, together with their elephants, arts, dresses, decorations and habits are extremely interesting. Their whole physical and social condition is the result of arrested development of mind, as real as in the stunted and abnormal figures of several in the troupe, both male and female. The male dwarf in the company is thirty-seven inches in height; from head to shoulder the measurement is ten inches; hand, four inches, and foot, four and a half inches. Name, Caralic. The woman's height is thirty-nine inches; head to shoulder, ten inches; hand, four inches; foot, six and a half inches. There is a slight distortion from knee to foot in both eases.—*Leeds Mercury.*

A Judge With Good Ears.

One of the shrewdest of her Majesty's judges is as remarkable for the quickness of his eyes and ears as for the keenness of his intellect. The other day a stranger in court, espying a friend, addressed him in a stage whisper with "Hello, old fellow! I haven't seen you lately. Are you all right?" The remark was hardly heard beyond the nearest by-standers, and there was, consequently, considerable bewilderment among those engaged in the case before the court when the judge, looking up from his notes, observed: "If the old fellow is all right, he had better go outside and say so."—*London Truth.*

GERMAN RAILROADS.

Five Separate Operations Necessary to Start an Ordinary Passenger Train.

I fear there would be a srrike on every road in America if the employes saw the working of railroads in Germany. It seems as if the end in view were to see how many officials could be used, instead of how few; indeed I always feel as if the aim of German rule is to find sinecures for all the men. It has been a never-failing amusement to see our train arrive and depart from a station. The first impression one has is what gorgeous uniforms! Chief in plumage and importance is the station-master. With his bright red military cap, dark blue coat with brass buttons everywhere that a button can stick, velvet cuffs half up his arm, and pantaloons to match coat, he carries the dignity of the Government and does nothing but oversee. A train carrying one hundred and fifty passengers is a heavy one; there will be at least four conductors, all in green and gold military uniform. Then there is the porter, almost as brilliant as the station-master; he does no manual work except taking passengers' light traps and caring for them (for a fee.) Then on every train is a resplendent official, the starter, distinguished by a brilliant red sachel carrying his time book; he has his time of arrival written in by every station-master and starts the train. Then the post-office official at every station has his scarlet plumage and rarely less than three uniformed men to run the little go-cart carrying the mail from his office to the train. With us, one good-sized boy would do the work of all four. The chief does nothing but strike attitudes and look as consequential as possible, after the station-master. Then there is a man specially employed to stick a little stamp on your ticket, if you stop over at a station (and woe to you if you omit this formality). But perhaps the funniest sight of all to one used to the baggage on a Long Branch or Saratoga train is to see the handling of baggage; it looked as if six men licked stamps for every package; and with ten pieces, there were red, blue and white papers checked and handed around as if it were a State affair. The truck was in itself a load; so there were four men to lift these ten pieces on, one at the handle and an extra one to shove—*six full grown men* struggling with this load to the baggage car!—and even then a grey-headed fellow I had not seen before trotted alongside to see if the count was right. At every station is also a telegraph operator, not one of whom have I seen take a message during the time I have been in Germany.

Imagine this troup of officials running or standing about every train! You would think, when it was time to start, one man could do it; but no, there are five separate operations. First, the starter blows or whistles as a signal to the station-master; the latter makes a dignified wave of the hand to an official I have not noted before, the bell-tapper; the tapper gives three taps, never more or less or off goes his official head; then the starter blows a whistle for the engineer, who blows *his* whistle, and we go in solemn decorousness.—*Dresden Cor. Country Gentleman.*

ON A BEAR HUNT.

How Grizzlies Seize Each Other When Struck by a Bullet.

Several days ago Hendrick, the hunter, was camped on Bear river, in Colorado. With him was a young tenderfoot just from the East. Trapping was pretty good and the two men let the meat supply of the camp run down until there was nothing left but (in trappers' phrase coined for city society) "sow abdomen." So one evening the hunter and the tenderfoot started out after fresh meat.

They soon found it, for scarcely a mile from camp they ran on to a whole family of grizzlies, half a dozen in all. As the bear family showed a decided inclination for a closer acquaintance, the introduction at once took place, the rifles of the hunters serving as masters of ceremonies. Though the men fired as fast as they could and bear after bear was knocked down, the brutes rose to their feet again, and the bruin family still came on. The rifles kept up their incessant crack, however, and at a distance of twenty yards the old she-bear, the leader of the family, fell to rise no more. Forty shots had now been fired, and with only three cartridges left between them the hunters were glad indeed to see the remainder of the savage family party turn tail and disappear among the surrounding rocks and bushes.

On examination eight bullet holes were found in the old she-bear, five of the eight having lodged in vital parts. The next morning the hunters took the bloody trails leading in various directions, and in an hour's time all the remaining bears were found dead, making six bears bagged in a bunch.

During the fight the wounded brutes indulged frequently in their singular custom, called in hunter and trapper parlance "shaking up." Whenever a bear was struck by a bullet it would at once seize one of its companions and a rough and tumble fight would ensue. The old she-bear on several different occasions grabbed her cubs and tossed them high in the air, catching them as they fell, and unmercifully "chawing" them. It was to this singular custom that the hunters probably owed their lives, as it delayed the progress of the ferocious family until the deadly rifles were able to check it entirely.—*Cheyenne Leader.*

—Peter Roux, of Mono Lake, took his family to Bodie, Cal., for a visit. His six-year-old daughter wanted to go home and started on foot. She ought to have gone south, but went north among the mountains and canyons. When the moon went down she crept under a sage bush and slept, but awoke at daylight and went on. In the meantime Bodie had offered one hundred dollars for her rescue, and a searching party with Indians started out. They found her next day trudging along, hungry, but undismayed. She had walked twenty-six miles. She said she wasn't afraid.—*San Francisco Call.*

—A wart on the nose, which a quack called serious, drove a Shasta (Cal.) man to suicide.

FASHION NOTES.

The Latest Fancies in Dry Goods, Hosiery and Other Toilet Accessories.

Shot woolens are in preparation for early fall wear.

New chemisettes are made wider, and so long as to form almost a waistcoat.

Wide mull neck scarfs with lace or embroided ends are again worn with summer toilets.

There is a new fashion of wearing ribbons around the neck with ends falling almost to the feet.

The proper place to wear a diamond button on a summer toilet is on one side of the lace collar.

White dresses of lace or net are much more practical, because less crushable, than those of mull or nainsook.

The most sought-for color in silk and lisle thread hosiery is Suede, the color of the pale tan Suede gloves.

A pretty and cheap white or cream gown is made of crazy cloth trimmed with cream Marquise or Egyptian lace.

White dresses are worn in midsummer in the house and the country by ladies who are even in deep mourning. Black bows give the mourning effect.

Boucle goods are not necessarily wooly. Boucle means curled, buckled or looped, and cotton goods, fringes, hair and wool textiles can each and all be made boucle.

Women who know how to dress do not wear jewelry with summer toilets, one small diamond button frequently giving the one touch of light to a distinguished white toilet.

The new Marquise lace is very different to the lace formerly known by that name. Its *reseau* or ground is very shear and varied with many stitches. The designs are borrowed from old Malines.

Coarse cotton net is worn over silk as a novelty on the other side. The skirts are made very full, wide, tucked and undraped, falling in straight lines over the silk skirt. A scarf of soft silk tied in a big bow in the back forms the hip drapery.

Rusty black lace can be freshened by washing it in borax water, and after it is partly dry dip it in water in which an old kid glove has been boiled, and some indigo blue added. Then stretch out the lace carefully and iron on the wrong side, or press until dry under a heavy weight.

False hair is worn but little or not at all by Parisians who really belong to the world of the best fashionable French society, neither do Parisian *grande dames* of the Faubourg St. Germain wear high-heeled shoes, boots or slippers, nor do they practice tight lacing, nor disfigure themselves with enormous bustles such as the *parvenus*, the "new people" and the common English women wear.

English and French fashion writers, as well as private correspondents, agree in saying that black hosiery is moribund, for summer, at least, but those who have black silk or lisle thread stockings need not cast them aside, and merchants who have a large stock will not find them a drag on their counters when the butterflies come back to town, and it is said that even some black socks for babies (poor little things) are found among late importations.—*N. Y. Sun.*

MANUAL TRAINING.

An Agricultural Paper's View of the Great Educational Problem of the Day.

It is coming. Common sense in education is having a hearing, and we are awaking to a realization of the fact that an educational system which consists in cramming the mind with facts which have no practical bearing upon the real work of life, is a humbug and a fraud. We give our sons six years of hard training in the public schools, and when they get through they can not execute in proper form a promissory note; they can not drive a shingle nail straight; they can not diagnose the case of a common cold. And yet we professedly educate them as a preparation for life. Now it is a pretty well established fact that all men can not live by the exclusive exercise of brain power. A great majority, in fact, have to use their muscles. Why then, devote all the education to the head? Why cram the mind with facts, which simply mean knowledge without power, and allow the hands which must probably feed the brain to go without proper development? Why compel our daughters to pore over ancient history and graduate them without a knowledge of the first principles of cooking?

Why assume that every boy and girl that is sent to school is to be an ornament rather than a utility in life? Why not educate with a view to work rather than to genteel laziness? There is a prodigal and shameful waste of time, money and energy in our present educational methods. But there is a rattling among the dry bones. Manual training may be sneered at by a few educational dudes, but when the hard, practical common sense of the people is appealed to understandingly, the response will be not slow in coming. Follow up the precept that labor is honorable, by making labor the corner stone of our educational system. The educator who is ashamed of the word industrial, should be hooted and booted out of the place he disgraces.—*Western Plowman.*

Professional Courtesy.

Nothing does one more good than to stand by when two doctors meet and see the courtesy which they bring to the profession.

"Ah! Good morning, doctor."

"Doctor, good morning."

"Fine day, doctor."

"Doctor, it's charming. When did you return?"

"Yesterday, doctor. Say, doctor, how is the horse?"

"All right, doctor—all right. I'm obliged to you."

"Not at all, doctor, not at all."

"Well, doctor, I must be going."

"Same here, doctor."

"Good-bye, doctor."

"Doctor, good-bye."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Ripe and palatable bananas have been grown in a Sacramento garden this season without any sort of artificial protection, and fully exposed to the air.

How Some Married Women Go to Sleep.

There is an article going the rounds entitled "How the Girls Go to Sleep." The manner in which they go to sleep, according to the article, can't hold a candle to the way a married woman goes to sleep.

Instead of thinking what she should have attended to before going to bed, she thinks of it afterward. While she is revolving these matters in her mind, and while snugly tucked up in bed, the old man is scratching his head in front of the fire and wondering how he will pay the next month's rent. Suddenly she exclaims:

"James did you lock the door?"

"Which door?" says James,

"The cellar door," says she.

"No," says James.

"Well, you had better go down and lock it, for I heard some one in the back yard last night."

Accordingly James paddles down the stairs and locks the door. About the time James returns and is going to bed she remarks:

"Did you shut the stair-door?"

"No," says James.

"Well, if it is not shut that cat will get up into the chamber."

"Let it come up, then," says James ill-naturedly.

"My gracious, no!" says his wife, "she'd suck the baby's breath."

Then James paddles down stairs again and steps on a tack, and closes the stair-door, and curses the cat, and returns to the bed-room. Just as he begins to climb into his couch his wife observes:

"I forgot to bring up some water. Suppose you bring up some in the big tin."

And James, with a muttered curse, goes down into the dark kitchen and falls over a chair, and rasps all the tinware off the wall in search of the "big" tin, and then jerks the stair. door open and howls: "Where the duce are the matches?"

She gives him a minute direction where to find the matches, and adds that she would rather go and get the water herself than have the whole neighborhood raised about it. After which James finds the matches, procures the water and comes upstairs plunges into bed.

Presently his wife says: James, let's have an understanding about money matters. Now, next week I've got to pay—"

"I don't know what you've got to pay and don't care," shouts James, as he lurches around and jams his face against the wall, "all I want is sleep."

"That's all very well for you," snaps his wife, as she pulls the covers viciously; "you never think of the worry and trouble I have. And there is Araminta, who I believe is taking the measles."

"Let her take 'em," says James.

Hereupon she begins to cry softly, but about the time James is falling into a gentle doze she punches him in the ribs with her elbow and says:

"Did you hear that scandal about Mrs. Jones?"

"Where? says James, sleeplly.

"Why, Mrs. Jones."

"Where?" inquires James.

"I declare," said his wife, "you are getting more stupid every day. You know Mrs. Jones that lives at No. 22? Well, day before yesterday Susan Smith told Mrs. Thompson that Sam Barker had said that Mrs. Jones had—"

Here she paused and listened. James is snoring in profound slumber. With a snort of rage she pulls all the covers off him, wraps up in them, and lies awake until 2 A. M. thinking how badly used she is.

And that is the way some married women go to sleep.—*Ex.*

The Best Chill Medicine.

SALISBURY, MD., Aug. 1884.

Dear Sir:—I had the ague and chills and fever for six months, had taken several different medicines, but none done me any good. Through the recommendation of a friend I was induced to try "AROMANNA." I used one bottle and have not had a chill since.

JOHN PARSONS.

SALISBURY, MD., May 25, 1885.

Dear Sir:—I was cured of Dyspepsia by using two bottles of "AROMANNA."

MARY HEARN.

Price 25 and 85 cts. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland, Md.

"Yes," said he to his neighbor across the fence, "the laboring men are in the right. It was time for them to rise against the tyranny of capital. Down with all tyrants I say——"

"John Henry," shrieked a shrill voice from the kitchen, "are you going to hang out that clothes line and split that wood, and draw that water, or shall I have to come out to you?"

"Yes, Mirandy," he answered meekly "I'm going right about it."

Life, like war, is a series of mistakes; and he is not the best Christian nor the best general who makes the fewest false steps.

It Looks Like Beecher's.

N. Y. Sun.

The short code of moral and physical philosophy which somebody attributes to Abraham Lincoln, and which is now going the rounds of the press, reads more as if it had been formulated by Henry Ward Beecher:

"Do not worry."

"Eat three square meals a day."

"Say your prayers."

"Think of your wife."

"Be courteous to your creditors."

"Keep your digestion good."

"Steer clear of billiousness."

"Exercise."

"Go slow and go easy."

It is superficial and inadequate. Worry is a bad thing, but not the worst in the world; some men don't worry enough. Three sqare meals a day is too many for some people. It is necessary not only to say your prayers, but mean them; otherwise better not say them. Let your affection for your wife take a more practical form than thought. You owe something besides politeness to your creditors; pay 'em. Sometimes an attack of indigestion or billicusness has an excellent effect in starting up a torpid conscience. Everybody exercises; the thing is to exercise the right way and to the right extent. Go slow and easy, but not all the time; if you do, you will be an octogenarian before you arrive. Go like the very duce when circumstances require.

It sounds, we say, more like Henry Ward Beecher than like Abraham Lincoln — particularly the maxim with reference to the treatment of creditors.

What Will Happen to Girls.

Atlanta Constitution.

Thirty-nine girls.

In ten years fifteen will have married.

In ten years seven of the fifteen will be widows, dependent upon their own exertions for bread and meat.

In ten years fifteen of the remaining twenty-four will be sleeping beneath the sod. And how far apart will they be sleeping? One in Georgia, one in California, one in Ohio, one in Virginia, another, perhaps, in a missionary's grave in China, another amid the ashes of the ancient Aztecs of Mexico, another—but only time will tell where they will sleep.

In ten years the nine I have not yet mentioned will begin to lose their sweetness and develop something of the sourness supposed to be inseparable from women that are destined to be old maids.

In ten years not one of the thirty-nine but will have tasted of the bitterness that comes in time to all human beings. Hope will be blighted, loved ones will be claimed by that same skeleton you behold just now, sorrow in a hundred forms will be experienced—indeed to every one a surfeit of dead fruit will be offered.

Advice to Young Men.

R. J. Burdette, in the Brooklyn *Eagle* says: Don't worry, my son, don't worry. Don't worry about something that you think may happen to-morrow, because you may die to-night, and to-morrow will find you beyond the reach of worry. Don't worry over a thing that happened yesterday, because yesterday is a hundred years away. If you don't believe it just try to reach after it and bring it back. Don't worry about anything that is happening to-day, because to-day will only last fifteen or twenty minutes. If you don't believe it, tell your creditors you'll be ready to settle in full with them at sunset. Don't worry about things you can't help, because worry only makes them worse. Don't worry about things you can help, because then there's no need to worry. Don't worry at all. If you want to be penitent now and then, it won't hurt you a bit to go into the sackcloth and ashes a little. It will do you good. If you want to cry a little once in a long while, that isn't a bad thing. If you feel like going out and clubbing yourself occasionally, I think you need it and will lend you a helping hand at it, and put a plaster on you afterward. All these things will do you good. But worry, worry, worry, fret, fret, fret--why, there's neither sorrow, penitence, strength, penance, reformation, hope nor resolution in it. It's just worry.

Saved His Life.

Mr. D. I. Wilcoxson, of Horse Cave, Ky., says he was for many years badly afflicted with Phthisic, also Diabetes; the pains were almost unendurable and would sometimes almost throw him into convulsions. He tried Electric Bitters and got relief from first bottle and after taking six bottles, was entirely cured and had gained in flesh eighteen pounds. Says he positively believes he would have died, had it not been for the relief afforded by Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by Wm. Nydegger.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

SHERIFF'S SALE!

By virtue of writ of fieri facias, issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, State of Maryland, at the suit of John Shartzer, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Viola Groves, Andrew Kimmell and William A. Browning, to me directed, I have seized and taken in execution, all the right, title, claim, interest and estate, at law and in equity, of the said Viola Groves, in and to all that piece, parcel or lot of land, situate at the intersection of Alder street with Fourth street, on the North side of Alder street, and on the West side of Fourth street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, the same being known and distinguished as

LOT NUMBER SEVENTY-NINE

(79), and being the same property that was conveyed by William R. Percy to the said Viola Groves, by deed dated February 13th, 1885.

Said lot is improved by a small

DWELLING HOUSE

and necessary out-buildings, and I hereby give notice, that

On Monday, SEPTEMBER 13TH, 1886,

at 3 o'clock P. M., on the premises, I will offer for sale the said property so seized and taken in execution, by public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash.

JOHN H. RILEY,
8 21 4t Sheriff.

TRUSTEE'S SALE!

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting as a Court of Equity, passed in a cause being No. 160 Equity in said Court, wherein Joel Willand is complainant, and Florisa Biddinger, Simon Biddinger and James Bower are defendants, the undersigned was appointed Trustee to make sale of the real estate described in the proceedings in said case. In discharge of the trust reposed in me, by the terms of said decree I will,

On Tuesday, THE 7TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER,

at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, in front of the Glades Hotel in Oakland, offer at public sale, all that tract, piece or parcel of land known and described as

"MOUNT AIRY,"

being the same land which was conveyed to James Bowser by Florisa Biddinger and Simon Biddinger by deed dated the 14th of January, A. D. 1879, and beginning for the same "at a stone pile and a small bounded Hickory standing at the end of one hundred and seventy-seven and one half perches on the first line, of a deed from Jesse Tomlinson to Jacob Hare, and running thence South eighty-seven and one half degrees West, one hundred and twenty-two perches to a stone pile on the first line of the said whole tract called "MOUNT AIRY," thence with said first line North sixty-two and one half perches to the end of the third line of part of a deed conveyed by Henry M. Hare to John Hare, and with said third line reversed North eighty-seven and one-half degrees east one hundred and twenty-six and one-half perches to the first line of said deed from Jesse Tomlinson to Jacob Hare, and running with said first line South six and one half degrees East sixty two and one half perches to the beginning, containing fifty acres of land."

There is a

SMALL DWELLING

upon said land, and a part of said land is cleared and under cultivation. An excellent opportunity is offered for a man of small means to procure a good home. Said land lies near Grantsville, in a goood farming community.

TERMS OF SALE as prescribed by said decree. One half of the purchase money shall be paid in cash on the day of sale, and one half in twelve months from the day of sale; the purchaser to execute his single bill bearing interest for the deferred payment with surety to be approbed by the trustee, and when the whole purchase money is paid, and not before, the undersigned will convey said property to the purchaser in accordance with the terms of said decree.

Conveyancing at cost of purchaser.

F. A. THAYER,
8 14 4t Trustee.

TRUSTEES' SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

TIMBER

—AND—

MINERAL LANDS.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in the State of Maryland, standing as No. 372 on the Equity docket of said Court, in which John Swan and others are complainants and Willie Swan and others are defendants, the subscribers will sell at public sale,

ON SATURDAY, THE 2D DAY OF OCTOBER, 1886,

at 11 o'clock A. M., at the Glades Hotel, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, the tract of land known as

"Yough Manor,"

containing about 9,000 acres of land more or less. The said tract is situated on the

"YOUGHIOGHENY RIVER,"

in said county, and extends from said river to the West Virginia line, and is about 15 miles from Oakland, on the Baltimore & Ohio Rail Road, and about 15 miles from Confluence, on the Pittsburg & Connelsville Rail Road.

It is valuable for the large quantities of Pine, Oak and other varieties of timber common to the region, and now upon it; also for the large veins of bituminous coal, iron ore, lime stone and fire clay upon it, and lying in convenient proximity to each other. It also contains a large quantity of good tillable land, a small portion of which is improved and in cultivation.

THE TERMS OF SALE Provided by the decree are: One-third of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, one-third in one year and the balance in two years from the day of sale, or the whole in cash, if the purchaser prefers it. The deferred payments, if any, to be secured by notes of the purchaser with security to be approved by the trustees.

WM. J. READ,
D. W. SLOAN,
J. H. GORDON,
8 7 3t Trustees.

ORDER NISI.

Susan M. Naylor and others, vs. John B. Widener and others.	No. 277 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county

ORDERED, That the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings being the private sale of Military Lot No. 1130, as made and reported by Gilmor S. Hamill, Trustee, and made to Lafayette T. Friend, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the twentieth day of September next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Oakland, once in each of three successive weeks before the Eighteenth day of September next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $250.00.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

Tue copy—Test:
8 28 4t W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE

To the Qualified Voters of the Respective Election Districts of Garrett County.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Officers of Registration of Voters in and for the respective election districts of Garrett county, will sit in their respective election districts in said county, on the Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, after the first Monday in September, that is to say on the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, in the year 1886, and also for two successive days commencing with and including the first Monday in October, that is to say on the 4th and 5th days of October, in the year 1886, at the respective places and on the respective days hereinafter named, for the purpose of ascertaining and registering in the proper registries of voters and poll-books persons qualified to vote in their respective election districts, and of revising and completing their respective registries of voters and poll-books of their respective election districts.

The undersigned Officers of Registration will commence their said respective sessions on the respective days, and at the respective places herein named at the hour of 8 o'clock A. M., and continuing the same until the hour of 7 o'clock P. M., on each of said days, as follows, to-wit:

Election District No. 1.—Swanton.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Swanton.

Election District No. 2.—Selbysport.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, at Steele & Friend's store at Friendsville, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October at Selbysport.

Election District No. 3.—Grantsville.

Tuesday and Wednesday, September 7th and 8th, at the residence of the Officer of Registration, and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, September 9th, 10th and 11th at Grantsville, and Monday and Tuesday, October 4th and 5th at Grantsville.

Election District No. 4—Bloomington

Tuesday and Wednesday, the 7th and 8th days of September, at residence of Dennis Collins, at Franklin Mines, and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Bloomington.

Election District No. 5—Accident.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th 10th and 11th days of September, and on Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Accident.

Election District No. 6.—Sang Run.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at the house of Nathan Browning, in said district.

Election District No. 7.—Oakland.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Oakland.

Election District No. 8—Ryans Glade

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 7th, 8th and 9th days of September, at Elkins and Friday and Saturday, the 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Mrs. Thomas Grime's, in said district.

Election District No. 9.—Frostburg.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Johnson's.

Election District No. 10.—Deer Park.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 7th, 8th and 9th days of September, at Altamont, and Friday and Saturday, the 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Deer Park.

Election District No. 11.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, at the Mill of Jehu H. Gregg, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at the house of John Wilhelm.

Election District No. 12.—Kitzmillersville.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Kitzmillersville.

All naturalized citizens applying for Registration will be required to produce their certificates of naturalization to the officers of Registration.

H. O. HAMILL, Officer of Registration 1st District.
R. E. FRIEND, Officer of Registration 2nd District.
ISAIAH FULLER, Officer of Registration 3rd District.
JOHN COLLINS, Officer of Registration 4th District.
HENRY F. LININGER, Officer of Registration 5th District.
N. C. BROWNING, Officer of Registration 6th District.
PETER A. CHISHOLM, Officer of Registration 7th District.
JAS. W. MASON, Officer of Registration 8th District.
SAMUEL JOHNSON, Officer of Registration 9th District.
MICHAEL T. BRADY, Officer of Registration 10th District.
JOHN C. CHANEY, Officer of Registration 11th District.
LEWIS C. HAMILL, Officer of Registration 12th District.

WHITE BRONZE

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out-door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
6 17 t Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Shartzer's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

A HOME CHEAP.

I have a fifty acre lot, with small house and other improvements, about four miles from Oakland and two miles from Mountain Lake Park, which I will sell at a moderate figure. Application should be made soon.

W. H. TOWER,
7 17 tf Agent.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

IMPROVED FARM

FOR SALE!

I will sell my farm, on the headwaters of Deep Creek, adjoining lands of Ransey Browning, A. C. Browning and others, on the easiest terms. The farm contains one hundred acres of land, all under fence, and about 60 acres cleared. The improvements consist of a

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE

and large frame barn, young fruit trees, &c., &c. This farm is in a good neighborhood, about 4 miles from Deer Park, and about 8 miles from Oakland.

Reason for selling—advanced age.

Apply to or address

LUKE WOOD,
8 7 tf. Deer Park, Md.

MEAT MARKET!

The undersigned will have on hand, at his meat market in Oakland, every day, from 5 A. M. to 11 A. M.,

Fresh Beef, Mutton and Veal,

of the best quality and at fair prices. He will also run his wagon to

MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK

every day, and to

DEER PARK

every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday,

7 10 T. W. CASTEEL.

FOR SALE. AT A BARGAIN.

A large two-story frame house, with celler and basement, situated on the Oakland and Mountain Lake road, near the latter place, is offered for sale at a bargain.

There are about two acres of ground, good outbuildings, well of good water, and a number of large shade trees. One of the handsomest locations for a summer residence in this neighborhood.

For information apply to or address

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

ft 24 DAVID LITTLE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 30th, 1886.

GOING EAST.

No. 2		7.20 A. M.
No. 66		5.56 A. M.
No. 6		12.35 P. M.
No. 4		11.53 P. M.
No. 82	Accommodation	5.10 P. M.
Way		11.36 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 1		9.34 P. M.
No. 65		5.55 P. M.
No. 5		3.57 P. M.
No. 3		4.41 A. M.
No. 81	Accommodation	9.36 A. M.
Way		11.36 A. M

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y

HENRY ALBRIGHT,

—Manufacturer of—

Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,

OAKLAND, MD.

☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done.
Nov, 21, 85.—1 y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

SIXTEEN ACRES OF LAND

at Altamont, Md., improved by a

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE

18 by 36 feet, two stories high. There are on this land two never failing springs of good water, and a running stream.

Situation Delightful!

Two miles from Deer Park, with excellent graded road

Excellent Situation for Summer Residence.

For particulars and terms apply to or address

J. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE, TRACTS & MILITARY LOTS.

The subscriber offers for sale the following lands in Garrett county:

"Bank Property," 1625 acres on Backbone Mountain, near West Virginia line. There is on this tract good Poplar, White and Red Oak, Chestnut, Birch and Sugar Timber, and the land when cleared, will make good farms.

"Friedland," 175 acres, near Accident, part improved.

A fine building site near Fort Pendleton, lot containing two acres.

Also the following Military Lots, containing 50 acres each:

Lots Nos. 4031 and 4032, with the well known Boiling Spring, two miles south of Deer Park, with which it is connected by a good road.

Lot No. 1914, on B. & Ohio R. R., East of Wilson's store.

Lots Nos. 361, 363, 364 and 365, near Ben Davis'.

Lot No. 390, West of Garrett Moon's.

Lots Nos. 371 and 377, West of (late) Hugh Cooper's.

Lot No. 383, East of (late) Elisha Harvey's.

Lot No. 1252, near West Virginia line.

WILLIAM I. BROWN,
Sept. 5th, 1885.—1 y Box 41, Oakland, Md.

DR. J. DAILY,

RESIDENT DENTIST

WESTERNPORT,

MARYLAND.

From one to a full set of teeth inserted in the most beautiful and substantial manner.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

1e21-y1

Sellers' Liver Pills.

Act Directly on the Liver.

CURES CHILLS AND FEVER, DYSPEPSIA, SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUS COLIC, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, PILES, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, DIZZINESS, TORPID LIVER, COATED TONGUE, SLEEPLESSNESS, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER AND STOMACH. If you do not "feel very well," a single pill at bed-time stimulates the stomach, restores the appetite, imparts vigor to the system.

They cure all diseases like magic. Get the right kind SELLERS' LIVER PILLS. Sold by druggists. Send for circular.

SELLERS MEDICINE CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence in Russell's brick house Second street.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.
8 15 1y.

SURVEYING!

Military lots located. Estimates of timber lands a specialty. Sales negotiated on reasonable terms. Areas computed by Logarithms—the only correct method.

HIRAM P. TASKER,
11 6 tf Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

F. A. THAYER,

INSURANCE AGENT,

OAKLAND, MD.

Insures both Real and Personal Property at moderate rates.

☞ Represents Six First Class Companie

THE BEST FARM IMPLEMENTS.

Brown, New Champion and Delaware Wagons, Universal, Roland and Double Shovel Plows, Champion Reapers and Mowers, Spring Wagons and Carriages, Grain Drills, Cider Mills, Orchilla Guano, Feed Cutters, Barbed Wire, Sewing Machines, Spring Harrows, Thomas Hay Rakes, Hay Forks and Carriers &c., &c.

EVERYTHING FULLY WARRANTED.

For sale by

J. M. DAVIS & SON.

February 24, 1886.—1.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 10. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, SEPT. 11, 1886. NUMBER 28.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

VEGETABLES,

FRUITS, &C., &C.

Always on hand, as they come in market.

NEW CROP OF

TURNIP AND RUTABAGA SEEDS.

ALL RELIABLE.

VEGETABLE PLANTS of all kinds in season.

(MOSS ROSE.)

ROSES, and all kinds of Flowering Plants.

CUT FLOWERS

AND FLORAL DESIGNS,

for Funerals, &c., at short notice, at our old stand on Railroad street near Depot.

☞ Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

H. WEBER.

3 13 OAKLAND, MD.

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,

OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.

OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.

Is the place to buy

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints,

Oils Varnishes,

Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

☞ Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c

Physicians Prescriptions

Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.

Give me a call.

W. D. NYDEGGER.

AVOID MALARIA!

AND BREATHE THE SEA AIR!

THE STOCKTON, Atlantic City, N. J., Corner Atlantic and Maryland avenues, is now open. Guests are supplied with every comfort and convenience possible. The best summer hotel on the coast. Terms moderate; special rates to families. KELSEY & LEFLER, Proprietors. [Mention this paper.]

FOR SALE

In Deer Park a

TWO-STORY COTTAGE,

Highly situated and containing seven rooms with front portico, back porch and bay windows. Good never failing well of water. Land in cultivation for garden with fruit trees and stable. Will be sold cheap and terms made reasonable. Title unquestionable.

Apply to

7 5 tf E. C. TILLSON, Deer Park, Md.

Valuable Real Estate

FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.

For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov 20 1880 1 y.

HELP for working people. Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, grandly successful. 50 cents to $5 easily earned every evening. That all who want may test the business we make this unparalleled offer. To all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE.

NO. 1.

MILITARY LOT NO. 219,

lying near Chisholm's Mill, in Ryans Glade, Garrett county. Well timbered and underlaid with coal. Unimproved. Will be sold cheap.

NO. 2.

Military Lots Nos. 2305 and 2307,

Unimproved timber lots, lying near Grantsville, part of the estate of the late Holmes Wiley.

NO. 3.

An Elegant New Residence

on Oak street, Oakland, Md., containing 8 rooms. Large lot improved by stable, carriage house, ice house, &c. Well of good water. Terms easy. Price, $2200.00.

NO. 4.

THE "WOODLAND FARM,"

situated on the road leading from Oakland to Accident, two miles from Oakland, containing 97 acres, well fenced and cultivated. Improved by a large first-class mansion house, suitable for a summer resort. The farm would suit for a first-class market garden or general farming.

NO. 5.

HOUSE AND LOT

On Oak street, Oakland, Md., comfortable dwelling Well of good water and convenient outbuildings. Will sell at a bargain.

NO. 6.

600 ACRES OF LAND,

covered with white pine, spruce and white oak timber, and underlaid with coal, iron ore and fire clay. Water fall 71 feet. Steam saw mill on the premises doing a good business. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 8.

HOUSE AND LOT

On Liberty street in Oakland, 8 rooms. Good property.

In all cases we will furnish purchasers with an abstract of title and prepare deed without cost to them.

Full discription of the property contained in the above list will be given upon application.

NO. 9.

NEW DWELLING HOUSE

On Oak Street, 8 rooms and good cellar. Large livery stable attached; room for 18 horses and 15 vehicles. Good stand for business. Excellent opportunity for any desiring to go into livery business.

NO. 10.

100 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND

Near Oakland. Well timbered. Title indisputable. Price, $8 per acre.

NO. 11.

GOOD DWELLING & LARGE LOT

Near Court House. 10 rooms and out-buildings. Good well of soft water. Terms easy.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,

Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

J. LEE HARNE,

Sign and Ornamental Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

VALUABLE

COAL & TIMBER LANDS

FOR SALE.

The undersigned offers for sale the following valuable Real Estate.

"BANK TERRITORY,"

containing 431 acres, and

"MOUNT PISGAH."

containing 470 acres.

Both of these tracts are well timbered and are underlaid with a vein of coal from 8 to 11 feet thick, an eleven foot vein being now opened and in operation on the tract known as "Bank Territory." This land lies on or near the line of the W. Va. C. R. R. I also offer for sale a tract of land containing 611 acres, lying and being situate in Grant county, W. Va., near Job Beniine's. This tract is also well timbered and is supposed to be underlaid with coal. All of the aforesaid lands are well suited to farming and grazing purposes.

For any information concerning these lands terms, prices, &c., apply to Peddicord & Thayer, Attorneys-at-Law, Oakland, Md.

EMIL J. DELVAILLE.

May 25th 1886.—3m*

WIN more money than at anything else by taking an agency for the best selling book out Beginners succeed grandly. None fail. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. B. FAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals. Also in adjoining counties of West Va.

☞ Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.

Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

EDWARD H. SINCELL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

(one door West of Sturgiss' Drug Store.)

Special attention given to Collections the negotiation of Loans.

Sept. 23, 1885.—1 y.

GILMOR S. HAMILL, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

T. J. PEDDICORD. F. A. THAYER

PEDDICORD & THAYER,

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 4 '84 1y

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND, ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.

July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

v3n47.

JOHN T. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

All business attended to with promptness and fidelity. Particular attention given to Surveying and Investigation of land titles.

☞ Office on 2d Street. 5 19 tf

DR. S. TOWNSHEND, RESIDENT DENTIST,

OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

v3 n8

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Offers his services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. Office and residence on Oak street, second house East of Catholic church.

Sept. 9, 1885.—1 y.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

2 5 3m.

VALUABLE

STOCK FARM

FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Oakland, Md.

LAKE VIEW

PLANING MILL

is now in full operation, and prepared to fill orders for

Flooring, Weather-boarding, Sash, Doors, Frames, Brackets, and Mouldings of all Kinds,

☞ Will contract for the erection of buildings.

Orders solicited. Satisfaction guranteed.

G. RATHBURN,

MANAGER.

4 3 9m Mountain Lake Park, Md.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

GOLD fields are scarce, but those who write to Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, will receive free, full information about work which they can do, and live at home, that will pay them from $5 to $25 per day. Some have earned over $50 in a day. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required. You are started free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of snug little fortunes. All is new.

Settled the Bill.

A circuit rider in a neighborhood with which he was unacquainted, stopped a man in the road and asked:

"My friend, can you tell me of a place where a preacher can stay all night without money and without price?"

"Yes, in the woods."

"Of course, but can't you tell me of some house?"

"Yes, (pointing) that one up on yan hill."

"Will it cost me anything?"

"Not a cent."

"Who lives there?"

"Nobody."

"I don't want to stay in a vacant house. Come, now, good man, tell me of a place."

"Wall, I will. Go about two miles down this road, then turn to the left. The fust house you strike will be old Sam Potters. He'll take you in."

"But will he charge anything?"

"Not a cent."

"Treat me well, of course?"

"Like er judge—give you the best in th house."

"Will he feed my horse?"

"He'll founder him if you say so."

"I'm a thousand times obliged to you."

"Say," the man called, as the preacher started off, "he's a sorter curiseller, an' if you ask him how much he charges he'll git mad. Just act like you was at home, and it'll be all right with him."

"Thank you, I'll do so."

The preacher found old Potter to be a tall, gaunt man, with a harsh voice and grizzled beard. Just before bed time he minister asked Mr. Potter if he would join him in prayer.

"Not jest yit," Potter replied, "jest git down and pray when you feel like it. Don't wait on me, fur i've got ter feed the hogs before I go to bed."

After breakfast the next morning, when the preacher's harse had been saddled, the reverend gentleman turnel to Potter and said:

"When I leave a place I always feel that I was forgetting something."

"Wall, ain't yer?"

"No, I think not," the preacher replied as he began to fumble in his saddle bags. "No, I haven't forgotten anything."

"I'm putty certain that you have. You have forgot to pay me."

"What? I didn't know you charged anything."

"You know it now."

"But, my dear sir, I am a poor preacher."

"Never hearn you preach, but judgin' by the way you talk, I rekin you air er po' preacher."

"I mean that I haven't any money."

"Not my fault."

"That's all very well but I can't pay you."

"Then I'll have ter take it outen your hide."

"Look here, my friend—"

"Oh, I'm lookin'. Goin' to keep my eyes on you."

"I say that a man told me that I could stay here without charge."

"Yes, but I wan't the man."

"I really can't pay you."

"What, after eatin' as much as you have? W'y, parson you can make a table look the delicatest an' puniest uv any man I ever seen. The very first pass you made, the hind leg of a shoat disappeared, an' then you made a motion at the last pound of butter we had, an' it wan't no longer fur this here arth."

"I admit I was hungry, but—"

"Oh, you needn't admit it, fur I soon diskivered that fack."

"This is surely a very awkward position. I really do not know what to do."

"Settle up, is the only advice I've got to offer."

"But I really cannot."

"Then some of your hide must come off."

"I wish you had more soul."

"Yas, and I wish you had more money."

"You certainly wouldn't commit an act of violence merely for a few dimes."

"Yas, b'leve I would."

"My friend, I'm on my way to feed my flock, and—"

"I reckon you think mo' erbout feedin' yourself. W'y, that dish of cabbage turned pale every time you looked at it. I ken stand er good deal, but when a viduits cyclone comes along it breaks me up."

"I am occupying a terribly awkward position.

"Better squat, then."

"If you'll let me off I'll send you the money."

"No, I'm erfeered that after you begin to feed your flock you won't think uv a sinner like me."

"Well, I declare, I'm in an awkward position."

"Yas, so I've hearn."

"Is there no way which we can settle this affair?"

"Oh, yes; pay up."

"But I tell you I have no money."

"Yes, so I've hearn."

"Well, as you have driven me to the wall I suppose I must fight you."

"That's my ticket, Skin yourself."

The preacher took off his alpaca coat, folded it up and put it on a bench, then, after deliberately rolling up his shirt sleeves, he said:

"Just step this way, please."

Mr. Potter stepped that way, and was promptly knocked down. He got up just in time to be knocked down again. The next time he got up cautiously and tried to seize the preacher, but was knocked flat on his back.

"Hold on parson," he said, getting up, "the bill's paid. Look here," he continued, brushing himself, "you've got to eat dinner with me before you go. At first I didn't think you had much religion, but now I know that you are one er the elect. John take the parson's horse back to the stable; kain't afford to let you go, sir. Best man I ever saw. It was old Bill Simons that told you to come over here, an' he has been dodgin' round all the morning to see you whupped. Say, what bus'ness was you in before you 'gunter preach?"

"I was a prize fighter," the preacher replied, as he seated himself and smoothed back his hair.

From a Grand Army Man.

ELLICOTT CITY, MD., 6 8, 1884.

Dear Sir:—I have been a sufferer for a long time with dyspepsia, and have tried most everything in the way of medicine, but nothing gave me any relief. I procured one bottle of your "AROMANNA," and had only been taking it about six days when I began to feel it was doing me good. I told a number of my neighbors what it had done for me and they commenced using it, and all agree with me that it is the only medicine that will do all that it is recommended to do. One thing about "AROMANNA," while it is acting and cleansing the system it does not weaken, but builds up, adds new strength and imparts new vigor. I do not think I can say too much in favor of it. You are free to use my name in any way you see best, to proclaim the merits of "AROMANNA." It will pay any sufferer to try it.

J. C. MOONEY, Adjutant

A. D. Reynolds, Post No. 23, G. A. R.

Price 25 and 75 cts. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland, Md.

Sad Stories from Berlin.

Berlin Letter to N. Y. Sun.

Out of a population of 1,200,000 in Berlin more than 150,000 are receiving public charity. Many of the workingmen here openly favor community of wives. Divorces have increased to 15 percent of the marriages solemnized. The attendance at the churches has decreased to 2 percent of the adult population, and of 48,000 funerals last year nearly 30,000 were performed without any religious ceremonies whatever.

Women flock by thousands to the city to obtain employment, and, failing to get what they want, large numbers fall and are lost. This evil has become so great that strenuous efforts are being made to avoid it. The law of consent has already been raised in a similar way as it was done in New York and in England. By such legislative enactment some sort of protection is extended to girls up to the age of 18. Lodging houses and benevolent institutions have been established to aid working women, and a society of ladies has been formed charged with protecting, sustaining and counseling women up to the age of 35.

Little Johnny, age five, was greatly taken with the circus-posters, and begged his papa to take him to the circus. He could get no promise from him, however, until, making a last beseeching appeal on circus day, his father replied:

"Well, Johnny, we will go down street and see the tents."

Johnny walked along with his father, looking very dubious, indeed at such a scanty privilege, until, glancing up, he remarked:

"Papa, I'd much rather see the contents."

Apostrophe to Rum.

In a recent lecture on temperance Private Dalzell, who years ago felt the curse himself, thus closed with an address to Rum:

"O, issue of Hell! red with the fiery wrath and curse of Jehovah, stand back and answer the indictment I bring against you to-night. It is found on the inquest of every pure heart under the whole Heaven, and is signed a true bill by God as Foreman of the grand inquest. Serpent and adder, fiend and fury, enemy of God and man, move thyself aright in the cup and blush crimison with shame, but answer me to-night. What innocence and purity have you bitten with your serpent fang? What hearts of love and devotion have you stung to the death with your foul touch, what hopes crushed under the loathsome pressure of your hideous and relentless coil?

"Disten to the cry of the orphan whose father you have murdered by your slow, deadly poison. Listen to the heart-broken lamentation. Visit the happy homes which your loathsome and polluting presence has changed to desolation, drunkenness and despair, and hear the cry that rolls up through the sulphurous flames of hell! From every gallows tree and dungeon of darkness; from every rooftree and hearthstone blackened and blistered by your infernal power, accursing voices come to brand you as the worst enemy of the human race.

"O, listen to the clanking chains in the maniac's cell, the shriek of violated innocence, the dying moan of the victim of the drunken assassin to night, and tell me, O, tell it in the ears of all, what reason or apology have you, an hour, or a minute, or a second longer for corrupting the world with your poisonous breath or polluting presence?

"Blessings wait upon all other creatures under the shining sun but you, while only curses follow you in this world and the next. Good there is in all things else but you, even in the meanest insect that crawls upon the earth, or the smallest island builder of the sea, or tiniest speck that floats in the illimitable and all embracing azure fields of space, all the countless worlds between, but for you, in you, from you, by you, through you, there is, there never was any good. Evil and only evil—born of the devil, coming from the devil, leading to the devil, damned of God, damned of man, an evil and a curse forever and forevermore! I curse you, I curse you last to-night! Murderer and assassin, liar and villain, thief and robber, slanderer and blasphemer, seducer and vagabond, flee from the earth and resume your station in your native hell. Without you, O how happy this world might be, and how it would blossom again with the beauty and peace of the Eden of God!

"War would cease, murder be unknown. Poverty would be only remembered as a horrid dream of your reign on earth, and O, how many men now bound in your toil would fall on their knees and lift their faces to God in thanksgiving for their deliverance! O, how many mothers, mourning all the weary watches of the night, while their deluded sons wander with you in the darkness now, how many wives and trembling little children in their rags and hovels, too, would fill the whole canopy of heaven with their acclamations and rejoicing if you—the enemy of their all and all they have—would descend into hell and there remain, spitted and roasting forever for the unpardonable wrongs you have done the world in the long thousands of years that you have tormented and cursed the human race."

Wonderful Cures.

W. D. Hoyt & Co., Wholesale and Retail Druggists of Rome, Ga., says: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Bucklen's Arnica Salve for two years. Have never handled remedies that sell as well, or give such satisfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pronounced Consumption have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always. Sold by Wm. Nydegger.

—Persons attending court are requested to call and examine the large stock of Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps at the New Store, in the Michael building, Oakland, Md.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

GREAT LOVE AND I.

I mocked at Love!
Love seemed a little thing:
"A small, blind god," I said, with golden wing,
For these poor poets to adore and sing;
Their stock-in-trade, which has its price to bring;"
I did not know.

I laughed at Love!
"The merriest jest of all,"
I said: "a gay, light bounding ball,
Which gathers wit at both its rise and fall,
And never flies our grasp beyond recall;"
I did not know.

"Your Love," I said,
"Through the long summer days
I lie and laugh and listen to his lays;
Court Fool is he," said I. "Crown him with bays
And laurel for the folly of his ways";
I did not know.

"Court Fool," I cried,
"We'll barter all for you;
You are a toy to mock at ever new,
A jest when false, a better jest when true!
Laughter will always ring at thought of you."
I did not know.

I looked on Love!
Ah me! I mocked no more.
Within his hand a flaming sword he bore:
His eyes were great and sad, and prone before
Him in the dust I lay, lamenting sore.
"Great Love," I cried, "Master forevermore!
I know, I know."

"Master," I cried
And trembling touched his feet
(His eyes were great and sad and bitter-sweet!),
Beneath his gaze my heart, all laboring, beat;
To lift my glance I knew I was not meet.
I knew, I knew.

His face was pale,
And most majestic fair;
There was no lightsome joyance in his air;
A throbbing wound bled in his bosom bare;
A thorned crown was on his shining hair—
So did I know.

"Great Love!" I cried,
"Great Woe am I," said he;
"Great pain and tears of blood shed bitterly.
Tears of heart's blood, salt as the great dark sea—
And dost thou jest and ring fool bells at me?
Thou didst not know."

"Forgive," I prayed.
"No wings are mine," he said;
My bleeding feet pass on with weary tread
Whithersoever I am sadly led;
The poet sings, but when his heart has bled—
Dost thou not know?

"Laughed thou at Love?
The day will come for tears,
For pangs and aching longings, heavy fears,
For memories laying waste all coming years—
Dead hopes, each one a living flame that sears—
Then wilt thou know!"

Then I who mocked
Cried: "Having seen thy face,
I pray thee, tarry for a moment's space,
I pray thee, grant to me one piteous grace"
(I stay his feet I held them in embrace),
"I know, I know!"

"I mock no more,
Great Love, but hear my cry;
Give me the pang, the woe the bitter sigh,
Hear me, in pity, hear me, lest I die,
Let me bear all, so Love pass me not by,
Since Love I know!"

—*Frances Hodgson Burnett, in Century.*

THE WIDOW BOWEN.

She Preferred "Clumsy Old Susan" to the Senator.

Several of the people of easy fortune in the village have moved here from a distance. A few of the old families retain the patrimony and the consequence transmitted by their fathers, but some of the descendants of the best people, so called, of a former generation are now poor. A few of them, though living on the merest pittance, try to maintain a show of gentility. They have preserved some of the remnants of past grandeur, and they try to live up to their old china, antique clocks and colonial chairs and tables. There are others who, by the chances and changes of life, have lost even this claim to consideration, and labor as best they may for their daily bread.

On Railroad street stands a row of small tenements that, like a number of breakfast rolls in a pan, seem to have run together and combined their shabby ugliness without aim, for there is land enough and to spare for detached dwellings with yards and gardens. Most of these houses are occupied by laborers' families, but at the north end of the row live the Widow Bowen and her daughter Susan. You will know the place, because it is free from old hats stuck into broken window panes, and the scrap of yard in front is kept neatly swept. "The Widow Bowen, she that was Jane Hinman." It is thus the neighbors always speak of her. In old times the Hinmans were of the village elect, and held their heads as high as anybody. Jane was a handsome girl and had many good offers, but she chose in the end to marry Bowen, who was of no particular account, and finally faded out of life leaving his wife poor, with one little girl. She had buried four children on the hill, and had known troublous times all through her married life, and struggle and poverty and hard work had attended the widow's steps ever since. The fortunes of the Hinmans had run to seed. They had died out or left the place, and a generation arose which knew them not. Only the Widow Bowen and her daughter Susan remained in that poor corner tenement, where they toiled from morning till night at sewing machine work, finishing off coats and trousers at so much the dozen for a ready-made-clothing house in a neighboring town.

Huge parcels came for them by the train and were left in the care of the baggage master and carried to the widow's door by Sambo Brown. Year in and year out the mother and daughter labored at this work, Mrs. Bowen doing the lighter portions, while Susan, who was vigorous, bore the brunt of toil. They often worked fourteen hours a day, beginning in summer at five o'clock. The hum of their machine was heard by the Irish laborers as, dinner pail in hand, they trudged past the window at six. Sometimes a female neighbor, with a gentle horse she could drive herself, came and took Mrs. Bowen for an airing in her buggy. But these were rare occasions. The widow could not spare the time on week days, and Sunday driving is not fashionable in the village. But Sunday being the only leisure time they had, Susan and her mother, in fine weather, often locked the house and went to the woods for the entire day, carrying their dinner with them. They seldom attended church now. Some of the neighbors talked, as they will in a small place, and the sympathies of a certain strict class of villagers were alienated. But the young clergyman always remained friendly; and he often brought them the latest magazines and reviews, which Susan read to her mother in their Sunday outings. Being a modest man, he thought the new literature would do them as much good as his sermons; and he liked to talk over with Susan what she had read.

Susan Bowen was very plain. People said she did not "feature" the Hinmans, and as for the Bowens, they were of too little importance for any one to remember their characteristics. Susan's upper teeth projected, and she could not easily close her lips over them. Her hair was rather harsh and wiry, and her complexion dark and without bloom. But she was wonderfully strong in body, and had never known a day's illness in her life. She wore large calfskin shoes, a short gown of some cheap stuff, cotton gloves and a little round hat which kept its place on her head season after season, regardless of the changes of fashion. Susan spoke out what she had in her mind without fear or favor. At sixteen she had said openly that she would never marry, because no one would think of marrying her whom she could accept. She talked of her plainness, her large hands and feet, and even made a joke of them. She never disguised her poverty or made the least pretence of hiding the family misfortunes, but on the contrary she made no appeal for sympathy. She was an unusually large, strong, vigorous girl at an early age, and it behooved her to maintain constant cheerfulness of demeanor and to sustain her mother, who certainly was the weaker vessel. Genuine folk are recognized sooner or later even in spiteful little communities. People would bear a great deal of truth-telling from Susan just because she was Susan. Her word was as good as a bond; and she had the kind of manly honor that never breaks a contract or disregards a promise. Milly Grant, the village milliner, with whom she maintained the closest intimacy, had a great admiration for her because she felt that no one but herself had ever sounded the height and depth and fulness of Susan's genuine excellence. She regretted that Susan was not a man, so that she might marry her.

But Susan, with all her mannish virtues, was very womanly. She was strong to sustain and she was tender to comfort and help. Her heart was capacious and balanced her excellent head. The position of mother and daughter had been changed. Susan was the wheel-horse, as she said, and she felt a protecting fondness for her mother's foibles that made up to that poor woman for a great deal she had suffered. They drew together into a united life. Susan knew she could never have a romance and her mother's young career was of the greatest interest to her. They lived it all over again in their leisure hours, retouching the faded colors, that Susan might realize what it is to be young, to win admiration and to have lovers, she who had known no youth and could never enter personally that magic realm. Mrs. Bowen possessed certain remnants of her old vanity, although so much had been beaten out of her by a hard fate. She was a little weak about dress, as so many by-gone beauties are, and she liked to adorn herself with the vague feeling that somebody might still come to admire her, although in fact nobody ever did come, at least not for a long time. Nearly all the small sums that could be spent on clothes were laid out for her benefit, Susan contenting herself with a style of costume in which she always looked the same winter and summer, spring and fall. But she dressed her mother's still unfaded hair and put on the becoming ribbons and bits of lace much as a fond mamma adorns her little girl. She admired her mother more than any one, and wished to keep her young and pretty a long time.

The widow still possessed a few small trinkets which had not yet been parted with to pay the rent or to furnish necessaries. By far the most interesting of these, as a memento of her girlhood, was a gold locket containing two strands of hair, one auburn and the other brown, entwined together, with a curious cipher beneath them engraved on the gold. The auburn lock had belonged to Jane Hinman when she was a girl of eighteen. The brown lock had never grown on Bowen's head. It dated back to an earlier romance in Jane Hinman's life, the episode which now most deeply engrossed both Susan and her mother, the period they most frequently talked over in confidential moments. In Mrs. Bowen's work-table drawer there was a packet of yellow letters, connected with the locket and braided strands of hair, and a little story of broken vows and disappointed hopes. Jane Hinman had been engaged before she met Bowen. There had been a misunderstanding, a quarrel perhaps, and the ring was given back, and that was all. But it was a great deal to Susan, indeed, the central point of interest in her mother's unfortunate life. Holding the letters loose in her lap, and with that locket open before her, she would try to realize the whole situation.

"And to think, Jane," (she called her mother Jane in her playful or sentimental moods) "to think that Ben Fielding is now a United States Senator, a great man in his own State, likely to be Governor soon, and possibly President. Just try to imagine how it would be with you if you had married him. Who would ever suspect that the possible Mrs. Senator Fielding has been finishing off slop-shop coats and trousers all these years at starvation prices? O, Jane, that was a sad day for you when you quarreled with the future Senator. But where would I have been had you married Ben Fielding? I could never have been born a Senator's daughter. I presume I should not have come into existence at all. And I am so large and strong, such a positive character. There is so much of me—it is impossible to think calmly of the narrow escape I made of not getting born."

Mrs. Bowen had no great amount of humor. She generally let Susie's nonsense go by her like the wind, but it was a very serious matter to her that she had just missed being Mrs. Senator Fielding. It invested with an amount of romantic interest in her own eyes which enabled her to despise the benighted people who knew not the Hinmans. It helped her to keep her young and good-looking, with a certain elegance of manner that Susan admired because she had never been able to attain to manners. She was irrevocably barred out from that mysterious and fascinating region. Mrs. Bowen would sigh in answer to Susan's remark as she turned a seam or sewed on a button:

"He was very high-tempered and overbearing, Susan, and always would get his own way. He made mountains out of molehills and took his religion very hard (as if it had been some sort of contagious disease)."

Susan, although she secretly hated the domineering person her mother drew, always took his part. "He had character, anyway," snipping her thread. "There was something to him. If I had been there, Jane, I suspect I should have been on his side. But I guess the Senator has changed a good deal. I presume now he is as worldy as a Hinman. They say Washington is a pretty hard place."

"He never would go wrong, Susan. You ought not to suspect such a thing. His principles were just like iron. If he had been a little more yielding, or I had been a little less pleasure-loving, things might have come out different. Pass me that spool of black twist, Susan."

One Saturday night Susan had gone to call upon Milly on Main street, and on her return she burst into the room and found her mother half asleep, dozing in her chair in the soft brown twilight of a midsummer evening. Mrs. Bowen rubbed her eyes, with the dim consciousness that Susan was excited. "What is the matter?" said she, drowsily, sitting up straight in her chair. "Matter! why, mother, he is here, visiting Judge Magnus. He came last night." Susan uttered the words as if she had been a Delphic priestess giving forth the oracle.

"He, Susan; whom do you mean?"

"He, of course: Senator Ben Fielding."

"You don't say Ben Fielding has come back to the village. Well, I dare presume he has forgotten me. He must think I am dead."

"You know that is a piece of affectation, mother. It is probable he has made particular inquiries after Jane Hinman."

"Jane Hinman is dead, anyhow. He knows nothing about the Widow Bowen, and I don't see that his visit concerns us. Susan, won't you light the lamp?"

While Susan was lighting the lamp and the darkness still lingered, she brought out her last great piece of news: "Mother, he is a widower; has been one two years."

"I dare presume, Susan. His wife I heard was a sickly woman. They had three children."

"One dead," put in Susan laconically, as she turned up the wick, "and the other two grown and doing for themselves."

"I don't see how it concerns us, Susan. I am a faded old woman." But her eyes looked singularly bright, and her voice quavered with a new emotion. Susan would not give in to her mother's artifices. She knew that somehow it did concern them that Senator Ben Fielding was in town. They did not talk much together, and though both pretended to rest well, there was but little sleep for them that night. The next morning they debated as to whether they should go to church and finally decided in the negative. It would look too marked just to go to see him, though they did not say so. Neither did they speak of going to the woods or down by the river on their usual Sunday ramble. They sat at home all the morning, the sewing all put by. Susan dressed her mother with great care. She even put an extra touch to her own appearance, she could hardly have told why. She was glad of the housework which kept her busy. But the widow sat silent with her hands clasped and that bright expectancy in her eyes. Judge Magnus was to give the Senator a grand dinner on Monday. How would he find time to think of poor Jane Hinman and her broken fortunes? But he did find time to think of her. It was just four o'clock when a stranger clicked the little gate. He was tall and rather imposing, with a square forehead, a square chin and a powerful jaw. He wore square-toed boots, and even his watch-chain was composed of little cubes of gold. The iron-gray side whiskers gave him an air of distinction he had not possessed in his younger years, but his eyes were of a steely benevolence, without humor. Humor was the one thing Ben Fielding had always lacked. Susan hastily kissed her mother when she saw what was impending, then dashed out the back way. She slipped through a broken picket in the dooryard fence and crossed Mrs. Hodge's garden, and by winding ways reached a back street and made for a shady spot by the river. She sat down on the ground among the ferns and let her hat fall back, and with her hands clasped about her knees lost sight of every thing before her eyes in her intense sympathy for her mother. He had come to make a friendly call, of course, but Susan did not believe it. She knew that widowers, when their hearts have healed by the first intention, always have intentions. They are the least ingenuous members of the human race. She was thinking of Jane Hinman and the Widow Bowen and the dark ways they had traveled as mother and daughter, when she had borne the laboring oar; and a tide of pity and love seemed to sweep her away, mingled with the excitement of this strange romance which was touching her mother again in the afternoon of her days. Susan never knew how long she sat there on the river bank among the ferns. She found it growing dark when she took her way home. Her mother met her at the door with her eyes full of tears and quivering with suppressed emotion. She put her arm around her daughter and like Ruth and Naomi they clung together for a time.

"O, you can't think what he said. It's all the same as if I hadn't grown old. He wants me to be his wife. He came here on purpose, Susan, to ask me. He says he has money enough and everything, and he don't care if I am ever so poor and don't know how to appear," she went on a little incoherently.

Susan put her mother down in the rocker and smoothed her hair. "You must quiet yourself, or you will have one of your bad headaches. But just tell me if you have promised to be Mrs. Senator Fielding."

"How could I promise," she returned, reproachfully, "without talking with you? It all depends on you, Susan, and the very thought of it makes me dizzy."

"I shan't stand in the way, mother; I shall never trouble him."

"Susan Bowen, what do you mean?"

"He can't be expected to marry the whole family. He has come for his old sweetheart, Jane Hinman, and not for Susan Bowen, clumsy old Susan."

"You want to make me sick," breaking into sobs; "that is just what you want to do."

"No, I don't, mother; but I can't deceive you. We have always been one, you and I, but it can be so no longer. Jane Hinman was born for another fate. And now she is coming into her kingdom. But Susan Bowen was made to endure hardness, to live alone and eat the bread of labor. He would not like my influence over you. He must rule alone; I can see it in the square set of his jaw."

"That's just it, Susan; he ain't changed a bit. Such men never do change. I can feel the iron Ben Fielding under all this new velvet. He didn't have his way with me when he was young and he wants to get it now he is old. He let it drop that his God must be my God, and it was so like old times it made me shiver."

"I guess his God is made in the likeness of the Senator," said Susan bitterly, but this was all she would say to influence her mother, who kept insisting that he was generous and kind and wondrous condescending to the poor Widow Bowen. She felt it a grievance that Susan would not join in these eulogiums, but maintained a dogged silence. Her sturdy, strong soul felt a sorrow tugging at her heart-strings, such as she had not known in all her years of toil and privation. The splendid prospect opened by the visit of the great man, though it dazzled the widow's eyes, brought no real joy to that poor house. Before going to bed Susan told her mother she would depart early the next morning by the train to take home the finished bundle of work and leave the coast clear. The Senator was to receive his answer that day. She did not sleep until near morning, and then it seemed that she had just fallen into her first uneasy nap when a nervous grasp was laid on her shoulder.

"I can't, I can't," sobbed poor Mrs. Bowen, brokenly. "I've made up my mind I won't have Ben Fielding if he is to separate us. What do I care for his money and his position, and his honors, compared with my child? And just as like as not he would despise me if I didn't bow down to him. I won't see him again. You must stay and tell him the whole truth. There never was such a one to speak the truth as you are. And I will go to town with the bundle of work."

Susan felt that her mother had risen to the height of the moral sublime. She took her in her arms and gave her a tremendous hugging as she laughed and cried. Mrs. Bowen did go to town and Susan saw the Senator, and they had rather a bad half-hour. Fielding lost his temper, and accused Susan of influencing her mother against him to her great injury. And Susan lost her temper and maintained her right to her mother with pertinacity. And when the Senator went away he congratulated himself on having escaped such a dragon of a daughter-in-law. And Susan for her part hated the overbearing man worse than any one she had ever seen.

Many can rise once in a lifetime to a height of the moral sublime, but few can maintain themselves long at such a level. When the two poor women took up life again in that shabby tenement, things were changed. Perhaps Mrs. Bowen, as is the way with dependent, impulsive minds, secretly regretted at moments all she had given up for Susan, while Susan for her part saw these feelings at work in her mother and was wretched. But one day there came to Susan Bowen an official document which announced her appointment to a 1,200-dollar clerkship in the treasury. Though she hated Fielding, he had done her this great good turn because that generous streak in his nature was marked.

When Susan and her mother went away happy and triumphant, Milly declared that strange old fairy, Truth, had left the village, bag and baggage.—*A. L., in N. Y. Evening Post.*

Not a Burden to Himself.

"Look at that fat fellow," remarked a man, addressing an old gentleman who stood near him. "He's so fat he must be a burden to himself."

"I don't think that he is," the old gentleman rejoined. "Upon the contrary, I think that he is a burden to me."

"A burden to you? How so, sir?"

"He married my daughter."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—The annual production of sewing machines allows one for every three hundred civilized people on the globe.

THE SURF-BATH.

Something About the "Ceaseless Ocean Roar" and the Health-Giving Ozone.

Surf-bathing is a delusion and a fraud. With the temperature of the water at seventy degrees you gasp and gargle and feel as if some one was shooting icicles through you. You finally dip under with a yell, and the yell is changed to a sort of ! ! ! whooppee ! ! ! as a pint of the briny fluid sails down your throat and proceeds to salt your pork for you. There are shells to pare down your heels, and there are heartless crabs which make it a business to feel for your toes and hang by you. Floundering men kick you in the stomach, and excited females grab the calves of your legs in their wild endeavors to withstand the breakers. The idea is not to swim, but to let the rollers tumble you about until your ears fill with sand, your stomach with water and your eyes can no longer do duty. You come out feeling clammy. You may use half a dozen towels, but the clammy feeling remains and abides by you for a good half-day. It is as if some one had taken a pork rind out of an ice-chest and kindly greased you from head to foot.

There are certain proprieties to be observed in promiscuous bathing. In case a fat woman steps into a hole and disappears from sight her relatives and acquaintances are given the first chance to save her. If none is present you can go ahead and do your best. A roller may tumble two or three females head over heels against you and each one of them may give you a kick and a claw and help herself up by means of your legs, but any observations on your part will be out of order. If, in clawing around on the bottom in search of recreation, you encounter a foot and hang on to it until you upset some water nymph, no apology is necessary. Any remarks about tide, state of water, crabs, sharks, clam shells and life-saving boat are out of order unless you have been formally introduced.

Few of the females who come under the head of ladies are seen in a bathing suit; the great majority are young girls and nurses, with now and then a designing old maid. The others are content to sit on the sand and criticise. There are men who bathe twice per day, and there are men who wouldn't go in to save human life.

A good deal has been written about the "ceaseless roar of the surf." It's a big thing for a couple of days and nights, but after that you'll begin to wonder why people who come here expressly for that didn't stay home and hire some one to turn a coffee mill. The old thing keeps hammering away for seven days and nights of the week, with no other purpose in view than to make a noise, and by and by everybody votes it a bore. An ocean with the best interests of the public at heart would keep still at least half the time. The average person puts in about ten minutes watching the "white-maned waves" roll in. After that he wants some other performance. One wave is very much like another, all being cut from the same piece of cloth. Each one has a white mane; each one rolls in just so far, and breaks just as the one before it did.

I don't know about the ozone. I have been looking for it for the last three weeks, but whether I have found it or not I can't be certain. One day when a fog, so thick that you could chop it with an axe and so cold that no ice was needed at the hotel, drove in from the dark-green sea and lasted for half a day, fifty of us had toothache, legache, backache, neuralgia and chills. I guess that was coming pretty close to it. I know the mosquitoes don't eat up the ozone. They can't be hungry after eating up the guests.—*M. Quad, in Detroit Free Press.*

ROBUST WOMEN.

Why a Larger Number of Them Is to Be Found in Cities Than in the Country.

Any one who carefully notices the women seen upon New York streets and places of amusement will be struck by the large number of robust girls and women of great physical development. This is to be attributed, we think, to more general knowledge of the laws of health, to the improvement in the quality and preparation of food and to sanitary conditions, and to increased participation in out-door sports.

But these conditions do not prevail to the same extent in the country as in the city, and a warning against undue optimism has followed the encouraging opinions of the Boston surgeon. In a recent commencement address, General Stewart L. Woodford has again called attention to the unfavorable features of the life of farmers' wives; their isolation, the imposition of an amount of work which saps their vitality; their poor food; their lack of change and recreation, and the tendency, which naturally follows, to brooding over various subjects. The result is a discouragingly large percentage of insanity among the women of rural neighborhoods. Attempts to substitute farming villages for scattered farm houses, to introduce social recreations, and like efforts have been made or suggested again and again, but the fact remains that the woman of the city is usually more healthful and has more vitality than the woman of the country. There is a problem here still for our physicians and students of sociology. But it is pleasant to be assured by competent experts that the charge that American women are composed merely of skin and bone and nerves and brain, is no longer justified.—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.*

—Lulu is about five years of age. Her uncle Harry recently died. A few days ago she came to her grandmother with a bit of paper in her hand and said: "Mamma, I have written a letter to uncle Harry." The letter ran: "Dear Uncle Harry: We are all well and hope you are. I went out to the cemetery to-day with papa and saw your monument. How do you and God get along?"—*San Francisco Post.*

—It is said the English Government is vainly seeking a place of confinement for its cranks. Italy has no difficulty that way. She attaches them to a hand organ and sends them to this country.—*Norristown Herald.*

LINCOLN'S STORIES.

How the Great President Managed to Conciliate Contending Factions.

President Lincoln knew human nature. Long intercourse with the people and with politicians, practice as a jury lawyer and experience as a legislator, made him familiar with the weakness and strength of men. On one occasion the Governor of a Northern State rushed to Washington, bristling with complaints against the War Department. He had a stormy interview with Mr. Stanton, and then went over to the White House to lay his grievances before the President.

In the course of a few hours, the Governor was seen wending his way to the railroad station, wearing a pleasant smile, and only anxious to go home by the next train.

"Mr. President, how did you dispose of the Governor?" asked a friend. "He went to you in a towering rage, and came out smiling. I suppose you found it necessary to make large concessions to his demands?"

"O no, I didn't concede any thing," replied the President. "You know how that Illinois farmer managed the big log which lay in the middle of his field? To the question of his neighbors as to how he was getting along with it, he replied, 'I've got rid of that log!'

"'Got rid of it? How did you do it? It was too big to haul out, too knotty to split, and too soggy to burn. What did you do?'

"Well now, boys, if you won't tell the secret I'll tell you how I got rid of it; I plowed around it.'

"Now, said the President, "don't tell anybody, but that's the way I got rid of the Governor. I plowed around him."

Another Governor, though able, patriotic and untiring in raising troops, always wanted his own way, and was very exacting in his intercourse with the General Government. Once his complaints and protests were so bitter that it was feared he would refuse to co-operate. The Secretary of War, therefore, laid the dispatches before the President.

"Never mind, never mind," said Mr. Lincoln, after reading them. "These dispatches don't mean any thing. Just go right ahead. The Governor is like a boy I saw once at a launching. When everything was ready they picked out a boy and sent him under the ship to knock away the trigger and let her go.

"At the critical moment every thing depended on the boy. He had to do the job by a direct, vigorous blow, and and then lie flat and keep still while the ship slid over him. The boy did every thing right, but he yelled as if he was being murdered from the time he got under the keel until he got out.

"I thought the skin was all scraped off his back, but he wasn't hurt at all. The master of the yard told me that this boy was always chosen for that job, that he did his work well, and had never been hurt. But he would always squeal.

"That's just the way with the Governor. He only wants to make you understand how hard his task is, and that he is on hand performing it."

During the war there arose a conflict of authority between the military and civil powers. Civil officers would grant permits to bring out cotton from certain districts in a state of insurrection. The military officers, however, believing that the cotton speculators interfered with army operations, nullified the permits issued by the Treasury Department. The cotton speculators brought the matter before President Lincoln, and through one of his friends from Illinois, asked what would be the probable result of the contest.

"By the way, what has become of our old friend, Bob Lewis?" asked the President, referring to the clerk of the circuit court of DeWitt County.

"When Bob became of age," said the President, "he found among his father's papers a number of land-warrants. As the land was located in Northeast Missouri, he went there to investigate, going on horseback, with a pair of saddle-bags.

"Arriving at the locality, he hitched his horse and went into a log-cabin, standing near the road. The proprietor—a lean, lanky, leathery-looking man—was casting bullets, preparatory to a hunt.

"'I am looking up some lands which belong to my father,' said Lewis, by way of introducing himself. 'What is the number of this section?'

"Without waiting for the settler to answer, Lewis exhibited his title-papers and then said:

"'That is *my* title. What is yours?'

"The pioneer pointed his long finger to the rifle, which was suspended on two buck horns above the fireplace, and said:

"'Young man, do you see that gun? Well, that is my title, and if you don't get out of here quick you will feel the force of it.'

"Lewis put his title-papers in his saddle-bags, mounted his horse and galloped down the road.

"Now, my friend," said the President, "the military authorities have the same title against the civil authorities. You must judge what may be the result."—*Youth's Companion.*

The Cause of Education.

One morning this week the son of a prominent Estelline man arrived at school about a half hour late.

"See here," said the teacher, with considerable emphasis, "you're tardy just thirty minutes. Have you an excuse?"

"Why, yes, sir, you-er—you know some fellers was having a little hoss race down at the track and I went down and——"

"Been to a horse race, have you! Come here, sir!" and he grasped the boy by the collar.

"W-w-'-y, I-I t-thought you wouldn't care," blubbered the youngster, "if I only stayed a few minutes!"

"Thought I wouldn't care—well I'll show you! Why didn't you come up and let me know about the race and I would have dismissed school so we all could have seen it! I'll teach you to remember next time when there is a chance for the scholars to improve there minds!" and he reached for a two-foot rule.—*Estelline (D. T.) Bell.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—An entire town of five hundred inhabitants on the coast of China, near Foo Chow, has adopted Christianity, says an exchange.

—Dr. Pringsheim, recently appointed to a professorship in the University of Munich, is the first Jew ever admitted to a Bavarian faculty.

—The estimate by the Philadelphia Board of Education of the expenses for 1887 of the city's schools asks for $2,172,958.35, or about $300,000 more than the appropriation of $1,864,154 for the present year. The principal item is $1,347,840.50 for teachers' salaries.

—The Sunday-school statistics of the Methodist Episcopal Church are now in and footed up for 1885, with the following results: Schools, 22,490; officers and teachers, 246,054; scholars, 14,818,032. This is an increase of 314 schools, 8,582 officers and teachers and 57,596 scholars.—*Christian Advocate.*

—Rev. Dr. Lathrop, pastor of the Baptist Church at Stamford, Conn., having offered his resignation, the pastors of the Episcopal, Congregational, Methodist, Universalist and Roman Catholic churches requested him to recall it. This is one of the most remarkable instances of Christian unity and sympathy on record.—*Christian Union.*

—It is said that the Zion Hebrew congregation of St. Paul, Minn., adopted a heroic method for testing the sermonizing qualities of a candidate for its pulpit. He's not permitted to fire his very best sermon at the congregation, but a committee meet him on the way to church, give him a text, and he's expected to preach from it without further notice.

—It is remarked that Boston people like broad churchmen, whose sermons are not flat; Philadelphians like preachers whose thoughts are deep and well rounded; New York likes a square man with no frills about him, who can say it all in twenty minutes, and Chicago is always wanting something in preachers that it seldom gets.—*Chicago Times.*

—Vinegar is a very good thing in its place, but a gallon of it ought to outlast, in a well-ordered house, a barrel of sugar and an entire crop of potatoes. But some people, in their lives, reverse the proportions and are so vinegary that there is but little use of the staples and sweetnesses. Even when they ask for grace they mean more vinegar.—*United Presbyterian.*

—Mr. George Williams, the founder of the Young Men's Christian Associations, has been elected president of the London Association to succeed the late Earl Shaftesbury. Mr. Williams has not only given his heart and life to work for young men, but has been princely in his benefactions to Young Men's Christian Associations on the other side of the sea. He is a most genial man, and greatly beloved by the young men.—*Baptist Weekly.*

—The Presbyterians of this country, both Northern and Southern, are to meet in General Assembly in Philadelphia in 1888. It will be the one hundredth anniversary of the Presbyterian General Assembly in the United States. The Northern brethren propose to honor the occasion by bringing an offering of $1,000,000. The Southerners come to fraternize, but they are opposed to anything being said or done looking to an organic union.—*N. Y. Post.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Age appears to increase the value of everything except women and butter.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—Wealth's Luxury.—

Thrice happy he whose wealth will let him choose
Whether to get up or take another snooze.
—*Danville Breeze.*

—A writer in a magazine says the earth would be heated more than 190 degrees by being stopped. And now some fool who owns the earth will be silly enough to try the experiment.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—It was said of an inveterate drunkard that he had met with great affliction, and drank to drown his grief. "Then," said a bystander, "his grief must know how to swim, for he has never been able to drown it."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—"Do you know the prisoner, Mr. Jones?" "Yes, to the bone." "What is his character?" "Didn't know that he had any." "Does he live near you?" "So near that he only spent five cents for fire wood in eight years."—*Comic Weekly.*

—Help wanted. Drowning Man—"Help! help! What do you mean by sitting there and letting me drown, man?" Newspaper Proprietor—"You should have advertised, my friend. You could get all the help you want through the newspapers."—*Tidbits.*

—"These are extravagant days we live in," said Mrs. Crimsonbeak to her husband, after they had been approached by their son for a fresh lining for his pocketbook. "Yes, and that probably accounts for their getting 'shorter,' you know," replied the everjocular man.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

—"Father," said Rollo, "to whom was Byron writing when he said, 'Fare thee well?'" "O," said Rollo's father, who is away up in ancient history, "he was writing an ode to Patti's farewell tour; 'Still, forever fare thee well.'" "And who was Byron?" asked Rollo. "He was a prophet," said Rollo's Uncle George.—*Burdette.*

—A young physician while diagnosing a case fired a number of questions at his patient which flew wide of the mark. He was finally successful, however. "You—re—sometimes have a—er—tired feeling come over you, which——" "Yes," interrupted the patient, "I feel it now. I'm tired, very tired." "Just, as I thought," said the young physician. "I am seldom mistaken in my diagnosis of a case."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Restaurant Manager—"You have had experience as a waiter?" Girl Applicant—"O, yes; three years' experience, sir." "You can be especially attentive to the young men?" "Indeed I can, sir." "You would any time pass a quiet, patient old gentleman who has been waiting half an hour in order to wait upon a masher who had just seated himself?" "Yes—yes! I always did that, sir." "Well, you don't suit me. Good day."—*N. Y. Telegram.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

WHAT THEY WILL BE.

A Recitation for Boys.

I.

I have made up my mind
That a sailor I shall be,
And in a splendid ship
I shall sail upon the sea.
I shall see the waves dash high,
And near the wild winds sport;
But bravely our good ship
Will carry us into port.
A sailor I'll be!

II.

I am going to be a doctor,
When I get to be a man,
And I'll make the people well
Just as quickly as I can.
Two horses I shall have,
And a boy to hold the reins,
And I'll drive around the town,
And cure all the aches and pains!
A doctor I'll be!

III.

Now, I shall be a farmer,
With a great farm in the West;
For of all the occupations,
That of farming is the best.
I shall plow, and sow, and reap,
Under the clear blue sky,
And I think no one among you
Will be happier than I.
A farmer I'll be!

IV.

I mean to be a teacher,
When I've grown to be a man;
And every lesson I shall make
Just as *easy* as I can.
All children, as you know,
Need lots of time for play;
And so, remember, very often
I shall give a holiday.
A teacher I'll be!

V.

I am going to keep a store,
Where you all can come and buy,
And be sure of honest dealing,
And prices not too high.
I'll have a delivery wagon
And splendid painted sign,
And not a store in town
Shall go ahead of mine!
A storekeeper I'll be!

VI.

I am going to be an architect,
And plan buildings, great and small;
And may be *my* designs will be
The very best of all!
I mean to plan great churches,
And perhaps school-houses, too,
And who knows but I may
Plan a house for some of you?
An architect I'll be!

VII.

I am going to be a lawyer,
And make speeches, fine and long;
And plainly tell the jury
Which man is in the wrong.
I'll be an honest lawyer,
And do what good I can;
And may be I will be a judge
When I'm a gray-haired man!
A lawyer I'll be!

ALL.

You see we have started early,
To plan what we will do;
And always what *we* undertake,
We bravely carry through.
We mean to set our brains to work,
To learn our business well;
And what success each one will have,
The coming years will tell!

—*E. L. Brown, in Golden Days.*

TOM'S DANGER SIGNAL:

By Which a Threatened and Terrible Disaster Was Avoided.

A queer little house, perched on a mountain ledge like an eagle's nest, that looked as if it would certainly blow away the first time a strong wind came. That was where Tom lived with his father. A lonely place to live, a couple of miles from the nearest neighbor's; but Tom never thought any thing about that until he fell and broke his leg in one of his gunning expeditions. After that it was a very hard trial to the boy to be shut up alone all day. Every morning, a few hours after his father had gone away for the day, a kind neighbor came over and cared for his wants, putting every thing that he might need just where he could get it without getting up, but after that Tom was alone till after night-fall.

Tom had very little to help him while away the hours that seemed so interminably long. Now and then his father, who was the engineer of a train, brought him some papers, which the good-natured conductor had gathered up for the sick boy from the seats where the passengers had left them when they had read them. Then Tom was learning telegraphy, and he could click, click away on his little instrument, and practice himself in sending suppositious messages over an imaginary wire. In the evening when his father came home, they talked together on the little instrument for the sake of practice, and Tom felt sure that he would be ready to apply for the position of telegraph operator at the little station just below, as soon as he should be well.

"I'm afraid we're going to have rough weather to-day, my boy," said Tom's father one morning, as he stood in the door and watched the threatening clouds, while the bacon was cheerily sizzling in the frying-pan on the stove. "You won't be afraid here all by yourself, will you?"

"No, indeed; I won't be afraid," answered Tom, "but I do wish my leg would hurry up and get well. You don't know how lonely it is here all day by myself, father."

"I know it must be, Tom, but try not to be impatient. You'll be around soon now, if you don't put yourself back by using your leg too soon."

Tom looked after his father with a sigh, as after breakfast he strode away, his heavy footsteps making the dry twigs and leaves crackle as he walked along.

Another long, lonely day was before him, and he was already heartily tired of his imprisonment. All day long the clouds grew darker and the wind shrieked and moaned more dismally as it swept through the tall pines, and as the windows shook and rattled now and then as if a giant hand had siezed them, Tom grew a little apprehensive in spite of his promise not to be afraid. From the cottage window he could look down on a long stretch of the railroad that came around a curve and swept along the side of the mountain, crossed a bridge over the rocky gorge, and then vanished into the trees again around another curve.

Just after dark his father's train always came in sight, and Tom loved to watch the bright headlight as it sped along. He had a little set of signals which his father understood, and when the train reached a certain place he always waved his lamp, hid it for an instant and waved it again, as a signal that all was well. Then the locomotive would utter a shrill, piercing whistle, and that was his father's answer.

Toward the close of the afternoon the wind almost amounted to a hurricane, and the rain poured down so hard that Tom could hardly see out of the window. At last the fury of the storm seemed to have spent itself, and Tom breathed a sigh of relief as he heard the wind lessening, for he always feared to have his father cross the bridge over the gorge when the wind was blowing high, lest the train should be blown over. He looked down at the bridge as it entered his thoughts, and something that he saw there made his ruddy boyish face pale with terror. Dragging himself across the room slowly and painfully, he got his father's glass down from the shelf and looked through it. No, he had not been mistaken. His eyes had told him the truth. Just at the beginning of the bridge, and partly on it, lay a tall tree that had been blown over by the gale. Unless the train could be checked in time, it would be derailed and hurled into that terrible gorge.

No wonder the boy felt himself growing faint with terror at the thought of his father's peril, as well as the danger to all the others that were on the train. How could they be warned in time? The twilight shadows were already growing deeper, and it would soon be dark. Tom looked at his bandaged leg with a groan of despair. If he only had the use of it, he could soon have made his way down the mountain side, and built a fire beside the track that would have warned them! There was no hope that he could possibly drag himself that distance; even if he could have borne the torture of dragging his broken limb after him, his strength would not have held out, and then, too, the time would have been too short. Tom groaned aloud. Must he sit there and see the train go crashing over the edge of the gorge without saying a word to stay it?

In less than an hour now the train would come thundering along, his father would exchange signals with him for the last time, and then—. But the thought of the signals sent an idea through Tom's brain that took his breath away. Perhaps he could signal with the lamp, and make his father understand the danger. He put the lamp in the window and waited. It was the only chance, and as the slow minutes dragged themselves away, and each one shortened the boy's agony of suspense, perhaps you can guess how his whole heart went up in fervent prayer that his father would understand.

At last the train rumbled through the tunnel, and coming out into open air swept around the curve, its headlight gleaming like a baleful eye. The engineer was running fast now to make up for a delay at the station they had just passed. He glanced up into the darkness that shrouded the mountain to see his boy's signal. Presently it flashed out, then instead of waving backward and forward it was suddenly obscured, then it gleamed out again. Something, the father never knew what, made him connect the sudden flashes with the little electric instrument. He watched eagerly. Yes, he was right, the boy was trying to tell him something. He slackened the speed of the train, and spelled the letters one after another.

"D-a-n-g-e-r—G-o-r-g-e!"

That was all, but he understood, and under the hand of its master the train came to a sudden standstill. Not a moment too soon, for when the train hands ran forward with lanterns they found the fallen tree not six feet from the engine.

It would have been a terrible accident beyond a doubt, and as the passengers learned the cause of the detention while the men were clearing the track, they shuddered at the thought of the terrible peril they had escaped. A purse was made up for Tom, when they learned how the engineer had been warned by the boy in that lonely cottage on the ledge.

When Tom saw the train stop and knew that his father had understood, he did something that, boylike, he was very much ashamed of afterward. He fainted, "just like a silly girl," as he contemptuously expressed it. The strain had been a terrible one, and the joy was too much for him, enfeebled as he was by his confinement.

When Tom was well again he applied for the post of telegraph operator, and to his great delight he was pronounced competent for the position, and now his father and himself live in a pretty little cottage near the station, which Tom purchased with the thank-offering of the passengers. He never sends a message clicking over the wires, without thinking of the night when he saved the train.—*Christian at Work.*

A Remarkable Picnic.

A Berlin correspondent thus describes a curious picnic which he witnessed near that city: The director of a private lunatic asylum put his twenty-five patients in a wagon and drove them to a tavern, where some cake was taken with coffee, after which every body enjoyed a dance in the hall. Another ride was then taken past a park in which were some deer and rabbits, the sight of which caused the patients to break out into wild exclamations of delight. At seven o'clock a grass plot was chosen, and the patients located picnic fashion, whereupon a keg of beer was tapped, with which they toasted their director, each one endeavoring to make a speech. Finally a number of colored paper caps were distributed, which the crazy folk put on their heads with demonstrations of great pleasure. —*N. Y. Post.*

—"The poet is born, sir," said a man, haughtily, as he received a roll of manuscript from the editor with a shake of the head. "O, is he?" replied the editor with a pleasant smile. "Well, when he gets old enough to write something, tell him to come and see me. Good-bye," and he resumed his labors.—*Washington Critic.*

—There are now in Ohio 30,500 Government pensioners, consisting of invalids, widows, minors and dependent relatives. The invalids number about 21,500, and the widows, minors and dependent relatives about 9,000.—*Toledo Blade.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Remember that the manure question is the most important one connected with agriculture or horticulture.—*Western Rural.*

—Cleaning Knives: Use flour of emery, bought of any druggist. Ten cents worth will last a long time.—*Exchange.*

—When a porcelain kettle is worn down to the iron, it can still be quite serviceable by warming the kettle and dropping in it a few pieces of gum-shellac, and with a rag rub it well over the worn parts.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Veal Oysters: A good substitute for oysters is made by cutting veal into small squares, dipping them into a batter and frying in hot lard. Serve with cayenne pepper and salt, and should be eaten hot.—*The Caterer.*

—It may be doubted but nevertheless it is a fact, a well fed hen will lay a larger egg than one that is stinted. It is certain that there is as much difference in the quality of an egg laid by a well fed hen and one illy fed as there is in the quality of poor or well fattened beef.—*Field and Farm.*

—Apple Soup: Peel and quarter one pound of good cooking apples, put them into three pints of medium stock made from bones and trimmings of meat, etc.; season with three cloves, cayenne to taste, a little white pepper; stew gently for half an hour, rub through a strainer and add a little more pepper and a little salt; boil up and serve.—*Boston Budget.*

—Whitewash is to some extent a disinfectant, and should be used in cellar and kitchen closets not less than once a year, twice being better. A good whitewash is made of one peck of slacked lime, a pound and a half of white vitriol, a pound of salt and half a pound of melted glue, the salt and glue keeping the wash from rubbing off. For cellars the slacked lime is sufficient.—*Montreal Witness.*

—In sowing mixed grasses for hay reference must be had to their periods of ripening; they must be ready for the mower at the same time. Red clover and orchard grass do well together in this respect. Tall meadow oat grass also ripens at the same time as the above and may be advantageously added to them. Timothy and herds, or redtop, ripens later and would not fit well into the combination.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

—European cultivators pay much attention to educating the masses concerning insects, both injurious and useful. As one means to this end, exhibitions of insects are made at fairs and shows, being stimulated by premiums. This is a practical and valuable hint for adoption in this country. Many a moth or butterfly that is now admired and allowed to escape would be destroyed if its true nature were known.

—Nonsense, the lightest of dessert dishes, is made by beating the whites of six eggs to a stiff froth, adding gradually six tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. After the two are thoroughly blended beat in a cup of jelly, or soft fresh fruit, and serve with sweetened cream flavored with vanilla. This dish should be prepared while dinner is going on, if possible, and the cream should be iced, as the "Nonsense" will be slightly warmed by beating.—*Household.*

POISONOUS PLANTS.

Points Which Parents Would Do Well to Commit to Memory.

Children should be taught not to eat the leaves of any plant or shrub which they find in the fields without first showing them to their parents or some adult person. Many serious, and sometimes fatal, results have occurred from a neglect of this precaution. After a long tramp through the woods and fields, children soon become very hungry, and, unless provided with a substantial lunch, will often eat leaves and berries, thinking they are the same as those which they are accustomed to see in the city markets.

We cite a few plants to illustrate. The butter-cup, so common in fields, should never be put into the mouth. If gathered, it should always be held by the stem, as the petals are very caustic and will quickly excite inflammation. The oleander contains a deadly poison, both in its leaves and flowers, and special care should be taken to exclude them from bouquets for the parlor or dining room. The leaves of the meadow saffron and of aconite, or monkshood, seem to possess for children the fascination of the rattlesnake, but should be avoided carefully. There is, perhaps, no plant so common in the fields, by the seaside and on mountain-tops, as the meadow hemlock, of whose fatal decoction it is said that Socrates drank. Its tiny white flowers are indeed beautiful, and are often gathered in large quantities by ladies and children who have little idea of their poisonous qualities.

But it is those poisonous plants which so closely resemble common vegetables that we need specially to shun, and to warn children against eating. The common dropwort, before it flowers, is so much like celery that the former is often eaten with deadly effect. This plant contains a virulent poison, which, taken into the stomach, causes convulsions and often death. Another plant, almost equally dangerous, is fool's parsley; this is often mistaken for turnips. Water-hemlock, or cow-bane, resembles very much the common parsnip. Ivy and dogwood, though not eaten, are often gathered because of their beautiful twining leaves. These, to a large number of people are poisonous.

We can not be too careful ourselves, nor watch too closely the children, in pleasant rambles during the summer vacation. In case of poisoning, let no time be lost but promptly use every means to counteract its effects. Until the arrival of a physician, produce copious and frequent vomitings, and persistently keep it up until all offending matter is expelled. By no means allow the patient to become sleepy, but give strong coffee or tea, and if the body feels cold or chilly apply mustard and bottles of hot water. By every means keep up the circulation and the brain active.—*Dr. D. N. Patterson, in Congregationalist.*

—An old lady on her death-bed in a penitent mood said: "I have been a great sinner more than seventy years, and didn't know it." An old colored woman, who had lived with her a long time, exclaimed: "Lors! I knowed it all the time."—*Toledo Blade.*

—A three-year-old daughter of W. N. Wilson, of Attica, N. Y., was nearly poisoned to death recently by eating a small piece of wall paper, which contained arsenic.

—An Arkansas attorney received three cents recently from a backwoodsman for whom he had just won a case. The granger thought even that was too large a fee.

Copy of Cablegram Received from H. D. Umbstaetter, Aug. 23, 1886.

LONDON, Eng., Aug. 23, 1886.

In the chancery division of the high court of justice, London, Vice Chancellor Bacon has given his decision in favor of The Charles A. Vogeler Company of Baltimore, Maryland, in the action brought by that house against H. Churchill and Company of Brisbane, Queensland. The case which has been in progress here since September, 1884, grew out of an attempt of Churchill and Company to register a trade mark containing the words St. Patrick Oil in connection with a medicinal preparation. This was promptly opposed by the Vogeler Company, who, while admitting that the term and device which were sought to be registered by the Australian firm were in no respect identical to the well-known St. Jacobs Oil trade marks, contended, however, that sufficient similarity existed between the term St. Patricks applied by Churchill and Company and St. Jacobs as used by the Vogeler Company to cause confusion in the minds of the public and lead to purchasers being deceived. In support of this position they submitted an overwhelming amount of evidence from English, American and Australian sources with the result stated. Under the decision of the court Churchill and Company can not register their mark and must pay costs of the case. This is the second trade mark suit won by the Vogeler Company in England within three years.

The pupil of one's eye is made to attend to business by the lash that is ever held over it.

"The leprous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,"

and causes the skin to become "barked about, most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust." Such are the effects of diseased and morbid bile, the only antidote for which is to cleanse and regulate the liver—an office admirably performed by Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery."

If there is any one who should be "rapped in slumber" it is the man who snores.—*Chicago Tribune.*

DR. PIERCE'S "Favorite Prescription" perfects and permanently cures those diseases peculiar to females. It is tonic and nervine, effectually allaying and curing those sickening sensations that affect the stomach and heart, through reflex action. The backache and "dragging-down" sensations all disappear under the strengthening effects of this great restorative. By druggists.

Mom physique and less physic is what the average American needs.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Young men or middle-aged ones, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses should send 10 cents in stamps for illustrated book suggesting sure means of cure. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

"GOING to learn to dance, Claude?" "Yes, I've taken steps in that direction."

A BOX OF GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP is equivalent to many Sulphur Baths. Don't forget it.

HILL'S HAIR AND WHISKER DYE, Black or Brown, 50c.

WOMAN'S greatest glory is in her hair, and she should be very economical of it when she is cooking.

For removing dandruff and curing all scalp diseases, use Hall's Hair Renewer.

Ayer's Ague Cure is acknowledged to be the standard remedy for fever and ague.

THERE is a place in Pennsylvania called Economy. It is not a summer resort.—*Baltimore American.*

POET—"And you will print my poem?" Editor—"Yes, sir; in the puzzle department."—*Tid-Bits.*

"THIS is something I have just dashed off," said the farmer's wife as she took the butter from the churn.

A CHICAGO paper says Mr. Multum has settled in that city. Then he is no longer in Parvo.—*Texas Siftings.*

"YOU think you're cutting a dash," as the driver said when the horse kicked in the front of the buggy.—*The Whip.*

THE reason why the word "honeymoon" is only applied to married people, is because the moon affects the tied.—*Prairie Farmer.*

"IT does a man good to go down among the children occasionally," said the man when he slipped and fell in the kindergarten.

A CERTAIN journal is publishing a story entitled "The Romance of a Gaspipe." The story is believed to be a biography of the editor.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"NO, BUTCHER; I am not in the habit of swearing, but when that boy stole a string of sausages, I could not help exclaiming: 'Doggone.'"

WITH English grammars selling at seventeen cents each it seems a great pity that people will go to summer-resorts and fill the atmosphere with fractured speech.—*Chicago Journal.*

"WHY does Dina get more beaux than I?" asked the elder sister. "I don't know, unless it is she is a little archer," said mamma, with a quiver of her lips.

A FAST youth asked at a city restaurant: "What have you got?" "Almost every thing," was the reply. "Almost every thing! Well, give me a piece of that." "Certainly. Hash!" screamed the waiter.—*Troy Times.*

Delays Are Dangerous

The time to take a medicine is when Nature gives her first warning. That tired feeling is often the forerunner of serious disease, which may be warded off if you attend to yourself in time. Don't wait till your system is all run down and you are obliged to stop work, but take Hood's Sarsaparilla now. It will purify, vitalize and enrich your blood, create an appetite and tone the digestive organs, cure headache, biliousness and dyspepsia, rouse and regulate the liver and kidneys, and give strength to the whole body.

"I have seen the value of Hood's Sarsaparilla in use in the Massachusetts State Prison, and have also used it in my family with perfect satisfaction. We believe it to be everything that is claimed for it." A. W. KEENE, deputy warden, State Prison, Charlestown, Mass.

"Having been afflicted with a complication of disorders, the result of impure blood, I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and the result was perfectly satisfactory." MRS. J. BARTON, New Haven, Ct.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

IF a cough disturbs your sleep, take Piso's Cure for Consumption and rest well.

CUCUMBERS serve a double purpose.—*N. O. Picayune.*

SAVE your wagons, your horses and your patience by using Frazer Axle Grease.

SIGNS of an early fall—The baby on the fence.—*St. Louis Chronicle.*

A QUESTION ABOUT

Brown's Iron Bitters

ANSWERED.

The question has probably been asked thousands of times, "How can Brown's Iron Bitters cure everything?" Well, it doesn't. But it does cure any disease for which a reputable physician would prescribe IRON. Physicians recognize Iron as the best restorative agent known to the profession, and inquiry of any leading chemical firm will substantiate the assertion that there are more preparations of iron than of any other substance used in medicine. This shows conclusively that iron is acknowledged to be the most important factor in successful medical practice. It is, however, a remarkable fact, that prior to the discovery of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS no perfectly satisfactory iron combination had ever been found. **BROWN'S IRON BITTERS** does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—all other iron medicines do. **BROWN'S IRON BITTERS** cures Indigestion, Biliousness, Weakness, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, Tired Feeling, General Debility, Pain in the Side, Back or Limbs, Headache and Neuralgia—for all these ailments Iron is prescribed daily. **BROWN'S IRON BITTERS**, however, does not cure in a minute. Like all other thorough medicines, it acts slowly. When taken by men the first symptom of benefit is renewed energy. The muscles then become firmer, the digestion improves, the bowels are active. In women the effect is usually more rapid and marked. The eyes begin at once to brighten; the skin clears up; healthy color comes to the cheeks; nervousness disappears; functional derangements become regular, and if a nursing mother, abundant sustenance is supplied for the child. Remember Brown's Iron Bitters is the **ONLY** iron medicine that is not injurious. *Physicians and Druggists recommend it.*

The Genuine has Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. **TAKE NO OTHER.**

THE NEW DEPARTURE DRUMS

are made with patent double acting rods and folding knee rest. Light, substantial and handsome. Used in the best Bands and Orchestras. Unequaled for tone, surpass all other in finish and appearance. If nearest Music dealer does not keep them, write to us for illustrated catalogue.

LYON & HEALY, Chicago, Ill.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you.

Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 186 Pearl St., New York.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Also good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Hay Fever, &c. 50 cents.

Send to FREDERIKSEN & CO., 181 Washington St., Chicago, Ill., for FREE MAPS and GUIDES of their RAILROAD and STATE LANDS in **Minnesota and Kansas**—$3 to $10 per acre. Easy terms.

HARTSHORN'S Shade Rollers THE BEST. NOTHING EQUAL TO THEM. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM.

SOLDIERS NEW LAWS; Officers' pay from commissions; Deserters relieved; Pensions and increase; experience 20 years; success or no fee. Write for circulars and laws. A. W. McCORMICK & SON, Cincinnati, Ohio.

OPIUM HABIT absolutely cured, shortest possible time. New, infallible remedy. Not a particle pain or self-denial. Pay when cured. Handsome book free. DR. C. J. WEATHERBY, Kansas City, Mo.

HAIR Wigs, Bangs and Waves sent C. O. D. anywhere. Wholesale and retail price-list *free*. B. C. Streht & Co., 173 Wabash-av., Chicago.

$5 TO $8 A DAY. Samples worth $1.50 FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write BREWSTER SAFETY REIN HOLDER CO., Holly, Mich.

EDUCATIONAL.

TELEGRAPHY Learn here and earn good pay. Situations furnished. Write VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

HOME STUDY. Book-keeping, Business Forms, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc., thoroughly taught by mail. Circulars free. BUSINESS COLLEGE, Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. RADWAY'S

THE ONLY GENUINE

Sarsaparillian Resolvent!

The Great Blood Purifier

For the Cure of all Chronic Diseases.

BLOOD TAINTS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, VARICOSE VEINS, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION, GENERAL DEBILITY, KIDNEY DISEASES, GRAVEL, BLADDER COMPLAINTS, SCROFULA, COLD SORES, SKIN DISEASES,

CURED BY

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

Humors and Sores of all kinds, particularly chronic diseases of the skin, are cured with great certainty by a course of RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN. We mean obstinate cases that have resisted all other treatment.

DIABETES CURED!

LOUISIANA, Mo.

DR. RADWAY—*Dear Sir:* I have used all your remedies with great success in practice, and the way I found favor with your Resolvent, it cured me of Diabetes after three physicians had given me up. I detected a change in my urine in two hours after the first dose, and three bottles cured me.

Your friend, THOS. G. PAGE.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Sold by all druggists. $1 a bottle.

DR. RADWAY & CO., N. Y.

Proprietors of Radway's Ready Relief and Dr. Radway's Pills.

ASK FOR THE

W. L. DOUGLAS

Best material, perfect fit, equals any $5 or $6 shoe, every pair warranted. Take none unless stamped "W. L. Douglas' $3.00 Shoe. Warranted." Congress, Button and Lace. Boys ask for the W. L. Douglas' $2.00 Shoe. Same styles as the $3.00 Shoe. If you cannot get these shoes from dealers, send address on postal card to W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

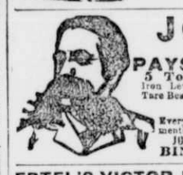
WELL MAKING. PROSPECTING.

DOES IT PAY!

Free catalogue tells what customers say. This is the Great "Ohio" Well Drilling and Prospecting Machine. Drills all kinds earth and rock and pump cuttings to surface at each stroke! Tests the water without taking out tools. Drives tubing or enlarges hole below it. Runs with wonderful ease, and drops tools 70 or 80 times a minute! Horse or steam power used.

We also make machines and tools for boring large wells.

LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO.



JONES OF BIN. PAYS the FREIGHT

5 Ton Wagon Scales, Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Tare Beam and Beam Box for

$60.

Every size Scale. For free price list mention this paper and address

JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

ERTEL'S VICTOR HAY PRESS

Is shipped anywhere to operate on trial against all other Presses, purchaser to keep the one doing most & best work for the least money. GEO. ERTEL & CO., Quincy, Ill.

No Rope to Cut Off Horses' Manes.

Celebrated "ECLIPSE" HALTER and BRIDLE Combined, can not be slipped by any horse. Sample Halter to any part of the U. S. free, on receipt of $1. Sold by all Saddlery, Hardware and Harness Dealers. Special discount to the Trade. Send for Price-List. J. C. LIGHTHOUSE, Rochester, N. Y.

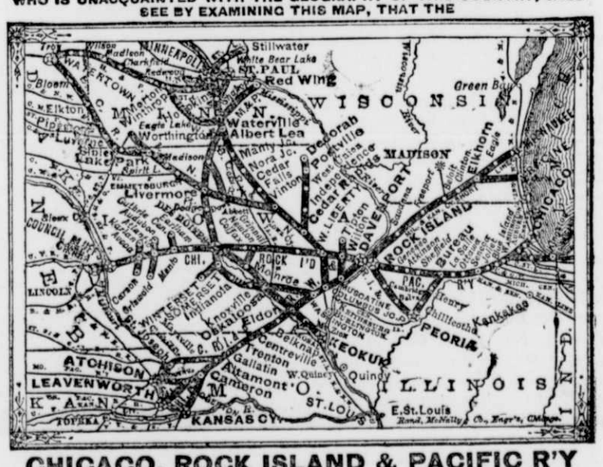
OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio

A. N. K.—C. 1098.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper. Advertisers like to know when and where their Advertisements are paying best.

A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE



CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R'Y

By reason of its central position, close relation to principal lines East of Chicago and continuous lines at terminal points West, Northwest and Southwest—is the only true middle-link in that transcontinental system which invites and facilitates travel and traffic in either direction between the Atlantic and Pacific.

The Rock Island main line and branches include Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, St. Joseph, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns and villages.

THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

Guarantees Speed, Comfort and Safety to those who travel over it. Its roadbed is thoroughly ballasted. Its track is of heavy steel. Its bridges are solid structures of stone and iron. Its rolling stock is perfect as human skill can make it. It has all the safety appliances that mechanical genius has invented and experience proved valuable. Its practical operation is conservative and methodical—its discipline strict and exacting. The luxury of its passenger accommodations is unequaled in the West—unsurpassed in the world.

ALL EXPRESS TRAINS between Chicago and the Missouri River consist of comfortable DAY COACHES, magnificent PULLMAN PALACE PARLOR and SLEEPING CARS, elegant DINING CARS providing excellent meals, and—between Chicago, St. Joseph, Atchison and Kansas City—restful RECLINING CHAIR CARS.

THE FAMOUS ALBERT LEA ROUTE

Is the direct, favorite line between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul. Over this route solid Fast Express Trains run daily to the summer resorts, picturesque localities and hunting and fishing grounds of Iowa and Minnesota. The rich wheat fields and grazing lands of interior Dakota are reached via Watertown.

A short desirable route, via Seneca and Kankakee, offers superior inducements to travelers between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, St. Paul and intermediate points.

All classes of patrons, especially families, ladies and children, receive from officials and employes of Rock Island trains protection, respectful courtesy and kindly attention.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders—obtainable at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada—or any desired information, address,

R. R. CABLE, President and General Manager, Chicago.

E. ST. JOHN, General Ticket and Passenger Agent, Chicago.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, one year.....$1 50
six months..... 75

INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

First insertion, $1 per square of ten lines; 50 cents per square for each additional insertion. Special contracts for advertising longer than three months.

Correspondents must enclose full name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a private guarantee of good faith. Rejected communications will not be returned.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 11, 1886.

TO THE REPUBLICANS OF GARRETT COUNTY.

You are requested to meet in your respective districts on

Saturday, September 11th, 1886

for the purpose of selecting five (5) delegates from each district to meet in County Convention in Oakland on

Friday, September 17th, 1886,

for the purpose of selecting three delegates and three alternates to represent Garrett county in the Republisan Congressional Convention to meet in Hagerstown Tuesday September 21st, 1886, to nominate a candidate for Congress from the Sixth Congressional District of Maryland.

Members of the District Committee are requested to make the necessary arrangements for the primaries named in this call.

By order of the State Central Committee for Garrett county.

DANIEL CHISHOLM,
Chairman.

Nearly $100,000 has reached Charleston to aid the sufferers, and it is estimated that contributions will finally aggregate half a million.

The situation at Charleston briefly and intelligently summoned up is found in the words of the manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company, who says: "The Lord did Charleston fifty times more harm in a fifteen-second shake than the war did in five years. I walked through this town by the light of fire in '61, and the damage is twenty times greater now than then. I have spent the day examining, and I have seen but one brick house—George W. Williams' new house—that is not injured. The city is so unsettled and cracked that it will be necessary to tear the houses down and rebuild them. You can find no words to fully describe the situation."

Three weeks ago we made the assertion in a local item, that "there are more summer visitors at Oakland, Deer Park and Mountain Lake Park, than ever before at any one time in the history of these resorts." The *Democrat* of last week says the statement is "at variance with the facts." We maintain that our statement was true, as will be admitted by any one who will take the trouble to inform himself upon the question. It will be noticed that we combined the three places named. Now as to Deer Park and Mountain Lake Park, even the *Democrat* will admit that our statement was true. Deer Park has a much better season than ever before, and Mountain Lake Park had at least one-third more visitors than ever before.

As to Oakland, it is claimed by some that we have had as good a season as any since 1883, and by others that it has not been so good. If our season here has not been so prosperous as heretofore, is it to be charged to local option? If so, how will you account for the increase at Deer Park and Mountain Lake Park? If we have had a decreased number of visitors in Oakland this season, at what houses has that decrease been most marked? Has it not been at those houses maintaining whiskey and beer clubs, where it has been as easy to obtain intoxicating drinks as under the most liberal license law?

About Advertising.

Those who think because they have been in business a great many years and have succeeded that they will continue to succeed without advertising in these times of hot competition, will be interested in the remarks made by the Rev. Scudder, of Jersey City, in a recent sermon. Mr. Scudder said; "One of the prominent features of modern life is the advertising business. The time was when a fortune was slow in coming, but those days have gone. Goods are now advertised extensively, and a fever to become rich has beeome universal. It is not enough to produce a good article, but the merchant must do more than sit behind his counter. He must drum up trade by advertising in newspapers. This has become a mania. Pick up your afternoon paper and you will find yourself suddenly brought against a liver pad, and when you turn to another column and get interested in an elopement story, you suddenly run across a cherry pectoral advertisement."

In the Ruined City.

CHARLESTON, September 4.—Living in this city this week has been almost as perious as life on the side of Vesuvius. Not only has the earth quaked, and split in places, and shaken down hundreds of buildings, but sulphurous fumes in the air, arising from the great cracks in the earth outside the city, is evidence that the terrible subterranean fires are close to the surface in this vicinity. Another severe shake last night; low, distant rumblings early this morning, and a shower of pebbles to-day, certainly indicate that this old Southern city is peculiarly unfortunate in its situation at present. The reign of terror still exists. It had subsided somewhat until the shock late last night, when a repetition of Tuesday night's scenes occurred. Mothers, with their babes in their arms, with no covering from the cool night air but their night-dresses, ran from their rickety houses to the open squares again. Here and there on the street corners, about midnight, could be seen groups of white robed women huddled together trembling with fear and asking each other what would happen next. One young woman was so startled by the shaking of the house she was in that she leaped from bed and jumped out of a second story window. A man who was passing at the time put out his arms and broke her fall, though she sprained her ankle. Most of the newspaper correspondents did not return to their crowded quarters in the hotel after the shock last night, but remained on the streets until daylight. It is estimated that upwards of a hundred families have left the city. Most of these are wealthy people, who will remain away until their homes are rebuilt. So nervous and terrified have the people become that when they are up on the second or third floors of their houses and some one down stairs slams a door or drops a heavy weight, they will rush terrified from the building. A wedding that was to have taken place Thursday has been postponed. The bride-elect is suffering from nervous prostration, caused by the shock of Tuesday night. The shock last night caused several more buildings that had been weakened in their foundation by the first earthquake to topple and fall. The *News and Courier* building again shook terribly, and the employes ran out.

One woman was killed last night in a building that fell. She was struck and crushed by falling timbers. The same terrible rumbling sound was heard last night a second before the ground trembled, and also during the vibrations. The fearful underground growlings gives strength to an idea growing in the minds of many of the terrified citizens that the subterranean volcanic fires under the city has doomed it to destruction. The action on the surface of the earth between Charleston and Summerville would seem to encourage the volcano theory. One cannot travel half a mile without finding long cracks in the ground. Sand has been belched forth during the convulsions, and lies in piles like ant-hills. Some of this sand is brick-dust red and fine as flour. In places whre there has been no rain for ten days there are pools of water the color of white clabaugh whey. Some of the little hills have holes in the center, through which had spurted a blue, oily mess, not unlike crude petroleum, but having no odor. Many persons residing in the country declare that on the night of the great earthquake they saw jets of sulphurous flame shoot up ten and twenty feet high from the cracks in the earth. The sulphurous smell was in the air the day after the shocks, and even now you can detect the strong odor of sulphur by putting your head close to the ground near the fissures. Several families on the country roads leading out of Charleston have been found living under big trees, the leafy branches of which afford the only protection they have. A short distance off may be seen their houses in ruins. The rising of the ground in some parts and its falling in others is another remarkable feature of the disturbance. At Summerville this is particularly noticeably. From the roof of a house the orphan asylum was pointed out. "That building," said the gentleman, "before the earthquake was not visible from here. Now the two upper stories can plainly be seen." A number of other places were visited, and almost every one seen is firmly of the opinion that Summerville has risen, or the swamp and lowlands between it and Charleston have sunk. Elevations have been formed without the ground being broken.

The great dread now is the approach of the equinox. In three weeks the equator will balance the sun, and Charleston will be in the midst of the great storm era. The equinoctial gales have always been disastrous in Charleston; in fact, last year's disaster was so great as to attract national attention. It is estimated that every house in the city has had its foundation shaken by the earthquake. Walls have been rent, chimneys and church steeples are off their square, and there is nothing plumb about the city.

If an equinoctial gale of the usual severity should strike the city before considerable repairs can be done, nearly every house in the city would be blown down. The gale comes sometimes as late as the first week in October, but last year it came in the last week of August. It will thus be seen that the city is in imminent danger at any moment. This would cause such a crashing of timber, brick and mortar as was never before heard of. The temperature has changed so as to warn the people that the storm is at hand. The effect of a week's storm and pelting rains upon the homeless women and children would be appalling.

There are two wrecked objects of pathetic interest to the people of Charleston. They cannot keep back the gathering tears when they look upon St. Michael's and St. Philip's, the two churches about which center the most sacred associations of their lives. Both must come down.

St. Philip's, hardly less dear to the people than St. Michael's, is in a worse condition. It may be necessary to blow up both building with dynamite, as it is hardly possible to do anything with the lofty, shattered steeples.

To St. Michael's, the corner-stone of which was laid in 1752, the Charleston people are most deeply attached. Under its walls lie the remains of the forefathers of the colony. The injury done to this grand old church by the cyclone of last year had just been repaired. Now it stands cracked and twisted, and its new steeple tottering to its fall.

Another old landmark irretrievably wrecked is the Hugenott church, founded by the refugees driven from France by the revocation of the edict of Nantes in 1672, and a spot dedicated to public worship for 194 years. These are but a few of the hundreds of things dear and sacred to the people of this unhappy city that the earthquake has either destroyed or so badly injured as to make repair impossible; a people peculiarly affectionate and reverent, regardful of the past, its traditions and associations, and holding tender respect for the places made sacred to them in the history of their fathers.

It is doubtful if there is a brick building in Charleston which is entirely uninjured, and the amount of injury ranges from cracked and broken walls to utter demolition. Most of the buildings are very old. Many of the ruined ones have stood a century, and have the quaint tiled roofs and dormer windows of one hundred years ago. The custom-house is unharmed, but the municipal buildings are seriously injured. The power of the shock is shown most forcibly in the manner it dealt with marble shafts and monuments. In every case where a shaft stood upon a pedestal, the shaft was twisted about at various angles to the base. This was the case with heavy monuments, as that to Charles MacBeth, mayor of Charleston from 1857 to 1865, covering the war period, in the yard of the First Presbyterian Church. Over twenty instances were observed of this half turn given monuments and hundreds of chimneys are wrecked in the same manner.

AUGUSTA, GA., Sept. 7.—One of the curious results of the resent earthquake here is the change of the topography of the country. Many houses on the sand hills, the aristocratic part of the city, which before could not be seen from the city, are now in full view, while other landmarks have disappeared. These curious changes were noticed yesterday for the first time and attracted much attention. In taking a bird's-eye view of the city, from any point, these remarkable changes will at once be recognized, and they go to prove that there has been a considerable settling of the earth.

Will Not Run for Congress.

The Baltimore Sunday *American* in speaking about the political field has the following to say about Col. Baughman:

"Col. Louis Victor Baughman is not inclined to have his name changed to Louis Vanquished Baughman. He has, therefore, very sensibly decided to withdraw from the contest for the Democratic nomination in the Sixth district and leave to some one else the honor of being defeated by Congressman McComas. He was in this city on Friday and told several persons that he was not a candidate for the congressional nomination. 'I wouldn't for a moment think of running for the nomination,' said he to a prominent political leader. 'Why should I care for that?' 'How about the governorship next year?' asked the politician. 'Well, to tell you the truth, I would like that.' To other persons Col. Baughman told the same thing. He is, therefore, out of the fight for Congress and in the field for the governorship. This is not to the liking of the Gorman people, and the silver-tongued orator from Frederick knows it well. The Gorman people wanted him to run for Congress and be so badly beaten that he would never again be heard of for governor. Barnes Compton is down on the Gorman list for the governorship. Had they succeeded in persuading Vic Baughman to run for Congress in a district where certain defeat stared him in the face, they would have gotten rid of him as Compton's opponent for the higher honor. The Colonel could not see it in that light. To show how some of the Gorman people feel on this subject, it is only necessary to quote what one of the most prominent Gorman men of Western Maryland said a few days ago: 'Vic Baughman,' said he, 'has for years been kicking about Frederick county not getting its chare of Democratic patronage. He growled when McLane was Governor, because the latter did not give Frederick what it asked. He is growling now because, in his opinion, his county doesn't get its share of Federal pap. We are now willing to make up for any lack of generosity, and give Frederick the Congressional candidate. It is his duty to accept the nomination. We have been told by him over and over again that it was through his efforts that a Democratic State Senator was elected in Frederick three years ago and the Legislative ticket last year. Let him, then, carry the standard this year and redeem his district. How can he decline? Others have borne the brunt of battle as Congressional candidates, why not he? It will not do for him to refuse to make the fight.' This is all very fine talk, but Col. Louis Victor Baughman, with an eye on his middle name, is too sharp even for Senator Gorman, and declines to enter the race. He is now in the field for the Governorship, and Mr. Compton must look out for his laurels. The Colonel's feelings toward Senator Gorman just at present may be gathered from the following extract which appeared in yesterday's issue of his paper:

"Before leaving Maryland—and we might say just in the midst of our campaign—Senator Gorman kindly undertakes to inform the people what is best for them in the way of nominations. It might not be out of place to inquire why the Senator leaves his important trust at such a time as this."

Civil Service Reform.

Hagerstown Mail. Dem.

Senator Gorman, as chairman of the State Central Committee, appointed the following gentlemen as members of the campaign committee to manage the fall elections: Stevenson Archer, the state treasurer, as chairman of it; Stephen A. Gambrill, canal treasurer; J. Thomas Scharff, commissioner of the Land Office. These gentlemen are receiving large pay to attend to the duties as public officers and not as workers in politics. Whilst President Cleveland is requiring every officeholder to resign all outside political or party employments, in strict accordance with the principles and policy of a sound civil service and in conformity to his repeated declarations, Senator Gorman, disregarding all such considerations, is boldly naming public officers to discharge these outward duties. If there is any virtue in commending President Cleveland for his course in making public officers attend to their duties as officers of the whole people, and not to party management, how strong should be the censure upon Senator Gorman for his course of action, and how much is it to be deplored that Messrs. Archer, Gambrill and Scharff should continue to receive the people's money for discharging a public trust, and at the same time engaged to perform laborious and diligent services as workers and managers of a party campaign. There should be some limitation to this great abuse, and public officers should be taught that they held public trusts and are not employen and paid as party managers.

The last proclamation of the bosses, reading out of the Democratic party all the ex-Codfederate soldiers because some of them have voted the anti-Ring ticket, has attracted much attention, and caused a great deal of comment. It is taken for granted that the bosses do not want either the ex-Union or ex Confederate soldiers in the ranks of the G. F. D.'s. The sutlers and camp-followers are still welcome, however. The announcement of Major Allison's removal on the same day on which the proclamation was issued is regarded as very significant. The explanation is made that the ex-soldiers have given the bosses much trouble, as they refuse to be bound hand and foot by the G. F. D.'s, and are given to kicking against the machine. They expect more trouble from the same source in the future. The G. F. D.'s want to get rid of Gen. Bradley T. Johnson especially. They maintain that he is always up to some mischief. Col. Charles Marshall is another prominent anti-Ring Democrat whom the bosses have determined to drive out of the party. The proclamation is directed, however, against all ex-Confederates, and has created a sensation throughout the State. In reality, however, the bosses do not want any ex-soldiers in their ranks. They are too independent for them. —*Baltimore American* (*Rep.*)

Prohibition congressional nominating conventions from the first five districts were held in Baltimore Tuesday, in the church corner of Charles and Fayete streets. Candidates were named as follows: First district, Levin S. Nelson, of Worcester; Second, Peter G. Zouck, of Baltimore county; Third, D. W. Glass; Fourth, Eugene Levering; Fifth, Cyrus N. Robinson, of Anne Arundel. Mr. Robinson declined; the rest accepted. At night a temperance meeting was held, at which a number of addresses were made.

Healthy Revival of Business.

NEW YORK, Sept. 6.—The *Times* says: New York merchants, jobbers and commission merchants are generally satisfied with the condition of trade. Business is picking up and shows in most lines a very decided improvement. Buyers for the fall trade have been and continue to be numerous, and in many kinds of business very late hours have to be kept by the employes to pack up and forward the goods ordered. The long arrays of boxes and cases piled up in front of business houses down town, all waiting their turn to be carted off, give strong occular demonstration of a busy season. Inquiries among merchants corroborate the testimony of these mute witnesses.

A noted feature is in the increase of orders from the South and Southwest. They are ordering from there not only large quantities of goods, but they are also demanding the finer grades. Dry goods men say that the outlook for the fall trade with them is unusually bright.

In the way of wholesale transactions the week just closed has been the largest of the season. Merchants from the West and South have nearly finished their fall buying. Only a few of them were left in the city yesterday, their places being taken by merchants from less remote sections of the country. The States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota are largely represented by the merchants now in the markets. Almost without exception the merchants are buying freely on account of the better outlook in their business and the firmer prices of goods. Prices for general dry goods are sufficiently firm to inspire confidence. Wholesale clothing houses report business better than for several years past. The most notable increase in demand is from the South. Merchants estimate the increase at full 33⅓ percent. The demand for clothing in the Western States is also reported good. The boot and shoe houses says: Taking it all around, there is more doing this season than at any previous time for five years.

The wholesale hide and leather trade reports business brisk at about old prices.

Dealers in the glassware and crockery trade feel very comfortable over the outlook for fall and winter trade. There has been no extraordinary demand for goods from any section, but the tendency all over is toward better business and increased consumption.

In the iron trade the one report is that business is flourishing. Manufacturers are busy, there is a brisk demand and good prices prevail. There is no indication of a big boom, but "a big boom," said a leading iron man yesterday, "isn't wanted. When trade is good: when we can keep our mills steadily employed up to their limit, then we are content. That is the case now. We have business that is remunerative, a business that we believe has come to stay. It doesn't partake of the boom character, but is rather quiet and on a solvent basis. It is not to be ephemeral and pass away like booms do, as they are first discovered. The present prosperity is going to last."

The leading companies report large inquiries for next year and at the office of one leading mill Saturday it was stated that nearly or quite all of the steel rail manufactories, locomotive and general machinery builders now have not only enough orders booked to keep them busy all this year, but enough as well to insure business well into 1887. Big orders have been refused within the last week for rails.

"The pig iron trade was never better than now," were the words used Saturday by a magnate in that line. Another said that industries were reported brisk and remunerative. The iron and steel and metal trades generally are working now in perfect harmony. There is no cutting of rates. There seems to be enough and more than enough for all to do.

Large orders for rails may have to go to England to be filled, railroads here demanding supplies faster than the crowded American mills can turn out the product.

Hardware will be cheap and abundant and the volume of business promises be quite as good as last year's. Prices have reached a level which dealers claim to be as low as that in England. There is no prospect of a rise. The state of affairs has put a check upon production. Manufacturers say they intend to go slow. The wholesale grocers quote trade better than it has been at this season of the year for a long time.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., August 25th, 1886.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office at Oakland, on

Monday, Sept. 13th, 1886,

for the transaction of such business as may properly come before the Board.

By order of the Board.

W. H. HAGANS,
8 28 3t Clerk.

TOWN PROPERTY
FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

FREE SCHOLARSHIPS.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Aug. 31st, 1886.

The two Scholarships offered to this county by the Trustees of the Maryland Agricultural College, are to be filled by the Board of School Commissioners.

The great educational advantages offered, at the moderate cost of one hundred and fifty dollars per annum, for tuition and board, including washing, light and fuel, render these Scholarships very valuable, and early application for the same should be made.

For Catalogue and further particulars, apply to

E. H. BARTLETT,
9 4 2t Secretary Board School Comm's.

GO TO
W. C. L. CORRELL'S
NEW STORE,
In the Michaels Building, Oakland.
FOR BARGAINS.

Having just opened a full and complete line of

Boots & Shoes,

I feel confident I can suit all classes at very LOW PRICES. Also HATS AND CAPS, for men and boys, at BOTTOM PRICES. I have also on hand a good line of

Dry Goods and Notions and Gent's Furnishing Goods.

to which I expect to add in time for the fall and winter trade a full and complete stock of Men's and Boys' CLOTHING. It will pay you to come and see me before purchasing elsewhere.

8 21 86 W. C. L. CORRELL.

W. H. BUTLER'S
Cheap Cash Grocery
—AT THE—
"LITTLE BIG" STORE
ON SECOND STREET,
OAKLAND, MD.
May 18th, 1886.—tf.

BALTIMORE FEMALE COLLEGE.

By the terms of the endowment of the above college, one pupil from each county is entitled to free tuition in all the branches taught in the college, with stationery and use of books.

The scholarship for Garrett county is vacant at present, and the Judges of the Orphans' Court are authorized to fill the same by appointment.

Applicants will please file their applications at once.

SAMUEL LAWTON,
7 24 Register.

MARYLAND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

Next Session Opens September 20, 1886.

Besides the regular Collegate Course, embracing ENGLISH, the CLASSICS and the SCIENCES, special Courses in AGRICULTURAL, CIVIL and MECHANICAL ENGINEERING and APPLIED CHEMISTRY are provided, under the direction of

A Full Corps of Professors and Eminent Lecturers.

A liberal equipment in the shape of a Chemical Laboratory and a Museum of Minerals, Woods, Seeds, Skeletons, Charts, &c., is also provided.

The Cadets are under Military organization and Discipline.

Send for Catalogue giving full particulars as to COURSES OF INSTRUCTION, TERMS and SCHOLARSHIPS.

Location unsurpassed for beauty, healthfulness and convenience of access.

Address: AUGUSTINE J. SMITH, President, MARYLAND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, Prince George's county, Md. 7 24

$200.000 in presents given away. Send us 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the $200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

A HOME CHEAP.

I have a fifty acre lot, with small house and other improvements, about four miles from Oakland and two miles from Mountain Lake Park, which I will sell at a moderate figure. Application should be made soon.

W. H. TOWER,
7 17 tf Agent.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Lenge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

—Go to J. M. Davis & Son's for the celebrated Telegraph Cider Mill.

—Sachs & Pruden's Ginger Ale at A. J. Harne's.

—"Pel's" Ladies' fine hand-made shoes at OFFUTT'S.

—If you want a good Cider Mill, call on J. M. Davis & Son.

—The "Improved Buckeye Cider Mill," at OFFUTT'S.

—A full line of men's and boys' course boots at Correll's New Store.

—The Oakland Hotel will close for the season Saturday, September 11th.

—Married, on August 31st, at the residence of Mrs. McAllister, Deer Park, by Rev. William E. George, Dustin Presley McAllister and Julia A. Buckalew.

—There will be a pic-nic on the lands of Silas L. Walter, on Deep Creek, on the 23d inst. Good music and refreshments on the grounds. All invited. 2t

—Persons attending court are requested to call and examine the large stock of Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps at the New Store, in the Michael building, Oakland, Md.

—Mr. J. K. Rightenour, editor of the Pittsburgh *Penny Press*, who is stopping with his family at Terra Alta, W. Va., paid Oakland a short visit Tuesday last. Mr. R. is a hay-fever sufferer.

—The grand jury at St. George Tucker county, W. Va., found an indictment of murder in the first degree against Squire Joseph for the killing of Harry Robinson in June last at Davis, W. Va.

—Mr. J. S. Lakin will leave Monday for Delaware, Ohio, where he will attend the Ohio Wesleyan University. He sold his store to Mr. Jeff. Taggart, who will continue the business at the old stand,

—Mrs. W. P. Totten, of Oakland, and Mr. Chas. E. Brown, of Cincinnati, brother and sister of Mrs. Moreland, were guests at the hospitable residence of Mr. Jos. Moreland last week.—*Morgantown Domionion.*

—Persons attending court will please bear in mind that Mr. John Ault has "The Commercial House" in readiness for guests. His accommodations will be first-class and charges moderate. The house is situated on Main street, but a short distance from the Court House.

—The September Term of our Circuit Court convenes next Monday. The docket entries are as follows: Originals, 29; appeals, 12; trials, 60; criminal appearances, 17; criminal trials, 7. There are two cases of assault with intent to kill and one of rape.

—WANTED TO BUY.—A good saddle and buggy horse. Weight from 1,000 to 1,200 pounds. Age 4 to 6 years. Good action. Sound, quiet and free from bad habits. A. F. Rogers, at Parsonage, near Henry Beckman's, about three miles from Oakland.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. by Rev. W. C. Davis and at 7½ P. M. by Rev. J. Engle.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

St. Matthew's Church—Rev. J. Newman, Rector—Holy Communion at 8 A. M.; morning prayer and sermon at 11 A. M.; Sunday School at 4:30 P. M.; evensong 5 P. M. Wednesday evening prayer at 5 P. M.

Please Pay Up.

We are forced to again appeal to our delinquent subscribers to make an effort to pay up their old score. We are sadly in need of money at the present time. The September term of our Circuit Court will afford an opportunity for either bringing or sending back subscription accounts. Don't put it off any longer.

For Sale.

The property owned by the late Thresa M. Smithman, corner third and Water streets, Oakland, Md. will be sold at private sale. This is a very desirable property and will be sold in whole or in part, to suit purchaser. Terms reasonable. For further information call on or address

JOS. H. SMITHMAN,
5 15 tf Oakland, Md.

Cheap! Cheap! Cheap!

A big lot of Childrens' and Infants' shoes, at the New Store in Michael building.

Notice to Tax-Payers.

Mr. Jonas E. Gnagey, tax collector for this county, will be in Oakland during September court, in order to afford those in attendance an opportunity to pay their taxes.

Dentistry.

Dr. P. P. Ritter will visit the following places in Garrett county:

Accident, Sept. 21 and 22; Johnstown, Sept. 23; Friendsville, Sept. 24; Selbysport, Sept. 25.

Those wanting dental work will please call.

Horse and Wagon For Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale a good work horse, 8 or 9 years old. Gentle, sound and will work any where; also a one-horse spring wagon and set of single harness.

C. B. CROPP,
9 4 tf Oakland, Md.

Removal of a Cancer.

Tuesday last Dr. J. Lee McComas, assisted by Drs. Ravenscraft, Keller, and Henry McComas and Mr. F. A. Thayer, removed a schirrhus cancer of several years standing, from the left breast of Mrs. Harned, wife of Mr. John Harned, and sister of Rev. John M. Davis, of Oakland. The operation involved the removal of the axillary gland up to the clavicle, and was successfully performed, with strong hopes of a permanent cure.

Cloaks.

We have just opened a large stock of Ladies' Wraps, the latest New York styles, Short Wraps, Jackets, Circulars and Newmarkets, manufactured of boncle cloth, corkscrew diagonals, &c.

We have also in a line of fall Hats, Velvets, Fancy Ribbons, Astrachan and many other new and desirable goods.

M. L. SCOTT,
Baltimore Store,
Oakland, Md.

Go to F. G. Hyde, the Reliable Jeweler

For watches, clocks, jewelry, silverware, eye-glasses, spectacles, etc., either wholesale or retail. The largest stock of reliable goods in this part of the country. Everything fully warranted to be just exactly what it is. I handle everything that appertains to the jewelry trade, at prices that will stand comparison with any responsible house. An inspection is requested.

F. G. HYDE.
7 17 tf Oakland, Md.

Assaulted With an Axe.

Constable Austin Brown, of Selbysport district, this county, while attempting to arrest Marshall Reckard, Thursday of last week, charged with the larceny of hogs, was assaulted with an axe in the hands of Reckard, and received a dangerous wound in the breast. Reckard was overpowered and secured by others present, and on Friday evening was brought to Oakland and lodged in jail. On Tuesday he was released on bail in the sum of $700 in the two cases for the action of the grand jury. At last accounts the condition of the wounded man was favorable for a speedy recovery.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending September 8:

F. A. Thayer and E. H. Sincell, Trustees, to Alice Davis, military lots Nos. 436 and 458 and part of a tract called "Triumph"—237 acres in all; $960.

Wm. M. Savage and wife to Ulysses G. Savage, military lot No. 2881—50 acres; $5 and other considerations.

David P. Mays and wife to Susannah Friend, surface right in and to three acres of a tract of land called the "Gleanings;" $12.

Answers in the Brydon Case.

The answers of William A. Brydon, Henry G. Davis, Thomas B. Davis and the North Branch company to the bill of complaint of Thomas Gemmell and Malcolm Sinclair were filed in the circuit court Monday by ex-Gov. Wm. Pinkney Whyte and Wm. Walsh. The complainants claimed to be entitled, as stockholders in the North Branch coal company, to a part of a verdict of $75,000 rendered in favor of Mr. Brydon against the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company for breach of contract for coal to be supplied to the railroad company, which judgment was entered to the use of the Messrs. Davis. The answers of Mr. Brydon and the company allege that the judgment properly belongs to Mr. Brydon.

Sunday School Institutes.

A Sunday School Institute, under the auspices of the Maryland Sunday School Union, was held at Red House, in the Lutheran Church, beginning on Friday night, Sept. 3rd, and closing on Sunday night, Sept. 5th. This was the first of a series of Institutes that had been arranged for Garrett county.

The following questions were discussed: "Sunday School hindrances and how to remove them," by Rev. Geo. H. Noch, W. A. Baker, John Shartzer and W. D. Hoye; "The teachers' work and how to do it," by John Shartzer, W. A. Baker and Geo. H. Noch; "What is the duty of parents to their children in training them for the Sunday School." by W. A. Baker, W. D. Hoye, David Arnold; "What is the best time for the study of the lesson," by W. D. Hoye, Geo. H. Noch and Miss Nellie Boyer; "The teachers' aim," by Wm. Hinebaugh; "The way to make Bible study interesting in the family," by W. D. Hoye, G. H. Noch, Wm. Hinebaugh and W. A. Baker; "How much time ought to be given to the teaching of the lesson," by Wm. Hinebaugh and others; "Should a person ever get too old to attend Sunday School," answered in the negative by several.

The meetings on Sunday were as follows: A general prayer meeting was held at 9:30 A. M., conducted by Mr. Wm. Hinebaugh; at 10 o'clock a sermon was delivered by Rev. Geo. H. Noch; at 2:30 a children's meeting was held, addressed by State Supt. W. A. Baker and Rev. Mr. Noch; and at night a Sunday School mass-meeting was addressed by the Messrs. Baker and Noch and by Messrs. John Shartzer, —— Miller, —— Hewett, Wm. Hinebaugh, Henry Shaffer and W. D. Hoye.

The meetings on Saturday were well attended, but on Sunday there was a wonderful outpouring of people, fully a thousand being present. The church was densely packed at all the Sunday meetings, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. The evidences of good are already apparent. At the close of the Institute the following resolutions were passed with a rising vote:

WHEREAS, This Sunday School Institute has been a great success, and in view of the knowledge and spirited help which we have received through its instrumentality we, the Sunday School workers of this neighborhood and others interested in the religious culture of the children,

Resolve, That our hearty thanks be extended to Bros. Wm. A. Baker, George H. Noch, and Wm. D. Hoye, representatives of the Maryland Sunday School Union, for their presence and labors in our midst.

Resolved, That our thanks are due Bro. John Shartzer, Miss Florence Phillips and the Misses Nellie and Bessie Boyer, Mr. T. C. Hinebaugh, Henry A. Shaffer, Miss Marion Houser, Miss Annie Houser, Miss Clara Houser and Mr. David Gnagey, for the charming music with which they favored us, and pray that God's blessing may accompanying all of the friends mentioned.

The singing was excellent. Our fair Oakland ladies had showered upon them encomiums from every side. The visiting friends speak in the highest praise of the hospitality of the people around Red House.

Elkins, Md.

Please give us room in your valuable paper for a few items from this quiet little mountain town, which is pleasantly situated on the banks of the North Branch, about twelve miles southeast of Oakland. There has been many improvements made here since my last visit, yet there is room for more. The greatest improvement that can be made now for the benefit of the people is, I think, a nice comfortable church, which I do hope will be erected in the near future.

"Local option" certainly has done a great deal for this town, for now, instead of a saloon, as heretofore, they have a very interesting Sabbath School under the superintendency of Mr. G. W. Moon. This being the first attempt to conduct a work of that kind, I think he and the energetic young ladies connected with it deserve great credit.

Much to the regret of this people our Pastor, Rev. W. W. Burtin, will deliver his farewell address on Monday evening, the 13th inst.

Among the many visitors here we are glad to meet Mr. Will Poling again in our midst.

Mrs. J. White and Mrs. C. Jamesson, of Oakland, were visiting Mr. Jerry Browning's during the past week.

Mr. C. B. Cropp and sister were guests at Mr. Beckman's recently.

The amusements of the evening for the young folks is music and croquet.

Our amiable friend, Mr. James A. Nydegger, will return to St. John's College next week. We wish you success, Jim; but hate to see you leave us.

We extend our sympathy to those young ladies who were so sadly disappointed last Sunday in going to the Institute at the Red House. But remember, "dark clouds have silver linings," so look to the future, and put the horse in the stable next time, so it can't run away.

"BAD BOYS."

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. D. Nydegger, Druggist, Oakland, Md.

Mountain Lake Park.

Although the public entertainments are all over for the season, and many of the people have returned to their homes, yet quite a number remain and are greatly enjoying the beautiful fall.

We are having our regular Sunday service, and during this week we are having a splendid protracted meeting. Several have been forward for prayers and some have found peace. The meeting will likely continue over Sunday.

As I was returning from the Tunnelton camp meeting last Tuesday night, while waiting in the depot all alone I felt the building move plainly and the timbers in the building crackel as in the time of a hard freeze. When I reached home a little after midnight I found my family still up and quite anxious to know what had made our cottage sway as if moved by some secret, but mighty power. After relating my experience of the same, we concluded that it was possibly an earthquake. By the next evening statements had come from all parts of the country telling of the mighty shaking in many places and that it had been felt almost all over the country.

The Directors are having the streets opened up and the grounds cleaned off near the lake, both to beautify and to open up more building lots.

Lake View is looking up considerably. Mr. J. L. Burley has erected a large building which he says he expects to have ready for a hotel next season, Mr. P. T. Garthright has erected a large store and dwelling combined.

The planing mill appears to be doing well.

The art and photographic schools are yet moving on nicely.

J. A. E.

An Enterprising, Reliable House.

W. D. Nydegger can always be relied upon, not only to carry in stock the best of everything, but to secure the Agency for such articles as have well-known merit, and are popular with people, thereby sustaining the reputation of being always enterprising, and ever reliable. Having secured the Agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, will sell it on a positive guarantee. It will surely cure any and every affection of Throat, Lungs, and Chest, and to show our confidence, we invite you to call and get a Trial Bottle Free.

Maryland Gossip.

A letter to the Philadelphia *Times* written by Gath, contains the following gossipy notes of interest to Marylanders: Hagerstown is the one rising place in Maryland, and it is the most important town between Harrisburg and Knoxville, with 10,000 people, wholesale and jobbing houses, seven railroad connections, rival lines to Washington, Baltimore and the East and South, and two of the most extensive hotel enterprises in any secondary city. Gov. Hamilton has finished the foundations of a hotel about 250 feet square, and to anticipate it the Baldwin House, which stands on the site of the old Washington Hotel, where John Brown stopped in 1859, has put in an elevator and decorated up to the latest agony, in terra-cotta chimneys, mahogany office, etc. No town in interior of Pennsylvania has any such hotels; the town water is brought from the South Mountain, some twelve miles east, and is from pure, soft sandstone springs. Several of the business men of this place were Union soldiers from New York and other states in the war. The only Republican congressman from Maryland is Louis E. McComas, of Hagerstown, who was a Dickinson College graduate. He cannot be beaten except by the interposition of a Prohibition candidate, which has been attempted. He passed the only pension bill over the President's veto. His family came from Williamsport, on the Potomac. Near Hagerstown, the two summer resorts of the Blue Mountain House and the enlarged Monterey Springs have been full all summer. Hagerstown in most things undersells Baltimore, owing to the cheaper rents and the equalizing system of commercial drummers. Hamilton, a native of the little battle town of Boonsborough, married while in Congress a lady from the far east, who inherited means. He is a plain robust man, hardly to be distinguished from a country farmer, and, indeed, he is the chief farmer of Western Maryland, as well as lawyer, ex-United States senator and governor. Maryland is sitting on a grid-iron politically; the voters go for men more and more and make parties sick. Findlay, in Baltimore, is to run as an independent civil service Democrat against Gorman's clique, and the Democratic fear is great that some Republican may be found to run against him.

The dropsy of Maryland is the old Chesapeake and Ohio Canal from Georgetown to Cumberland; it is the water in her feet. Commenced before her great railroad was well started, it got in the way of the latter enterprise at Harper's Ferry and other difficult passes of the Potomac, and retarded it by injunctions and lawsuits, and is now a sort of old mill race between the head of lockage and coal delivery, losing money, infested with political suckers and loons, and only formidable because some other railroad may buy it out and put a coal railroad on its grades and run the Elk Garden and South Branch soft coal to Washington instead of Baltimore for shipment. The James River and Kanawha and the Juniata Canals have fallen into the hands of railroads: all fogyism is alarmed lest some bright Western man seize this last partial artery and inject Bessemer steel into it, for the coal field beyond Piedmont is the subject of greatest competition and development now. The Erie Canal, with capacity of 10,000 bushels of wheat per boat, or 200,000 feet of lumber, makes all other canals seem waste troughs of it, and still it has paid New York $42,000,000 net in sixty years, and is to-day reflecting upon all the railroads of the country—a pool unpoolable, a tide untireable, and the only lock-out that cheapens things. "Dern it," said a New York Central man to me, "I wish they would fill it up." It is claimed that the potomac Canal has some influence to break coal freights.

A Great Triumph for Labor.

The parade of the Knights of Labor in this city yesterday was a magnificent triumph for the advocates of sobriety, order and good will. An immense procession, numbering about 25,000, passed through the streets, eliciting quiet but universal encomiums on their manly bearing and the perfect subordination manifested to the ruling principles of their organization.

It is evident that organized labor, whether as a great trades union or an assembly of Knights, or both, has shown a capacity to govern itself. Baltimore has, it is true, always maintained a good reputation for orderly gatherings since labor organizations commenced to be formed here, but yesterday's parade was a model, and those who prophesied disruption and anarchy at an early date decided to postpone such a conclusion indefinitely.

It is satisfactory to be able to add that in New York, Chicago, Boston and Newark, N. J., similar demonstrations were held, in all cases affording testimony to the sincerity of the professions made by the Knights of Labor that they are firm supporters of law and order.

It has been suggested that the day should henceforth be observed as "Artisans' Day" and that labor organizations should annually make a similar peaceful exhibition of their strength. There is not the slightest objection, but rather many reasons in favor of such a course. The principles for which the Knights of Labor are now peacefully and legally contending are, in the main, those which have led to the establishment and legalization of trades unions in England, with the result of rendering strikes extremely rare and promoting a spirit of co-operation and mutuality between capital and labor. Such co-operation does not imply an actual partnership with profits and losses, but an understanding that the laborer is entitled to consideration as a man and a part producer of the output of the business.

This claim to recognition by labor is really productive of good, because it begets a general desire on the part of workingmen to obtain the advantages of education and intelligent appreciation of economical principles, hitherto unsought or denied. The hasty spirit and illjudged counsel of a few so-called leaders have once or twice placed the Knights of Labor in opposition to public sentiment and to law and order, but they have been themselves the first to condemn such mistakes and to guard against their recurrence.

In fact, the results of the conflicts which have occurred have only served to confirm the Knights in their resolve to fix the "dead line" firmly between themselves and the Anarchist element; to obtain by the irresistible action of public sentiment a concession that protracted hours of labor—such as fifteen or sixteen hours a day—are iniquitous and injurious; finally, that conservatism must for some time to come be the motto of the order.

Labor has so far obtained a large sharge of its reasonable demands, and, if the procession of yesterday indicates a solid labor vote, it is not only probable but certain that it must obtain from municipalities, from the State Legislature and from Congress many other concessions.—*Baltimore Herald, 6th inst.*

Bargains.

Some one has given it as their definition of a bargain that it is "a ludicrous transaction in which each party thinks he has cheated the other," and whoever may have been the author of this opinion, it is certain that the satirical assertion it contains has had very little effect in lessening the love and delight which many persons take in this mode of doing business; indeed, the pleasure of acquiring an article at what one supposes to be a tithe only of its legitimate value, and the unlawful gratification experienced in having overreached or got the better of a fellow-being, possesses such a strong fascination for some minds as to amount almost to the nature of a disease. Some people have studied the art of driving a bargain and have become so proficient that they may be said to have reduced it to a science and graduated therein with honors; such people, from their long experience and keen observation, know better than to frighten away a would-be vendor by any preposterously inadequate offer; they determine to a nicety how far they may go without endangering their prospects of "a deal," thus securing themselves from a likelihood of such a reproof as was administered to a man, who, in a matter of business, having made a very absurd offer, inquired, "Well, sir! do you entertain my proposition?" and was met with the rejoinder, "No, sir! but your proposition entertains me." To the amateur, however, the pursuit of bargains is not always fraught with unqualified success, and many are the so-called bargains which turn out to be unprofitable investments, and veritable "white elephants" to their unlucky possessors, and go to prove that there is a good deal of truth in the apt definition we have quoted.

The Best Chill Medicine.

SALISBURY, MD., Aug. 1884.

Dear Sir:—I had the ague and chills and fever for six months, had taken several different medicines, but none done me any good. Through the recommendation of a friend I was induced to try "AROMANNA." I used one bottle and have not had a chill since.

JOHN PARSONS.

SALISBURY, MD., May 25, 1885.

Dear Sir:—I was cured of Dyspepsia by using two bottles of "AROMANNA."

MARY HEARN.

Price 25 and 85 cts. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ORDER NISI.

Susan M. Naylor and others, vs. John B. Widener and others.	No. 277 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county

ORDERED, That the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings being the private sale of Military Lot No. 1130, as made and reported by Gilmor S. Hamill, Trustee, and made to Lafayette T. Friend, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the twentieth day of September next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Oakland, once in each of three successive weeks before the Eighteenth day of September next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $250.00.

W. H. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

Tue copy—Test:
8 28 r3t W. H. TOWER, Clerk.

TRUSTEES' SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

TIMBER

—AND—

MINERAL LANDS.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in the State of Maryland, standing as No. 372 on the Equity docket of said Court, in which John Swan and others are complainants and Willie Swan and others are defendants, the subscribers will sell at public sale,

ON SATURDAY,

THE 2D DAY OF OCTOBER, 1886,

at 11 o'clock A. M., at the Glades Hotel, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, the tract of land known as

"Yough Manor,"

containing about 9,000 acres of land more or less. The said tract is situated on the

"YOUGHIOGHENY RIVER,"

in said county, and extends from said river to the West Virginia line, and is about 15 miles from Oakland, on the Baltimore & Ohio Rail Road, and about 15 miles from Confluence, on the Pittsburg & Connelsville Rail Road.

It is valuable for the large quantities of Pine, Oak and other varieties of timber common to the region, and now upon it; also for the large veins of bituminous coal, iron ore, lime stone and fire clay upon it, and lying in convenient proximity to each other. It also contains a large quantity of good tillable land, a small portion of which is improved and in cultivation.

THE TERMS OF SALE Provided by the decree are: One-third of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, one-third in one year and the balance in two years from the day of sale, or the whole in cash, if the purchaser prefers it. The deferred payments, if any, to be secured by notes of the purchaser with security to be approved by the trustees.

WM. J. READ,
D. W. SLOAN,
J. H. GORDON,
8 7 3t Trustees.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

WHAT GIRLS ARE WANTED.

Girls of brain, and girls of heart,
Who are ready to do their part;
Willing to lend a hand on the way,
These are the girls that are wanted to-day.

Girls of strength and girls of will,
Ready any place to fill;
Willing to work with all their power,
These are the girls that are wanted this hour.

Not the weak-willed, listless band,
Who sit and dream with idle hand;
But those ready, with honest zeal,
To put their shoulders to the wheel.

Not the careless, selfish crowd,
Shallow-hearted, cold and proud;
But the honest, brave and true,
Doing grandly what they do.

Wanted, girls of mind and might,
Wanted, girls of truth and right,
Wanted, girls to help the rest,
Wanted, girls, the highest, best.

—*E. S. Brown, in Union Signal.*

ALMOST A BURGLAR.

How Mrs. Valletort Saved Her Husband from Crime.

People were always asking each other how the Valletorts kept their heads above water. They were known to be in a state of chronic impecuniosity, and yet, somehow or other, they contrived to show a bold front to the world. Their pretty riverside villa at Twickenham was furnished luxuriously. Captain Valletort, who had retired from the service some years before, drove a dashing mail phaeton and pair; and Mrs. Valletort was one of the best-dressed women in London. How it was done no one knew. Captain Valletort dabbled on the Stock Exchange, and was one of the best ecarte players going, but neither of these sources of income was likely to afford him the means of gratifying his very expensive tastes. Mrs. Valletort had no private fortune; but she, too, spent a good deal of money, although she was always telling her friends she was dreadfully hard up, for Edward had made several unfortunate speculations lately, etc., etc.

Still, in spite of this, the impecunious pair lived in good style and were apparently prosperous. They were in debt, of course, but by some unknown means they kept creditors and duns at bay. They did not entertain much, but as Mrs. Valletort was extremely pretty, and her husband had the knack of making himself agreeable in society and made it a rule never to borrow money of his friends, the Valletorts were a good deal in request at dinners and dances during the season. People were always glad to see them, for their light-hearted, semi-bohemian gayety was wonderfully infectious, and no dinner party at which they were present ever went off badly. Captain Valletort was, besides, extremely popular at his club—the Bayonet; and Charles Fenton, of the Guards, was in the habit of saying that he would rather lend money to Ned Valletort than to any man he knew. It was fortunate he took that view of the matter, for the unhappy youth very often rose a heavier loser when the Captain employed his talents against him; and it was equally fortunate that the latter possessed the difficult art of winning gracefully, for ecarte was his principal means of bringing grist to the mill, and many men less philosophic than young Fenton might have declined to try their luck a second time against such skill as his, had it not been for the pleasant, good-humored, nonchalant way in which the Captain pocketed his winnings.

One morning the husband and wife were seated at breakfast, when the Captain looked up suddenly from a newspaper he was carelessly reading, and said with sudden eagerness, as his eye caught an announcement among the "deaths:"

"My dear, wasn't Lady Araminta Belchambre a godmother of yours?"

"Yes, but why do you ask?"

"She's dead—died at Mentone a week ago."

Mrs. Valletort clasped her hands, and her eyes brightened.

"O, Ned! I wonder if—if she has left me any thing. I can't pretend to be sorry she is dead," she added half-apologetically, "because she was ever so old, and I haven't seen her since I was a child."

"My dear Lilla, don't think that I expected you to dissolve into tears at the news," he interrupted, with a short laugh. "We always agree to be candid with each other. You didn't care a straw for Lady Araminta living; but if she has really done her duty as a godmother by putting you down in her will for a handsome sum I am quite willing that you should get up any amount of enthusiasm for her virtue. But, seriously, do you think it likely she has done so?"

"I think it just possible she may," said Mrs. Valletort, looking thoughtfully at the flowers on the table. "I wish I had written to her oftener."

"It is no good regretting any thing of that sort now, my dear. We shall probably hear in a day or two from her solicitors—that is, if you are really down for a legacy."

"It will be a wonderful piece of luck if I am," remarked his wife, stirring her coffee thoughtfully. "We are dreadfully short of money just now."

Captain Valletort assented.

"Do you think we could raise anything on my expectations?" said Lilla, looking up brightly.

"I'm afraid not. Old Morris made no end of difficulty about the last advance."

Mrs. Valletort's pretty face clouded, but only for a moment; her native lightheartedness soon reasserted itself, and all that morning she employed herself in rearing a magnificent Spanish castle on no more substantial foundation than that afforded by the brief announcement in the *Times*.

Some days later a long blue envelope, addressed in a neat, legal handwriting, was among the heterogenous heap of letters, invitations and bills Mrs. Valletort found awaiting her when she came down to breakfast.

"O Ned, congratulate me!" she exclaimed, rapturously, when she had mastered the contents of the letter. "That dear, sweet old thing has actually ——"

"Left you some money!" interrupted the Captain, eagerly. "My dearest Lilla——"

"No, not money, but—her diamonds—positively all her diamonds." The little woman's eyes sparkled as she glanced triumphantly at her husband. "The celebrated Belchambre diamonds. They are magnificent, I know, for I have often heard my mother speak of them."

For a moment the Captain's face fell, but he soon remembered that a fine collection of diamonds represents a very handsome sum of money. His wife's legacy was not, then, to be despised.

"What do you think they are worth?" he asked, suddenly.

"Oh! I don't know; thousands and thousands of pounds, I should imagine," replied his wife vaguely. "Ned, just think how well I shall look in them. I have so few jewels, and——"

"My dear girl, you don't mean to say that you intend to—to keep them?" he gasped, as the dreadful possibility dawned on his mind that Lilla might elect not to turn her costly legacy into hard cash.

"Of course I mean to keep them," she retorted, coolly. "O, Ned, you don't—want me to—to sell them, do you?" she added piteously, as the Captain's brows drew together ominously, and an unpleasant light came into his eyes.

"You will do as you like, of course," he replied, irritably. They will be yours and not mine. But how any woman can care to deck herself out with diamonds worth several thousand pounds when she knows what it is to want money passes my comprehension."

Mrs. Valletort was usually the most docile of wives, but she resented her husband's angry words and was trebly determined to hold her own in this matter. The Captain saw it would be useless to argue with her, so he turned away with a half contemptuous shrug of the shoulders and a muttered anathema on the folly of women in general and of his spouse in particular. It was really too bad of Lilla; a few thousand pounds would have set him on his financial feet again. In due course, after the numerous delays inevitable in all legal matters, Mrs. Valletort came into possession of her legacy. By her husband's advice she had a safe constructed for the diamonds in her dressing-room, and the dingy leather cases containing the jewels were at once consigned to this repository.

On the first available opportunity Mrs. Valletort (who had been burning to display her treasures before the eyes of her friends) donned her diamonds and appeared in a blaze of splendor. At the ball to which they went that night Mrs. Valletort created quite a sensation. The story of her godmother's costly bequest had got about, and every one was anxious to see the celebrated Belchambre diamonds. Women secretly envied her, though they shrugged their shoulders as she passed and wondered how long the jewels would remain in her possession. Men admired her charming face and graceful figure so much that they forgot all about her diamonds as they crowded round her, eager to secure a dance with the prettiest woman in the room.

Mrs. Valletort was in her element. She enjoyed herself immensely, quite ignorant of the fact that her husband looked unusually morose, not to say sulky, as she whirled past him radiant in the jewels he secretly coveted. Creditors pushed the gallant Captain to desperation, and he made one last appeal to his wife, but without success.

"I refuse to part with my diamonds," she said, coldly. "It is unfair of you to ask me to make such a sacrifice."

"Very well, my dear; then the deluge must come," replied the Captain, quietly. He turned and left the room.

The Captain did not allude to the diamonds again, and things went on much as usual at the Laurels. But Mrs. Valletort grew nervous and fretful and took to sitting a good deal in her dressing-room. The Captain kept his word: he never again broached the subject of the diamonds, but he brooded silently over it and grew more morose and taciturn every day. He was deeply offended by his wife's conduct and his irritation was aggravated by the continual worries which beset him. Morris was obdurate and his other creditors threatened him with legal proceedings if he failed to liquidate his numerous bills. At last, driven almost to desperation, the unhappy man conceived a daring plan. If he could not get his wife's diamonds by fair means he would get them by foul. He would steal the jewels. He had no sooner made up his mind to do this than he resolved to carry out the idea at once. He would not give himself time to think about it, for the word "robbery" has an ugly sound, and he did not care to say it above a whisper.

One evening when his wife was dining with a friend in town he found that she had forgotten to take her keys with her. The opportunity must not be lost; so good a one might not soon occur again. He therefore crept softly up to the dressing-room with the keys in his hand. Much to his astonishment he found the window wide open, the furniture much disarranged, the door of the safe ajar, and—the diamonds gone!

For some moments he stood aghast, staring stupidly around. Then the dreadful truth flashed on him. Burglars had effected an entry while he was at dinner and carried off the jewels.

Before many hours were over the news of another great jewel robbery spread over the country and the services of skilled detectives were enlisted. But weeks passed and no glimmer of light was thrown on the mysterious burglary. With this calamity came another. Captain Valletort's creditors pressed him so hard that he was compelled to take the initiatory steps for going through the bankruptcy court, and his name duly appeared in the *Gazette*. After this the Valletort's found it expedient to leave England for a time. They resolved to spend the winter in Florence. In that pleasant city they were soon the center of a brilliant coterie, for Mrs. Valletort's beauty and grace and her husband's easy, good-natured manner were as much appreciated as in London.

One evening, when they had dined quietly at home, Mrs. Valletort announced to her husband that she had something to show him that would surprise him considerably. The Captain rather listlessly declared himself willing to give her his attention; and Lilla, smiling rather wickedly, vanished from the room, reappearing soon after with a large cardboard box under arm, which she carefully placed on the table.

"What have you got there, my dear?" asked the Captain, in some surprise.

"You shall see," replied his wife. "But first promise to let me have my way in this matter."

"Very well, I promise."

"O, you dear foolish Ned! Just see how much cleverer I am than you!" cried the little woman exultingly, as she opened the box and took out several shabby leather cases.

The Captain started as if he had been shot.

"Lilla, don't tantalize me like this," he cried, angrily. "What have you got in those cases?"

"My diamonds—and their fac-similes in paste." And she displayed a mass of gems that positively dazzled him. "Listen to me for a few moments and I will explain everything. Soon after you asked me to sell my diamonds I began to suspect that you meant to take them from me by strategem, so I resolved to manage the matter my own way. I knew if you had yours the money would all be swallowed up by your debts, and, besides, I should lose every social advantage the possession of the diamonds gave me. I therefore arranged my dressing-room so as to make you think that the jewes had been annexed by burglars, and I kept the diamonds sewn in my sealskin jacket until we left England."

"No wonder the detectives were puzzled. By Jove, Lilla, I didn't give you credit for such sharpness."

"In Paris I took them to the Palais Royal and had them copied in paste. Now," she added with a bright smile, and placing the shabby cases and glittering contents in his hands, "the real stones are very much at your service. I shall send a paragraph to the London papers saying that my diamonds have been restored to me anonymously, and shall wear the paste set at Prince Opoponax's to-morrow night. And now, dear," she added, "I have only one piece of advice to offer: The next time you are thinking of turning burglar take your wife into your confidence."

—*London Truth.*

TO AVOID DROWNING.

Lock the Hands Behind the Back, Inflate the Lungs and Close the Mouth.

A gentleman, prominent in business in Chicago, asks us to emphasize a fact published some months ago about how to avoid drowning when unable to swim. The directions were: "Lock the hands behind the back and fully inflate the lungs and close the mouth." The reason he asks this is that some years ago he lost an only son by drowning in the Mississippi river, and, as would be natural, any thing referring to the subject quickly arrests his attention. After reading the article he read it aloud to his wife and daughter, and upon the latter it made a profound impression. Two or three weeks ago, while his daughter was enjoying a row on Lake Michigan a huge wave capsized the boat and threw her into the water, which was deep. While the daughter was sinking she remembered the directions, clasped her hands behind her, and when she arose, threw the water from her mouth and filled her lungs full of air before she sunk a second time. She went under but a short distance, and upon reaching the surface she floated until a boat put out from shore and rescued her. The gentleman remarked: "Had it not been for these wise directions repeated to my daughter, and her obeying them, I am satisfied I would to-day be childless." This year there have been an unusually large number of deaths from drowning, and it would seem wise for parents to impress these simple directions on the minds of young people. They are good even for those who can swim, for it will enable them to rest, and have better opportunity for rescue.

—*Chicago Letter.*

PROGRESS OF TELEGRAPHY.

Communication Without a Break Between London and Calcutta.

An Englishman, after having been shown the operations of the pneumatic tube for carrying parcels in New York, said: "I have seen just one thing more wonderful than that. I have talked by cable from London to Calcutta, India, over seven thousand miles of wire. Two years ago I called upon Managing Director W. Andrews, of the Indo-European Telegraph Company, at No. 13 Old Broad street, London. It was Sunday evening, and the wires were not very busy. Mr. Andrews called upon Emden, a German town. 'Give me Odessa,' he wired. In a few seconds we got the signal from the Russian sea-port city, and asked for Teheran, the capital of Persia. 'Call Kurrachee,' said Andrews. In less than half a minute we were signaling that Indian town. The signals came at the rate of fifteen words a minute. After learning that the London office was testing the long wires, Kurrachee gave us Agra, and we chatted pleasantly for a few minutes with the operator on duty there. In a short time the operator switched us on the cable to the Indian capital, Calcutta. At first the operator there could not believe that he was talking to London, and he asked, in the Morse language: 'Is that really London, England?' It was a wonderful achievement, matallic communication without a break between the capital of the English nation and the seat of her government in India, seven thousand miles away, as the bird flies."—*N. O. Times Democrat.*

—Sweet lemons are a favorite Mexican dainty. They are the shape, color and size of the lemons of commerce, but are sweeter than bananas.

—A foul ball knocked into a crowd of men at Topeka hit a negro in the eye with such force that his eyesight was destroyed.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

Why Mrs. Sharpe and Mrs. Crœsus Do Not Speak as They Pass By.

"I am going to have the celebrated Prof. von Dunkelheim at the reception to-night," said Mrs. Marlborough Crœsus to Mrs. Sharpe; "he's a great acquisition—so very profound and learned, you know—but he won't talk. Nobody has succeeded in making him talk. If there's anybody at Newport that can draw him out, my dear, it's you, and I want you to try your skill on him."

"What's his specialty?"

"Butter." (That was what Mrs. Sharpe understood Mrs. Marlborough Crœsus to say.)

"Butter? Why, that's a queer fad for a learned professor. But I'll do my best."

"That evening at the reception Mrs. Sharpe opened out bravely upon Prof. von Dunkelheim at the first opportunity.

"As we were driving out on the island this afternoon, professor," she said: "I saw some of the most beautiful herds of Jersey cows that I have ever seen in my life."

"Ah?"

"And at one place the cows beyond the fence contemplated us with such gentle, tender eyes and such soulful moos that for a moment I forgot their practical value in their æsthetic attractions. But after all, I thought, it is not for their beauty that we should value them, but for the butter they produce."

"Um."

Mrs. Sharpe rattled on about the cows for a conversational mile or two without drawing out any response from the professor. "It is because he thinks I don't know any thing about the way butter is made that he won't talk," thought Mrs. Sharpe. "Well, I will convince him that I do know something about it." And she proceeded to discuss the creamery methods in vogue in Vermont, with an infinite deal of talk about coolers and temperature and mechanical butter workers, and so on. She hadn't crammed on the subject all the afternoon for nothing.

But not a word could she get out of the professor beyond "Um" and "Ah." He was plainly very much bored, and edged away after awhile. Mrs. Sharpe was in despair.

Presently Mrs. Malborough Crœsus got her into the corner, and said:

"Why, what in the world do you mean by talking forever to Prof. von Dunkelheim about cows, and creameries, and all that sort of thing?"

"Isn't that his specialty? Didn't you tell me so?"

"Why, never in the world!"

"What is it, then, for Heaven's sake?"

"Buddah, of course. He's written any number of books about Buddhism."

There is a marked coolness now between Mrs. Sharpe and Mrs. Marlborough Crœsus. Mrs. Sharpe, says that a woman who pronounces "Buddah" like "butter" is hardly fit for cultivated society.—*Boston Record.*

ALL WAS GLOOM.

A Chapter From the History of a War of Extermination.

To quiet an insurrection among the flies inhabiting the house which we pay a high rent per month for, we one day this week purchased a sheet of this sticky fly paper. The track on this kind of paper is supposed to be several seconds heavy for flies. The manufacturers even hint in type seven inches high that the walking on it is so exceedingly bad for flies that they will mire down and never get across. The prospect for a fly promenade on it is certainly very poor, something which they evidently noticed, as they boycotted it from the start. We tried running them down and sticking them onto the paper. This was slow and far from satisfactory.

We afterwards mounted the paper on the broom and slashed it around the room ten or fifteen times and found that the plan was very successful. The first sweep brought down a costly vase which a warm political friend, who is also in the grocery business, presented us with on the occasion of our purchasing a can of baking powder of him. Another wild sweep and an elegant plaque, painted by our wife and representing a pale blue tree on a yellow background, was in ruins. Our experience was that it is not difficult to exterminate the fly in this way. Mounted on a chair in the center of the parlor or drawing-room, and swinging the death-dealing paper about, we soon made it very uncomfortable for him amid the wreck of costly paintings the fall of the heavy lambrequin and the general smash-up of the marble statue, the high-priced hangings, the imported chandelier, the jointed stove-pipe, the plastering and the decorated profanity. Life to the ill-starred fly on that occasion was but a hollow, howling mockery. No gleam of hope shone athwart the murky depths of the black night of despair which shut down around those flies. Everything pointed to a horrible death without a ray of hope. The accumulated wealth of years crashed around him and there was no currant pie in which to hide. All was darkness, all was gloom, all was despair.—*Estelline (D. T.) Bell.*

Nine Spanish Kings and Queens.

There are at the present time, including the Carlist dynasty in partibus, no fewer than nine Kings and Queens of Spain. First, there is the infant King upon the throne, and his mother, the Queen Regent; then come the ex-Queen Isabella and her husband, King Francis; thirdly, the ex-King Amadeo, brother of the King of Italy; and lastly, the four Carlists—Don Juan III. and his Queen, Dona Beatrix of Este, the former of whom abdicated in favor of his son, Don Carlos, who, with his wife, Dona Margaret, makes up the total. An anecdote is told of the ex-King Amadeo paying a visit to the ex-Queen Isabella in Paris a few years ago, when Don Carlos was announced, whereupon Amadeo took his leave, observing with a smile: "I don't think three sovereigns of Spain ought to be in one room."—*Vanity Fair.*

TEMPERANCE.

THE WEE SMA' VOICE.

"Guid Sandy," said the wee sma' voice,
"The sun has gane to rest;
The lammies safe in the fauld,
The birdies in the nest.

"Hae ye forgot your hame, mon,
The cot on Bradda moor,
The bicker o' the candle light,
The facie at the door?

"Hae ye forgot the wifie, mon,
And weanie bide alane,
Wi' parritch pot and nightfa', mon,
Aboon the ingle stane?

"Eh, mon, ye ken the tears doon fa'
Upon the gowden croon;
But weel ye loe the vaill-boose, mon,
And tankards o' the toon.

"The hours they come, the hours they gang,
The cock it 'gins to craw;
And noo, beyont sweet Bradda's braes,
The day it 'gins to daw.

"O maun ye break your Allie's heart,
Tho' tears were made to fa',
Tho' weel ye ken her woman's heart
Will loe ye through it a'?

"Puir Sandy," said the wee sma' voice,
"Mair than the God aboon—
Ay, mair than the wife and wean, ye loe
The tankards o' the toon."

—*N. Y. Independent.*

WHISKY IN POLITICS.

It Is Becoming the All-Important Ally with the "Statesman" of the Day—The Saloon as a School for the Would-Be Public Man.

What have the seven thousand saloons of New York City done for her? They have fastened upon her citizens the most shamefully corrupt government ever endured by a community indulging in the illusion that it was free; they have almost made it impossible for an honest, educated man to touch local politics, much less take office; they have degraded the conduct of public affairs to their own low level; they have brutalized every institution they have had to do with; they have perverted and spoiled the democratic system, making a hissing and a reproach of American citizenship and the suffrage, establishing political shambles, pandering to the worst vices of the worst classes, defiling every thing decent and pure with their ribald scoffing, and producing at intervals, as proof of their quality, tendencies and power, such abominable scandals as that of the Tweed Ring, or the more recent sale of votes in the Board of Aldermen. But evil as are the results of the combination between the saloon and the politicians, it is not just to hold the latter responsible for all the mischief they cause. In truth, they are the result of conditions which could not produce any thing better, and it is unreasonable to blame the product while refusing to interfere with the generating agencies. The saloon is an arrangement for the maintenance and propagation of the worst vice with which humanity is afflicted; a vice which destroys every elevating influence, kills shame, manhood, ambition, family affection, honor, all that makes life worth living; a vice which fosters brutality, self-indulgence, and all the train of ignoble and degrading passions and inclinations. Now, the purpose and intent of the saloon being what it is, the developments noted are simply what ought to have been expected when so large a share in the government of the country was permitted to be seized by this sinister agency. The American system of government is theoretically sound. The means of education are accessible to all. But when our children have passed through the public schools and enter into active life, if they wish to take part in public affairs they must descend to the saloon for instruction in politics, and in the same institution the foreign immigrants must graduate before they can exercise the right of citizenship. These are our political schools, in fact, and they give the tone to our politics, city, State and National. The candidate for office finds it indispensable to "make himself solid with" the rum power. He must buy the favor of the saloon-keepers. He must frequent these places and flatter the vanity of those who gather there. Through them he must obtain the votes of the idle, the vicious, the criminal classes. He must become familiar with all the ward "strikers" and loafers. He must be represented at the caucuses which are always held where drink abounds. He must defer to the views of men of the lowest intelligence. He must subscribe to platforms drawn up by demagogues and time-servers. Is it any wonder that self-respecting men so often shrink from these ordeals, and prefer the obscurity of private life to a political career demanding such sacrifice and such debasement? The foreigner who lands in this country obtains the first ideas of its governmental system from the saloon. There he is introduced to the lowest intrigues of factional conflicts. There he is taught that the chief end and aim of politics is to make as much as possible for the "workers." There he is enlisted into one or the other of the great organizations which have reduced party politics to periodical battles for plunder, to contests for the opportunity to misgovern. There he learns that honor and principle are simply "molasses to catch flies," as a notorious politician once expressed it. There he is made to understand that he is not expected to think for himself, but that he must obey implicitly the party mandates, reverence the saloon-keepers of his ward, submit himself humbly to his "boss," and on election day be thankful that he can sell his vote for a couple of dollars or a debauch on bad whisky. This is no fanciful picture. There is not a considerable city in the United States in which purchased votes are not cast by the thousand at every important election, and these votes are almost invariably bought and paid for in and through the saloon.—*George Frederic Parsons, in Atlantic Monthly.*

THE national temperance hospital in Chicago is filled with patients. In no case has alcohol been used, and the death rate has been lower than in other hospitals in the city.—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

THE Temperance people of Russia petitioned the Emperor, two years ago, for permission to hold meetings, and have only just received his permit.

STRONG OPINIONS.

Testimony Against Alcohol Given by Philosophers, Statesmen, Physicians and Warriors.

Abstinence is easy, moderation impossible.—*Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

He who knows what is good and chooses it, who knows what is bad and avoids it, is the wise and temperate.—*Socrates.*

I never use it; I am more afraid of it than of Yankee bullets.—*"Stonewall" Jackson, on being offered a glass of brandy-and-water.*

I do think that water-drinkers will upset the world, and turn it around with a much better face to us when they have done with it.—*Richard Cobden, M. P.*

For thirty years I have been a Temperance man, and I am too old to change.—*Abraham Lincoln refusing wine offered him at Cincinnati when on his way to take the reins of Government.*

Would all the officers unite in setting the soldiers an example of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, it would be equal to an addition of 50,000 men to the armies of the United States.—*General McClellan.*

Here in the old country, the drink power is for the present, well-nigh omnipotent, gagging the pulpit, and controlling the State to a melancholy extent, while the surging tide of drink demoralization is filling the land with violence and crime.—*Hon. Bailie Lewis, Edinburgh, 1876.*

Temperance is the habit by which we abstain from all things that tend to our destruction; intemperance is the contrary vice. As for the common opinion that virtue consisteth in mediocrity, and vice in extremes, I see no ground for it. In gifts it is not the sum that maketh liberality, but the reason. And so in all other vices and virtues.—*Hobbes.*

It is on the plain practical ground of expediency that I advocate the system of teetotalism; believing it, and indeed knowing it, to be the only means of attaining the habit of Temperance in the use of strong drinks, among the great mass of mankind, in the present state of society.—*John Forbes, M. D., F. R. S., Physician to Her Majesty's Household.*

Drinking and drunkenness among the rank and file of an army, soon become one and the same thing, and drunkenness destroys subordination, discipline and efficiency. My sentiments on this subject can not be too strongly stated. I had rather march at the head of 5,000 Temperance men, than at the head of two or three times that number of topers.—*General Winfield Scott.*

I have the satisfaction to remark that, although the crew suffered somewhat from scurvy, they have all returned, to a man, in comparative health, which I attribute in a great measure to the strictly teetotal principles on which the expedition was carried out, and the consequent harmony and good conduct of the men throughout.—*William Kennedy, commanding the Lady Franklin private expedition.*

As for spirituous liquors, they were doled out to the members of the expedition only when some unusual exertion or exposure brought some extraordinary fatigue or prostration. As a means to fortify the system against cold, or brace it up for forced marches, whisky, rum and other alcoholic stimulants were regarded as little benefit.—*Lieutenant Greely.*

It must stand as an historic truth that one bold, humane man, planting himself on the rock of Temperance, and supplementing his priestly power with Christian charity and love, by his burning zeal and eloquence awoke all the emotional nature of his volatile race, and built up a barrier of voluntary pledges between them and the great curse of their country.—*Judge Noah Davis, of Father Mathew.*

Never shall my hand or voice be lifted against so called Temperance fanatics. If ever a cause justified fanaticism, the Temperance cause does. To me there is nothing more disgusting or more disheartening to the cause of humanity, than the selfish, ease-loving, luxurious man indulging in dissipation and denouncing Temperance fanaticism.—*Rev. Phillips Brooks.*

All this (toil, pestilence and fierce heat) could I have borne with deep joy, but to see the stretcher brought to the gates every hour, laden with men foaming in the mouth, and black in the face, not with the gore of battle, but with the horrible defacement of a foe more dreadful or deadly than the Russian or the plague—oh, it is terrible. Banish this deadliest foe of all from your ranks.—*Florence Nightingale, from the Crimea.*

Having the public houses open on Sunday is a temptation offered to people to drink—too much so. Drunkenness would diminish if that temptation were placed out of their way. Yes, Sunday is a time when they have money in their pockets. We know what the lower class is; they have not sufficient control to withstand their own passions, and thereby the money is spent which they might reserve for their families.—*R. T. Chamen, a keeper of a public house in London who closes his house on Sunday.*

All our most experienced arctic navigators and voyagers have come to this unquestionable conclusion that for resisting for any lengthened period the severest cold, there is nothing to be compared with fat food, and that alcoholic liquors, so far from being beneficial, are positively injurious. The operation of alcohol is essentially that of a stimulus—being followed by a corresponding depression of power. When exhilaration is produced there is corresponding depression.—*D. W. P. Carpenter.*

It [the liquor traffic] begets recklessness, carelessness and utter indifference to and disregard of the rights, the interests and the happiness of others. It invites, encourages and necessarily developes all that is base, degrading and dangerous in man, and destructive of good government, good order and common decency. It is a nursery for the development and growth of those wicked practices which lead to the crimes of gambling, theft, robbery, arson, perjury, murder, and every sort of public crime, social wrong and private indecency.—*Judge John Martin, Kansas.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Ona-Ma-Dul-Ha-Na, a Mojave Indian medicine man, was clubbed to death, beheaded and cremated recently for allowing too many of his patients to die.

—No, my son, they are not called grass-widows because they are so green; it's because they are so fresh And then, beside, she's not exactly in the mowed. Savvy, son?—*Burdette.*

—The acquaintances of a lady in Philadelphia, who hurried to her house with words of consolation on seeing crape on the door, were informed that the "late lamented" was her pet dog. —*N. Y. Post.*

—Dr. J. S. H. Fogg, of South Boston, Mass., has a complete set of the autographs of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, having, it is said, paid sixty dollars for one scrawling signature cut from the fly-leaf of a book.

—When Judge Deming, of New Haven, sentenced Terence Butler to jail for sixty days for wife beating, he said: "I have always advocated the establishment of a whipping-post for the benefit of such men as Butler. If he could be taken out on the green and given twenty good sharp lashes, he would go home and be a man."—*Hartford Courant.*

—John Denney, of Whitfield's Crossing, Ga., says that his brood of Guinea chicks disappeared suddenly one day. The hen acted queerly, walking around and continually clucking, as if coaxing them to follow her. He investigated, and found that the chicks had been charmed by a large chicken snake, and were sitting unharmed in his coils.

—The first African city lighted by electricity was Kimberley, with forty-two lamps, each of two thousand candle-power. The current is also utilized there for the killing of dogs, a step suggesting the execution of death sentences by the same means, as proposed in America and in France by M. Charson, a member of the French Senate.

—The unicycle record has been beaten and it is to be hoped that prosperity will now reign supreme. A unicycle, however, although a vehicle with but a single wheel, should not be confounded with the wheelbarrow. A wheelbarrow is good enough for drudgery, but when so important a matter as the breaking of a record is concerned, one is forced to resort to the unicycle.—*Boston Transcript.*

—The use of thick glass instead of wood for floors, especially where a basement room underneath is occupied for offices, is on the increase in Paris. Although the first cost is considerably more than that of wood, it is found to be an economy in the long run, because the room below can often dispense with artificial light, there is far less fire risk, and glass will many times outwear wood.

—It is said that competition is the life of trade. It sometimes makes revelations. A few years ago we were told here in Chicago that gas could not be furnished for less than $3 per thousand feet. It is now sold on the West Side for $1.50, and a quarrel among rival companies has recently extorted the confession from one of them that it can be furnished at 75 cents per thousand and a fair profit still be made.—*Chicago Advocate.*

—The St. Paul Chamber of Commerce has taken steps to stop the sale of ice taken from the Missisppi river or any of its lakes, sloughs or bayous, an examination of the ice sold at St. Paul showing that much of it was frozen sewage, or, as a western paper expresses it, concentrated typhoid fever. The use of impure ice is no doubt a fruitful cause of sickness, and it was in this belief that the Massachusetts Legislature at its last session passed an act preventing its sale.

—A Hartford little one was desirous of obtaining something on the sitting-room shelf. Its mother said quietly, but firmly: "You can not have it." A few moments after the mother left the room and the little one climbed up and got the coveted article. "I thought I told you you couldn't have it," said her mother as she returned to the room. "I know it. But you didn't say I couldn't get it." The course of reasoning was so very acute that the mother was forced to submit.—*Hartford Post.*

—William Adams, a boy of seventeen, who was sent to the Detroit House of Correction from Idaho in 1883, having been sentenced to prison for life for mail robbery, has had his sentence commuted to imprisonment to seven years from the date of his first commitment. The boy, who has been a model convict, broke down completely when told the good news. "I won't notice the time I've got to serve," he said. "I suppose I deserve a good big punishment for being caught in such bad company."—*Detroit Tribune.*

SVANSTIAN BREAD.

An Article of Food Which Would Defy the Digestive Powers of an Ostrich.

At last it has been discovered where the worst bread in the world is made—it is in Svanstia, among the Caucasian mountains. After reading the following description by a recent traveler, we ought to be thankful even if our bread should be slightly sour or a little heavy some times:

Conceive a thing like a large Sally Lunn, only flatter, made of a mixture of the coarsest oatmeal and sand, very heavy, more than half sour and very wet. When you have imagined this, you have imagined the thing which the unsophisticated Svan looks upon as the staff of life. Still, bad as it was, only one of our party refused to eat of it, and that one our interpreter, Platon. At first I was very angry with him, considering that as he had been bred in the country, what was good enough for us ought to be good enough for him. But he was right for all that, as our disordered digestions and a violent attack of heart-burn told us next morning. To eat the bread of Svanstia with impunity, even an ostrich would require to be nourished on it from earliest infancy, otherwise it would assuredly be too much even for his digestion.—*Youth's Companion.*

NEW YORK HANGINGS.

The Forms Observed When the Law Takes a Man's Life at the Tombs.

A great many customs surround a hanging in New York. They have been modified by law, which allows only the sheriff and assistants, twenty deputy sheriffs, a sheriff's jury, the judges of the higher courts, the district attorney, the doctors and the hangman to be present. Formerly the coroner could bring a party of his friends as jurors, and the sheriff gave out cards of invitation as he would to a ball. That has been stopped, and Sheriff Grant keeps the number of spectators down to the lowest legal number. It is customary for the sheriff to present the man to be hanged, when he is poor, with a black suit to be hanged in. The care of the city for his burial goes no further than to see that he gets to potter's field.

It is the duty of the sheriff to be personally present at a hanging. One sheriff dodged this duty once by going to Long Branch. In a case like that the under sheriff has charge. The hanging is set down for as early an hour as possible in the morning to avoid a crowd. The sheriff and his deputies, dressed in mourning, gather at the sheriff's office and march to the Tombs. Each bears his staff of office. At the hanging they take off their hats as soon as the weights fall, and put them on when the body is cut down.

In a case on the wall in the sheriff's office are a score of staves and two swords. The staves have been present at every hanging since a time that no employe in the office can recall. They are about thirty inches long, and are made of dark hardwood. The middle is covered with thin, dark velvet. On each end is a brass tip shaped like an Indian arrowhead. The sheriff's staff has a crutch at one end instead of a dart, and the under sheriff's has a crook. The two swords have not been taken to a hanging for a long time. No matter where in the State a hanging may be the staves are sent for and the sheriff's men carry them. They would as soon think of trying to have a hanging without a rope as without their staves. They are a relic of colonial days, when a hanging would draw as large an assemblage as a circus, and the officers who had charge of it appeared pompously in their official robes.

The same gallows, rope, noose and weights are used time after time until they are lost or wear out. The gallows now in use is about four years old. The uprights are about five inches square and fifteen feet high. The cross piece is the same size. The construction is simple, and it is easy to take the gallows apart and put it away. The only trace left on the gallows by a hanging is the mark of the axe where it cuts through the rope that keeps the weight from falling.

Two men do all the hangings in New York. One is a short, lean man, with Hebrew features. He has a thin, full beard that curls, dark hair, mild eyes and a shrinking face. The other man is a short, stout German, partially bald, with a black-gray mustache. He is in charge. These two men have a number of names. They do not want to be known, and the sheriff himself has nothing further to do with them than to give them charge of the arrangements and to pay the bill. The one man is commonly known as Isaacs, the other as Minzesheimer. The bills are made out to Joseph B. Atkinson. The cost of hanging varies from two to five hundred dollars. The men are hangmen not only in New York, but they travel around over the State and country. Hanging is their trade.—*N. Y. Star.*

ALONE ONCE MORE.

The Lonely House on the Farm Where Desolation Reigns Supreme.

The old people had talked it over for a long time. After the boys went to the city to grow up with the noisy place, they had Mary left to make the old home bright and joyous. Then the young minister came; when he went away to answer a call from Iowa he took Mary with him. Then the old folks were all alone. A lonely house on the farm where visitors are few and visits far between is indeed a place of desolation. The old gentleman made confidants of the cows and horses, and they turned their great big soft eyes toward him as he told them all about his troubles. And the old lady, she told her troubles to the house-dog and the chickens. By the lamp-light, across the table and upon the porch at twilight they talked about it. They were lonesome and wanted company. They wanted little feet to trample up and down the old stairs and to and fro across the bare, painted floors. Silver flecked the two old heads and wrinkles seamed the cheeks; but the old, old hearts wanted the music of a fresh young voice to echo through the rooms whose walls had encompassed no young face for years and years.

And so little Tot was brought home from the orphan asylum.

They laid a little tin plate for her and told her to eat. But Tot couldn't eat. They tucked her up in a pretty white bed and told her to sleep. But Tot couldn't sleep. All night long she lay awake with her great blue eyes wide open watching the moonlight sifting through the curtains and painting wavering, sifting pictures against the wall back of the bed. In the morning Tot's eyes were heavy and red. She had not slept a wink all night long. The two old people showered their wealth of love upon the little orphan and told her to play and be happy. But Tot didn't play; and Tot wasn't happy. Day after day her face grew more and more thin and white. Her little limbs were scarcely strong enough to drag her small body about. After a few more weeks had passed they buried Tot under the apple tree in the garden and cried over her grave as though she was of their own flesh and blood, and the old folks are alone once more.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Signs of the times, even in the fashionable world, disclose the dawning of a day when a faithfully practical education shall be demanded both for young women and for young men.—*The Moravian.*

STAGING DAYS.

A Veteran Driver's Interesting Chat About the Days Preceding Railroads.

The men who drove stages in Canada before the days of railways are becoming fewer as the time passes away. There are several who live in or near Toronto, and about the most experienced of them is a man who began driving in 1831 and is now sixty-six years of age. He was born in South Carolina March 22, 1820, and was brought to Upper Canada by his parents when he was ten years of age. He is best known in this city by the somewhat suggestive name of Whisky Bill. It was not on account of his fondness for liquor that he received this title, for sober men were always selected as stage-drivers, but through a little incident which occurred at Post's Hotel, on the Kingston road, twenty-five miles from Toronto, early in his driving career. At this then famous hostelry some waggish fellows agreed one night to "put up a job" on Bill. Whisky was cheap, and so they all chipped in and bought forty-two gallons at eighteen cents per gallon. They fastened the barrel containing the liquor overhead in the bar-room, and when Bill came in on his next trip they tilted the cask and drenched him with its contents. Ever since then he has been known far and near as "Whisky Bill."

Bill recently recounted some interesting reminiscences of the old staging days. "Staging was done in the winter," said Bill, "in common lumber wagons with wooden springs, which went inside the box and canvas covers. In summer 'thorough-brace coaches,' as they were called, were used. They had leather springs, and were covered as hacks are now. They were built to carry twelve inside passengers and two outside comfortably. I tell you a man could ride like a leech on one of them. We could make seventeen miles in two and one-half hours quite easily. Each driver used to have a run of seventeen miles, and he always remained with his horses whenever they stopped. In the spring it was very hard to get along. I have seen Yonge street so heavy that four horses could not drag a coach to Bloor street under two hours. They would constantly be in danger of getting mired. I drove on Yonge street to Richmond Hill for two years, and then went on the route from Haysville to Stratford and from Preston to Haysville. I also drove between Galt and Guelph. After I left the West I used to run on different sections of the road between Toronto and Bowmanville, and I continued there for eighteen years. I have been sixteen hours going from the Rogue to Oshawa, a distance of fifteen miles. The Rogue is the name of a creek where we used to stop. Very often when the roads were bad passengers have had to get out and walk most of the way with rails over their shoulders to pry the coach out of the mud. In winter the snow-banks were a terror. I remmember once in 1851 we lost a mail-bag on the Roseburg hills, between old Bill Marsh's and Newtonville, and it was never found until spring, when the snow had thawed away.

"We used to get $12 a month and board. In those days things were cheap. You could get eight drinks for a York shilling, and a quarter always treated the whole bar. Whisky was only worth 20 to 25 cents a gallon, and some as low as 18 cents. That was the stuff that a man could get drunk on and not have a head on him in the morning. No one scarcely had the D. T.'s in those days, and there was no such thing as finding your stomach loaded with drugs in the morning. Meals commonly were 25 cents, and very tony hotels charged as high as 50 cents. Beds were a York shilling wherever meals were 25 cents.

"In staging days accidents sometimes happened, and I have often known people to get their arms and legs broken. Passengers often got damages, too, for injuries sustained. One time a driver upset a coach between Newcastle and Newtonville, and a man had an arm broken and three ribs as well. He got $2,000 damages. I have known three or four drivers to get frozen to death on the box. I remember once meeting a driver near the English church at the Highland creek. I was going east and he was coming toward Toronto. He only had two miles to go before he reached Gates.' I said: 'This is a tough 'un,' for it was a terribly cold day. He answered me and said: 'You'd better believe it.' Well, when the coach got to Gates' he did not come down, and they went to pull him off the box in fun, and asked him to come and have a drink. They found then that he was frozen stiff, with his eyes open and the reins in his hand. The secret of driving is to keep moving. The hands and feet should never be still for a moment. I came near freezing to death myself on the Goderich road, between Doon Mills and Aberdeen. I'd a good deal sooner have the old times than the new. Who wouldn't, with flour at $2 a barrel, pork $3 a hundred, as fast as you had a mind to buy it; potatoes 12½ cents a bushel; butter 5 cents a pound; firewood, $1 50 a cord, and a decent house to live in, with three or four rooms, for $2 a month. Tea was $1 a pound, and sugar was dear, but almost every thing else was cheap. I tell you there was nothing like stage-driving for lots or fun."—*Toronto Globe*

An Odd German Tax.

It is well known that at every German watering-place the visitor, in addition to being required to pay liberally for his necessities and luxuries, is subjected to a "cure tax," which varies according to locality, but is in no case inconsiderable. The Berlin *Borsen-Courier* for the first time raises the question whether there exists any legal warrant for exaction of this "cure tax," and suggests that it might be well for some courageous foreigner to refuse to pay it, and submit the matter to a legal test. Or, since this is the time of strikes, says the *Borsen-Courier*, why should not all the guests at some popular watering place organize and strike against the "cure tax?"—*London Telegraph.*

OKLAHOMA BOOMERS.

Army Officers Heartily Tired of Chasing the Plucky and Persisting Settlers.

"It is not half so much fun chasing these boomers out of Indian Territory as some folks imagine," an army officer observed when questioned on the subject. "You see, most of them are full of Yankee pluck and independence, and they don't care any more for the United States army than they would for a swarm of mosquitoes. You can't scare an American with the army, because he knows that the soldiers won't shoot, and so we go marching around in military fashion, chasing this man and that man, until the thing gets to be a good deal of a farce.

"What is needed out here is a police force of about two hundred men, armed with clubs. If I had such a command I would keep Oklahoma clear until the Government got ready to open it. The other day I found two or three men and women, with about a dozen children, over the line getting ready to settle, and I told them they would have to move on.

"Where to?" asked one of the men.

"'Anywhere,' says I, 'so long as you get out of here. You can't stay here.'

"'Why not?' says he.

"'Because,' I explained, 'this is Government land and you know it. You'll have to skip.'

"Well they piled all their things and their children into a couple of big wagons and started north. We watched them awhile, and concluded that they were going for sure, but the next day, when we passed that way, there they were again in the old place. The spokesman colored up a little when he saw me, and said:

"'To tell the truth, Colonel, I just thought this thing was all red tape and that so long as you had done your duty I'd take the responsibility of coming back. I didn't think you'd be here so soon. It's a run, is it?'

"I told him it was a run and that if he came in again I would have to place him under arrest. Then we escorted him and his party over the line, and watched them for two or three days until they strolled away.

"Some of the boomers are worse than fleas. Plenty of them have no women and children with them, and they move about with great celerity. I remember a few weeks ago we came across an old fellow away down about twenty miles from the line. He had actually hauled in lumber and built himself a little shanty, in which he had been living a month or two. Over the door he had scratched with a lead pencil, 'John Riley's Claim.' When we rode up he was sitting out in front smoking his pipe and reading his Bible.

"'What are you doing here?' I asked.

"'Locatin',' said he.

"'Well, you'll have to get out,' I continued.

"'What fer?' he asked.

"'Because this land isn't open yet, and our orders are to remove everybody found here.'

"'Well, by thunder,' said the old man, 'you can't remove one side of me. Not much, you can't.' Stepping inside of his cabin, he brought out a rifle, and continued: 'I wore that there uniform of yours five years in Virginia when there was some mighty tall hustlin' going on between the James and the Potomac, and I'm cussed if I'm going to be lassooed in this way; I'm a peaceful settler, a-hurtin' of nobody, and if the United States army comes a-pickin' on me, then all there is to that me and Uncle Sam will have a row, and it's the first time, too. You just go along, now, and let me alone.'

"I didn't want to make war on one old soldier who appeared to be enjoying himself, and so I gave him a week to vacate his claim and passed on. As luck would have it, it was a fortnight before we got around that way again, and then the cabin was gone. He had moved it away somewhere else, but we'll run across him after awhile.

"I don't wonder that the people want to get into that country. It's the prettiest in the world. We destroyed some houses near a river bank that had been occupied by several families. We had put them out two or three times, and finally, to make a sure job of it, we burned their houses. They had a magnificent site for a town, and had selected it for that purpose. Their leader, a shrewd young fellow, came to me afterward, and wanted to make an arrangement by which he could get his clamps on that particular section the day the Territory was opened. He thought I could help him to it if I wanted to, and he said if I would, he would give me my pick of the corner lots. I had to tell him that that was a matter with which I could not interfere.

"We meet with a good many sad cases, too, and I shall be glad when the country is opened up."—*Hunnewell (Kan) Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

A Veritable Beer Tunnel.

At Portland, Me., recently the police found the outlet of a beer pipe in the cellar of a shop on Commercial street. The pipe extended five feet into the ground and then took a slanting direction. The officers began the task of digging along the pipe and uncovered it for a distance of about thirty feet, when it was found to run through the cellar wall. After in this way getting the general direction of the pipe, the officers left the cellar and entered one of a row of sheds built along the bank wall of the Boston & Maine railroad, about seventy feet from the cellar, and continued their search there. It was three o'clock in the morning before they found the other end of the pipe, but it was at last discovered in a cleverly constructed hiding-place for the concealed liquor they were searching after. A hole had been dug in the railroad embankment behind one of the Boston & Maine sheds, access being had to it through the shed. In the hole were found three barrels of beer, one of them being connected with the pipe and partly emptied. The barrels were seized.—*N. Y. Post.*

PHOTO-PRINTING.

Photogravure for Book Illustrations and Zinco-Types for Newspaper Work.

The use of a photographic negative in connection with a lithographic surface has become of such importance for almost every sort of illustrated work, from the business circular to the finest books of art, that the name of Poitevin, the French inventor and real father of the process, deserves to be better known than it is. Louis Alphonse Poitevin was born at Conflans, in the Department of the Santhe, France, in 1819. His bent towards applied chemistry led him early to the Ecole Centrale, in Paris, where he devoted himself almost entirely to chemical and mechanical studies, leaving the school in 1843 with the diploma of civil engineer. His first appointment was that of chemist in the national salt works in the east of France, in which capacity he introduced many improvements in the processes and machinery used, and also in the manufacture of potash, sulphuric acid, etc. When photography came upon the world as a scientific curiosity, Poitevin's taste for chemistry led him to experiment with the new toy, and in 1848 he published the fact that it was possible to produce an electro deposit of copper upon the whites of the daguerreotype image. His work in this direction led to the discovery of a method of photo-chemical engraving upon metallic plates coated with gold or silver, for which he received the medal of the Societe d'Encouragement des Arts. Soon afterwards he began work upon the study of the action of light upon bichromated gelatine. He first applied himself to the production of molds in relief, and patented in 1855 his heliotypic process, which consisted in preparing a film of gelatine, which, after sensitizing by means of bichromate of potassium, was exposed to light under a negative. When cold water was applied, the parts unacted upon by light swelled up and so formed an image in relief from which a mold in plaster or other suitable material could be taken.

His next achievement was the ink process. He discovered that the surface of the bichromated gelatine film after exposure to light became repellent of water, while it permitted a greasy ink to adhere. In 1856 he established a workshop for the production of pictures by this process. Some of his early plates are in the possession of Mr. Edward Bierstadt, of this city, and compare favorably with much work of to-day. Poitevin was, however, too much engrossed in invention to prosper in business, and he sold out the shop to Lemercier, who still carries it on, and turned his attention again to experiments. In 1862 he perfected a system of carbon printing, from which the present processes are derived. He also published researches in connection with the action of light upon various salts of iron. The Duc de Luynes awarded him the prize offered for advances in applied science, and at the exhibition of 1878 he was adjudged a gold medal and an honorarium of seven thousand francs in recognition of his services. He died at Conflans, March 4, 1882.

Some of the best work done in this country with processes growing out of Poitevin's invention is that known under the general head of photogravure, which is printed directly from an etched plate. The plate is covered with a sensitive film and afterwards etched, the acid acting where the light coming through a negative has fallen. From such a plate, using a copper-plate press, the New York company which makes a specialty of this work produces very beautiful results. For fine books, where cheapness is not sought, the photogravure answers the purpose admirably, for any number of impressions can be taken. The same company also uses the gelatine plate process, as modified by Mr. C. T. Roche. Some of the large plates and reproductions of sepia sketches, done in this way, are admirable specimens of the art at its best.

For purposes of newspaper illustration, especially in colors, zincography is much used in Europe and, to a small extent, in this country. Zinc plates are coated with an asphaltum film and exposed under a negative or drawing from ten to sixty minutes. Asphaltum in certain conditions is sensitive to light. Where light acts acid can penetrate to the plate, and it is etched in the usual manner. When it is desired to print in colors, a negative is prepared for each color, one allowing no light to pass except for yellows, another reds, etc. Many German and French newspapers are illustrated by this process. The colored plates in the last Christmas number of the Paris *Figaro*, so largely sold in this country, were photo-zincotypes.—*N. Y. Post.*

OVER NIAGARA.

Two Dogs Which Went Over the Falls Without the Least Injury.

It is an error to say that no creature that ever went over Niagara Falls escaped with its life. In 1836 a bull terrier went over and came out alive. In 1858 another dog was flung in above the Falls, and an hour afterward it came dripping up the ferry steps, a little rattled and disgusted with things in general, but otherwise uninjured. A recent writer says that there can sometimes be seen at the foot of the Falls water cones apparently ten or twelve feet high. These are formed by the rapid accumulation and condensation of the falling water. It pours down so rapidly and in such quantities that the water below, so to speak, can not run off fast enough, and it piles up as though it were in a state of violent ebullition. These cones are constantly falling and breaking. A hardy animal falling on to one of these cones as on a soft cushion, might slide safely into the current below. The dogs were, doubtless, fortunate enough to fall in this way and were also aided by the repulsion of the water from the rocks in the swift channel through which they passed.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—No man was ever so mean that he could not give advice.—*New Haven News.*

FOOD ADULTERATION.

Vigilance of Purchasers the Only Effective Security Against It.

Congress devoted a great deal of time this year to the consideration of a bill to put a check upon the adulteration of butter and the sale of sham butter. The bill was known as the oleomargarine bill, although it dealt with all substitutes for butter and all substances used either to adulterate or to color genuine butter.

The bill was passed in each House only after much opposition, and it caused some bad feeling. It is an entirely new thing for Congress to pass any measure the real object of which is to protect the food of the people from adulteration and sham, but in the opinion of those who voted for the bill there was a necessity for this action. There are State laws aimed at bogus butter, but they can not be so effective as a National law, which, besides being everywhere in force, attacks the manufacturer of the article by laying a tax upon it.

The adulteration of food is a very common practice, and is rendered easy, first by the prevailing demand for cheap things, and secondly by the extraordinary good nature of Americans, which suffers imposition without effective resistance.

You go to your grocer's and buy some sugar. You can very easily tell whether you are getting the pure article or not. Of one thing you may be sure: Grocers can not buy pure sugar below a certain price, which is printed in all the daily papers. If you buy below that price, you are buying glucose

Now well-made glucose may not be harmful, but on the other hand, it is not useful. A cent's worth of glucose will not sweeten any thing so much as a cent's worth of grape sugar. What, then, do you gain by buying cheap sugar—cheap because it is adulterated?

Other substances which are much adulterated are spices. Possibly nothing injurious are put into them, but they are weakened, and more must be used to season the same amount of food. There are numerous substitutes for coffee, but at present it is about as cheap to drink the pure Brazilian, or "Rio" coffee, as it is to drink any of the substitutes. It is "rank," and has not the delicate flavor of the Arabian and Javanese coffees, but it is strong and pure.

In some cases the practice is, not to put foreign substances into the article, but to take out some of the useful ingredients. A good example of this is afforded by lard. Provision men have on sale tin pails containing what is called "Pure Leaf Lard." The substance within contains nothing which is not contained in lard, but in many cases it has gone through a process which has removed a valuable ingredient of lard.

We might make a long list of articles that need to be constantly watched in order that attempts at adulteration may be defeated. Candy and confectionary, baking powders, milk—these are a few of the articles, and others will occur to readers. It is believed that more than one-half the so-called wine sold in this country is either manufactured without the use of grape juice, or "doctored."

It is a great mistake to rely upon laws to correct evils like this of adulteration. Of course there must be laws against the practices objected to, and legal proceedings against those who are detected in them. But the only effective security is in the vigilance and determination of purchasers. It should be the rule of every man to take notice of every imposition of this nature, and to cease trading with those who persist in selling sham goods for genuine.

There are, it is true buyers who seek adulterated articles. That does not excuse tradesmen for offering impure articles to those who wish for pure. If a man continues to offer the false goods after his attention has been called to the matter, he is not an honest man, and his shop is to be avoided.—*Youth's Companion.*

FEMALE FANCIES.

The Growing Craze for All Sorts of New-Fangled Things.

A craze for odd dinner cards is fast developing.

Chemisettes resembling pleated shirt fronts are worn with summer dresses, and there is a finish of high linen collar and necktie.

For the nursery, cover a screen with burlap and paste on every sort of picture, Christmas or Easter card. It will greatly please the little folks, who never tire of pictures in whatever form presented.

In both brooches and ribbon-pins the designs oftenest used are those of flowers or winged insects. These afford in their brilliant colorings a fine opportunity for the employment of colored gems or enamel.

Plaster-of-Paris reliefs may be used with good effect. Select copies of some desirable works; oil, bronze or gild them unevenly; hang on the wall against some tint that will show them out, such as red plush or ivory satin.

The present craze is for writing-paper of rough surface and with ragged edges. Large envelopes must be used, sealed with sealing wax. On the paper must appear the writer's initials in raised gold or silver letters and in fac simile of the writer's handwriting.

A pleasing fancy in finger-rings is the one that employs three very light, slender and separate gold shanks set with single stones. These are worn together on one finger, so that the stones slip past each other, and appear like a single ring set with three gems.

Correspondence, dinner and tea cards are used on which are designed a delicate outline of flowers and odd figures. In flower designs those of the wild rose, violets, for-get-me-not, apple blossom, white lily, fleur de lis and passion flower are popular. In leaves, holly and autumn foliage are most preferred.

Turcoman has a beautiful silk pile resembling chenille, and comes in all colors; width, fifty inches. This makes beautiful portieres, also table covers. Jute velour resembles Turcoman, but the pile is made of linen; the texture is consequently heavier, but the effect is good and the cost less than half that of Turcoman.—*N. Y. World.*

Devastation of the Earthquake at Charleston.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Sept., 1.—An earthquake such as has never before been known in the history of this city swept over Charleston last night shortly after ten o'clock, causing more loss and injury to property and far more loss of life than the cyclone of a year before. The city is wrecked, the streets are encumbered with masses of fallen brick and tangled telegraph and telephone wires. Up to an early hour it was almost impossible to pass from one part of the city to another. The first shock was by far the most severe. Most of the people with their families passed the night in the streets, which even this morning are crowded with people afraid to re-enter their homes. More than sixty persons were killed and wounded, chiefly colored. Among the white who were killed are M. J. Lynch, Dr. R. A. Alexander Hammond, Ainsley Roberson. Fires broke out in different parts of the city immediately after the occurrence and some are still burning, but no danger of spreading. There is no way of leaving the city at present.

The principal business portion of the city was destroyed and hundreds of persons rendered homeless. Men were frantic, women were beseeching mercy from the Almighty and children were in tears. The main station house, the city hall, Hibernain hall and many other well known public buildings, including St. Miachel's church are irreparably damaged. Many people are seriously if not fatally injured. Broad street presented a spectacle of the utmost horror. Even women armed with hatchets fought valiantly to rescue the imprisoned unfortunates. Meeting street from Broad to Hazel is a wreck and is lined with unfortunates. To add to the horror of the scene many fires broke out and were ineffectually fought by the fire department. The night was hideous with the groans of the dying, the screams of the wounded and prayers of the uinjured. It is impossible to estimate the losses of persons or property at present.

Up to noon to-day there had been ten distinct shocks.

Probably the best idea that can be had of the character of the disturbance may be obtained from a narration of the events and scenes of Wednesday night as they were presented to a single person.

While engaged in his usual duties in the second story room of the *News and Courier* office at the time of the first shock the writer's attention was vaguely attracted by a sound which seemed to come from the office below, and which was supposed for a moment to be caused by the rapid rolling of a heavy body, as an iron safe or a heavy loaded truck over the floor. Accompanying the sound there was a perceptible tremor of the building, not more marked, however, than would be caused by the passage of a street car or dray along the streets. For perhaps two or three seconds the occurrence excited no surprise or comment. Then by swift degrees, or perhaps all at once, it is difficult to say which, the sound deepened in volume, the tremor became more decided, the ear caught the rattle of windows, and gas fixtures and other loose objects swung.

The men in offices with perhaps a simultaneous flash of recollections of the disturbance of the Friday before glanced hurriedly at each other and sprang to their feet with startled questions and answers, "What'sthat? Earthquake?" And then all was bewilderment and confusion. Then the long roll deepened and spread into one awful roar that seemed to pervade at once the troubled earth and the still air above and around. The tremor was now a rude, rapid quiver that agitated the whole lofty strong walled building as though it were heavily shaken by the hand of an immeasurable power with intent to tear its joints asunder and scatter its stone and brick around as a tree casts its o'er ripened fruit before the breath of the gale. There was no intermission in the vibration of the mighty subterranean engine. From the first to the last it was a continuous jar, only adding force at every moment, and as it approached and reached the climax of its manifestation it seemed for a few terrible seconds that no work of human hands could possibly survive the shocks.

The floors were heaving and the surrounding walls and partitions visibly swayed to and fro. The crash of falling masses of stone and brick and mortar was heard overhead and without the terrible roar filled the ears, and seemed to fill mind and heart, dazing perception, bewildering thought and for a few panting breaths, or when you held your breath in dreadful anticipation of immediate death, you felt that life was already past, and waited for the end as a victim with his head on the block awaits the fall of the up lifted axe.

It is given to many men to look in the face of the destroyer and yet live, but it is little to say that the group of strong men who shared the experience above faintly described, will carry with them the recollections of that supreme moment to their dying day. None expected to escape. A sudden rush was simultaneously made to endeavor to attain the open air and flee to a place of safety, but before the door was reached all reeled together to the tottering wall and then stopped, feeling that hope was vain; that it was only a question of death within the building, or without, to be buried by the sinking roof, or crushed by the toppling walls. The uproar slowly died away in seeming distance. The earth was still, and oh, the blessed relief of that stillness.

But how rudely was the silence broken as we dashed down the stairway and out into the street. Already on every side arose shrieks, the cries of pain and fear, and the prayers of the terrified women and children mingled with the hoarse shouts of excited men. Out in the streets the air was filled to the height of houses with the cloud of dry, stifling dust from lime and mortar and shattered masonry, which falling on the pavement and some roadway had been reduced to powder. Through the cloud as dense as fog the gas lights pierced dimly shedding but little light so that you stumbled at every step over the piles of brick or became entangled in the lines of telegraph wire that depended in every direction from their broken supports.

On every side were hurrying forms of men and women, bareheaded, partially dressed, some almost nude and many of whom were crazed with fear or excitement. Here a woman is supported half fainting in the arms of her husband who vainly tries to sooth her while he carries her into an open space at the street corner where present safety seems assured. There a woman lies on the pavement with upturned face and outstretched limbs and the crowds pass her by, for the time, not pausing to see whether she be alive or dead.

A sudden light flares through a window overlooking the street. It becomes brighter, and the cry of fire resounds from the multitude. A rush is made toward the spot. A man is seen doubled up and helpless against the wall, but this moment the low roll which is already too well known to be mistaken, is heard again.

It grows nearer and nearer like the growl of a wild beast, swiftly approaching his prey, and is forgotten again in the frenzied rush for the open space where alone there is hope of security, faint though it be. The tall buildings on either hand blot out the skies and the stars and seem to overhang every foot of ground between them and their shattered cornices and copings. The tops of their frowning walls seemed to pile from both sides to the centre of the street. It seems that a touch would now send the shattered masses left standing down upon the people below who looked up to them and shriek as the tremor of the earthquake again passes under them, and the mysterious vibrations swell and roll along like some infernal drum beat on summoning them to die, and it passes away, and again is experienced the blessed feeling from impending calamity, which it may well be believed evokes a mute but earnest offering of mingled prayer and thanksgiving from eveary heart in the throng.

Again far along the street and up from the alley ways that lead into it on either side is heard that chorus of wailing and lamentation which though it had not ceased was scarcely noticed a moment before. It is a a dreadful sound, the sound of helpless, horror-stricken humanity, old and young, the strong and the feeble alike, where all are so feeble and calling for help from their fellow creatures and rising their anguised voices in petition to heaven for mercy where no human aid could avail, it is not a scene to be described by any mortal tongue or pen. It is not a scene to be forgotten when it has been witnessed, and when the witness has shared all danger and feels all its agony.

The first shock occurred seven minutes of 10, as was indicated this morning by the public clocks, the hands on all of which had stopped at that fatal hour as though to mark the end of time for so many who had heard the preceding hour pealed by the St. Michael's chimes without a thought but of a long and happy life. The second shock, which was but a faint and crisp echo of the first was felt eight minutes later,

As it passed away the writer started homeward to find the scenes enacted on Broad street around the *News and Courier* office repeated at every step of the way. St. Michael's steeple stood high and white above the gloom seemingly uninjured. The station house, a massive brick building across the street, had apparently lost its roof, which had fallen around it. A little further on the roof and portico of the Hiberian Hall, a handsome building in the Grecian style, had crashed to the ground, carrying down part of the massive granite pillars with it. All the way up Meeting street, which, in respect of its general direction and imporiance may be called the Broadway of Charleston, the roadway was piled with debris from the tops of the walls. In passing the Charleston hotel, which to carry out the comparison above occupies the position of Stewart's up town store in New York. The third shock was felt about ten minutes after the second, and, of course, caused the greatest alarm in that neighborhood, as elsewhere. At Marion square a great crowd had collected, as even the edges of the wide space embraced could not be reached by the nearest buildings in the event of their fall.

From this crowd, composed of men, women and children, of both sexes arose calls, cries and lamentation while over the motley half-dressed throng was shed the lurid light of the conflagration which had broken out just beyond the square immediately after the first shock and had now wholly enveloped several buildings in flames. In three other quarters of the town at the same time similar larger fires were observed under full headway and the awful significance of the earthquake may be most fully appreciated, perhaps, when it is said that with these tremendous fires blazing up all at once around them and threatening the whole city with destruction the people whom you meet on the streets or gathered in groups in open places, evidently did no give them thought.

There were no distinctions of place or power, pride or caste in the assemblages that were gathered together in Charleston Tuesday night. It was a curious spectacle to look upon. It is a good one to remember for white and black. There were instances of unselfish devotion and of kind and loving devotion between master and servant, mistress and ward as in the presence of a common ill or a threatened ruin to all. Until long after midnight the streets were filled with figures in sight of their homes. Through the long hours that followed few were the eyes of childhood that were closed in sleep. Charleston was full of those who watched for morning and never in any city in any land did the first grey shadows that marked approaching dawn appear so beautiful and welcome to the eyes as they appeared to the thousands who hailed them this morning from the midst of the countless wrecked homes in our thrice scourged but still patiet, still brave, still hopeful, still beautiful city by the sea.

Three or four fires started in as many sections with the first shock and the city was soon illuminated by the flames, thus leading all to believe what was left by the earthquake would be devoured by fire. The Fire Department was so well divided and handled that the fires were under control by daylight. Fifteen to twenty residences and stores were consumed. The loss by fire and earthquake cannot be accurately estimated, but can be placed safely at $5 000,000. As far as could be ascertained during the night, fifteen to twenty people were killed and a much greater number wounded in all sorts of ways.

The loss of human lives will be large and will take days to get the accurate number. Shocks equally as severe were felt at a distance of thirty-five miles and did inestimable damage to railroad and telegraph property. Charleston is now entirely isolated from the outside world.

Humbolt's Maniac.

Youth's Companion.

The case of the late mad King Louis, of Bavaria, revived the very old question as to where reason ends and madness begins. Apropos of the discussion, a French paper tells a story. During one of his visits to Paris, Baron von Humboldt expressed to his friend, Dr. Blanche, the distinguished authority in matters concerning insanity, a desire to meet one of his patients.

"Nothing easier," said Dr. Blanche, "come and take dinner with me to-morrow."

Next day Humboldt found himself seated at the dinner table of the famous allenist, in company with two unknown guests. One of them, who was dressed in black, with white cravat, gold bowed spectacles, and who had a smooth face and a very bald head, sat with great gravity throughout the entire dinner. He was evidently a gentleman of undoubted manners, but very taciturn. He bowed, ate, and said not a word.

The other guest, on the contrary, wore a great shock of hair brushed wildly into the air; his shabby blue coat was buttoned askew, his collar was rumpled, and the ends of his crazy necktie floated over his shoulders. He helped himself, ate and chatted at the same time.

Story upon story did this incoherent person pile up. He mixed the past with the present, flew from Swedenborg to Frurier, from Cleopatra to Jenny Lind, from Archimedes to Lamartine, and talked politics and literature at the same breath,

At the dessert Humboldt leaned over and whispered in his host's ear, glancing at the same time at the fantastic personage, whose discourses were still running on;

"I am very much obliged to you. Your maniac has greatly amused me."

"My maniac!" said the doctor, starting back, "why, that isn't the lunatic. It's the other one."

"What! The one hasn't said a word?"

"Certainly."

"But who in the world can the man be who has talken in this fashion all the while?"

"That is Balzac, the famous novelist."

A railroad train story is told in this wise: Two passengers appeal to the conductor; one wants a window sash up and the other insists on keeping it down. Says No. Two: "If that window is not shut it will be the death of me, for I'm about perished with cold now," and to that No. One replies: "If the window is shut I'll smother in the foul air of this car." When the conductor looked around in a sorely puzzled sort of way, a passenger in a rear seat called out: "Conductor, those two fellows have been growling about that window for fifty miles, and now I hope for the peace and comfort of the train you'll keep the window open long enough to kill one and then shut it long enough to smother the other."

I have no sympathy for skin-flint saving, but I plead for Christian prudence. You say it is impossible now to lay up anything for a rainy day. I know it, but we are at the daybreak of national prosperity. Some people think it is mean to turn the gas low when they go out of the parlor. They feel embarrassed if the door-bell rings before they have the hall lighted. They apologize for the plain meal if you surprise them at the table. Well, it is mean if it is only to pile up a miserly hoard. But if it be to educate your children, if it be to give more help to your wife when she does not feel strong, if it be to keep your funeral day from being horrible beyond all endurance because it is to be the disruption and annihilation of the demestic circle—if it be for that, then it is magnificent.—*Dr. Talmage.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SHERIFF'S SALE!

By virtue of writ of fieri facias, issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, State of Maryland, at the suit of John Shartzer, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Viola Groves, Andrew Kimmell and William A. Browning, to me directed, I have seized and taken in execution, all the right, title, claim, interest and estate, at law and in equity, of the said Viola Groves, in and to all that piece, parcel or lot of land, situate at the intersection of Alder street with Fourth street, on the North side of Alder street, and on the West side of Fourth street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, the same being known and distinguished as

LOT NUMBER SEVENTY-NINE

(79), and being the same property that was conveyed by William R. Percy to the said Viola Groves, by deed dated February 13th, 1885.

Said lot is improved by a small

DWELLING HOUSE

and necessary out-buildings, and I hereby give notice, that

On Monday, SEPTEMBER 13TH, 1886,

at 3 o'clock P. M., on the premises, I will offer for sale the said property so seized and taken in execution, by public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash.

JOHN H. RILEY, Sheriff.

8 21 4t

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Miss Lilly Brown and Miss Mary Weber will open a

PRIVATE SCHOOL

for pupils of all grades, at the Oakland Public School Building, beginning

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, '86,

and continuing for a term of twelve weeks.

TERMS VERY MODERATE.

Circulars can be obtained at Sturgiss's Drug Store. 8 14 td.

WHITE BRONZE

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
6 17 t Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Shartzer's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

IMPROVED FARM FOR SALE!

I will sell my farm, on the headwaters of Deep Creek, adjoining lands of Ransey Browning, A. C. Browning and others, on the easiest terms. The farm contains one hundred acres of land, all under fence, and about 60 acres cleared. The improvements consist of a

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE

and large frame barn, young fruit trees, &c., &c. This farm is in a good neighborhood, about 4 miles from Deer Park, and about 8 miles from Oakland.

Reason for selling—advanced age.

Apply to or address

LUKE WOOD,
8 7 tf. Deer Park, Md.

MEAT MARKET!

The undersigned will have on hand, at his meat market in Oakland, every day, from 5 A. M. to 11 A. M.,

Fresh Beef, Mutton and Veal,

of the best quality and at fair prices. He will also run his wagon to

MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK

every day, and to

DEER PARK

every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

7 10 T. W. CASTEEL.

FOR SALE. AT A BARGAIN.

A large two-story frame house, with celler and basement, situated on the Oakland and Mountain Lake road, near the latter place, is offered for sale at a bargain.

There are about two acres of ground, good outbuildings, well of good water, and a number of large shade trees. One of the handsomest locations for a summer residence in this neighborhood.

For information apply to or address

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

ft 24 DAVID LITTLE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 30th, 1886.

GOING EAST.

No. 2	7.20 A. M.
No. 66	5.56 A. M.
No. 6	12.55 P. M.
No. 4	11.53 P. M.
No. 82—Accommodation	5.10 P. M.
Way	11.36 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 1	9.34 P. M.
No. 65	5.55 P. M.
No. 5	3.57 P. M.
No. 3	4.41 A. M.
No. 81—Accommodation	9.36 A. M.
Way	11.36 A. M

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y

HENRY ALBRIGHT,

—Manufacturer of—

Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,

OAKLAND, MD.

☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done.

Nov. 21, 85.—1 y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

SIXTEEN ACRES OF LAND

at Altamont, Md., improved by a

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE

18 by 36 feet, two stories high. There are on this land two never failing springs of good water, and a running stream.

Situation Delightful!

Two miles from Deer Park, with excellent graded road

Excellent Situation for Summer Residence.

For particulars and terms apply to or address

J. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE, TRACTS & MILITARY LOTS.

The subscriber offers for sale the following lands in Garrett county:

"Bank Property," 1625 acres on Backbone Mountain, near West Virginia line. There is on this tract good Poplar, White and Red Oak, Chestnut, Birch and Sugar Timber, and the land when cleared, will make good farms.

"Friedland," 175 acres, near Accident, part improved.

A fine building site near Fort Pendleton, lot containing two acres.

Also the following Military Lots, containing 50 acres each:

Lots Nos. 4031 and 4032, with the well known Boiling Spring, two miles south of Deer Park, with which it is connected by a good road.

Lot No. 1914, on B. & Ohio R. R., East of Wilson's store.

Lots Nos. 361, 363, 364 and 365, near Ben Davis'.

Lot No. 399, West of Garrett Moon's.

Lots Nos. 371 and 377, West of (late) Hugh Cooper's.

Lot No. 383, East of (late) Elisha Harvey's.

Lot No. 1252, near West Virginia line.

WILLIAM I. BROWN,
Box 41, Oakland, Md.

Sept. 5th, 1885.—1 y

FOR SALE!

Steam Engine, Saw Mill and Shingle Machine.

I am authorized to sell a Fifteen Horse Power "Page" Engine, Saw Mill and Shingle Machine, with carriages, &c., complete, the property of Mrs. Eva F Riggs. The mill has been in use about five years and is in good running order. Will be sold cheap for cash or collateral which may be easily converted into cash. May be examined at Swanton, Md. Must be sold soon.

For price and terms address or apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

Sellers' Liver Pills.

Act Directly on the Liver.

CURES CHILLS AND FEVER, DYSPEPSIA, SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUS COLIC, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, PILES, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, DIZZINESS, TORPID LIVER, COATED TONGUE, SLEEPLESSNESS, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER AND STOMACH. If you do not "feel very well," a single pill at bed-time stimulates the stomach, restores the appetite, imparts vigor to the system.

They cure all diseases like magic. Get the right kind SELLERS' LIVER PILLS. Sold by druggists. Send for circular. SELLERS MEDICINE CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence in Russell's brick house Second street.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

3 15 1y.

SURVEYING!

Military lots located, Estimates of timber lands a specialty. Sales negotiated on reasonable terms. Areas computed by Logarithms—the only correct method.

HIRAM P. TASKER,
11 6 tf Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hoppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

F. A. THAYER, INSURANCE AGENT,

OAKLAND, MD.

Insures both Real and Personal Property at moderate rates.

☞ Represents Six First Class Companie

THE BEST FARM IMPLEMENTS.

Brown, New Champion and Delaware Wagons, Universal, Roland and Double Shovel Plows, Champion Reapers and Mowers, Spring Wagons and Carriages, Grain Drills, Cider Mills, Orchilla Guano, Feed Cutters, Barbed Wire, Sewing Machines, Spring Harrows, Thomas Hay Rakes, Hay Forks and Carriers &c., &c.

EVERYTHING FULLY WARRANTED.

For sale by

J. M. DAVIS & SON.

February 24, 1886.—tf.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 10. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, SEPT. 18, 1886. NUMBER 29.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

VEGETABLES,

FRUITS, &C., &C.

Always on hand, as they come in market.

NEW CROP OF

TURNIP AND RUTABAGA SEEDS.

ALL RELIABLE.

VEGETABLE PLANTS of all kinds in season.

(MOSS ROSE.)

ROSES, and all kinds of Flowering Plants.

CUT FLOWERS

AND FLORAL DESIGNS,

for Funerals, &c., at short notice, at our old stand on Railroad street near Depot.

☞ Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

H. WEBER.

3 13 OAKLAND, MD.

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,

OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.

OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.

Is the place to buy

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints,

Oils Varnishes,

Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

☞ Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c

Physicians Prescriptions

Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.

Give me a call.

W. D. NYDEGGER.

AVOID MALARIA!

AND BREATHE THE SEA AIR!

THE STOCKTON, Atlantic City, N. J., Corner Atlantic and Maryland avenues, is now open. Guests are supplied with every comfort and convenience possible. The best summer hotel on the coast. Terms moderate; special rates to families. KELSEY & LEFLER, Proprietors. [Mention this paper.]

FOR SALE

In Deer Park a

TWO-STORY COTTAGE,

Highly situated and containing seven rooms with front portico, back porch and bay windows. Good never failing well of water. Land in cultivation for garden with fruit trees and stable. Will be sold cheap and terms made reasonable. Title unquestionable.

Apply to

7 5 tf E. C. TILLSON, Deer Park, Md.

Valuable Real Estate

FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.

For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise, As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov 20 1880 1 y.

HELP for working people. Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, grandly successful. 50 cents to $5 easily earned every evening. That all who want may test the business we make this unparalleled offer. To all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE.

NO. 1.

MILITARY LOT NO. 219,

lying near Chisholm's Mill, in Ryans Glade, Garrett county. Well timbered and underlaid with coal. Unimproved. Will be sold cheap.

NO. 2.

Military Lots Nos. 2305 and 2307,

Unimproved timber lots, lying near Grantsville, part of the estate of the late Holmes Wiley.

NO. 3.

An Elegant New Residence

on Oak street, Oakland, Md., containing 8 rooms. Large lot improved by stable, carriage house, ice house, &c. Well of good water. Terms easy. Price, $2200.00.

NO. 4.

THE "WOODLAND FARM,"

situated on the road leading from Oakland to Accident, two miles from Oakland, containing 97 acres, well fenced and cultivated. Improved by a large first-class mansion house, suitable for a summer resort. The farm would suit for a first-class market garden or general farming.

NO. 5.

HOUSE AND LOT

On Oak street, Oakland, Md., comfortable dwelling. Well of good water and convenient outbuildings. Will sell at a bargain.

NO. 6.

600 ACRES OF LAND,

covered with white pine, spruce and white oak timber, and underlaid with coal, iron ore and fire clay. Water fall 71 feet. Steam saw mill on the premises doing a good business. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 8.

HOUSE AND LOT

On Liberty street in Oakland, 8 rooms. Good property.

In all cases we will furnish purchasers with an abstract of title and prepare deed without cost to them.

Full discription of the property contained in the above list will be given upon application.

NO. 9.

NEW DWELLING HOUSE

On Oak Street, 8 rooms and good cellar. Large livery stable attached; room for 18 horses and 15 vehicles. Good stand for business. Excellent opportunity for any desiring to go into livery business.

NO. 10.

100 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND

Near Oakland. Well timbered. Title indisputable. Price, $8 per acre.

NO. 11.

GOOD DWELLING & LARGE LOT

Near Court House. 10 rooms and out-buildings. Good well of soft water. Terms easy.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,

Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

J. LEE HARNE,

Sign and Ornamental Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Netkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to,

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

VALUABLE

COAL & TIMBER LANDS

FOR SALE.

The undersigned offers for sale the following valuable Real Estate.

"BANK TERRITORY,"

containing 431 acres, and

"MOUNT PISGAH,"

containing 470 acres.

Both of these tracts are well timbered and are underlaid with a vein of coal from 8 to 11 feet thick, an eleven foot vein being now opened and in operation on the tract known as "Bank Territory." This land lies on or near the line of the W. Va. C. R. R. I also offer for sale a tract of land containing 611 acres, lying and being situate in Grant county, W. Va., near Job Benline's. This tract is also well timbered and is supposed to be underlaid with coal. All of the aforesaid lands are well suited to farming and grazing purposes.

For any information concerning these lands terms, prices, &c., apply to Peddicord & Thayer, Attorneys-at-Law, Oakland, Md.

EMIL J. DELVAILLE.

May 25th 1886.—3m*

WIN more money that at anything else by taking an agency for the best selling book out. Beginners succeed grandly. None fail. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. B. FAY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals. Also in adjoining counties of West Va.

☞ Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.

Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

EDWARD H. SINCELL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

(one door West of Sturgiss' Drug Store.)

Special attention given to Collections the negotiation of Loans.

Sept. 23, 1885.—1 y.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing, Investigation of land titles and soldiers' claims. Loans negotiated. feb 11-1y

T. J. PEDDICORD. F. A. THAYER

PEDDICORD & THAYER,

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 4 '84 1y

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

AND

SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.

July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

v3n47.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

All business attended to with promptness and fidelity. Particular attention given to Surveying and Investigation of land titles.

☞ Office on 2d Street. 5 19 tf

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,

RESIDENT DENTIST,

OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

v3 n48

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Offers his services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. Office and residence on Oak street, second house East of Catholic church.

Sept. 9, 1885.—1 y.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

2 5 3m.

VALUABLE

STOCK FARM

FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Oakland, Md.

LAKE VIEW

PLANING MILL

is now in full operation, and prepared to fill orders for

Flooring, Weather-boarding, Sash, Doors, Frames, Brackets, and Mouldings of all Kinds,

☞ Will contract for the erection of buildings.

Orders solicited. Satisfaction guranteed.

C. RATHBURN,

MANAGER.

4 3 9m Mountain Lake Park, Md.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

GOLD fields are scarce, but those who write to Stinson & Co. Portland, Maine, will receive free, full information about work which they can do and live at home, that will pay them from $5 to $25 per day. Some have earned over $50 in a day. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required. You are started free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of snug little fortunes. All is new.

The Dark Side of Farming.

One of the greatest drawbacks to properity and pleasure in the business of farming is the want of stability and persistence in any chosen pursuit. Some men cannot even make up their minds as to how they should go about any necessary business, and consequently perform it in the most insufficient manner. They change their minds with every fancied reverse of fortune, and break up plans that have become settled by lapse of time, so that the breaking up is productive of loss and perhaps disaster. "Unstable as water thou shall not excel" might be said of many farmers who blame their chosen pursuit for their partial failures, instead of blaming their own mistakes. There is the man who begins business as a dairyman, let us say; he goes into it with a rush; perhaps he succeeds moderately well, but he finds it hard work, needing the closest application, while it is novel he is interested, but as the novelty wears off and he finds he is only making a bare living and is not laying up money, he becomes dispirited and wants a change. He declares the dairy is an unprofitable business; that bogus butter ruins it, and that something else pays a great deal better. There comes a boom in hops; the price goes up to a dollar a pound. By the time he has any hops to sell, spared enough though painful efforts from the lice and mildew, and the various other troubles incident to their culture, the price is down to eight or ten cents, and again he is discouraged and on the ragged edge which separates hope from despair. His hop yard is plowed up and he tries something else which is better, but always with the same result. He tires of it, or perhaps utterly fails, which is probably because of the unfortunate want of persistence, and losing at every change and turn, he is soon in distress and goes over to the dark side.

Perhaps there is no other cause of failure that is so prolific and common as this. If we examine into any special business, in the grand industry of farming, we find the men entering it mostly of this class, and who have given up pursuits in which thousands of farmers live in sunny groves *in futuro* chiefly hoped for but not seen—as yet, occupied by many such men. Fancy cattle men make money out of them. They are chief purchasers of novelties in seeds, plants, implements, and all are restless, looking and hoping for some readier way of making money than persistent, effective work. The crowds of frauds, like parasites which live on diseased matter, prey upon such misguided men and make victims of them, and every disappointment adds to their misery. Those persons who are in a position to know, the editors who receive so many urgent letters of inquiry about this new place, or that new pursuit, and which is best to be done under such circumstances as no stranger could possibly form an opinion of, know how many such unhappy, unstable, undetermined men there are existing, but not living, upon farms. A time comes to many of them at last, when, like Eneas, "tossed and driven by adverse fates" they are cast upon some shore, wrecked amid storms and clouds. Then a ray of light breaks through upon them; for they are where they can't get away and must stick at least, and like men, go to work at whatever they are driven to, and persisting by force of adversity they finally find what they have been wasting a life in seeking. But it is thrust upon them in spite of themselves.

Many a man who has thus suffered or who is now suffering, may look back to his childhood and see how his early training led to this instability and consequent failure. In his boyish pursuits many things were begun but none finished, and as he grew in years the habit grew, and became confirmed. This is a matter for parents to consider. They have the forming of the character of their children, and if any child has fallen into this habit they should correct it at once. To finish what has been begun, to adhere to a choice which has been made after mature and careful consideration, to persist and persevere, and never lose sight of the end in view or turn aside from its straight pursuit, are indispensable to success. Think of the men who have made a mark in the history of the time; of the leading farmers, stock breeders, horticulturists, dairymen, all of whom are sought as advisers, leaders, teachers, examples, and what is their history? An unbroken course in pursuit of aims which they have reached, and of ends which have brought prosperity and success and honor to them.

The business of farming has two sides: one lies full in the glow of the warm bright sunlight; the other is on the shady side, buried in gloom and darkness. Every man can choose which side he will live upon. The path to each diverges from a plain road plainly, so that it cannot be mistaken. The business of farming is one in which no man can fail who uses common prudence, who is industrious, persevering, careful, foresighted, economical. It has the world's wants to supply. The farmer feeds and clothes the world, and every product of the soil has its waiting customers.—*Rural New Yorker.*

From a Grand Army Man.

ELLICOTT CITY, MD., 6 8, 1884.

Dear Sir:—I have been a sufferer for a long time with dyspepsia, and have tried most everything in the way of medicine, but nothing gave me any relief. I procured one bottle of your "AROMANNA," and had only been taking it about six days when I began to feel it was doing me good. I told a number of my neighbors what it had done for me and they commenced using it, and all agree with me that it is the only medicine that will do all that it is recommended to do. One thing about "AROMANNA," while it is acting and cleansing the system it does not weaken, but builds up, adds new strength and imparts new vigor. I do not think I can say too much in favor of it. You are free to use my name in any way you see best, to proclaim the merits of "AROMANNA." It will pay any sufferer to try it.

J. C. MOONEY, Adjutant

A. D. Reynolds, Post No. 23, G. A. R.

Price 25 and 75 cts. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland, Md.

Signs of an Early Winter.

M. G. Wegner, of Leacock writes as follows to the Lancaster *Examiner* to show that we will have an early winter: The migratory birds are leaving these parts for a warmer latitude fully one month earlier than ever known before. Black birds formed themselves into flocks two weeks ago and left for a warmer latitude. Robins, under your correspondent's own observation, that fed their young in their nest on the 31 of August on the 4th threw them out of their nest (dead) and left. Wrens that fed their young on the 3d of August and sang their songs on the 4th, made ready to migrate, and after the 5th not a bird was to be seen. It appears there is an instinct given to migratory birds that when cold weather approaches they know the proper period to leave their breeding place for a warmer clime. In Spain last summer the swallows migrated at an unusual time from the pestilential districts, on account, it is said, of the impurity of the atmosphere in the cholera locations at that time.

Grace Before Meat.

Washington Critic.

There was once a time when Senator Vest, of Missouri, said grace before meat, and once during that time he stopped at a house notorious for its bad table. When Mr. Vest (he wasn't a Senator then) sat down to eat, the spread almost inaugurated a coup d'etat in his stomach, but it was that or nothing, and he began. "Ahem!" coughed the lady, with 50-cent-a-meal piety resting on her face; "ahem! Mr. Vest, don't you ask a blessing?" "Ma'am?" responded the gentleman, with a look in his face like an interrogation point suffering from sea-sickness. "Don't you always ask the Lord to bless the food before you eat it?" "No, ma'am, not always," and he looked over the table; "I suppose the Lord could bless this if He wanted to, but I'll be doggoned if I've got cheek enough to ask Him to do it."

"Yes," said a Kentuckian who had been in the far West, "Indians are powerful fond of whiskey. Let 'em once get the taste of whiskey and they'll give up everything for it. An old chief out in Western Dakota offered me a pony, saddle, blanket and I don't know what else, for a pint of whiskey I had with me." "And you wouldn't give it to him?" "Not much. That was the last pint I had left. But it shows how fond Indians are of whiskey."

A Coulonge (Canada) correspondent alleges that a young marksman of that place at 500 yards struck squarely the head a of pin stuck in the center of a common envelope.

Brother Gardner's Sermon.

Detroit Free Press.

Gin a man credit if you want to start him on the road to de poo' house.

As it am de roughness of de grindstun which sharpens de ax, so it am de trubbles of life which aige up de human mind.

Gray ha'rs am entitled to respeck only when the owners of gray heads respeck derselves.

It doan' do any good to light a candle arter you have been eatin' wormy apples in de dark.

De pussen who judges ob de speed of a mule by his bray mustn't complain if everybody passes him on de road.

De pusson whom am nebber tempted desarves no partickler credit fur obeyin de law.

De less advice you gin widout pay de mo' credit you will receiv fur bein chuck full o' wisdom.

Men who expect to be treated jist as you treat dem will neither slander nor abuse you.

Between readin' a man's character by his bumps or goin' on a picnic wid him, take de picnic.

What we calkerlate on doin' fur tomorrer won't pay de grocer fur 'taters nor de butcher fur soup-bone.

De man who aims to elevate his fellow men can't be too keerful to prevent de nayburs from oberhearin' his family riots.

Doan' be too hard on human natur. De man who can sot down an' tell you exactly what dis kentry needs to make it great an' glorious may have no ideah whar his next bar'l of flour am comin' from.

A religion which can't stand befo' de sight of a circus pusceshun or de sound of a fiddle am not worf luggin' aroun' de kentry.

People who expect a man to kick his own dog in case of a fight have got a big surprise laid up for 'em.

When you flatter yourself dat de majority of people doan' know de difference between de roar of a lion an' de bray of an ass you have struck a banana peel which will bring ye down kerflop.

Lots of men who would establish an orphan asylum if dey had de money will beat a woodsawyer down 30 percent below de goin' price.

The Young Bride's Diary.

Yesterday I bought a little red receipt book of a pleasing young man who called at the door. His eyes were so deep and dark, and his voice so pleading, that I would have purchased the book if I had to borrow the money. The book is a very useful one, and it is bound in the same color as my new dog.

It tells how to make custards, blanc manges and floating island. It also tells you in the back part, how to cure heaves, glanders and botts. I can hardly wait 'till George gets the botts, so that I can bring out my little red volume and win him back to life and joy. It also gives other information. Any one with this book in the house can go to work and take a person right through a long siege of croup or yellow fever without a doctor, and there's a whole lot of law in it, so that George won't have to have a lawyer or a doctor, and we can save a great deal that way. Why will people fritter away their money on doctors and lawyers when they can get one of these books so cheap?

Yesterday our landlady gave me a slip of orleander, and I have planted it in a cute little pitcher in the window, where it is slowly growing as I write. It hardly seems possible that some day it will be a large tree with little yellow knobs on it.

All we need now is a home and some furniture, for I have already secured the orleander.

I bought some rhubarb at the drug store this morning, and to-morrow I will make a couple of pies. George is passionately fond of rhubarb pies.

What Can be Done.

By trying again and keeping up courage many things seemingly impossible may be attained. Hundreds of hopeless cases of Kidney and Liver Complaint have been cured by Electric Bitters, after everything else had been tried in vain. So, don't think there is no cure for you, but try Electric Bitters. There is no medicine so safe, so pure, and so perfect a Blood Purifier. Electric Bitters will cure Dyspepsia, Diabetes and all Diseases of the Kidneys. Invaluable in affections of Stomach and Liver, and overcome all Urinary Difficulties. Large Bottles only 50 cts. at Wm. Nydegger's.

At a point off southeastern Florida the water is 19,176 feet deep.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

HY. A. WATKINS' WOOING.

AFTER LONGFELLOW.

On a tool-bench in his shoe-shop
Sat the ancient foot-gear maker,
In the land of West St. Louis,
Where dwelt the tribe of Big-Ears,
Building gaiters, boots and slippers
Out of paste-board and split leather.
At his side in made-up beauty
Sat the dudine, Minnie Hathorn,
Sat his daughter, Soda Water,
Mending pants'-seats with round patches;
Of his trade the old man's thoughts were,
And the maiden's of her lover.
He was thinking, as he sat there,
Of the days when double prices
He had charged all thro' those war times
For his spongy, half-pegged brogans;
"Stood in" with the quartermasters;
Got some hunky army contracts;
Thinking of the furloughed soldiers
Who came home and cussed his poor work,
Said that he was "on the swindle."
Ah, no more so green a Govern-
Ment will e'er be found as it was!
(Uncle Sam now *bonds* his sutlers,
And they do not dare to "divy!")
She was thinking of a "mower"
From the land of North Chicago,
Wherein dwelt the tribe of Spay-Feet,
Young and slim and very tony,
Who, one morning in the spring time,
Came to buy some bunion plasters
And sat down in her pa's store-front;
Lingered there and smoked a segar,
Looking back as he departed.
She had heard her father mock him,
Mock his: "Aw, a pair of 'tooth-picks'
Yaw cahn make me faw thix dollers,
If yaw'll have em done by Chewsday."
Would he come again for corn-salve
To the counters of her parent?
As she paused to thread a needle
And her eyes grew very dreamy,
On the pave she heard a footstep,
Heard a cane go gently tapping;
And with London limp affected,
With a Norfolk jacket dressed in,
Suddenly, feminist the entrance,
Hy. A. Watkins stood before them.
Straight the gray-haired half-sole artist
Looked up gravely from his labor,
Laid aside the calf skin upper,
Bade him "Shut the door!" emphatic,
Saying, as he rose to meet him:
"Yes, your boy toes they are finished."
In the lap of Soda Water
Hy. A. Watkins laid the package
Of the caramels he'd brought her;
And the maiden looked up at him,
Looked up from her reinforcing
Of the bosom-lacking trousers,
And remarked, with gentle accent:
"You're no slouch, oh, Hy. A. Watkins!"
Very spacious was the floor there,
With a lounge to try the fits on
'Gainst the side of that emporium;
But so long and broad his pedals,
Hy. A. Watkins knocked the couch o'er;
Also kicked out half a window
In the rear part of the Hathorn
Place of business, as he walked back.
Then uprose fair Soda Water,
Alias Miss Minnie Hathorn,
Put away the woolen breeches,
Fetched out pie and sat before them.
Water brought them from the hydrant,
Warmed up hash left o'er from dinner,
Gave them patent paper napkins.
Listened while young Hy. was chinning,
Listened as her father's jaw wagged,
Listened with her elephantine
Ears a waving with excitement,
But not once her grub-trap opened,
Not a single word she uttered
Yes, there in a trance she listened
To the brags of Hy. A. Watkins,
Who was taking his vacation,
As he talked of how at Lehmann's
He had charge of "lace in ribbon,
At a sal. of fo'teen weekly.
And am sho' to be promoted."
And how "me in the book-keepah
Go out every eve a mash-in'"
And that "Shee-cawg is the dandy
Burg to hang up during life in."
"After many years of cross-fires,
And noospaper 'foot' and 'ear' taunts,
Let's have peace between Sent Loo
And its rival town, Sheecawgey."
Thus continued Hy. A. Watkins,
And then added, speaking slowly:
"That this truce may last forevah,
Give me as my bride Miss Minnie
Hathorn, Soda Watah,
Sunflower of Missoory women!"
And the ancient cowhide stitcher
Took some fine-cut ere consenting.
Watched his daughter then in silence,
Whose auriculars were flapping,
Gazed at Hy. A. Watkins' stogas,
Number 30's by the tape line,
And made answer very briefly:
"Yaas, if Min is on the marry;
Shoot yer mouth off Sodey Water."
And the fan eared Minnie Hathorn
Seemed just scrumptious as she started
Over to club-footed Watkins,
Sat down on his hoof majestic,
Winked and giggled and then tongued it:
"*I'm yer oyster—yet the licensse!!*"

* * * * * *

This was Hy. A. Watkins' wooing!
Stopped the strife, and peace cemented
'Twixt the Mound and Garden cities,
In the Lake and River regions.

—"*Jef Joslyn,*" *in Graphic News.*

WANDERING ARABS.

But Two of Them Decided to "Settle Down."

Murray Greville sat in a German music garden listening to the strains of the band. He raised his eyes and caught the glance of a pair of deep set gray ones opposite with a certain mischievous sparkle in them. He frowned slightly and turned away. A repast was spread before her, and his offended fancy even supplied the odor of sauer-kraut. With his fastidious notions, the sight of a woman eating in such a place and unattended by a male protector or even an old lady, particularly as she was young, good-looking and probably his own countrywoman, was repugnant. He almost sympathized with Byron who hated to see a woman eat. What strange perversity was it that made him turn to look again, and not only to look but with a sort of increasing interest?

The elder, with a face that was full of drollery when she spoke and laughed, had a sad expression when silent and for the moment intent upon the music. The younger was beating a kind of tattoo softly upon the table, bonding the shapely little head, from which she had removed her hat with the long plume, in time to the strains of the waltz. He disapproved of the hat's being removed, yet could not but admire the smooth, fair hair with the braided knot low behind, the expressive little nose, the long-lashed gray eyes, the whole piquant face and the rounded outline of her pretty figure. Presently she seemed to become conscious of his rather fixed look, and favored him for a moment with one equally fixed in return, which soon caused him to withdraw his attention.

The band played, as a German band does generally, with spirit and expression, and the music carried him slowly away into a waking dream-land. Faces seemed to flit before him, and the ideal woman that was to be the one fair woman for him looked out at him with soft, dark eyes, so timid and beseeching. At last he rose and made his way to the gate, noticing for the first time that rain was beginning to fall. Being, however, of a somewhat cautious turn, he was provided with an umbrella and stepped out into the night well protected against the elements. The "improper or unconventional young female," as he mentally termed her, was standing at the gate with her friend, looking out rather disconsolately into the now quickly falling shower, against which they had evidently no defense provided. "Such people are quite able to take care of themselves, and it serves them right for not having a little forethought," was the not very amiable comment that passed through his mind. Then a more gentlemanly and kindly mood prevailing, he turned and retraced his steps. "Can I offer you ladies my umbrella? I see you are unprovided, and a little wetting can hardly hurt me."

"You are better natured than I gave you credit for," was the younger lady's unspoken comment as both exclaimed in a tone of unmistakable relief: "O, thank you!"

"But," added the younger, "we are domiciled only across the way, and if you will be so good as to take us over one at a time nobody need suffer from the rain. I am free to confess," she went on with a half laugh, "that my feathers would not be improved by a ducking; personally, I have no objection to a shower-bath." The slight service performed for each, he bowed and went on his way.

"How I did want to say something saucy to you, instead of being so meek and grateful," Mary Seymour exclaimed as they shut the door after him.

"Hold your hand yet awhile, my lass," was her cousin's rejoinder.

"Encounter number two," Miss Seymour said, looking back. They were climbing up the steep staircase inside the statue of Bavaria, which stands on the outskirts of Munich, on a bright summer morning, and within reach of the top a friendly hand was extended to their assistance. Mary recognized the gentleman of whose umbrella they had availed themselves a few evenings before. He was sitting on the metal cushion inside of the head, and having ended his climb was prepared to lend his aid to other wayfarers, without being aware (they were so much in shadow) that he had ever seen them before. "Honora, you told me to hold my hand the other night, not to hold his," Mary added with a smile to her friend as she accepted the proffered help, then laughed a little, softly, as she saw the recognition dawning in his eyes and he raised his hat.

"It seems quite to be your mission to be useful in this world," she said. "It is not every body that has attained the goal of his desires that is ready to bend down and assist his fellow-mortals who are toiling up the same steep path."

"This is rather like the goal of one's desires—disappointing," applying his eye to the small hole among the bronze circlet of leaves which crowned the head, to take such glimpse as he might of the landscape. "Yes," decidedly. "Firstly, you have a fatiguing climb; secondly, you are parboiled (is it not hot up here?), and thirdly, you do not see anything to speak of."

"The expedition itself is, after all, the chief satisfaction; it is not often that one is able to climb up inside of a statue. Besides, it is one of the regulation sights!"

"Do you make it a point to see all the regulation sights?" elevating his brows a little. "It must be a great bore; I should not have supposed it of you," he added, half unconsciously.

"I see you regard me, even on so brief an acquaintance, as an entirely unregulated and unconventional person," she said, with the slightest shade of annoyance in her tone.

"I beg your pardon," quickly. "I had no business to, nor intention of, making any such criticism."

"Come, Mary," her cousin said, "we may as well descend. I think we have seen all that we can, and I do not know that there is any advantage in staying here to have our brains baked."

"As you will, sweet cousin; I am entirely ready."

"If you will allow me to return to the subject," Murray Greville said, "you did not answer my question about the regulation sights."

"I should think it would bore you to pursue a subject so far," she said, stepping on before and turning her mischievous glance upon him. "You must know we are old travelers, my cousin and I, and as a general thing when we visit a place for the first time we *do* see at least *some* of the regulation sights—never afterward—then we do quite as we please. Have you seen every thing that a traveler ought to see?"

"Not much," he said, "at least, not this time. Like yourselves, I have been abroad before."

"O, the felicity of following only your own sweet will!" Mary Seymour exclaimed with a laugh as they all stood once more on the ground, "and mine, I am sure, will never lead me again to explore the brains of the sphinx. Does she not resemble that majestic female in her expression of calm indifference? But I should think she was some inflammatory disease. O, how hot it was up there!"

"I call her brainless, for all she looks so wise," Honora said. "Well, what next?" with as near an approach to a yawn as refined limits permitted.

"Dinner and the Hof Garden this afternoon. The band we like best will be there to-day," Mary Seymour answered. "You suggest the idea that you want to go with us," looking with calm audacity at Mr. Greville while her cousin uttered a remonstrant "Why, Mary!"

It was true, but he did not quite like her saying so. "Now, Nora, don't pretend to be shocked at me; it is quite too late a date in our acquaintance for you to play that role."

"I should be most happy if you would permit it," Murray said, with a slight accession of formality in his tone.

"Can you give us any convincing proof that you are all you should be?" pursued the undaunted young lady; "your name, for instance, and any interesting details of your history? American, of course?"

He bowed. "If we had just one mutual friend to lay as a corner-stone to the structure of acquaintance and friendship it would be a great assistance. Do you chance to know John Stoughton, of New York, and his sister, Mrs. Merle, who left here yesterday?"

"I do."

"Cat that I am, I have fallen upon my feet! What a happy choice of names! They are actually my Cousin Honora's cousins, not mine. So that I suppose we can both verify each other's statements by writing to them. Meanwhile, you can dine with us, Mr.?"

He handed her his card "Murray Greville, American, age uncertain," and she looked at him and laughed.

"Occupation? At present gentleman of leisure, doubtless. Tastes, cultivated, exclusive and easily outraged, I suppose, by such wandering Arabs as we. For that is what we are, though we were both born in a respectable social circle in New York State. Miss Russel, you must know, is matronizing me, and does the proprieties for us both whenever I am disposed to retire into the background, which you may judge is not often. It is very inconvenient she is not a widow, but she is *not*, so I have to make the best I can of her."

"Well, Mary," said her cousin, with slight severity, "I fear you have not left yourself breath to walk back to dinner."

"You will see," the former replied, setting off at a brisk pace, which the others joined.

So it came to pass that Murray Greville became a constant attendant on the two ladies, with whom he found much in common, and among whose list of friends at home he also discovered mutual acquaintances. Yet, while he found their society agreeable, their independence and unconventional ways frequently annoyed him, and he told himself now and then that he so highly disapproved of Mary Seymour that he intended shortly to bid them adieu and start off once more alone on his travels. But day after day he deferred leaving, and could not but acknowledge that he found something very fascinating in her piquant face and saucy tongue.

"He is too prim and proper. I must take it out of him. It's a duty I owe to society at large," was Mary's laughing rejoinder, when her cousin would occasionally be moved to remonstrance by some more than ordinarily daring word or deed of hers. "And to tell you the truth, Nora, John Stoughton told me about him before they left, and says he is a bit of a prig, and a prig is fair game for me."

"Nora," Mary said, abruptly, a few days after, "let us leave Munich, I'm tired of it."

"Why, I thought you had planned to stay here some time longer," her cousin said in some surprise.

"So I had, but I want to go now—to-morrow," and she hastily left the room.

Mary Seymour was somewhat of a spoiled child, and as it was her money on which they were both traveling, it was she who usually regulated their movements, while to Honora fell the less agreeable task of making most of the preparations. Mary came back in a moment and with something like tears in her eyes kissed her cousin and made a half apology.

"You dear old patient thing; I know I impose on you, but I really have a good reason for going."

No more passed between them, but Honora sighed as she went about her task, for she felt sure now of what she had before suspected that Mr. Greville had become an object of interest to her cousin, and knew also that whatever the attraction between them, a man of his ideas would not be apt to think seriously of such a girl as she, and that whatever Mary's feelings toward him, she could hardly change her nature to please him. Mary put on her hat and sauntered into the street, meeting almost at once the object of her thoughts.

"I was just coming to see if you and Miss Russell did not feel inclined for a walk," he said, brightly.

"Nora is busy. I always leave the work to her and take the play myself. I think it a pity her unselfish disposition should not be imposed upon."

Her tone lacked something of its usual lightness. He looked at her inquiringly.

"If I am not unduly curious, what pressing occupation can there be for her?"

"She is packing up. We leave to-morrow," she answered, without returning his glance.

He started. "This is very sudden, is it not? Which way do you go?"

"I—we are very sudden people," making no reply to the latter half of his question, as indeed she had not yet decided which way they should turn their steps.

"Let us go out to the Englisher Garten," he said, briefly. Few words passed between them on their way thither.

"Now you are comfortable, I hope," placing her on a bench under a grand old tree, while he threw himself on the grass near her. A beautiful stretch of the park, with a lake glistening in the sunlight, lay before them. Both looked at it silently for some time. At last he spoke. "This is very sudden. I am not quite ready to leave yet."

"I did not know you were a permanent attachment to us," with a laugh that somehow had no mirth in it.

"Mary," looking her full in the face, "I wonder if you care any thing about me?"

She flushed hotly. "How dare you imply such a thing?"

"I wonder," he continued, "if I were to throw aside all preconceived ideals and ask you to marry me whether you would do it?"

"Did you bring me out here to make tentative proposals to me?"

"No, for I did not mean to make any proposal to you. But"—a long pause—"will you marry me?"

"No," she answered, the sharpness of pain in her voice; "do you think I don't know how you disapprove of me; that I can scarcely open my mouth or take a step without doing something that is objectionable to you?"

"It is true," he answered, "yet I love you!"

"Do you think I don't know that you would try to reconstruct me and, finding it impossible, would be dissatisfied and disappointed in me? No, no, it is not love you feel for me; it is only a temporary attraction. Let us talk of it no more." And he, having spoken against his better judgment, and feeling the justice of her words, sadly held his peace.

"Mr. Greville left good-bye for you, Nora," Mary said, when she returned to their apartment; and that was all that passed between them on the subject.

Two months went by in wanderings through Switzerland, and October found our travelers in Florence, where they proposed remaining for a time ere going on to Rome for the winter. It was a warm, bright afternoon, the air was soft and balmy, and they sat on the Viole dei Colli watching the purple glow of the sunset which hung over the fair city.

"Nora, I wonder if we shall ever want to go home," Mary said dreamily. She had been restless and fitful all through their wanderings in Switzerland, but since they had reached Florence a calmer mood had succeeded.

Honora did not answer, she was intently studying the figure of a man who was slowly coming up the hill toward them. At "Mary, I think that is Mr. Greville. What shall we do, sit still or hurry on?"

A tide of crimson color surged over Mary Seymour's face and then subsided, leaving her quite pale. But she answered: "Why should we run away from him?" and again her eye rested on the lovely scene before her.

Two months' separation, he thought, had taught Murray Greville the folly of a temporary infatuation, and when he saw the names of the two ladies on the list of visitors in Florence, he determined to seek them out. So the accidental meeting was less of a surprise to him than to them.

"May I join you as of yore?" he said, as both held out a hand of greeting. "Do me a mischief if you can."

Mary Seymour's eyes spoke with a flash of defiance in them as they met his.

"I am not afraid of you!"

"Nor I of you," was his mute acceptance of the challenge.

Ah, lovely Florence! Who that had wandered among her galleries, or climbed the hill-sides of her environs and feasted his eyes on the charming panorama before him can ever forget it!

"You are going to be kind and take me back as companion in your rambles, are you not?" Murray said, as he walked down the hill beside them.

"On the terms on which our judges retain their seat on the bench, during good behavior," was Mary Seymour's smiling response.

"I would rather you should say 'for life!' To expect a man to be on his good behavior all the time is too much of a tax on his weak powers."

"I suppose you think it is I who should retain your companionship during good behavior but really we have been quite proper and well-conducted this summer—for Bedouins. Have we not, Nora? When I get to Rome I shall probably feel less disposed to decorum."

It was a lovely autumn, with a succession of warm, bright days that seemed to speed away only too quickly in saunterings through the galleries of the Pitti and Uffizi, or in perhaps still more charming excursions to San Miniato al Monte, Fiesole, Vallombrosa, or other points.

"Mary," Honora said one day, "take care!"

"Nora, dear, I wish you and his Holiness would fall in love with each other. I think you would be a better subject for training than I. More easily transformed from a wild into a civilized state."

"Has he been trying to train you?" Honora said quietly.

"No, either I have improved very much, or he has deteriorated, for I seem to shock him so seldom. It has all been very peaceful and—very pleasant" she added, with a pause and something like a sigh.

"Ah, I am almost sorry to move on to Rome, dearly as I love it. I have a feeling that the atmosphere there will not be so pacific."

Without question the three took their journey to Rome together, where the ladies soon established themselves in an apartment on the Via Condotti, and Mr. Greville took rooms at a hotel near. But Mary Seymour's prediction seemed to come true. They had spent the winter before in Rome, and had quite a circle of English and American acquaintances, besides a few Italians. Both the cousins spoke that language with ease and fluency and enjoyed making acquaintances who obliged or enabled them to converse in that tongue. So it came to pass that social engagements began to occupy more of their time. They had pleasant little afternoon teas in their own apartment and went not infrequently to larger entertainments. Mr. Greville was still much with them, but was no longer their sole companion and, as his knowledge of Italian was limited to the mere vocabulary which expressed his absolute needs, he could take no part in their conversation with their Italian associates. To one of these, an Italian officer and special favorite of Mary Seymour's, he took a decided dislike, which caused a renewal between that young lady and himself of the little passages at arms which distinguished the beginning of their acquaintance.

A large ball was to be given at the English Embassy, to which he conducted the ladies. Honora's rich black satin and diamonds gave her an unusually dignified and elegant appearance, while Mary had never looked more charming than in her pink silk and pearls. En route, Mr. Greville expressed his objection to so much dancing at so large and public an entertainment, whereupon Mary declared her intention of dancing every dance, and being met by her friends, Count Scotti and Lieutenant Grecci, at the door, besides one or two English acquaintances, soon had her card quite full, leaving room only on it for the one dance that Mr. Greville had at once claimed.

"Your Highness objected to dancing, I thought," she said, in reply to a protest on his part, "besides you have been very dilatory in asking. I could not wait all night for you to decide whether you wished to dance with me."

And with a "Si sicino, Alberto Mio," took the proffered arm of Lieutenant Grecci for a third waltz and whirled away. It was a very pale set face that looked gloomily after her and awaited her return.

"Let us take a turn in the corridor," he said and without a word she went with him.

"Mary!" he burst forth presently, when they were a little apart from the crowd, "give me the right to stop this thing; I can not bear it!"

"Why don't you *order* me to give you the right instead of merely asking for it? Is it your usual form of demanding a lady's hand to command her to accept you, give her a list of the amusements you mean to put an end to, and then, perhaps, shoot her if she refuses?"

"Why are you so bitter-sweet?" he said, looking at her with blazing eyes. "You almost make me understand how a man can shoot the woman he loves, and who loves him, for sometimes, in spite of all, I am sure that you do love me."

"If I love you, why are you so jealous of poor little Alberto? I *do* love you," she said, "but you are a tyrant, and I will never be a slave. So leave me!" and snatching her hand from his arm she disappeared among the crowd.

The first breath of spring had come, and Mary Seymour stood on the balcony of their apartment looking over the Eternal City. Her face had lost something of its brightness, and she sighed as turning back to the room, she threw herself on a sofa and was soon lost in melancholy musings. Honora was out and she was quite alone. It had been a pleasant winter in many respects, but it had not been altogether satisfactory, and she could not but admit to herself that she was pining for something she had lost, and without which she began to fear she could never feel happy again.

She was so absorbed in reverie that she did not hear the slight rustle of the curtain as it was lifted to admit Mr. Greville, or raise her eyes to greet him. They had not met since the night of the ball, and he stood a moment and looked at her ere she became conscious of his presence. Her whole figure seemed listless and drooping, unlike her usual self, and as she at last raised her eyes to his there was something in their softened expression that touched him strangely.

"I am going home," he said, without other preface, "my father is ill, perhaps dying, and I return at once. But it seemed as if I could not leave, in spite of all that is past, without saying good-bye to you. Are you not going home yourself some of these days?"

"I don't know that I have any home," she said, a little bitterly. "My father has married again; he and I used to be alone together and I do not like his wife."

He drew a chair near her and leaned forward with suppressed eagerness. "Mary, once more, will you make a home for me? Don't speak hastily," raising his hand as if to ward off a blow. "I have come to you three times. I shall *never* come again if you send me from you now'" and looking in his face she knew that he spoke the truth. "We were very happy together in Florence," he went on, "and I believe we can be as happy together for a lifetime."

"Will you have patience with me?" A wistful, yearning look in her large gray eyes. "Ah, my darling, if we love each other, can we not learn to bear and forbear?"

"Will you go with me, shall I come back for you, or will you come home first?" said an hour after as they sat side by side talking.

"I think I'll keep my freedom a little while longer," she replied, with something of her old sauciness.

"Well, there is no time now to arrange it all. We will write often. Good-bye, good-bye. God bless you, my dearest!" and folding her in his arms, he released her and was gone.

"Nora, dear old Nora," Mary said, between smiles and tears. "We have to give up being wandering Arabs and settle down to civilized life. I have promised his Highness."

"I thought that would be the end of it," answered Nora, with her unselfish smile. But down in her heart there was a little sigh of loneliness and lost comradeship.—*Leigh North, in Demorest's Magazine.*

LIFE INSURANCE.

The First Recorded Instance of the Introduction of Toutine Annuities.

With the growth of commerce in the middle ages, a system of marine insurance grew up in some of the chief mercantile cities. In 1588 Chief Justice Coke, in one of the reports of his decisions, speaks of insurance in England as quite a novelty, and it does not seem to have been recognized by law at that time. The first English statute which contains it was issued in 1601, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. This first application of the principle of insurance was limited to mar ne risks. The manifest advantages gained by it soon led to its application to fire risks, and eventually to various other interests, as the insurance of growing crops against hail, to the insuring of cattle, travelers from accidents, and also to life insurance, but the precise date at which the practice of life insurance began is not known with definiteness. It has been stated that within about four hundred years after the comencement of the Christian era, tables were in existence for the calculation of annuities. The next step towards the practical realization of life insurance was the introduction of the system of annuities.

The first recorded instance of an organized attempt to introduce the use of annuities was made by Lorenzo Tonto, or Tonti, a Neapolitan, who lived during the middle portion of the seventeenth century. His plan was as follows: A certain number of persons contributed a certain sum to a general fund, no distinction being made either on account of age or sex. At the end of each year the interest of the general fund thus created was divided among those of the contributors who were living. This was done year by year, until the sole survivor received the whole of the interest. The Tontine system was established in France in 1653, and prohibited in 1773. In the United States the practice of life insurance was introduced before the revolution by the formation of a society by some Episcopal ministers in 1769. Their association was called the Protestant Episcopal association for the benefit of widows and children of clergymen of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. There is no country in the world in which the practice of life insurance is so general as in the United States, nor is there any country in which the principles of accuracy and stability have been more generally introduced into the business.—*Toledo Blade.*

THE ROUSTABOUT.

Quaint Snatches of Song from New Orleans Cotton-Boats and Levee.

The last bale of cotton having been rolled on board with many a "Heave ho!" from the darkey crew, the happiest hour in the improvident, "devil-may-care" existence of the Mississippi river roustabout is at hand. Roosting on railing, rope coils and cotton bales on the rear deck like a convention of dilapidated scarecrows, they are waiting to respond to the farewell songs of friends and sweethearts congregated on the levee.

Farewell, broders, if yo's gwine fo' to go,
We'll weep fo' to see yo' face once mo."

wails out a dusky maiden on the shore and

On de lebee by de riber side,

roll the united voices.

I've lef' my gall in New Orleans,
Fo' she is young, jes' in hah teens,

trills a thin tenor from the deck and again

On de lebee by de riber side,

swells the refrain,

Ducks plays cyards an' chickens drinks wine,
An' de monkey grow on de grape vine,
Co'n starch pudding and tapioca pie,
Oh! de gray cat pick out de black cat's eye!

thrillingly announces the heavy bass, while the dual crowd breaks into united rhythmical sway at the rousing refrain,

Walk that, Loo. Oh! Miss Loo!
Ah! ah! ah! heah we go!
Fo' weah gwine fo' to leabe you, good-bye, good-bye!
Fo' weah gwine fo' to leabe yo', good-bye, Liza Jane.

The echo scarcely dies away when a rival songster on the shore begins:

Monkey dress in soldier close;
All cross ober to Jordan!
Went out in de woods fo' to drill de crows;
O, Ja-ru-sa-lem!
Jay-bird sat on ole hickory limb;
All cross ober to Jordan!
I up and hard a rock an' hit him on de chin!
O, Ja-ru-sa-lem!

And then the excited crowd sweeps with wild enthusiasm into:

Shine on! Shine on! All cross ober to Jordan!
Then shine on! Shine on! O, Ja-ru-sa-lem!

Next a woman's figure breaks out from the levee crowd with waving arms and swaying body and proclaims in a ringing treble:

O, I long fo' to reach dat heavenly sho'
To meet ol' Peter stan'in at de do'
He say to me, "O, how you do?
Come sit right yonder in de gol'en pew;"
Fo' de good colo'd people da go clah froo
To dip in de Gol'en Sea.

And the sympathetic brethren swell the melodious

Den dip me! bave me!
Sisters, you and me!
Come, get in de boat, fo' we all gwine to float
Fo' to dip in de Gol'en Sea!

This is evidently a favorite air, and the throng becomes frantic with enthusiasm as it repeats it with many a quaint stanza. An ecstatic sister takes up the burden again with

Good Mr. Jesus a sittin' in de prow,
Come all yo' niggahs make yo' bow;
Oh! I look down on de wo'ld below
An' watch dem white trash shublin' snow,
While angel fishes da nip my toe,
While! I dip in de Gol'en Sea

Then the responsive chorus swells out, and again the basso profundo of the crew determines that the sisters shall not have a monopoly of the solo parts, so he breaks in and crushingly refers to the erratic mother of them all:

Ol' Adam he wan de fus' built man,
Dat's jis what de Good Book say;
An' Ebe come nex', den sin began;
Dat's jis what de Good Book say.
Ebe bit de appie right in two,
A wicked thg for Ebe to do;
Yes, dat's what de Good Book say!

But his effort to silence them is futile, for they join him with unabated gusto in

Dat's jes' what de Good Book say, it am;
Yes, dat's what de Good Book say!
Jes' read it froo; you'll fin' it true,
Fo' dat's what de Good Book say.

Another Biblical expounder is quick at hand to continue the song:

Dah wah a man, he name wah Lot;
Dat's jis' what do Good Book say.
An' he hab a wife and daughter got;
Dat's jis' what de Good Book say.
He wife she balk an' make a halt,
An' de Lord he turn hah into salt;
Oh! dat's what de Good Book say!

But the swaying, time-beating crowd on shore is now fast receding from view, and the boat's many voiced crew unites with heart-stirring earnestness in

I'se gwine f'om de cotton-fields, I'se gwine f'om de cane,
I'se gwine f'om de ol' log hut dat stan's down in de lane;
De boat am in de riber, dat am come to take me off,
An' I'se gwine to join de ex-o-dus and strike out fo' de No'f.

And afar over the moonlit waters faint notes of weird melodies came floating like a distant echo of this pathetic strain.—*N. O. Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

Two Good Political Workers.

"O, there's no use of talking to me," said a Dakota man to a political friend from another place, "I know we had an abler man in the last Legislature than you did."

"Don't know about that, now. How much did your man get out of the railroad companies for his vote?"

"Two thousand dollars."

"That's it—just as I told you. Our man struck them for three thousand dollars and got it."

"O, that may all be, but besides the two thousand, ours also made over one thousand five hundred dollars on poker and sneaked around in the hotel and overheard a little private caucus some other members were holding and blackmailed five hundred dollars out of them. I tell you when it comes right down to hard and efficient work in a Territorial Legislature Colonel McBribe, of this district, is hard to beat. We are going to elect him again this fall."—*Estelline (D. T.) Bell.*

Forced to Yield to His Friends.

Jenkins (to Jones)—Why don't you run for the Legislature?

Jones—O, I have never thought any thing about it.

Jenkins—You could be elected.

Jones—You don't think so.

Jenkins—I know it.

Note from Jones in the next morning's paper: "In a desire to yield to many friends I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the Legislature. I have not sought this office, but am compelled to yield to my friends.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—A horse at West Troy, N. Y., while being harnessed, became frightened, broke loose, and plunged into the river. He swam about and finally became wedged in a raft, when a dog went to the rescue, and jumping on his back snapped at him until he forced him to back out of the timber and swim ashore. —*N. Y. Times.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The corner stone of a new chapel has been laid in Welsh Mountain, Pennsylvania, the home of the Buzzard gang. This will be the first religious structure built in that region.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

—It is encouraging to see that the appreciation of education is increasing in North Carolina, where ten years ago only $43,000 was spent for it by the State, which now expends $800,000.—*N. Y. Witness.*

—At the Methodist Conference recently closed in Dublin, Sir William McArthur gave $75,000 toward the erection of a new building on the Methodist College grounds at Belfast, where young women may be educated.

—Sneering critics say camp meeting converts do not hold out. If they hold out long enough to go to bed sober once the novel condition will do them good. If they break down after a while have them converted again. No harm is done.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—In reference to Harvard students, Colonel Higginson declares that "a poor young man who has agreeable manners and is good at athletics has a better chance for popularity than a rich snob." How about a poor young man of agreeable manners who excels at his studies?—*Utica Observer.*

—Hon. William McMaster, of Toronto, gives the Baptists of Canada another $250,000 for educational purposes. They say up there that years ago he loved money and clung to it, but he was induced to make a large gift and that put a good taste in his mouth, and now he gives like a man putting out fire—profoundly in earnest. —*Richmond Religious Herald.*

—Rev. E. P. Hammond is holding meetings in Christiania, Norway, in a large hall which is crowded night after night. The desire of the people to hear the truth is so great that they are reluctant to leave at the close of the services. Mr. Hammond considers these the most remarkable meetings he has held in his long career as an evangelist.

—At Port Townsent, Ore., Mark Ten Sui, Chinese missionary, converted and partially educated by the Methodist Episcopal Church, has opened a school among his countrymen. He is unusually intelligent, has renounced all connections with the flowery kingdom and paganism, and has very good command of the English language. He is an earnest Christian young man, and is enthusiastically devoted to the civilization of his race.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Dr. Smith, pastor of the First Methodist Church in St. Paul, found a gang of men paving the street in front of his church one Sunday morning. He asked them to stop. They did not. Then he said that they must stop, and right off, too. If they did not, he would make a complaint against each individual workman, and see that he was arrested and punished for breaking the Sabbath day. At this the pavers took up their tools and quit work, and the energetic pastor walked into the pulpit and preached with great fervor, saying in the course of his sermon, that he proposed to have Sunday observed in front of his church if not in any other part of St. Paul.—*St. Paul Globe.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—If no money was spent foolishly half the world would be out of work.—*Exchange.*

—In New York now they sell scrap beef at three cents a pound, and the *Sun* says it is wholesome.

—The young lady who can peel a potato in five seconds is as useful as the young woman who speaks five languages is ornamental.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—A man in New York advertises to guarantee pupils to play the accordion in two lessons. Crime in that city assumes many phases.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"Mr. Smith gone abroad, Mrs. Smith?" "Yes, he is visiting Canada for his health." "Ah, what ailed him?" "There was a weakness in the spinal column of his ledger."—*N. Y. Witness.*

—Spoilt compliments: "He—"How do you like Signor Wilkinsonio's voice? Beautiful, is it not?" She—"I don't think so. I prefer yours. But then, you know, I am peculiar!"—*London Punch.*

He—"You are holding that umbrella on the wrong side to protect you from the sun." She—"I know it, but there is that dreadful Miss Briggs, and I intend her to see my new bonnet."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"When I have a cold in my head, I am always very dull and stupid," remarked a gentleman in public. "You are to be pitied, then, sir," replied another gentleman, "for I don't remember ever seeing you without a cold in your head."—*N. Y. Telegram.*

—Physician (to convalescent)—"You feel stronger, do you not?" Convalescent—"O, yes, doctor; very much stronger. I'm strong enough now for almost anything." Physician—"Then I will send in my bill."—*Life.*

—Mamma: "Do you know the Ten Commandments, my dear?" Little Bess: "Yes, mamma." "Well, repeat them." "I can't, mamma. I don't know them by heart. I only know them when I see them."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—We do not wish to be understood as finding fault with nature, but we do wish, from the bottom of our hearts, that the luminous end of the firefly had been hitched to the mosquito.—*N. Y. Journal.*

—When a merchant takes an article of goods worth four dollars and marks it at seven dollars and fifty cents, he wants to be understood as selling out regardless of cost. It is the purchaser who must regard cost in such cases.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Omaha man—"No, I have trusted a good many popular signs, and they are all frauds. Once when at my home in Newton, Pa., I found a four-leaf clover, and that night I proposed to a girl, Miss Blank, but she refused me." Eastern stranger—"Well, you see the four-leafed clover brought you good luck." "Good luck?" "Yes. I wish I'd found the clover. I married her."—*Omaha World.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE WAY TO SUCCEED.

There is only one way to succeed, my boy;
There is only one way to win;
Just buckle right down to your creed, my boy,
And with head and with hands pitch in:
For the profits and gains of a great success
Never come through the ways of idleness.

If your aim is a mountain to climb, my boy,
And you're striving to reach the top,
You must get there a foot at a time, my boy,
And 'tis often you'll have to stop:
For the mountain peaks where the snow caps stay
Have not yet been reached in a patent way.

If you wish in the forum to stand, my boy,
And to rule with a statesman's power,
You can not learn all in a week, my boy,
Though you tell all you know in an hour;
If you'd be a Webster or Henry Clay,
You must grow in the good, old-fashioned way.

If you would make fortune or fame, my boy,
If you would win power or place,
You can not win wealth or a name, my boy,
You'll never come first in the race,
Unless you start out with a steadfast aim
To fight for the triumph that you may claim.

Then if you would wish to succeed, my boy,
And you'd go in the fight to win,
Just buckle right down to your creed, my boy,
And with heart and with soul, pitch in:
For there's no royal road to the goal, success,
And no gains through the ways of idleness.

—*Harry J. Shellman, in N. Y. Ledger.*

AUNT KEZIAH.

How a Good, Deaf Lady at Last Saw the Whole of an Elephant.

"And did you really, Aunt Keziah, never see an elephant?" questioned Ned, his eyes full of wonder and the sincerest commiseration.

"No, honey, except his tail. You know I am kinder deaf in one ear, and by the time I find out a circus is going by, and get to the front window, the animals are generally turning the corner."

"But you never could tell what an elephant looked like from his tail," pursued Ned, leaning his cheek thoughtfully against his dirty little hand, while Aunt Keziah rolled out the biscuit dough.

"Well, I have my idea. You see, my brother Sam was a sailor, and he went off to foreign lands, where they trade in elephants' tusks, and I've heard him tell many a winter's night when there was a keen frost in the air, and the fire was blazing through the old logs on the hearth, about the jungles out there, and how the elephants would come crashing through them, tossing up their trunks like mad."

"Did he ever shoot one?" asked Ned.

"Well, no, I don't think he did. I guess Sam had an experience like me—he was allers on the edge of things," with a sigh.

Aunt Keziah came from Connecticut. She had lived on a little farm all her life until she was forty-seven, when a letter unexpectedly arrived from her niece, Caroline Willis, whom she had not seen since she was fourteen. She had married, and had quite a large family. Her husband was a sober, industrious man, but this year he had been ill a long time, and had not recovered his strength, so his wife, who took boarders near a railroad depot to eke out the diminished income, found her hands full, and wrote to ask her aunt to come and make her home with her in New York, and help her with the children.

There was no reason why she should not go, for Maria, her brother's wife, was a strong, thrifty woman who needed no assistance. But Aunt Keziah, who had been dreaming all her life of the great city and its marvels, suddenly felt a strange reluctance to leave the scrubby little farm, with its meager crops. Still there seemed to be a need for her in Caroline's household, and she went.

To the eyes of her young traveling companion on the next seat, who wrote stories very successfully for the magazines, she was only a very deaf and timid, middle-aged woman in straitened circumstances, one of a very numerous and commonplace class. But this same writer would have been glad if her young imagination could have summoned to the aid of her pen half the thrilling adventures in a strange city, or the hair-breadth railway escapes that chased each other pell-mell through Aunt Keziah's brain as she sat, bolt upright in her seat, clinging tightly to her little sachel, and half disposed to think the conductor a well-disguised pick-pocket.

But nothing happened. She arrived safely at the depot and was met by her niece, who knew her instantly, people change so little in country life except to grow older. She was secretly shocked by Aunt Keziah's deafness and extreme simplicity, and began to doubt whether she had not brought another burden upon her tired shoulders until she saw her among the children, who were instantly won by Aunt Keziah's homely kindness.

Even Ned, whose weak point was a circus, and about whom his mother had been in perpetual anxiety, became fond of her old-fashioned stories, and as soon as he heard she had never seen a whole elephant, conceived an attachment to her that was all the stronger because based on the profoundest pity.

"Why don't you go to the circus, then, Aunt Keziah?" he asked, still meditating on her hard destiny.

"Why, honey, I would be ashamed of myself to spend money on that, and then it would be kinder light and frivolous in an old woman like me."

Ned could not quite imagine Aunt Keziah in company with the clown and the riders in tights. They seemed so incompatible that he abandoned the idea, but did not forget that Aunt Keziah, though not willing to indulge herself, always had a stray penny, which she could "spare as well as not," for Janie and himself. The next time the music began to strike up, Aunt Keziah, who was busy sweeping, was astonished by a rush of the children into her room.

"The circus is coming, Aunt Keziah—I see it at the end of the square!"

"No!" called Jimmy from the hall window, "it's turned down another street."

"Put on your bonnet, Aunt Keziah," urged Ned, "and we will go down on the corner, and there we'll be sure to see it."

But Aunt Keziah's bonnet could not at once be found; Kate had been trying it on the day before when she was playing "living in the country" with Janie, and it had to be looked for on every shelf in the closet. So when they arrived at the corner, to Ned's disgust, only two melancholy camels were still in sight; the big elephant had gone by.

"I guess I set my heart too much on seeing the creetur," observed Aunt Keziah, "and perhaps, after all, it may not be quite as big as my idee is."

Ned, however, was not so philosophical, and was much inclined to comfort himself by scolding the girls about Aunt Keziah's bonnet.

After this there were some mysterious consultations with Kate, whose birthday came the same week with his own, although she was two years older. He ceased to complain of girls as "such a bother," and remarked for the first time that it was a great convenience to have the birthdays about the same time. He had always before objected to "lumping them," for his mother greatly preferred a celebration after Kate's wishes to his plans.

Aunt Keziah had been busy all day in the kitchen making doughnuts and small cakes in curious shapes for the double birthday, when the door opened and Ned and Kate came in very much excited, and trying to look grave.

"We have decided, Aunt Keziah, that it will give us the greatest pleasure," began Kate, with dignity, but Ned interrupted her, "to take you to the Zoo, and show you the elephant."

"And here are the tickets and car fare and all!" exclaimed Kate, forgetting her dignity, "and it's our treat," came in Ned again as chorus.

"You dear children," said Aunt Keziah, and she actually sat down and cried for a minute.

And that was the way Aunt Keziah went to see the elephant.—*E. F. Mosby, in Christian at Work.*

A YOUNG HERO.

The Prompt, Wise Way in Which He Saved the Life of a Friend.

Every now and then we read of some act of youthful heroism performed by one of our American boys, and we learn what noble and courageous men we have growing up among us. But surely the following story is one which, for undaunted bravery, quickness of apprehension and utter regardlessness of self in the desire to help a comrade, is not often equaled.

It would be easy to give the names of the two lads in question, for they live in a town not very far away. They are modest boys, however, and as it may be that they do not care to have the story of their adventure published too widely, we will simply call them John and Charlie. Like all boys, they are very fond of rambling in the woods, hunting, fishing and enjoying all the pleasures that nature offers so bountifully to young people.

They were out on such an expedition and were wandering in the neighborhood of a pretty woodland stream when John suddenly stepped on the tail of a large and venomous snake. The adder turned in vengeance and plunged his fangs deep into the flesh of the boy's leg. Overcome by terror, John fainted and fell to the ground.

The boys had happened to be in the act of climbing a wall. Charles missed his companion, and turning to look for him saw the snake. By this time, however, it had expended its poison and was gliding rapidly away. In a moment Charles had sprung to his friend's side. Without an instant's delay he stripped John's stocking from his leg, and taking out his handkerchief tied it tightly around the limb, just above the purple spots left by the fangs of the snake. Then he applied his mouth to the wound, and with all his strength sucked the mingled blood and poison into his mouth.

Quick as he had been the leg began to swell and Charles was glad to see a farmer's boy approach. He sent for water, and between them they restored John to consciousness. They then made arrangements for getting him home. As soon as possible a doctor was procured, and Charles delivered the case into his hands.

The physician does not hesitate to say that John owes his life to the prompt and intelligent action of his friend. There was not the interval of a minute between the bite of the snake and the tightening of Charles' handkerchief about the leg. This stopped the flow of the blood while the poison was sucked from the wound by Charles' eager lips. Was not this friendship, boys, and courage and intelligence? Which of you would have thought so quickly what to do? Which of you would have drawn the adder's deadly poison from your friend's wounded limb into your own mouth?

All honor to brave Charlie! I wish we could know what he will be and do as a man. He can scarcely perform a nobler deed than that of his boyhood's happy days, but his life will surely be one of usefulness and high achievement in whatever he may undertake.—*Congregationalist.*

An Ancient Marriage Contract.

The decipherers of the papyri which have been brought to Vienna from El Fayum have learned from one of them the existence of a town in Lower Egypt, all trace of which seems to have disappeared for the last twelve hundred years or more. The document is a papyrus a little over four feet long by one foot wide, containing a marriage contract in Greek, and is well preserved. The date is not given, but Profs. Karabacek and Wessely believe it belongs to the early part of the sixth century. The bridegroom was named Theon, the bride Maria. She had a fortune of her own amounting to one hundred gold pieces, and the future husband engages to find for her food and clothing, and every thing suitable for "an ordinary legitimate wife." There are witnesses and a notarial certificate. All the parties are described as belonging to the town of Justianopolis. The editors declare that they can find no mention of this place among any lists of the towns, etc., of Lower Egypt.—*N. Y. Post.*

—The State Viticultural Commission estimates this year's wine crop in California at about 16,000,000 gallons.

—Editors, however much they may be biased, are fond of the word "impartial." An editor once gave an "impartial account of a thunder-storm."—*N. Y. Telegram.*

"Was the man intoxicated who fell in the circus tent last evening?" asked Mrs. De Groof of her husband. "No, the man was all right," was the reply. "He was walking a tight-rope."—*Life.*

A new game of cards is called "matrimony." If the man wins he takes the girl; if the girl wins she takes the man.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Health officials of Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore and other cities, indorse Red Star Cough Cure. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

A New York newspaper boasts that it owns a tomahawk. We should judge so from the character of its illustrations.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Those Nuisances, Rheumatism and the Gout, are relieved by Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, Black or Brown, 50c.

The New York *Journal* heads an article: "Bicyclers give ear." A great many of 'em have, to say nothing of a few teeth and the skin of their noses.—*Boston Post.*

Gray hair, however caused, is restored to its original color by Hall's Hair Renewer.

Persons suffering from Ague of long standing will find a specific in Ayer's Ague Cure.

"What would a woman do without a looking-glass?" is asked. Use another's. You can't stick a woman as easy as that.—*Chicago Ledger.*

If afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

A poetess sings: "I threw my love to him, and it hath gone astray." Of course; a woman never can throw straight.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Bronchitis is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

"Arthur"—Yes, we should like to have you write for our paper. Address your letter to the business office, and it will be sent to you.—*N. Y. Independent.*

Think of This

Many people have neglected slight manifestations of humor in the blood till the foul matter has become so powerful as to cause terrible scrofulous sores, awful suffering, and, finally, as the system becomes drained of all its strength, death.

Some have neglected distress after eating, heartburn, occasional headaches, and other early symptoms of dyspepsia, till this painful disease has become incurable, and the victim barely sustains a miserable existence.

Others neglect that tired feeling, pains in the back, weakness, languor, till general debility and kidney or liver disease becomes firmly fixed upon them and there is no hope of recovery.

Be wise in time: Hood's Sarsaparilla will cure, when in the power of medicine, scrofula, salt rheum, boils, pimples, dyspepsia, headache, biliousness, catarrh, rheumatism, that tired feeling, and any disease or affection caused by impure blood or low state of the system.

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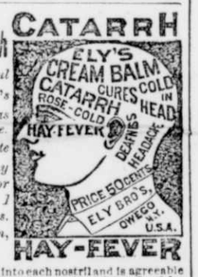
100 Doses One Dollar

ELY'S CREAM BALM

It is wonderful how quick Ely's Cream Balm has helped and cured me. I suffered from acute inflammation in my nose and head. For a week at a time I could not see.—Mrs. Georgie S. Judson, Hartford, Conn.

CATARRH



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$65 A MONTH and Board for 3 live Young Men or Ladies in each county. P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia.

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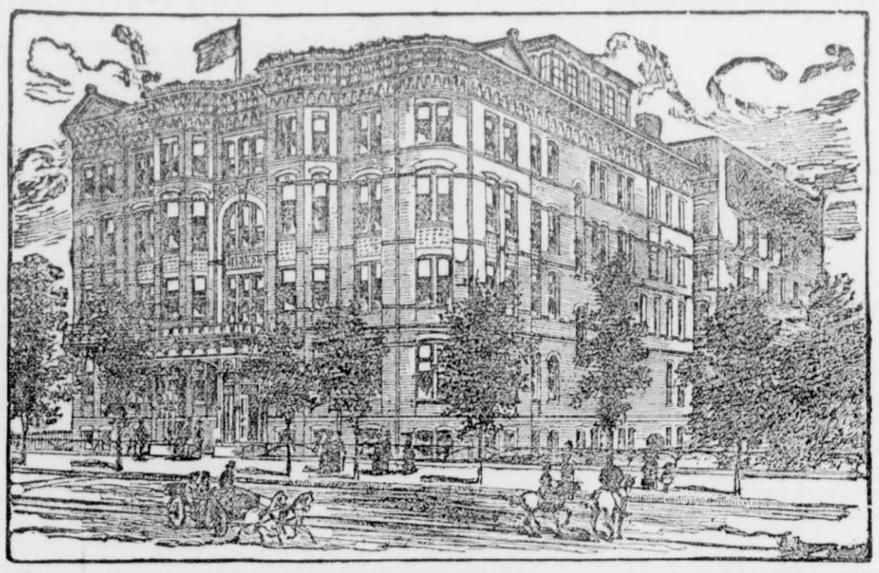

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NASAL, THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES. **The treatment of Diseases of the Air Passages and Lungs,** such as **Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Asthma,** and **Consumption,** both through correspondence and at our institutions, constitutes an important specialty.

We publish three separate books on Nasal, Throat and Lung Diseases, which give much valuable information, viz: (1) A Treatise on Consumption, Laryngitis and Bronchitis; price, post-paid, ten cents. (2) A Treatise on Asthma, or Phthisic, giving new and successful treatment; price, post-paid, ten cents. (3) A Treatise on Chronic Nasal Catarrh; price, post-paid, two cents.

DISEASES OF DIGESTION. **Dyspepsia, "Liver Complaint," Obstinate Constipation, Chronic Diarrhœa, Tape-worms,** and kindred affections are among those chronic diseases in the successful treatment of which our specialists have attained great success. Many of the diseases affecting the liver and other organs contributing in their functions to the process of digestion, are very obscure, and are not infrequently mistaken by both laymen and physicians for other maladies, and treatment is employed directed to the removal of a disease which does not exist. Our Complete Treatise on Diseases of the Digestive Organs will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in postage stamps.

KIDNEY DISEASES. **BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES,** and kindred maladies, have been very largely treated, and cures effected in thousands of cases which had been pronounced beyond hope. These diseases are readily diagnosticated, or determined, by chemical analysis of the urine, without a personal examination of patients, **who can, therefore, generally be successfully treated at their homes.** The study and practice of chemical analysis and microscopical examination of the urine in our consideration of cases, with reference to correct diagnosis, in which our institution long ago became famous, has naturally led to a very extensive practice in diseases of the urinary organs. Probably no other institution in the world has been so largely patronized by sufferers from this class of maladies as the old and world-famed Wonderful Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel. Our treatment of these diseases have acquired, through a vast and varied experience, great expertness in determining the *exact* nature of each case, and, hence, have been successful in *nicely* adapting their remedies for the cure of each individual case.

CAUTION. These delicate diseases should be carefully treated by a specialist thoroughly familiar with them, and who is competent to ascertain the exact condition and stage of advancement which the disease has made (which can only be ascertained by a careful chemical and microscopical examination of the urine), for medicines which are curative in one stage or condition are known to do *positive injury* in others. We have never, therefore, attempted to put up anything for general sale through druggists, recommending to cure these diseases, although possessing very superior remedies, knowing full well from an extensive experience that the only safe and successful course is to carefully determine the disease and its progress in each case by a chemical and microscopical examination of the urine, and then adapt our medicines to the exact stage of the disease and condition of our patient.

WONDERFUL SUCCESS. To this wise course of action we attribute the marvelous success attained by our specialists in that important and extensive Department of our institutions devoted exclusively to the treatment of diseases of the kidneys and bladder. The treatment of diseases of the urinary organs having constituted a leading branch of our practice at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, and, being in constant receipt of numerous inquiries for a complete work on the nature and curability of these maladies, written in a style to be easily understood, we have published a large Illustrated Treatise on these diseases, which will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in postage stamps.

BLADDER DISEASES. **INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER, STONE IN THE BLADDER, Gravel, Enlarged Prostate Gland, Retention of Urine,** and kindred affections, may be included among those in the cure of which our specialists have achieved extraordinary success. These are fully treated of in our illustrated pamphlet on Urinary Diseases. Sent by mail for ten cents in stamps.

STRICTURE. **STRICTURES AND URINARY FISTULÆ.**—Hundreds of cases of the worst form of strictures, many of them greatly aggravated by the careless use of instruments in the hands of inexperienced physicians and surgeons, causing false passages, urinary fistulæ, and other complications, annually consult us for relief and cure. That no case of this class is too difficult for the skill of our specialists is proved by cures reported in our illustrated treatics on these maladies, to which we refer with pride. To intrust this class of cases to physicians of small experience is a dangerous proceeding. Many a man has been ruined for life by so doing, while thousands annually lose their lives through unskillful treatment. Send particulars of your case and ten cents in stamps for a large, illustrated treatics containing many testimonials.

NERVOUS DISEASES. **Epileptic Convulsions, or Fits, Paralysis, or Palsy, Locomotor Ataxia, St. Vitus's Dance, Insomnia,** or inability to sleep, and threatened insanity, **Nervous Debility,** arising from overstudy, excesses, and other causes, and every variety of nervous affection, are treated by our specialists for these diseases with unusual success. See numerous cases reported in our different illustrated pamphlets on nervous diseases, any one of which will be sent for ten cents in postage stamps, when request for them is accompanied with a statement of a case for consultation, so that we may know which one of our Treatises to send.

DISEASES OF WOMEN. We have a special Department, thoroughly organized, and devoted *exclusively* to the treatment of Diseases of Women. Every case consulting our specialists, whether by letter or in person, is given the most careful and considerate attention. Important cases (and we get few which have not already baffled the skill of all the home physicians) has the benefit of a full Council, of skilled specialists. Rooms for ladies in the Invalids' Hotel are very private. Send ten cents in stamps for our large Complete Treatise on Diseases of Women, illustrated with numerous wood-cuts and colored plates (160 pages).

RADICAL CURE OF RUPTURE. **HERNIA** (Breach), or **RUPTURE,** no matter of how long standing, or of what size, is promptly and **permanently cured** by our specialists, **without the knife and without dependence upon trusses.** Abundant references. Send ten cents for Illustrated Treatise.

PILES, FISTULÆ, and other diseases affecting the lower bowels, are treated with wonderful success. The worst cases of pile tumors are permanently cured in fifteen to twenty days. Send ten cents for Illustrated Treatise.

DELICATE DISEASES. Organic weakness, nervous debility, premature decline of the manly powers, involuntary vital losses, impaired memory, mental anxiety, absence of will-power, melancholy, weak back, and kindred affections, are speedily, thoroughly and permanently cured.

To those acquainted with our institutions, it is hardly necessary to say that the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, with the branch establishment located at No. 3 New Oxford Street, London, England, have, for many years, enjoyed the distinction of being the most largely patronized and widely celebrated institutions in the world for the treatment and cure of those affections which arise from youthful indiscretions and pernicious, solitary practices.

We, many years ago, established a special Department for the treatment of these diseases, under the management of some of the most skillful physicians and surgeons on our Staff, in order that all who apply to us might receive all the advantages of a full Council of the most experienced specialists.

WE OFFER NO APOLOGY. We offer no apology for devoting so much attention to this neglected class of diseases, believing no condition of humanity is too wretched to merit the sympathy and best offices of the noble profession to which we belong. Many who suffer from these terrible diseases contract them innocently. Why any medical man, intent on doing good and alleviating suffering, should shun such cases, we cannot imagine. Why any one should consider it otherwise than most honorable to cure the worst cases of these diseases, we cannot understand; and yet of all the other maladies which afflict mankind there is probably none about which physicians in general practice know so little.

We shall, therefore, continue, as heretofore, to treat with our best consideration, sympathy, and skill, all applicants who are suffering from any of these delicate diseases.

CURED AT HOME. Most of these cases can be treated by us when at a distance just as well as if they were here in person.

Our Complete and Illustrated Treatise (168 pages) on these subjects is sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in stamps.

SURGICAL PRACTICE. Hundreds of the most difficult operations known to modern surgery are annually performed in the most skillful manner, by our Surgeon-specialists. Large Stones are safely removed from the bladder, by crushing, washing and pumping them out, thus avoiding the great danger of cutting. Our specialists, remove cataract from the eye, thereby curing blindness. They also straighten cross-eyes and insert artificial ones when needed. Many Ovarian and also Fibroid Tumors of the Uterus are arrested in growth and cured by electrolysis, coupled with other means of our invention, whereby the great danger of cutting operations in these cases is avoided.

Especially has the success of our improved operations for Varicocele, Hydrocele, Fistulæ, Ruptured Cervix Uteri, and for Ruptured Perineum, been alike gratifying both to ourselves and our patients. Not less so have been the results of numerous operations for Stricture of the Cervical Canal, a condition in the female generally resulting in Barrenness, or Sterility, and the cure of which, by a safe and painless operation, removes this commonest of impediments to the bearing of offspring.

A Complete Treatise on any one of the above maladies will be sent on receipt of ten cents in stamps.

ALL CHRONIC DISEASES A SPECIALTY. Although we have in the preceding paragraphs, made mention of some of the special ailments to which particular attention is given by the specialists at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, yet the institution abounds in skill, facilities, and apparatus for the successful treatment of every form of chronic ailment, whether requiring for its cure medical or surgical means.

All letters of inquiry, or of consultation, should be addressed to

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION,

663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 18, 1886.

Our County Convention will not be held until after we go to press this week. Most of the districts will be represented, and delegates in favor of the renomination of McComas will undoubtedly be selected.

Edward White, a boilermaker of Westernport, Md., was shot and instantly killed by David Johnson, a demented man on Tuesday, and a mob a few hours later hanged Johnson to a bridge over George's creek.

The result of the Republican Primary meetings in the different districts of the county will be found in our local columns. They were largely attended and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. Of the 21 districts it is thought that all are in favor of the re-nomination of the Hon. L. E. McComas.—*Frederick Examiner.*

The Prohibition Congressional Convention of the Sixth District was held in Frederick Tuesday. About forty delegates were in attendance from Allegany, Frederick, Montgomery and Washington counties. Garrett was not represented. Rev. L. A. Mann, of Frederick county, was the nominee by acclamation.

The Allegany Republican County Convention met Monday at Miller's Hall, Cumberland. After considerable wrangling, six districts withdrew and formed a new convention and admitted three contesting delegations. The remaining part of the convention elected as delegates to the Hagerstown convention D. W. Sloan, J. H. Harod, D. Walker, Jr., J. J. Bell, Robert Casey, delegates in favor of George L. Wellington. The withdrawing districts elected as delegates William Brace, P. A. Bier, James [illegible]ris, delegates in favor of McComas.

The Maine Elections.

The result of yesterday's appeal to the people of the State of Maine was a decisive victory for the Republicans, and a new proof of the masterly leadership of Blaine. There were four tickets in the field, the Republican, Democratic, Prohibition and Labor parties having placed candidates before the people. The Labor party nominated congressmen only, and did not put a gubernational candidate in the field; but their votes added to the confusion of issues, and still further split the old parties.

The Prohibitionists made a bitter fight, with the avowed object of destroying the Republican party. Yet, in spite of this deadly attack on the Republican party, the State has gone Republican by a decisive majority. The Republican majority is larger then it has been for the last eight years, with the exception of 1884, when Mr. Blaine was the nominee for President. It is nearly double that of the majority in 1882, an off year like the present. Mr. Blaine stands higher in the esteem of the Republican party to-day than ever before. He has not only displayed his splendid qualities as a leader, but he has turned the local election in Maine away from the side issues which threatened to impair its significance, and has made the victory in that state the first gun of the great campaign of 1888.—*Balto. American, Tuesday.*

The Wrecked City.

CHARLESTON, S. C., September 13.—There is not much change in the situation to-day, but efforts are being made to patch the houses in a rude way to make them water-tight and allow residences to be occupied and business to be resumed. Considerable excitement has been caused by the refusal of bricklayers to work for less than $5 a day. The objection apparently is not so much to the amount asked for as to the character of the work done, many claiming it insufficient.

Under instructions from the Treasurer, Mr. Earl Sloan has visited the reported break in the Savannah & Charleston railroad, and finds it to the contiguity of a mill pond and not to the earthquake. Mr. Sloan will visit the fissures in and about Summerville and traverse the whole of South Carolina examining the phenomena reported, and observing, specially any changes in the levels of the earth.

Mayor Courtenay reports the amount of the relief fund at this time about $200,000. He said further that with the large measure of relief necessary to reach the many sufferers it would hardly be necessary to say to the Aldermen of Charleston how small this sum would be when divided among the sufferers.

"To show," he said, "the grossest ignorance as to the amount received and the needs of the city it has been deliberately suggested that no taxes be levied next year and the relief fund be used instead. As the taxes in 1886 in Charleston reached nearly $900,000, it is easily seen how fallacious and misleading are such suggestions.

Gen. W. S. Crawford, U. S. A., of Philadelphia, who visits Charleston to see for himself the condition of affairs, is much impressed by the character of the loss by the earthquake, and holds it to be far beyond the usual estimates. There are no new developments in the strike, but all bricklayers are now receiving $5 a day, good, bad and indifferent.

The Voice of Maine.

AUGUSTA, ME., Sept. 13.—Chairman Manly has sent the following telegram to the editor of the New York *Tribune:* The result of to-day's election is a far larger Republican majority than was anticipated, the largest indeed given the State in the past fifteen years, except in the Presidential years. We expect 7,000 or 8,000 plurality. The figures at this hour, 11 o'clock, indicate a plurality for Bodwell of not less than 12,000 and it is not improbable that it will be 14,000. We have carried every Congressional District, elected two-thirds to three-fourths of the Legislature, thus securing us the Senate and county offices, probably in fourteen of the sixteen counties of the State. The Republican plurality in this city is the largest ever thrown, being more than 700 out of a total vote, 1,800. The total vote of the State will be above 137,000 which is extraordinarily large for an off year. Out of the aggregate the Third Party vote will not exceed 2,700; far less than was expected by the leaders of the movement,

The Crop Summary.

The Chicago *Farmers' Review* in this week's issue will print the following crop summary: "The frost which prevailed throughout a portion during the night of the past week, caused very little damage to the growing corn. The reports indicate that while the drouth and continued hot weather seriously injured the general prospects of corn, it also accelerated the ripening of the grain, and in sections of Missouri, Kansas, Iowa and Minnesota a portion of the crop has sufficiently matured to be beyond danger from frost. The reports indicate that, as a whole, the corn crop will be out of the way of the frost within fifteen days, if not attacked prior to then, and a large proportion of the crop cannot be seriously menaced even now. The general prospects for the output of corn show no marked improvement. The tenor of the reports from all the States, except Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Minnesota, continue to predict a short crop. In the four States named the prospects continue favorable for a full average yield, while a majority of the counties estimate the yield at from 45 to 65 percent.

"Reports from one-half of the counties would indicate a general average of 52 percent. Twenty-six Ohio counties estimate an average of 61 per cent. Kansas, Missouri and Wisconsin give the promise of about one-half the usual yield. The reports indicate that the pastures are rapidly drying up, although in portions of Illinois and Iowa late rains served to renew the grass somewhat. Early planted potatoes are generally good; but late planted are poor and in many districts a flat failure. The hogs are generally reported with only scattering cases of cholera as yet."

Meteors and Volcanic Outbursts.

We have actually no possible way of explaining the terrestrial origin of any meteors but in volcanic outbursts. Moreover, we are obliged to set the time when such outbursts took place very far back in the past, seeing that at present the volcanic force of the earth, even as manifested at Krakotoa recently, possess nothing like the power necessary for the ejection of matter beyond the range of the earth's backdrawing power. Looking, however, at the immense extrusive power of the tertiary era, when basaltic lava covering hundreds of thousands of square miles to a depth of 1,000 to 14,000 feet were poured forth, we can conceive the still mightier energies of volcanoes secondary era, their still more tremendous power in the primary era, and so, passing backward to millions of years beyond the first beginnings of life on the earth, we can even picture to ourselves volcanoes ejecting matter with velocities of 10 to 12 miles per second. With such velocities flights of ejected particles would pass beyond the earth's attraction, and if she were the only body in the universe, such ejected matter would travel away from her never to return. But, although such expelled bodies would never return to the earth, they would not escape from the solar system. To drive them forever away from her the earth would have to impart a much larger velocity—an average of about 26 miles per second. The greater number of the expelled bodies would travel thenceforth in an orbit round the sun, crossing the earth's track at or near the place where they were first sent forth from their parent planet. One may almost say that this origin of many meteorites and meteor system is forced upon us by the evidence. Still it would be negative if we found that volcanoes do not eject matter at all resembling meteorites in structure. The reverse, however, is the case. Ranging the products of volcanic ejection in order according to the amount of iron they contain, and ranging meteorites in like manner, we find the two series coinciding over the greater portion of the longer—the volcanic series. We might not indeed have known how closely the most ferruginous volcanic products resemble the iron meteorites in structure but for the accident that Nordenskjold discovered a mass which he mistook for an iron meteorite, but which is found now to be really a volcanic ejection, akin in structure to the field of basaltic lava (at Ovifak on the shores of Greenland), in the midst of which it had fallen while the lava was still plastic to retain this missile as it fell after its flight through many miles of air.

The Advance in the Price of Wheat.

(American Farmer, September 1.)

Whatever may be the cause, whether the danger of European wars by the principal Continental powers and English against Russia or the shortness of the crops in Europe, certain it is there has been within the last week or two a considerable increased demand for our grain and immense shipments are being made from our port and the other commercial cities to England, for the payment of which the gold which was a few weeks ago being sent abroad from New York is now being returned in enormous amounts, either for investment in stocks of this country or to pay for the provisions now being ordered. The following views upon the subject from one of the principal commercial journals of New York, will be read with interest:

The price of wheat has been advanced, and this time, whether the advance has been caused or helped by speculative devices, not without reason. There has been a decided improvement in the foreign demand, enough to indicate that the foreign buyers may consent to take their supplies from this country at a somewhat higher range of price. No reasonable American regrets an improvement in the prices received for produce which this country has to sell, when that improvement can be established without shutting off the foreign demand. The offence of grain speculators, which for some years past has made their performance exceedingly hurtful to the country, is that they have put up prices without regard to the foreign demand, and at times in deliberate and conscious defiance of natural conditions, bragging that they would control and coerce the markets of the whole world. Their failure in that undertaking has brought merited loss on them, but it has also inflicted heavy loss upon millions of people who had no part in their gambling operations. An advance which is prompted and within reasonable limits governed by the state of foreign markets is a different matter, and so long as it retains that character may be beneficial to producers and to legitimate dealers of this country.

It will be seen that the radical distinction between the methods of the gambler and the methods of the business man govern here. The gambler tries to bluff or to coerce foreign purchasers; the business man asks the best price for the salable surplus which he judges the actual conditions of supply and demand will warrant. The gambler, if resisted, tries to make his point by lying information, pretending that the country has no surplus for sale, and seeking to cheat people by fables about foreign crops supplies. The legitimate dealer resorts to no fraud. He frankly recognizes the fact that the United States has a large quantity of grain for which the country has no use, and honestly strives to get at the truth, both as to the extent of that surplus and as to the probable demand from abroad. When honest business controls the market, consequently, the truth has its proper influence upon prices. Whem gamblers control it by sheer force or by fraud, it quickly gets into a false condition, equally dangerous for the country and for the dealers. A gradual advance in the price of wheat would soon determine how far enhancement of value is practicable without arresting the sale of the American surplus. To that point, wherever it may be found, any advance may be welcomed as beneficial to the country.

Mayflower the Victor.

NEW YORK, September 11.—To-day's race has decided upon which side of the Atlantic the America's cup shall stay for at least another year. It resulted in a glorious victory for the sloop Mayflower. When she finished this evening at 6:1:40, the Galatea was nearly two miles astern. The course was twenty miles to leeward and return from Scotland lightship. The race was sailed in a breeze that blew fresh from the north-west for three hours, then canting two points to the westward, it fell light, the last hour of the contest being little better than a drift. The Mayflower only had 8m, 20s. to spare when she crossed the finish line, as the time limit of the race was seven hours. The Galatea was defeated on every point of sailing by the Mayflower. In the run out to outer mark, with spinnaker set, she was beaten 13m. 45s., and in the windward work over half an hour. There is great rejoicing among the yachtsmen here to-night, while the Bostonians are fairly wild with delight.

Girls for Mormon Land.

NEW YORK, Setember 11.—Fifty converts to Mormonism have been prisoners for ten days in this city. The last of them will probably be released on Monday, all but five having been discharged from custody in batches during the past several days. Forty-two of the original fifty were young women, who had been brought from Europe to become poly gamous wives of Mormon men in Utah, Montana, and elsewhere in the region of Latter Day Saints. They came from England, Sweden, Germany and Scotland, and were the collection made by Elder James Worthington, of Salt Lake, during a year's missionary tour. The arrest and imprisonment of these women was an attempt by the Board of Emigration, led by Commissioner Starr, to strike a blow at Mormonism right here, in a city of single marriage. Mr. Starr has strong feelings against the system of plural wedlock as practiced by Brigham Young's people. When the famous Wife Nineteen came East to lecture on Mormonism, eight years ago, she was greatly aided by him. It was much against his will, after he became a member of the official body superyising the arrival of immigrants, to pass through the country's portals at Castle Garden the hundreds of foreign converts brought over by the proselytes to Salt Lake, and at length, on the arrival of these fifty, having convinced his associates that something ought to be done, he boldly arrested the whole party and sent them to durance on Ward's Island, which is one of the East River islands devoted by the city to the punishment and correction of criminals and unfortunates.

This move was based on the hope that a twist of the law might sustain it. The Commissioners of Emigration are empowered to determine whether immigrants are able to support themselves in this country, or will likely become paupers, in which latter case they can be returned to the Old World at the expense of the steamship company that has imported them. Mr. Starr fondly imagined that, by a kindly construction of the statute, the young women brought over to be polygamously wived might be returned to their homes. He relied, too, on a provision that criminals could be excluded. So the half a hundred creatures were conveyed from Castle Garden to Ward's Island to the great grief and shock of Elder Worthington, who protested against the loss of the prizes which his persuasive industry had done. He had gone on his foreign mission with orders from fifty Mormons to provide them with fresh wives, and his expenses had been made good by them. He was further to get pay in accordance with the attractiveness of his recruits; The plan, as discovered by Commissioner Starr, was to exhibit the women to their purchasers on the arrival in Utah, and their first choice was to be the costliest, second choice a little less so, and thus down the list to the least desirable of the lot. "It was a horrible business altogether," says Mr. Starr, "and we were justified in straining the law to frustrate it."

The women were terrified by their unexpected imprisonment. They were taken to Ward's Island in big rowboats, the oarsmen of which were convicts, and then were put into a hall usually devoted to hospital purposes. There they had quarters that, by comparison with the steerage, were palatial, and they slept in clean cots, instead of foul berths. Their food was wholesome, and they were given the liberty of a pleasant yard connected with the institution; but they were isolated from their male escorts, and their lamentations were loud and incessant. Elder Worthington was quick and energetic in their rescue. He employed able counsel, and went into court with the questions whether, so long as he gave proof that the women would not become paupers, the commissioners could return them to Europe, and whether, in the absence of proof that they had yet violated any law of matrimony, they could be considered criminals. The decision was in his favor. The young women have already been released, and are on their way to their Utah purchasers, save five, as to whom the clearing evidence is faulty. But this remnant will be rescued by Monday, and thus a vigorous blow at Mormonism here in New York is successfully parried.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SCHOOL BOARD MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 11th, 1886.

A meeting of the Board of County School Commissioners will be held on

Thursday, Sept. 29th, 1886,

for the transaction of such businsse as may come before it.

E. H. BARTLETT,
9 18 2 Secretary.

NOTICE

To the Qualified Voters of the Respective Election Districts of Garrett County.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Officers of Registration of Voters in and for the respective election districts of Garrett county, will sit in their respective election districts in said county, on the Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, after the first Monday in September, that is to say on the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, in the year 1886, and also for two successive days commencing with and including the first Monday in October, that is to say on the 4th and 5th days of October, in the year 1886, at the respective places and on the respective days hereinafter named, for the purpose of ascertaining and registering in the proper registries of voters and poll books persons qualified to vote in their respective election districts, and of revising and completing their respective registries of voters and poll-books of their respective election districts.

The undersigned Officers of Registration will commence their said respective sessions on the respective days, and at the respective places herein named at the hour of 8 o'clock A. M. and continuing the same until the hour of 7 o'clock P. M., on each of said days, as follows, to wit:

Election District No. 1.—Swanton.
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Swanton.

Election District No. 2.—Selbysport.
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th 10th and 11th days of September, at Steele & Friend's store at Friendsville, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October at Selbysport.

Election District No. 3.—Grantsville.
Tuesday and Wednesday, September 7th and 8th, at the residence of the Officer of Registration, and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, September 9th, 10th and 11th at Grantsville, and Monday and Tuesday, October 4th and 5th at Grantsville.

Election District No. 4—Bloomington
Tuesday and Wednesday, the 7th and 8th days of September, at residence of Dennis Collins, at Franklin Mines, and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days o. October, at Bloomington.

Election District No. 5—Accident.
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th 10th and 11th days of September, and on Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Accident.

Election District No. 6.—Sang Run.
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at the house of Nathan Browning, in said district.

Election District No. 7.—Oakland.
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Oakland.

Election District No. 8—Ryans Glade
Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 7th, 8th and 9th days of September, at Elkins and Friday and Saturday, the 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Mrs. Thomas Grime's, in said district.

Election District No. 9.—Frostburg.
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Johnson's.

Election District No. 10.—Deer Park.
Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 7th, 8th and 9th days of September, at Altamont, and Friday and Saturday, the 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Deer Park.

Election District No. 11.
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, at the Mill of John H. Gregg, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at the house of John Wilhelm.

Election District No. 12.—Kitzmillersville.
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Kitzmillersville.

All naturalized citizens applying for Registration will be required to produce their certificates of naturalization to the officers of Registration.

H. O. HAMILL,
Officer of Registration 1st District.
R. E. FRIEND,
Officer of Registration 2nd District.
ISAIAH FULLER,
Officer of Registration 3rd District.
JOHN COLLINS,
Officer of Registration 4th District.
HENRY F. LININGER,
Officer of Registration 5th District.
N. C. BROWNING,
Officer of Registration 6th District.
PETER A. CHISHOLM,
Officer of Registration 7th District.
JAS. W. MASON,
Officer of Registration 8th District.
SAMUEL JOHNSON,
Officer of Registration 9th District.
MICHAEL T. BRADY,
Officer of Registration 10th District.
JOHN C. CHANEY,
Officer of Registration 11th District.
LEWIS C. HAMILL,
Officer of Registration 12th District.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

EXAMINATION OF TEACHERS.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 14th, 1886.

As the Public Schools of the County

Will not Open Before January 1st, 1887,

the examinations usually held at the close of Normal School, will be postponed until further notice.

E. H. BARTLETT,
9 18 2 Secretary.

TRUSTEES' SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

TIMBER

—AND—

MINERAL LANDS.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in the State of Maryland standing as No. 372 on the Equity docket of said Court, in which John Swan and others are complainants and Willis Swan and others are defendants, the subscribers will sell at public sale,

ON SATURDAY,

THE 2D DAY OF OCTOBER, 1886,

at 11 o'clock A. M., at the Glades Hotel, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, the tract of land known as

"Yough Manor,"

containing about 9,000 acres of land more or less. The said tract is situated on the

"YOUGHIOGHENY RIVER,"

in said county, and extends from said river to the West Virginia line, and is about 15 miles from Oakland, on the Baltimore & Ohio Rail Road, and about 15 miles from Confluence, on the Pittsburg & Connelsville Rail Road.

It is valuable for the large quantities of Pine, Oak and other varieties of timber common to the region, and now upon it; also for the large veins of bituminous coal, iron ore, lime stone and fire clay upon it, and lying in convenient proximity to each other. It also contains a large quantity of good tillable land, a small portion of which is improved and in cultivation.

THE TERMS OF SALE Provided by the decree are: One third of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, one third in one year and the balance in two years from the day of sale, or the whole in cash, if the purchaser prefers it. The deferred payments, if any, to be secured by notes of the purchaser with security to be approved by the trustees.

WM. J. READ,
D. W. SLOAN,
J. H. GORDON,
8 7 3t Trustees.

TOWN PROPERTY

FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

GO TO

W. C. L. CORRELL'S

NEW STORE,

In the Michaels Building, Oakland.

FOR BARGAINS.

Having just opened a full and complete line of

Boots & Shoes,

I feel confident I can suit all classes at very LOW PRICES. Also HATS AND CAPS, for men and boys, at BOTTOM PRICES. I have also on hand a good line of

Dry Goods and Notions and Gent's Furnishing Goods,

to which I expect to add in time for the fall and winter trade a full and complete stock of Men's and Boys' CLOTHING. It will pay you to come and see me before purchasing elsewhere.

8 21 86 W. C. L. CORRELL.

W. H. BUTLER'S

Cheap Cash Grocery

—AT THE—

"LITTLE BIG" STORE

ON SECOND STREET,

OAKLAND, MD.

May 18th, 1886.—tf.

BALTIMORE FEMALE COLLEGE.

By the terms of the endowment of the above college, one pupil from each county is entitled to free tuition in all the branches taught in the college, with stationery and use of books.

The scholarship for Garrett county is vacant at present, and the Judges of the Orphans' Court are authorized to fill the same by appointment.

Applicants will please file their applications at once.

SAMUEL LAWTON,
7 24 Register.

MARYLAND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

Next Session Opens September 20, 1886.

Besides the regular Collegiate Course, embracing ENGLISH, the CLASSICS and the SCIENCES, special Courses in AGRICULTURAL, CIVIL and MECHANICAL ENGINEERING and APPLIED CHEMISTRY are provided, under the direction of

A Full Corps of Professors and Eminent Lecturers.

A liberal equipment in the shape of a Chemical Laboratory and a Museum of Minerals, Woods, Seeds, Skeletons, Charts, &c., is also provided.

The Cadets are under Military organization and Discipline.

Send for Catalogue giving full particulars as to COURSES OF INSTRUCTION, TERMS and SCHOLARSHIPS.

Location unsurpassed for beauty, healthfulness and convenience of access.

Address: AUGUSTINE J. SMITH, President, MARYLAND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, Prince George's county, Md. 7 24

$200.000 in presents given away. Send us 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the $200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

—Go to J. M. Davis & Son's for the celebrated Telegraph Cider Mill.

—If you want a good Cider Mill, call on J. M. Davis & Son.

—Mr. John S. Combs, foreman of the Cumberland *News*, and family, are in Oakland this week.

—Will receive and have on sale next week, a large line of Ladies' Jackets and Newmarkets, of latest style.

AT OFFUTT'S.

—Married, near Horseshoe Run, Preston county, Sept. 9th, 1886, by Rev. W. Y. Cline, Mr. David A. Roth, of this county, to Miss Maria A. Clark, of Preston county, W. Va.

—Married, on September 12th, at the residence of A. H. Williams, in the town of Deer Park, by Rev. William E. George, Mr. Josephus Williams and Miss Susan M. Arnold.

—There will be a pic-nic on the lands of Silas L. Walter, on Deep Creek, on the 23d inst. Good music and refreshments on the grounds. All invited. 2t

—The Oakland Hotel closed Saturday last, the remaining guests going to other hotels in town and to the Deer Park Hotel. The season was more successful than was supposed, the receipts being $2,000 in excess of the previous season.

—Died, at Webster, W. Va., Tuesday, John Lawton, in the 7th year of his age. Deceased was the youngest child of Mrs. Samuel Lawton, formerly of Oakland. The interment was made in the family lot in the Odd-Fellows cemetery at Oakland.

—There will be a picnic and street parade of the wholesale and retail grocers of Pittsburgh, in that city, on the 4th of October, and on the 5th and 6th a grand army reunion. A good time for our Garrett boys to visit the "Smoky City."

—The parsonage Palatine Circuit, F. G. W. Ford, Pastor, was taken possession of by a large party of the good people of Pleasant Valley on the evening of Sept. 9th, who, after an hour of real social enjoyment, left the parsonage well supplied with the good things of life. This was repeated by the good people of Palatine on the evening of the 13th, leaving many nice presents for the preacher and his family. May the Lord bless the Palatine Circuit. G.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7½ P. M. by Rev. J. Engle.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M., and 7¾ P. M., by Rev. C. W. Sechrist.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 7½ P. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

St. Matthew's Church—Rev. J. Newman, Rector—Holy Communion at 8 A. M.; morning prayer and sermon at 11 A. M.; Sunday School at 4:30 P. M.; evensong 5 P. M. Wednesday evening prayer at 5 P. M.

Public Sale.

I will sell at my residence, in the Glades, on Wednesday, Sept. 29th, 1886, all my personal property, consisting of one mare, two colts, two cows, twenty head of sheep, one sow and seven pigs, and household and kitchen furniture, &c., &c. Terms, six months; interest from date.

9 13 2t MANASSES SCHROCK.

For Sale.

The property owned by the late Thresa M. Smithman, corner third and Water streets, Oakland, Md. will be sold at private sale. This is a very desirable property and will be sold in whole or in part, to suit purchaser. Terms reasonable. For further information call on or address

JOS. H. SMITHMAN,

5 15 tf Oakland, Md.

Go to F. G. Hyde, the Reliable Jeweler

For watches, clocks, jewelry, silverware, eye-glasses, spectacles, etc., either wholesale or retail. The largest stock of reliable goods in this part of the country. Everything fully warranted to be just exactly what it is. I handle everything that appertains to the jewelry trade, at prices that will stand comparison with any responsible house. An inspection is requested.

F. G. HYDE.

7 17 tf Oakland, Md.

Money to Loan.

I am authorized to loan $5,000, in sums to suit borrowers, to run from three to ten years, on first mortgage.

J. A. HAYDEN.

Notice to Tax-Payers.

Copies of the tax books of districts Nos. 1, 2, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12 have been placed in the hands of S. L. Townshend & Son, who are authorized to receive and receipt for taxes in those districts.

JONAS E. GNAGEY,

9 18 4. Tax Collector.

Dentistry.

Dr. P. P. Ritter will visit the following places in Garrett county:

Accident, Sept. 21 and 22; Johnstown, Sept. 23; Friendsville, Sept. 24; Selbysport, Sept. 25.

Those wanting dental work will please call.

Horse and Wagon For Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale a good work horse, 8 or 9 years old. Gentle, sound and will work any where; also a one-horse spring wagon and set of single harness.

C. B. CROPP,

9 4 tf Oakland, Md.

Cloaks.

We have just opened a large stock of Ladies' Wraps, the latest New York styles, Short Wraps, Jackets, Circulars and Newmarkets, manufactured of boncle cloth, corkscrew diagonals, &c.

We have also in a line of fall Hats, Velvets, Fancy Ribbons, Astrachan and many other new and desirable goods.

M. L. SCOTT,
Baltimore Store,
Oakland, Md.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. D. Nydegger, Druggist, Oakland, Md.

Sunday School Institute.

SANG RUN.

The second session of the Sunday School Institute, at Sang Run, was well attended. Devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. D. H. Friend. The theme, "Sunday School Hindrances," was discussed by Messrs. C. W. Savedge and Elijah Hoye. "How to Secure them," was discussed by State Supt. W. A. Baker and Geo. H. Noch. At the afternoon session the subject, "The Teachers' Aim," was discussed by Rev. Joseph DeWitt, and "The Teachers' Work and how to do it," by Mr. Geo. E. Bishoff, Rev. H. E. Friend and others. The evening session was also largely attended. An address was delivered by State Supt. W. A. Baker, subject: "The Teacher's Aim and Final Reward." He was followed by Mr. W. D. Hoye on the theme, "How to Make Bible Study Interesting in the family." He was followed by Rev. D. H. Friend. The question "Shall we close our Sunday Schools during the winter," was answered by Mr. Geo. E Bishoff, Rev. H. E. Friend and Geo. H. Noch. These sessions have been largely attended. The singing is grand, and the interest is increasing.

ACCIDENT.

The great success of the Sunday School Institute at Red House seems to have been followed up in all the Institutes that have so far followed in the series arranged by the Maryland Sunday School Union for this county. No better method could have been adopted for reaching all portions of the county, and in meeting face to face nearly all the Sunday School workers of the county. We learn with pleasure that it is the object of the Union to hold an Institute at Oakland later in the season.

The meeting at Sang Run, though held in the middle of the week, was largely attended. On Thursday night, the last meeting of the Institute, Judge D. H. Friend arose and with much feeling, offered resolutions of thanks to the representatives of the Union for their faithful labors. The singing at Sang Run was excellent. Unfortunately there was no organ, but the singing was so good that the organ was scarcely missed. At Sang Run Messrs. Baker, Nock and Hoye were entertained by Judge D. H. Friend.

The Institute at Accident began on Friday night last, and closed on the following Sunday night. From the first the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. Accident has in the past been favored with the county conventions, and the town knew full well what these meetings meant. The weather was delightful until Sunday morning when it began to rain; nevertheless the church was filled to its utmost capacity, and numbers could not get admittance. At the Sunday morning service a sermon was preached by Rev. H. N. Heilman, followed with an address by Rev. J. M. Davis. At the children's meeting Sunday afternoon, nowitthstanding the mud and rain, the house was filled with the children and their friends. Addresses were made by Messrs. W. A. Baker and Geo. H. Nock. At night there was another large gathering. A number of brief addresses were delivered by the visiting friends and local workers. Mr. Daniel Hinebaugh offered the following resolutions, which were adopted by a rising vote:

WHEREAS, We have had such a grand Institute, under the auspices of the Maryland Sunday School Union, the representatives of which have labored so faithfully with us for the past three days, attended with such spiritual blessing to adults and children; therefore

Resolved, That we extend our thanks to the Brethren who have come into our midst to instruct and enthuse us in the great work in which we are engaged.

Resolved, Also that we express our thanks to the choir for their excellent music, including the fair ladies from Oakland, who have been of great assistance to our choir.

The Institute at Grantsville began on Tuesday night last under favorable prospects.

An Interesting Event.

Mr. Wm. D. Hoye, of Deer Park, Vice President of the Maryland Sunday School Union for the county, was the recipient on Monday evening of a very pleasant testimonial to his worth as a Sunday School worker. Mr. Hoye has taken great interest in the series of Institutes held in this county the present month, and was present and did great service at those held at Red House, Sang Run and Accident. On Monday evening he was compelled to leave his associates in the work, Messrs. Baker and Nock, on account of business with the court. Just as he was about to start for Oakland from the residence of Mr. Dan'l. Hinebaugh, Mr. Nock stepped forward with a large and beautiful bouquet and with a neat speech presented it to Mr. Hoye in behalf of a number of ladies, as a testimonial of their appreciation of his services in making the Institute at Accident a great success. The presentation was entirely unexpected, but after a moment's confusion, Mr. Hoye responded eloquently, and left feeling that his self sacrificing efforts had been appreciated.

Accident.

The Sabbath School convention was largely attended. Revs. Baker Noch and Davis were present, as also Messrs. Hinebaugh, Hoye and others and assisted in the services.

The rain on Sabbath made getting around somewhat ugly.

The primary meeting on Saturday elected Henry Camp, Jacob Becket, J. E. Gnagey, Austin Speicher and Dr. Glotfelty delegates to the County Convention.

Mrs. Simonds, 83 years old, was buried here on Sabbath.

The wheat sowing in old ground about all in.

By some means the new mail arrangement has made our Eastern mail very uncertain.

I have two good driving and riding horses for sale. Pacers and trotters; both true pullers and both good leaders. I also have two fine Jersey heifers for sale. One a large two-year old, the other a yearling; for cash.

Prof. H. R. Geiger, of the United Stotes Geological survey, spent several days here investigating the geological formation between this and Friendsville. He is working a straight line through and next summer will work North from Friendsville. Prof. Geiger is an old college Professor, and has traveled very extensively. The summer of 1883 he spent in the Sandwich Islands investigating volcanoes, &c., for the Government. When this map is completed it will represent in a very satisfactory manner the geography and geology of this whole region. Prof. Geiger is no speculator and has no interest in any mineral lands as a great many people imagine. He travels at Government expense with a team owned by Uncle Sam, and his work is purely scientific. One thing sure, he can read the rocks like an open book.

[Communicated.]

The assertion has been made again and again that Local Option has injured and been detrimental to the interests and prosperity of Oakland. This is a false statement, just the reverse being the case, as the facts will prove. The town has been benefitted, and if the law were rigidly enforced we would see an era of unprecedented success for our mountain town. Any impartial person will agree that our town is far more quiet and peaceful, and therefore a more desirable place in which to live and rear a family than when the saloons were open. Then the lock-up and jail boasted of many inmates, now an arrest is the rarest occurrence. Ask mothers, wives or children if local option is not a blessing. Little ones are clothed who went half naked, little mouths fed that once clamored for bread. Home is now home indeed and in truth, and wages earned are spent there instead of swelling the pockets of the saloon keeper. While local option *as it is*, is a great blessing, why do not our citizens, who nobly stood to the front until victory crowned our banner, see that the law is *fully enforced* and bring to punishment every transgressor? The saloons are done away with, but what of the so-called "Clubs," where, upon the payment of a certain amount, one can partake of its benefits. *Its benefits* (!) The benefits of suffering, misery and ruin. Citizens, do not allow any man, whether of high or low degree, rich or poor, to trample upon your laws. *Enforce them.*

To those who cry "Down with Local Option, let Whiskey be King," we would say that even were the town to become more prosperous by the abolishment of the law, would you have it to flourish nourished by the tears and heart blood of crushed women, starving children, sorrow-bowed parents and lost souls? What kind of harvest would you expect to reap from such soil? Alas for men who would be willing to make capital out of the blood and tears of their fellow beings! Some think it strange that women should be as importunate for prohibition, local option, and the abolishment of strong drink, but the only wonder is that they do not rise *en masse*, all over our broad land, to put down this accursed thing. Where it enters peaceful, loving homes one may inscribe over the doorway the inscription over Dante's Hell, "He who enters here leaves all hope behind."

A. T.

Deer Park.

The summer visitors at Deer Park are beginning to think of their city homes. There are still, however, a fair number at the hotel and other places for summer resort.

Mrs. Kidwell and Miss Carrie Kidwell, of Washington, are at Mrs. Droege's. Miss Kidwell sang by request at the hotel Monday night and was very warmly applauded.

Mr. S. H. Taylor, of Washington, Indiana, visited friends at Deer Park one day last week.

Mrs. Lucien Hendrickson and Mrs. Klipstein, of Alexandria, Va., have lately been at Mr. W. D. Hoye's.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Townsend returned to Baltimore on Sunday last.

A branch about six inches long from a Siberian crab tree at Mrs. Garrett Moon's, a few miles from here, containing nine full-grown crab apples was exhibited in town Monday.

Miss Minnie Lott had a very pleasant birthday surprise last week—enjoyable both to the surprised and surprisers.

Mr. L. H. Schoolfield is building a new house for Mr. Joshua Lipscomb about six miles from Deer Park.

The earthquake was felt by a few people in different parts of Deer Park. One little girl cried and called to her mother that some one was shaking her bed.

Willie Davis, son of Mrs. W. R. Davis, left last week for Morgantown to attend the W. Va., State University. Miss Kate Davis will leave on Thursday for Hollins Institute in Virginia.

Mrs. Lieut. Brown has been very seriously ill for some weeks but is now very much better.

Mr. Albert Droege will be here in a few days on a short visit to his parents.

Registered at Wing-and-Wing:

Wheeling.—Chas. Chadduck, Clay Dean.

Frederick—Geo. W. Baumann, Miss Ettie Hooper.

Baltimore—C. C. Wister, J. Helbig.

Piedmont—Wm. S. Randells, Miss Mattie Kalbaugh.

Parkersburg—A. D. Casteel.

***

Circuit Court.

The September Term of the Circuit Court convened Monday morning, with Judges Alvey and Seyster on the Bench. Mr. P. M. Stemple was appointed Foreman of the Grand Jury. Judge Hoffman came up Monday evening. Below we give the Appeal cases disposed of which was about the only business transacted of general interest up to the time of going to press:

John E. Wood vs. J. R. Kerfoot. Judgment affirmed. Price and Williams for plaintiff. Peddicord & Thayer for defendant.

Simon Bear's Sons vs. F. & C. Felty. Judgment affirmed. Sincell and Bridendolph for plaintiff. Hamill for defendant.

A Nelson vs. Thos. R. Herd & Co. Judgment reversed. Veitch & Townshend for plaintiff. Sincell for defendant.

J. H. Saunders vs. Henry Albright. Judgment affirmed. Peddicord & Thayer for plaintiff. Sincell for defendant.

Helen S. Hesen vs. R. D. Johnson Milling Co. Judgment affirmed. Fay for plaintiff. Hamill for defendant.

John E. Wood vs. A. Nelson. Judgment affirmed. Williams for plaintiff. Veitch & Townshend for defendaht.

Same vs. Nelson & Anderson. Same verdict. Same counsel.

Same vs. John Shartzer. Same verdict. Williams for plaintiff. Hamill for defendant.

Same vs. Same. Same verdict. Same counsel.

Registration.

The following is the result of the September registration, so far as received up to the time of going to press, Thursday evening.

DISTRICT NO. 1.

Newly Registered—William Comp, Norman Lee, William, McGettigan, Charles Mosser.

Disqualified—A. C. Biggs, E. J. Blackburn, D. J. Bevans, Cormany Brobst, Madeson Blackburn, John W. Bray, Bradley T. Bray, John E Barnard, Francis M. Bray, John Barnhouse, George Coleman, William P. Coleman, Ebenezer Davis, Joseph Davis, Isaac Davis, Philip S. Davis, Benjamin Davis, George W. Davis, Philip Davis, Jr., Wm. F. Davis, Thomas Green, Lewis C Hamill, A C. Hamill, James H. Hamill, Lewis F. Harvey, Sampson Harvey, Peter S. Hettzell, John W. Harvey Meshach Harvey, Wm. M. Junkins, Henry Junkins, John A. Junkins, David O S Junkins, Isaac D. Junkins, Ebenezer Kitzmiller, George W. Kitzmiller, Charles Kent, George S. Lee, Henry Lee, John Lavell, Michael T Lavell, Edward Lee, Richard E. Lee, George W Lee, John Lee, William Myers, Martin O'Donnell, James H Paugh, Otho Paugh, William Poole, Winfield S. Paugh, Otho J Paugh, William H. Paugh, Gilbert Paugh, Meshech Paugh, Philip C. Paugh, John G. Paugh, Lewis F. Paugh, Joseph Paugh, of W., Francis Sharpless, William S Sharpless, Ephraim Sowers, John L. Sharpless, John Sowers, William Sharpless, William Sharpless, of John, Gilbert Turner, Charles Tusing, Solomon Tasker, Harrison Upperman, Lewis Upperman, William Uppold, Robert C. Wilson, William Warnick, Nathan Warnick, Alvesia Wilson, Rylic Wilson.

DISTRICT NO. 2.

Newly Registered—Henry Brown, Josephus Enlow, James A. Dixon, Augustine Friend, Lloyd Lowdermilk, John P. Lowdermilk, John J. Lish, John W. Schroyer.

Disqualified—Alexander Poland, Chauncy Glass, Norman B. Lee.

DISTRICT NO. 3.

Newly Registered—Peter Beachy, William C Durst, John L Johnson, John Lenhart, Leo W McKinzie, Milton D Miller, Clarence H Potte, D L Stanton, John W Wiland.

Disqualified—J L Blocher, Christian Blocher, Oliver T Blocher, J F Broadwater, Andrew Dichdal, Henry Diffenbaugh, George Durst, Jacob Fuller, Adam Legeer, Philip Popp, Charles H Stark, Jacob Spiker, Casper Werner

DISTRICT NO. 4.

Newly Registered. — Michael P. Carney, Edward Crowly, Samuel G. Gilbert, Charles D. Kearney, Jacob Miller, Scott Miller, Edward O'Neal, Michael F. Grant, Rushal Vaughn, A. J. Paugh, Philip R. Tichnell, George Warnick, Patrick S. Fazenbaker, Laurence Michaels.

Disqualified.—John Bartlett, Geo. Campbell, John P. Clinston, Marcus Fazenbaker, George M. Kearney, James H. Kearney, Julius C. Kemp, John McCarroll, Phil A. Michael, Samuel Purnell, George W. Wilt, David H. Willet, John A. Michael.

DISTRICT NO. 5.

Newly Registered.—Fred. Buckhard, Tarleton O. Colliar, Charles B. Conneway, John Deitrick, Henry H. Durst, George Durst, John C. Failinger, William Frazee, Henry Hachmann, Charles Miller.

Disqualified—Henry Brown, Christian Beitzell, John Brenneman, Mathias F. Bidinger, Joel Bender, Benjamin C. Beachy, William H. Custer, Thomas Callis, John L. Durst, Michael Englehart, Josephus Enlow, Augustine Friend, Conrad Fague, John L. Feigh, William Glotfelty, Mahlon Glotfelty, Josephus Glotfelty, Nimrod Glotfelty, William Hinebaugh, Wesley S. Hileman, Jonas Hochstedler, Joseph D. Hochstedler, T. C. Hinebaugh, Luther R. Johnson, Peter Kahl, William H. Knox, John P. Loudermilk, Lloyd Loudermilk, Geo. R. Lininger, William J. Miller, Geo. H. McKinsey, George A. Miller, Edward Neil, Christopher Schlossnagle, John W. Shroyer, J. B. Shoup, Nicodemus Spiker, Jacob Spiker, Manasseh M. Schrock, George Shatzer, Lewis Spoerlein, Michael P. Smith, Z. T. Slone, Joseph Yoder.

DISTRICT NO. 7.

Newly Registered.—William R. Ravenscraft, George W. Weisman, Jesse Weimer, Charles H. Jamison, George Thayer, Ellsworth Male, Ulysses S. Lewis, Christian Kimmell, Peter P. Gortner, James H. T. Sines, John W. Lewis, William H. Butler.

Disqualified—Morgan H. Rider, Nathan L. Baumgardner, Thomas Chrystal, Madison R. Clemm, Michael Karney, Martin Hughs, Otho W. Heiskell, Harmon O. Hessen, Jackson Hill, Samuel J. Hartman, George W. Grim, Rolley M. Grim, James T. Groye, Cassimer B. Ludwig, Andrew Long, Peter Shirer, John Spiker, Theodore Suiffin, Martin L. Selby, Benjamin F. Sowers, Lawrence Levering, Richard H. Thayer, Johnson White, Wm. M. Wagner, Joseph Welch, William M. Carr, Francis Evans.

DISTRICT NO. 8.

Newly Registered.—Henry Clair, John Foley, Lewis Galloway, Stuart H. Mason, Isaac A. Rinker, Grant Shrout, Calvin Thompson, Jacob C. Yutzy.

Disqualified.—John A. Arnold, Daniel A. Arnold, David J. Arnold, Wm. J. Anderson, John G. A. Beard, George M. Baker, Wm. P. Faherty, John W. Gauer, Abraham W. Godwin, Peter P. Gortner, Charles H. Jamison, Jacob Kitzmiller, Peter Martin, Wm. H. Shaffer, Christian Wilt.

DISTRICT NO. 9.

Newly Registered-Oliver T. Blocher, Christian Blocher, Thomas H. Layman.

Disqualified—John Baker.

DISTRICT NO. 10.

Newly Registered.—Robert Jackson, Archibald C. Biggs, David D. Paugh.

Disqualified—William H. Bray, George W. Bernard, Edwin R. Browning, Norman B. Bray, Henry Bray, Daniel R. Harvey, James W. Harvey, Elijah A. Harvey, John T. Harvey, Elisha D. McRobie, William H. McLain, Michael McRobie, Claudius L. Nelder, John H. Rafter, Marcellus Smith, Calvin Shepherd, John Sharpless, Aquilla Sharpless, John Shepherd, Lewis F. Tasker, Andrew McRobie, George W. Moon, Abraham A. McRobie, Jehu Paugh, Perry Paugh, Archibald O. Tasker, William Upole, Abraham M. Lee, Abraham Lee, Thomas Sollars, Joseph Tasker, Henry Tusing, William S. Upole, James H. Wilson, Daniel Wilson, Esrom Wilson, James W. Wilson.

DISTRICT NO. 11.

Newly Registered—William A. J. Broadwater, Daniel W. Crow, Lewis Potter, James R. Russell, Lewis S. Spiker.

Disqualified — Edward Crowley, Scott Miller, Jacob Miller.

DISTRICT NO. 12.

Newly Registered—Charles W. Bowman, William T. Bray, Edward J. Hamill, Benjamin F. Moncar, Johnson H. Tice, Elmore M. Tice.

The Columbia (S. C.) *Register* says that a resident of that city who has been for years walking on crutches on account of rheumatism abandoned his crutches during the earthquake on Tuesday night, and went out into the yard like a young colt. He now gets about very well without crutches.

The Armours are about to put up an immense warehouse in Birmingham, Ala., to distribute their goods through the South.

C. W. Jones, of Richland, Mich., has a 945 pound Poland-China hog at the Iowa State fair. The animal is eight feet long and a yard wide.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to me are requested to settle their accounts on or before the first of November, 1886. After that date my books will be placed in other hands.

9 18 3t O. G. GETTY.

FOR SALE!

I am authorized to sell about 100 acres of land, situated on the Hooppole road, about 7 miles from Oakland. The tract will be sold either as a whole or in lots to suit purchasers. The land is all under fence, and is further improved by a dwelling house, barn and other out-buildings. Twenty-five acres cleared. This land is among the best in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN.

A HOME CHEAP.

I have a fifty acre lot, with small house and other improvements, about four miles from Oakland and two miles from Mountain Lake Park, which I will sell at a moderate figure. Application should be made soon.

W. H. TOWER,

7 17 tf Agent.

LAKE VIEW PLANING MILL

is now in full operation, and prepared to fill orders for

Flooring, Weather-boarding, Sash, Doors, Frames, Brackets, and Mouldings of all Kinds,

☞ Will contract for the erection of buildings.

Orders solicited. Satisfaction guranteed.

C. RATHBURN,
MANAGER.

4 3 9m Mountain Lake Park, Md.

The Republican.

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A WIFE.

How often her touch, soft and trembling,
Has sent a quick thrill to my heart!
How often her brown eyes dissembling
Have caused me in anguish to start!
To forget her I've tried, but in vain:
Since I met her she's haunted my brain;
And I scarce can believe,
Though the rumor's so rife,
That my last year's acquaintance
Is this year a wife.

I've disputed with rivals unnumbered
The honor of holding her fan;
Through the waltzes I've aimlessly lumbered
When she danced with some other man.
I've quarreled with my ink-blotted leaf,
I've snarled that her notes were too brief;
But how foolish and vain
Seems that small, silly strife
When I think that she now
Bears the title of "wife!"

I've given her baskets of flowers;
I've carried her books by the score;
Through many a twilight s gray hours
I've read her the poet's sweet lore.
But a truce to such senseless reviews;
To what use do I sit here and muse?
She has taken the veil.
She is dead to that life,
She's a maiden no more,
But a woman—a wife.

I'll never seek pleasure without her,
Earth's light would seem dreary and cold;
Like a shadow I'll hover about her.
Then her form in my arms I'll enfold.
Though seeing her close to my side,
No being shall threaten or chide.
For the woman I sing
Is my treasure for life;
She's my sweetheart, my lover,
My darling, my *wife*.

—*Charles Moreau, in Detroit Free Press.*

QUITE SURE OF IT.

One Who Thinks He Has Cornered Perpetual Motion.

An Ohio Man Invents an Electrical Machine Which He Claims Will Run Until It Wears Itself Out—Mystery of Force.

For half a century D. M. Cook has been a familiar figure in Richland County, and has been marked for his singular inventive genius. In 1850, when a young man, he became impressed with the wonders of electrical science, and then became enamored of its study. He began to delve into the unknown of this hidden force, and for thirty-six years in alternately brilliant and adverse circumstances has trodden over this field till there is no nook or corner with which he is unacquainted. He commenced his studies at a time when little was known of electricity, and by a pursuit of knowledge in that direction with unbounded zeal, he has not only kept apace with the wizards of the day, but has so far gotten in advance of them that his assertions are almost accepted as altogether incredulous.

But no matter whether his claims seem wonderful and almost beyond belief, they are worthy of credence, for he must be placed in the list of successful inventors. In 1852 he conceived and constructed a device that revolutionized the manufacture of sorghum sirup. The device was called an evaporator, and was used to make sirup from sorghum. His principle was to run the juice across a heated surface in zig-zag rows till the juice would run out as a pure sirup ready for the table, the water being evaporated in its passage, and the impurities being thrown to one side. On this he received letters patent in 1858, and in 1859 a company began the manufacture of the same. Thousands and thousands were disposed of, varying in price from $25 to $35, over $4,000,000 being realized, on which the inventor got a handsome royalty. Through this he derived quite a fortune, although a portion of it he spent in improving and introducing the device. Even to this day a firm in Cincinnati is engaged in the manufacture of this same evaporator, from which the members of the firm made themselves rich. Cook, however, several years ago lost his right to a royalty by some means or other, and has not been drawing any thing from that source since.

Save for this slight diversion, Mr. Cook has not experimented in any field outside of electricity since thirty-six years ago to any considerable extent, but in in this direction he can be said to have spent the greater part of his life. For a while he sought to solve the question of cheap power, light, etc., by producing the proper current by means of a battery. He invented a battery of peculiar value for telegraph purposes, which was in use for a long time at Crestline, on the Western Union, and until the discovery of the cheap gravity battery that is now in use. But Mr. Cook long ago concluded in his own mind that in dynamic electricity lay future success. Accordingly he cast aside the battery as a secondary affair, and set about to experiment with dynamos of novel and peculiar construction.

For several years past he would occasionally meet me and speak of his discoveries in the electrical field, but would say that he had not yet secured the results he was after. He would tell me: "When I get my experiments completed I want to show you what will revolutionize the world. I propose to make a perpetual electric generator or motor which will propel itself by its own current, the resistance of the generator proper being only about ten per cent. of the rotary power of the electric engine upon which the current of the generator acts."

This assertion was sufficient to shock an ordinaay person's nerves, but I accepted the statement with much allowance. However, I became interested and kept watching results.

Last November Mr. Cook came to me and said: "I have at last met with success. I have found the principle that I have been hunting for so long. I can now start a dynamo to going, and it will never stop except by the wearing away of its own parts. Not only will it run itself by its own current, but also produce power enough, according to the size of the engine, to run any machine in the world."

"Perpetual motion," I suggested.

"More than that," he replied. "It is perpetual motion with only ten per cent. of the force used, leaving ninety per cent. for power, to be utilized as is desired. Not only that, but more; one helix of my dynamo will produce light in proportion to its size while the other is making the current that runs the engine. It will serve to heat your house, so that instead of having stoves and grates, little wires will run through your rooms, and on your parlor table will be a highly burnished apparatus containing wires, etc., which will keep the temperature of the house at whatever point you wish."

"What will be the cost to run it?"

"Nothing. As I said, start it, and it will go. Heat, power, and light produced by one machine, for absolutely nothing."

I looked at him to see if he was there yet, and if so, whether he was mad, in earnest, or joking. He laughed at my astonishment, and said: "I am now making a model, and when far enough along I will show it to you."

The matter was not specially discussed after that, although he would frequently bring up the question, until a day or two ago, and I had my serious doubts whether he would ever show the device to me. I thought of Keely and his motor, and felt that the results Mr. Cook professed himself able to obtain were such that he would keep secret his machine, if he had any, in order to mystify the public. My surprise may be imagined, therefore, when Mr. Cook came to me a few days ago and said: "I believe I will show you my electric engine and generator. I am far enough along now to show you how the results are accomplished."

A time was fixed, and at the appointed hour Mr. Cook called and took me to his farm, about three miles south of Mansfield. As an excuse for a heavy crop of weeds in a fine field, where hundreds of bushels of wheat should have been harvested, he explained: "I have been so busy with my researches that I have been unable to put out any crops. I could get nobody to attend to the farm, and therefore it is nothing but a barren waste. I succeeded in getting a few acres of oats planted, and that, with a small potato patch, will be all I will derive this year from this fine tract."

Here he lives, as he has lived for years, with a wife and fourteen-year-old daughter and his wife's sister. The latter is his enthusiastic assistant, and has helped him in many long years of toil. Distant from the house stands an old shop, wherein is hidden the secrets of his life. No stranger ever enters here, for it is herein that are contained the results of thirty-six years of labor. This seclusive rule has been almost invariable, having been broken but half a dozen times in over a third of a century. Several electricians and two or three others of known integrity have been admitted, but only after signing an iron-clad agreement not to reveal, patent, or cause to be patented or improve without his consent any of the parts shown to them.

The shop is dilapidated, as is the rest of the farm, so much is his mind taken up in the pursuit of his studies. The rear is used as a shelter for his trusty old horse, who has done near thirty years of royal service, while the front part is devoted altogether to his laboratory.

The agreement signed, Mr. Cook led the way to the door, but before unlocking it grasped me by the hand and had me renew the promise made in the written agreement. This done, I was ushered into the mysterious room. I was bewildered by the appearance of the place. The room was large, and everywhere hung bundles of wire. Magnets of all shapes and sizes hung about the walls and were scattered on the floor in confused heaps. In one corner was a huge machine, with large coils and magnets, which Mr. Cook told me was the first machine he attempted to make. But in the center of the room sat the pride of his life. I saw at a glance that this mysterious man had not wasted his time and fortune. He had branched out from the beaten track and had produced a machine that differed in all respects from dynamos of present construction, except in that he also used wire and iron.

"This," said he, "is my perpetual electric generator and engine. I will call my assistant and show you how it works."

The machine was rudely constructed, for Mr. Cook made it all himself with a few old tools that had done too much service already. Parts of it were made of wood, and the whole was not put together in a very artistic manner, but it demonstrated his discoveries, and that was his only purpose in its construction. This model weighs three hundred pounds, and Mr. Cook said by the hand-power of one man could be generated current sufficient to light up from thirty to fifty sixteen candle-power incandescent lamps.

His assistant having arrived, who by the way is a young lady of handsome appearance, the work of demonstration began. I tested the current in several ways and found it very powerful Having made electricity somewhat of a study, I was surprised at the simplicity of many of the principles. The manner in which he expects to get the results heretofore mentioned is theoretically correct, and there is no mechanical difficulty which he has not already overcome.

After examining the machine carefully in all its parts, I was conducted to an adjoining room, where, on a table, sat a smaller model of more accurate make. It contained a much better arrangement of the parts, and from what he told me I am compelled to believe all that Mr. Cook had told me. I asked him why he and not sought capital to develop his theories more rapidly, when he replied that he had not heretofore been ready. He said:

"I wanted to complete my labors so that I could say my work is all done. I desired to give to the world a machine perfect in every particular, that would settle forevermore the question of cheap power, light and heat. Up to now my work was not finished. I am now almost done. Within a very short time I shall be able to show to all mankind that I have a machine that will revolutionize the world. When I can exhibit a running model, which I can in a few days, then I will be ready to consider the many propositions that I have already received.—*Mansfield Cor. Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

—Attendance upon religious services by students of Harvard University will not henceforth be compulsory.

LAWYERS IN POLITICS.

Prominent Public Men Who Began Life as Humble Members of the Bar.

Alexander Stephens was admitted to the bar when he was twenty-two, and his first year netted him $400. He got single fees of $20,000 before he died and was considered one of the greatest lawyers of the South.

Thomas Jefferson was making $5,000 a year at the bar when he first began to dip into politics, and had he stuck to it he would probably have died a very rich man. Politics ruined him and he died a bankrupt.

Alexander Hamilton was a lawyer, and he went back to New York to practice law after he left the Treasury.

Aaron Burr was one of the most money-making of the lawyers of his day, and he made as high as $40,000 in a single case.

Hamilton made $10,000 a year on an average, it is said, and William Wirt thought he was doing well when his yearly fees ran up as high as $6,000.

There is hardly a big lawyer of today who is satisfied with less than $15,000 or $20,000 a year, and the fees of many lawyers amount to more than the President's salary.

I saw Ben Butler in the streets of Washington the other day in new clothes, and I am told that his professional income is not less than $100,000 a year.

Bob Toombs made $50,000 in the first five years of his practice.

John Sherman thought he was doing well when he started out as a young lawyer and saved $500 a year.

Daniel Webster got big fees, but he always spent more than he made, and he was constantly in debt.

Abe Lincoln did well at the law, and James Buchanan made $938 the first year of his practice and increased this amount in the fifth year to over $5,000. In 1821 he made $11,000, but after he got into politics his practice dropped off, and during his later years he practically ceased legal business.

Samuel Cox got $25 for his first law case, and Spooner, of Wisconsin, was receiving a salary of $10,000 a year as a railroad lawyer before he went to Washington.

Senator Payne, of Ohio, began life as a lawyer.

Teller and Bowen got their first start at the bar.

Charley Felton, who is perhaps the richest man in the lower House, studied law for six months and only tried one case. But he left the law for speculation, and made a half dozen millions outside of the court business.

Senator Eustis, of Louisiana, is a law professor, and Bayard studied law after he found he was not cut out for a merchant. Pig-Iron Kelley has been a lawyer and a judge. Holman earned some of his first money at the law.

Ingalls studied law in Massachusetts and went West to practice.

Senator Voorhees is one of the most noted of our criminal lawyers, and Hendricks was a very successful man at the bar.

Judge Hoadly was making $30,000 a year when he was elected Governor of Ohio, and Thurman worked his way up through the law and into politics.

Tom Reed is a lawyer; McKinley, of Ohio, practices law, and all the dignitaries on the Supreme Bench have, of course, made big legal reputations before they got their appointments.

Nearly all our Presidents have been lawyers, and all of them except Washington, Harrison, Taylor and Grant were members of the bar.

Martin Van Buren was engaged to be married before he began to practice, and it was some years before his income was large enough for him to wed.

Andy Johnson studied law after he was married, and his wife taught him the handwriting in which he prepared his legal papers.

Both Millard Fillmore and Grover Cleveland were Buffalo lawyers, and they both had good practices.

Frank Pierce used to make as much as $8,000 and $10,000 a year at the law, and he preferred the bar to politics.

At present it is not uncommon for a half-dozen Representatives to be away from Washington City at a time trying law cases.—*Frank George Carpenter, in Cleveland Leader.*

GERMAN TYPES.

Predominance of Blond-Brunettes Over Both Blonds and Brunettes.

Prof. Rudolf Virchow, the learned surgeon and physicist, has lately prepared some interestiug tables concerning the color of the hair, eyes and skin among the German school children. Six million seven hundred and fifty-eight thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven pupils were examined, being nearly four-fifths of all the youth of "A B C" age. Of these 2,149,027—31.08 per cent—belonged to the blond type, 949,822—14.05 per cent—to the brunette, and 3,659,978—54.15 per cent—to the blond-brunette or mixed type, distinctly showing that more than one-half of the entire number are in the latter category, two-thirds of the remaining 46 per cent being blonds. The territorial division of the principal types corresponds accurately to the geographical boundaries of North, South and Middle Germany: 43.3—36 per cent of the pure blonds being found in the northern districts, 32.5—28.3 per cent in the middle, and 24.5—18 per cent in the southern ones. The River Main thus becomes an authropological line of significance. In general, the further south one goes the more brunettes he meets—South Bavaria mustering but 14 per cent blonds. Among the 75,376 Hebrew children the mixed type predominates also, the pure brunettes outnumbering the pure blonds, however, three-fold. Whereas the relation of the blonds to the brunettes among the Christians is 31.8 to 14, that among the Jewish children is as 11.29 to 42. The gray-eyed and dark-haired predominate in the mixed type. Many other results were brought to light of more interest, however, to Germany, than to the world at large. Prof. Virchow has devoted years to study of this nature and his deductions may be accepted as categorical.—*Berlin Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

A ROMANTIC STORY.

The Playing of Old, Familiar Music Revives a Man from a Trance.

Among the men of a Spanish regiment sent to Havana about two years ago, was a certain Young Galician, a raw recruit, who became a prey to the most intense form of nostalgia after a very brief sojourn in that lovely, but feverish land, which has already devoured more than one hundred thousand soldier lives. The young recruit's condition became desperate — then changed suddenly into catalepsy. All efforts to revive him proved useless; finally the physicians attempted to sustain life by forcing open the soldier's mouth and pouring milk into his stomach. The effort was successful, and life was maintained week after week by artificial means. But still the trance could not be broken. Six months passed, and the soldier had neither spoken nor moved. His limbs, inert but flexible, preserved any position into which they were thrown—he would remain sitting if placed in a sitting posture, or even standing, if perfectly balanced upon his feet; but otherwise he continued lifeless as a statue. After the lapse of one whole year there was no change in his condition. Fifteen months passed—eighteen months—an uprecedented phenomenon! Then one of the attending physicians sent for a muneira (a popular stringed instrument peculiar to Northern Spain) and ordered a fellow countryman of the patient to play some of the old mountain airs upon it. The effect of the music was like witchcraft; the fixed eyes brightened, the long torpid muscles of the face began to quiver with such a trembling as the dead might feel at the first great summons of the resurrection. Astonished, the physician bade the musician continue; while another compatriot took the sufferer's unresisting hand and talked to him in the dialect of his own mountain village. He neither moved nor spoke, but the tears began to stream from his eyes so profusely that, fearing the result of too much emotion, the experiment was stopped. Then two days later the muneira was again brought in and the signs of life increased with its playing; the face resumed its natural color, the gaze its intelligence, the brain its functions. And gradually after many days of this musical healing, vital force returned and the soldier, one more well and strong, was able to leave the hospital forever. Needless to relate what a profound feeling this incident produced among the Spaniards of Havana—all of whom doubtless love their native land not less dearly than the simple soldier whose affection for it had so nearly condemned him to the grave, and who had been literally awakened from the death sleep by the voice of that land, speaking to him across the broad seas through the clumsy chords of a muneira. But these Spaniards have a charming and impulsive way of exhibiting sympathy, they do not merely utter words and extend hands. In this case they made the object of their interest a happy man—richer than most of his people at home, for he carries back with him to his mountain village the snug little sum of $8,000—quite a fortune for any Galacian peasant. Spite of revolution, fever, bad government and financial loss, the bond that fastens Cuba to Spain will not be easily broken; it is a bond of flesh stronger than a tether of steel. Love is a better safeguard of the foreign interests of the mother country than are bayonets; and since the day when Spanish ladies cut their hair to weave it into the portrait of a patriot, the affection of the Spanish colonists for Spain has lost none of its noble fire.—*N. O. Times-Democrat.*

LOCKED IN A ROOM.

Russell Sage Tells a Good Story on His Friend Cyrus W. Field.

A funny thing happened while we were at the Parker House in Boston recently. Mr. Field got locked into his room and could not get out. His performance was very funny, but it illustrates his intense energy and restlessness. You see, we had been up till aftertwelve o'clock fixing some papers. I think it was one o'clock before we went to our rooms. We had two rooms that opened into a small private hall, from which there was a door into the main hall. Just as we were going up the reporters all came after us. I would not stop to talk to the reporters. I never let them interview me, but Field stopped to talk with them. It was about 4:30 the next morning when I heard him in his room, I knew right away what was up, He had gotten up early to get the first copy of the paper to see what they said about things. Pretty soon I heard him go out in the small hall. It was not long after that till he was just raving. I made out from what he said that he had broken the key in the lock and could not open the door. He went back to his room and tried to ring the bell to communicate with the office, but they had just put in a new-fangled call bell and he did not know how to work it. He tried it three or four times and then went back to the door, where he stood and called "Porter" and "Hall boy," and climbed up and looked over the transom. I saw I was not to get any more sleep, so I went out where he was. Well, do you know that man from 4:30 until eight o'clock kept up an incessant calling, mingled with attempts to make the bell ring, pounding on the door, and other noises to attract the attention of some one to release us. Finally about 7.30 a man in the next room called out to know what was the matter and on finding out rang his bell and so brought up a bell boy. It was after eight o'clock when we were released, because they had to send for the locksmith, who had to take the lock off before it could be opened. I suppose I ought not to tell it on Cyrus, but really it was too good a joke to keep.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—The steamship Bothnia's chief pastry cook jumped into the sea in mid-ocean during the last voyage. He is the third seafaring cook who has done so within a year.—*N. Y. Sun.*

TEMPERANCE.

DRINKING ANNIE'S TEARS.

My treat, boys? Step up, I don't care if I do,
It's many a time I've been treated by you.
And, boys, I can tell you, it's many a time
With you at the bar I have spent my last dime
And gone reeling home, but you've both done the same.
We begun, I believe, with wine and champagne
Served in wafer-like glasses, light as the mist
That rolls from the sea which the sun-god has kissed.

We were then college students. Science and rhyme,
Art, music and Latin slipped down with our wine.
But stomach and brain got oc'rloaded, and so
We held to the drink and let all the rest go.
Success we had painted in glow light of pride,
Ambition and wealth swept away by the tide.
Love, social position and friends by the score,
We sacrificed all, but the demon craves more.
We gave him each one of life's blessings, 'tis true.
He asks for our souls and eternity, too.

Step up, boys, it's my treat, providing you'll take
The beverage I've chosen for old friendship's sake.
You wonder what mixture I've gotten up now?
No mixed drink for me, I'm sure you'll allow.
I have mixed my drinks well, rum, beer and champagne,
Strong drink to the stomach is death to the brain.
A drunkard has only the semblance of man,
The form of his Maker. Degraded, accurst,
The vilest of all living things and the worst.

But sometimes that bit of God's presence within
Which clings to a fellow in spite of his sin,
And sets him to thinking. Well, sometimes, you know,
The angel within us has worried us so
We have sworn to reform. We did it last year,
And we pledged to drink nothing stronger than beer.

We made up in quantity what it lacked in fire,
And watched the last glow of true manhood expire,
In excuses, poor phantoms, pride's tawdry hearse,
Concealing not death but humanity's curse.
We satisfied conscience, hushed whisperings of fear,
We three model Temperance men drinking our beer.

Drinks for three, if you please. We'll take the pure stuff;
Of soul-blighting mixtures we've had quite enough.
Don't scrimp the measure. Fill the glass to the brim,
With God's sparkling sunlight and glory thrown in;
Pure crystalized light from the vineyards above,
Drink it for the gods, from God's wine press of love.

What brought it about, this free lecture of mine,
What stirred up the depths of my soul against wine
And wine's variations? List, boys, while I tell:
You know how you left me that night at the well,
Blear-eyed and besotted with imbecile leer,
A real model Temperance man pickled in beer.

She met me, my guardian angel, so fair;
The nights dews lay damp in her beautiful hair;
The heart dews hung wet on her lashes, and lay
On her thin, pallid cheeks. Boys, you know the day
She came to my home, wife and helpmate to be,
The bonniest girl, and you both envied me.

The bright pansy blue has gone out of her eyes,
And her roses—O how I loathe and despise
The wretch who could blight them. No word of complaint
Or censure for me had my fair little saint.
She steadied my uncertain footsteps and led
The wreck of my manhood in silence to bed.

I called for a drink, as the demon of thirst—
The demon whose presence my life has accurst—
Raged within me. Annie obeyed my command
And brought me a drink with love's unweary hand.

As she passed it to me, one jewel tear fell
And was lost in the drink she brought from the well.
That tear sobered me, I had seen them before,
But I swore then and there I'd drink them no more.
I swore that the rest of my life's misspent years
I'd drink God's pure water, but not Annie's tears.

—*Rose Hartwick Thorpe.*

ON GROWING STRONG.

Purify the Blood with Water and Air—Don't Stimulate the Circulation with Liquor.

There are thousands of women all over the world who suffer very much from what they sometimes call general debility. They say they feel dull and heavy, indisposed to action, easily tired, and sometimes they imagine that they need some stimulant, and perhaps try ale or cider or something of the kind and fancy they feel better. This method of relief is a great mistake. The good effects produced are only temporary, and the evil which results may be lasting, not only through the life of the patient, but for generations to come. Indeed, the bad effects are even less likely to be seen in the one who resorts to this remedy than in her sons or grandchildren. Such are the laws of heredity.

Let us examine the causes of debility. As all action and feeling is dependent upon the state of the brain and nervous system, whatever weakens the brain and nerves must produce this feeling of depression of spirits, dullness, drowsiness and indisposition to exertion. The strength of the nervous system depends upon the supply of arterialized blood. If the blood is impure, either from breathing impure air, as, for example, in crowded cars, churches or unventilated rooms, we experience a sensation of dullness and drowsiness. There is not enough oxygen inhaled to vivify the little blood discs. Care, anxiety or trouble produce a similar result, for the reason that when under the influence of depressing emotions, we do not breathe in so much oxygen. The tendency is to sigh, or throw out the breath rather than to inhale it in deep, full breaths as we ought. A deep, full respiration of pure air is one of the best ways of promoting health and cheerfulness.

But the nerves also lose their vigor and power of receiving and retaining impressions, whenever the blood is rendered impure by the presence of effete atoms, worn-out particles or discs or an accumulation of bile. Moreover, the accumulations of poisonous matter in the blood must disturb and retard or quicken the circulation, and cause the heart to beat irregularly.

The eminent physiologist, Dr. J. W. Draper, of the New York university, says: "The functional activity of the brain depends on the copious supply of arterial blood. It is computed that one-fifth of the whole quantity in circulation is sent to this organ. It is delivered through the two internal carotid, and through the two vertebral arteries." Again, the same author says: "Whatever interferes with due arterialization, interferes with muscular power. This is the reason of the inability for exertion experienced in the thin air of mountain tops. The converse of this likewise holds good. The higher the rate of respiration the more energetic the muscular power, and therefore in birds which respire most perfectly, muscular contractility is exhibited with the greatest energy."

And in speaking of how nerve centers act he says: "The action of every ganglionic mechanism depends upon the existence of certain physical conditions, among which as being of paramount importance one may be discerned. It is the due supply of arterialized blood. If this be stopped but for a moment, the nerve mechanism loses its power, or if diminished, the display of its characteristic phenomena correspondingly declines. If, on the contrary, the supply be unduly great, or its oxidizing power artificially increased, there is a more energetic action. "Nay, even the accumulations of the effete products of the economy are sufficient to give rise to such diminutions of power, as we see when bile or urea is permitted to accumulate in the blood."

Inasmuch then as we find that debility is a result of impure blood, and that, conversely, strength of brain, nerve and muscle are in direct proportion to the supply of pure or arterialized blood, let us try to find out something about the blood, and how to keep it pure and abundant. Every drop of blood contains myriads of little living organisms. Each of these comes into existence, carries on its work, has its own life, grows old and dies. They are shaped like a wafer, round and flat, and are called blood cells, or discs, or blood globules. Without them we could not live. They pass their whole existence in serving us and giving us strength. They absorb the fresh air from the air cells as we inhale it, and the oxygen of the air turns each of them from a bluish color to a bright red, the color of the blood. Then these active, useful little carriers take the oxygen round and give it to all the tissues of the body, bringing color to the cheek, strength and vigor to the brain and muscle, and new life and health wherever they go. Again and again, thousands of times do the little blood discs go their rounds, but at last they wear out, pucker up and die, and the dead discs must go off in the bile through the liver, and new ones take their place.

Every time the heart pulsates twenty millions of these little organisms die. So we see how excitement, undue haste, overwork or emotion exhausts the strength. Intoxicants give temporary strength and exaltation by making the blood circulate rapidly, but the strength is artificial and soon exhausted, and then the patient is much worse than before, for several reasons, among which we may mention that the blood has been poisoned by the alcohol, and that the water in the system has been dried up by the alcohol, which has a strong affinity for water, and so the nerve tissues and brain being harder and less moist do not act easily. What becomes of the millions of blood cells that die every instant? They are carried off from the system by the eliminating organs, being "strained off as one of the constituents of bile from the liver."

The following analysis of the blood is interesting, showing that it is chiefly composed of water and these little red discs:

Water	784.00
Albumen	70.00
Fibrin	2.20
Discs	131.00
Fats	1.30
Salts	6.03
Biliary Matter, etc	5.47
	1,000.00

We can easily see how important is all this water as a vehicle to carry the discs and other ingredients about the system to give new life. It also serves to carry off the dead particles. We may live for some time without food, but we can not live long without water, and if the blood is impure the two most important things we can take to purify it are water and pure air.—*Anna Holyoke Howard, in Household.*

A Family Wrecked by Drink.

James Welsh, formerly a member of the New Jersey Senate, and his wife Sarah, were lately arrested in Philadelphia on a charge of drunkenness and neglecting their children, and were sent to the House of Correction for six months. Their sons, Thomas, fifteen years old, and Joseph, thirteen, were taken in charge by relatives, while two younger ones, eleven and five years old respectively, were given to the care of the Society to Protect Children from Cruelty. Welsh formerly lived in Monmouth County, N. J., and was at one time worth considerable property. He came to that city eleven years ago, and entered a downward course until his little fortune was swept away—ruined by rum. His wife also took to drink, and they gradually sank in the social scale until they had disposed of nearly all their furniture for rum. The earnings of the older boys were also spent to procure liquor, and the children were compelled to beg for the necessities of life. The case finally came to the notice of the officers of the Children's Society, and they had the unnatural parents arrested and committed. The family was found in a wretched condition in a room almost bare of furniture and reeking with filth and dirt.—*Philadelphia Herald.*

CHARLES BUXTON, M. P., brewer, is reported to have said: "Were it not for the beer-house and gin palace, pauperism would soon be nearly extinguished in England."

THE Temperance work makes steady progress. It is not a craze furious today and dumb to-morrow, but, as a cause, is a slow but permanent growth. —*United Presbyterian.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Four homing pigeons released in New York reached New Haven, Conn., eighty-seven miles distant, in sixty-seven minutes.

—The Union Pacific Base Ball Club, of Omaha, has a mascot in the shape of a big, fat colored man, whose chief duty is to sleep in the ball park the night before a game of ball.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Whenever the finishing touches are being put upon an important building, before it is opened to the public, there is always "an army of painters and decorators" at work on it: You never knew of anything smaller than "an army" to be thus employed.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Cotton was cultivated in India 450 years before Christ, and was gathered from the field by hand, exactly as it is being done to-day. The seed was then separated from the fibre by hand, until the invention of the cotton-gin by Whitney, and this invention revolutionized the culture of cotton throughout the world.

—S. A. Wilson and wife, of Waltham, Mass., narrowly escaped suffocation one night recently. The sneezing of a cat awoke Mr. Wilson, and he found the room full of smoke. An alarm was given, and it was found that a fire had been started in the basement by an incendiary. If it had not been for pussy's sneeze the family would have met a terrible death.—*Boston Herald.*

—A novel conflict took place recently near St. Ann's, B. C., between a calf and a grown bull. During the battle the young bovine was caught between the horns of its opponent, and, says the local chronicler, "the conqueror marched off in triumph with his consanguineous and bellowing crown." The calf was extricated only by cutting off a third of the other animal's horns.

—Farmer (to country minister)—"I kin bring you in a couple bushels of apples, dominie, if you'd like 'em. I've a lot of 'em goin' to rot." Minister—"Thanks, Mr. Hayseed; I would be very glad to get them. Have you ever tried feeding them to hogs? I hear they are very fattening."—Farmer—"Yes, I've offered 'em to the hogs, but they won't touch 'em."—*Harpers' Bazar.*

—The unique idea of a Concord philosopher: "No mere collectivity can be a self. No aggregate, unless pervaded in every part by a continuous whole, can possibly attain any independent selfhood. A self is one which is separately alive. In this form it may exist without knowing it exists. The self can know itself only by discriminating itself from itself through self-related distinctions in itself."

—"Gentlemen," he said to the reporters, as the sheriff put the knot where it would do the most good, "will you grant me one last request before I die?" The reporters, to a man, said they would. "Then write me down as having been simply 'hanged,' not 'launched into eternity.' I'm no dude." This request caused some consternation among the younger reporters, but they all kept their word.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A scientist, discoursing on snakes, said: "I am told that out in Kansas there are snakes that catch hold of the legs of land turtles, or 'tortles,' as they call them here. A snake will swallow the hind leg of the 'tortle,' and, of course, can not swallow any more. Then the 'tortle' goes tramping about with the snake attached to his leg, and using the snake pretty roughly. The snake can not let go, for its teeth, which are turned back or inward, are locked fast. It keeps its hold until the leg becomes so decomposed that it drops off. That fact accounts for the great number of lame 'tortles' found in that country."—*Chicago Herald.*

—A two-foot alligator and two big artificial swans are in a fountain basin in Macon, Ga. The other day it was noticed that the alligator was not to be seen and that one of the swans seemed to be anchored close to the fountain. Investigation showed that some boys had tied the alligator to the swan to see him drag it around the basin, and that the 'gator had wound himself up around the fountain and could not come to the surface, and not only that, but had wound the string tightly around his mouth. When released he showed great pleasure, opening his jaws to their full extent, lashing the water with his tail and barking like a dog.

A Mechanic's Invention.

A Pittsburgh mechanic has invented a process for manufacturing window glass which, if successful, will revolutionize that industry. It consists of rolling the glass exactly as iron and steel are rolled, instead of blowing it. The melted glass is brought in a ball from the furnace and conveyed over the movable iron plates to the rollers. These rollers are heated underneath by natural gas flames coming from perforated pipes, thus maintaining the glass at a malleable heat and at the same temperature throughout its surface. It is estimated that ten times as much glass can be produced by this process in a given time as by blowing. Experienced glass workers say that the rolling is practicable if the glass is kept hot during the operation. In previous experiments the glass cooled so that it became brittle; but by the use of natural gas in the way proposed this difficulty is overcome.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

A Queer Old Custom.

In Persia they bottle up their tears as of old. This is done in the following manner. As the mourners are sitting around and weeping the master of ceremonies presents each one with a piece of cotton wool, with which he wipes off his tears. This cotton is afterward squeezed into a bottle and the tears are preserved as a powerful and efficacious remedy for reviving a dying man after every other means have failed. It is also employed as a charm against evil influences. This custom is probably alluded to in Psalm LVI., 8: "Put thou my tears into a bottle." The practice was once universal, as is found by the tear bottles which are found in almost every ancient tomb, for the ancients buried them with their dead as a proof of their affection.—*Exchange.*

THE MEXICAN WAR.

Area of the Territory Acquired by the United States Under the Guadalupe-Hidalgo Treaty.

The principal of the public debt of the United States was increased to the extent of $31,494,660 between July 1, 1846, and July 1, 1848. This was almost entirely due to the war between Mexico and this country, which had taken place within this period. The aggregate cost of that war, however, was about $100,000,000. This includes the amount paid by the United States to Mexico for the lands ceded to this country by the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, at the close of the war ($15,000,000), and the debts due by Mexico to United States' citizens ($3,500,000), which the United States agreed to assume, as well as the cost of fitting out troops and maintaining them in the field, and other expenses arising out of that contest. The following is the territory, with its area in square miles, acquired by the United States under that treaty:

California	157,801
Nevada	112,090
Arizona (except Gadsden purchase of 1850)	82,381
New Mexico (west of Rio Grande and north of Gadsden purchase)	42,090
Utah	84,476
Colorado (west of Rocky mountains)	29,500
Wyoming (southwestern portion)	14,320
Total	522,568

This is equivalent to 334,443,520 acres, and is two-thirds as large as the present area of the original thirteen States of the Union. It is much larger than the whole of the United States, including unexplored and unsurveyed territory, as it existed on April 30, 1803, (404,956 square miles), on the day the Louisiana purchase was made from France. It is much more than one-sixth as large as the entire land surface of the United States as it exists to-day (3,008,615 square miles), exclusive of Alaska. The territory acquired from Mexico under the treaty, indeed, comprises an area greater than that of Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas and Nebraska taken together.

The following was the population and valuation of property, real and personal, as reported by the census of 1880, in the territory acquired by the Guadalupe-Hidalgo treaty:

	Population.	*Property.*
California	864,694	$1,420,053,000
Nevada	62,266	69,000,000
Arizona	40,440	25,000,000
New Mexico	119,565	50,000,000
Utah	143,963	67,000,000
Colorado	194,327	149,000,000
Wyoming	20,789	20,000,000
Total	1,246,044	$1,788,000,000

That was the population and property valuation in the middle of 1880, six years ago. To-day, in the States and Territories named, the population based on the increase in the previous decade, may be set down as 1,500,000, and the value of property at $2,000,000,000. The aggregate area of Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, and Wyoming, however, was larger by 269,714 square miles in 1880, on account or additions made when they were organized into territories, than the area as given here in the deed of cession from Mexico. The area of California, Nevada, and Utah has remained comparatively unchanged. Making allowance for the enlarged area, the population now in the district acquired from Mexico under the treaty numbers about 1,000,000, while the property comprised in it has a valuation of about $1,300,000,000.

From a purely monetary point of view, therefore, the territory gained in the war of 1846-8 has paid the country thirteen times over for the entire cost of the contest by which it was acquired. The gold product of California from 1848, when gold was first discovered there, up to the end of 1885, aggregated about $1,200,000,000, and the gold and silver product of Nevada since 1862, at the date of the great silver discoveries in that State, have reached $550,000,000. These two products alone in the States named have paid the war expenditure seventeen times, and the supplies of these metals, according to the opinion of experts, are not yet half exhausted. If the value of the other mineral products and of the agricultural commodities yearly marketed from these States, as well as from the remaining portion of the district which was annexed to the United States at the same time, was taken into account, the balance on the credit side of the National ledger which that district has brought us would be vastly enlarged.

The war also led to the recognition and acquiesence by Mexico of the annexation of Texas to the United States. It likewise added seven hundred miles to our coast line on the Pacific, on the western boundary of California, which is of immense benefit to us from a military standpoint.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

SOLD BY A HOOSIER.

How an Indiana Farmer Entertained a Chicago Drummer.

Here is a story by a brakeman. Maybe it's a chestnut, but if so it's the brakeman's fault. Coming in over the Monon route a few days ago a Chicago drummer sat musing by the open window and wiping perspiration and coal soot from his brow, and, of course, occupying two seats. Down in Indiana some place a native came in the smoker, and says:

"Shove along, stranger, an' give a feller a show. Been killing hogs and feel all used up."

Then the native sat down and settled himself comfortably, much to the drummer's disgust, and resumed:

"Say, stranger, killing hogs is hard work. Did you ever kill any hogs?"

But the drummer did not condescend to answer.

"By gosh," continued the irrepressible Hoosier, "we killed the biggest hog yesterday that was ever killed in Injeany. How much do you s'pose that hog weighed?"

Still no answer.

"He was so tarnal big that it took eight of us to lift him up to the hamstick, it did, b' gosh. You hain't no idea how much that hog weighed, have you stranger?"

"No, I haven't," the drummer finally blurted out; "how much did your darned old hog weigh?"

"I don't know, mister. We didn't weigh him!"—*Chicago Herald.*

MAKING MANURE.

A Few Points on the Application of Alkalies and Muck to the Soil.

Alakalies and muck are within the command of almost every farmer. Lime is not within reach, and, besides, requires no small skill in its management. In the preparation of manure price is every thing. Muck may be called worth 50 cents a cord, and the labor of digging say $1; mix through the cord of muck sixty pounds of soda ash, the cheapest alkali there is at the present time, costing from 1½ to 2 cents a pound according to quantity purchased (two pounds of soda ash are equal in alkaline strength to three pounds of potash), making a cord of muck equal in value to a cord of cow dung at a cost of from $2.40 to $2.70, to which is to be added the cost of labor for mixing. Many have used lime with muck to neutralize the acid contained in it, and have been disappointed in the results of its application when used on the land, consequently condemning it. Lime in excess renders muck insoluble, granting it to have been in a soluble state.

Lime changes vegetable fiber into soluble geine, or vegetable matter, but being applied in excess it forms an insoluble salt. Now, by the supposition, there was no great excess of vegetable matter, and the lime, rendering only a small portion of that soluble, is itself, then, always in excess, and though it converts, it at the same time locks up the vegetable matter which it had converted.

If lime is used on muck, salt should be used with it. In doing this, lime is converted into a perfectly soluble salt.

The soda is eliminated caustic, acts on the vegetable matter, renders it soluble.

During the exposure to the volumes of carbonic acid evolved from the muck, the caustic odor becomes carbonated. The carbonate of soda immediately decomposes the soluble salt of lime, and an insoluble salt of lime, with a soluble salt of soda, is the result. The effect of these various actions is, first, the vegetable matter is made soluble, ammonia evolved, which is converted into a nitrate, carbonate of lime produced, which acts as that does in spent ashes, and a soluble salt of soda, or common salt, remains in the mass, producing still further good effects when its alkali is let loose by the action of growing plants. Here are rounds of changes taking place, which, though the farmer may not readily understand, he may produce with lime and common salt.

By mixing quicklime with common salt its soda is let loose, the acid combines with the lime, forming a soluble salts of lime, and as long as the soda remains caustic it has no effect on the muriate of lime; but as soon as the soda becomes mild or carbonated, decomposition of the muriate of lime is produced, and the common salt is regenerated. Commencing then with the quicklime and salt, we pass on to a soluble salt of lime and caustic soda, and from that to mild soda, and to carbonate of lime and the original common salt, and these in decaying soil are mutually decomposed, and reform carbonate of soda.

This explains the beneficial effect on adding lime to the muck from salt marshes, so different from adding lime to the muck from fresh water swamps.

Salt water muck mixed with lime has been very successfully used. The muck being saturated with salt water from its natural position, is dug out, partially dried and mixed with about one-seventh of its bulk of slacked lime. It soon heats, ferments strongly, and when used soon after as manure produces excellent effects. Making manure is a fine art too little studied by farmers.—*Boston Post.*

THE FARMER'S REVENGE.

How an Old Agriculturist Got Even with a Talkative Drug Dispenser.

An angular old farmer dropped into a Fourth street drug store the other day and accosted the proprietor thus:

"D'ye remember the medicine ye sold me t'other day for hog cholera?"

"Yes; wasn't it good?"

"O, yes, it was very good; and you'll remember that you said it would also cure the colic in horses and cows?"

"Yes, I guaranteed that."

"And it would also cure every disease that chickens have and make hens lay, wouldn't it?"

"It was recommended to do all that."

"Who did the recommending?"

"The manufacturers."

"Well, I guess they must know about what they're sayin', and the only way I can explain it is that my hens and cows and pigs are built different from other people's."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Matter! Nothing, only every darned animal on the place that tried the stuff is dead now. The hogs seemed to be doing pretty good until they tried that cure, and then they hustled around to see which could die the fastest. And then the hens commenced the same way, and we had to use up about half my farm to make a grave big enough for them. My two boys were out counting the slain when I left."

"How unfortunate! What will you do about it?"

"Nothing. As I came to town I called in at your stock farm and fed the rest of the cure to your cattle, so I guess we'll be on an equal footing before night. You see, I didn't want all the sympathy to be on one side."

"You—fed—it to my cattle?"

"Yes, and four of 'em died 'fore I left. Oh, I tell you there's nothing like using a medicine that is warranted."—*St. Louis Whip.*

—The amount of matter in solution annually poured into the Gulf of Mexico by the Mississippi is estimated at 150,000,000 tons, at which rate one foot of land over the whole basin would be removed in four thousand years. Similar calculations applied to the St. Lawrence, La Plata and the Amazon reach the result that one hundred tons per square mile are removed from the American continent every year. Again, it is calculated that not less than one cubic mile of earth is deposited every year in the Atlantic from America, Africa, Europe and Asia.—*Chicago Times.*

LINCOLN'S FUNERAL CAR.

Now Used by the Section-Men of a Railroad Company in the Far West.

There is on the Marysville & Blue Valley branch of the Union Pacific road an old dilapidated car. Its exterior is in sad need of the painter's brush. Its interior is rough and dirty. It is fitted up with rough bunks, and is used to transport section hands from point to point. A close inspection, however, of its present condition will reveal features which would puzzle one who had seen it years ago. Here and there will be discovered a trace of gilding. The woodwork, if you scratch off the soot and dirt, will be found to be of solid mahogany and black walnut.

In short, it is a relic of faded gentility. Although it now "takes in lodgers," like the traditional landlady, it has "seen better days." This poor, old, shabby-genteel common-carrier was once considered the finest car ever built in the United States. Mechanics from all parts of the country, who were master workmen, were secured to work in its construction. It once shone resplendent in red velvet and gilding. It is, in short, the famous car "Abraham Lincoln."

This car was built in Alexandria, Va., in 1864. It was intended for a directors' car, to run on the military railroads; that is, the roads which ran into the section of the country where the heavy fighting was going on. These roads had either been seized from the Secessionists or appropriated by the Federals, as the case might be, and this car was used by the directors of the roads and by the military officials.

It was at the time considered par excellence. It wore all the trappings belonging to wealth and rank. It shone resplendent in scarlet and gold. Soft turkey carpets covered its floor, velvet couches and chairs adorned its central reception-room. At one end were state-rooms for sleeping purposes. At the other was a dining-room and kitchen, over which presided a chief of supreme attainments in his profession.

Statesmen, famous over the civilized world, reclined on its upholstered couches and dined at its tables. The original cost of this car was something over thirty thousand dollars. When Lincoln was assasinated, to this car, his namesake, was entailed the duty of conveying his remains to Springfield.

From the performance of this duty the car attained a National reputation, and speculators began at once to make bids for it, with a view to putting it on exhibition in dime museums. To prevent this the car was bought up by Mr. Lincoln's old law partner, Mr. Ward H. Lamon, now a resident of Denver. He purchased it at a Government sale at Alexandria in 1865. Shortly after Mr. Lamon had bought it Secretary Stanton wrote him a letter begging that the car be kept out of the hands of exhibitors. This Mr. Lamon assured him was his intention.

In 1866 the car was sold by Mr. Lamon to Mr. Henry S. McComb, of Delaware, one of the directors of the Union Pacific, for that road. It then was used to bring out from New York Mr. T. C. Durant and a party who made a trip to what was then the western terminus of the road. At that time the different tribes of Indians along the line were throwing obstructions in the way of the further progress of the road, and in this car the officials met representatives of the various tribes to discuss the matter. On the return of the car to Omaha it was held there, and was used as an officers' car up to '69. It was then, on orders from Sydney Dillon, changed to an emigrant car, and remained in that service up to 1874. It was then sold to the Colorado Central for three thousand dollars, and marked "Colorado Central No. 4." It was used by the road as a chief engineer's car.

The old car has been knocked around from place to place, at every move descending lower and lower from its exalted height, until now, in its battered old age, it transfers the section hands from point to point over the road.—*Denver Tribune-Republican.*

VITAL STATISTICS.

Facts With Regard to the Birth and Death Rates of Various Nations.

Statisticians are bringing out some curious facts with regard to the birth and death rates of the leading nations of the world. Unfortunately, our tables are not as accurate as those collected in the European States. Abroad, there is a careful record of marriages, births and deaths. These are collected by us without any thoroughness, save only when a census is being taken. In England and Wales, it has been found that the birth-rate is 35.4, and the death-rate 20.5 per thousand persons. In Sweden, the birth-rate is 30.2, against a death-rate of 18.1. In the German Empire, birth-rate 39.3 and death-rate 26.1. Austria, 39.1 birth-rate, 29.6 death-rate. The official returns state that our annual birth-rate is 36, and death-rate 18, but clearly our birth-rate is much larger, as we are growing in numbers faster than any people on earth. Our increase is fully 10,000,000 since the last census was taken in 1880. Our colored population have a higher birth-rate than have the Southern whites. Among the latter it is 28.71, while for the colored it is 35.08. Although the death-rate of the blacks is quite large, still they are increasing relatively faster than the whites; it is also a curious fact that more colored females are born than whites, but taking blacks and whites together, the births of the males exceed those of the females.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

—A man named Simon Goulet was taken to the general hospital last night suffering from a dislocated jaw. Goulet, who is a prominent Rouge politician, was relating the triumphs of the recent Chambly election, when he laughed so heartily that he dislocated his jaw.—*Montreal Gazette.*

—A peculiar case of poisoning occurred the other day near New Brunswick, N. Y. A farmer was walking through his corn-field, when his arm was scratched in some way by a corn-stalk. The arm swelled up and the farmer died the next day.

CRUEL LAWS.

A Startling Bit of Information for the Mothers of the Land.

Millions of mothers all over the United States gather their little ones around them, never dreaming that by the law they have no right to these children. They do not know that the sole legal right to the children rests with the father in all except three of the States. Most men do not know it. A majority of fathers, if they did know it, would never assert their right as against the mother. But now and then a father, who is as bad as the law, knows his legal rights and assumes them.

Not long ago, within a short ride of Boston by rail, lived a young man and his wife and their seven-months-old baby. Apparently they were at peace and prosperous. One day the husband told his wife at noon that a certain family had sent her an earnest invitation to spend the afternoon. The wife said she "had too many things to do that day to go to visit." But the husband said: "You ought to go when they send for you. I will take care of the baby. Thus urged the wife made ready and went. At six o'clock she came home. The house was locked, husband and baby gone. There was no letter to explain this sudden and unexpected absence. The neighbors knew nothing. Overwhelmed with grief and heartache for her nursing baby, the poor mother consulted a lawyer. By his advice she forced an entrance to the house. How empty and desolate it seemed! It was evident that the husband had exercised his legal right and taken the child where he pleased. All the neighbors sympathized with the wife. Men said that "if the wretch ever returned he would deserve to be tarred and feathered." Execration was loud, deep and abundant, but one quiet woman who knew the law said: "He is only as bad as the law which allows him the sole right to the child." But every man said there was no such law. It was only after reference to the statutes they could admit that here in Massachusetts a married father has a legal right to rob his wife of her children, and that men who were so cruel, mean and dastardly were only as bad as the law. There was but one opinion of the law and of the man. But that could not restore the tender, helpless babe to its mother. If others could sleep and rest there was neither sleep nor rest for her. The parents of this husband lived in Canada. It was most likely he had taken the child to them. She had been to their home and knew how to find it. Making such arrangements as were possible she started for Canada. The same night her husband returned. Not finding his wife, he surmised that she had gone for the child. He had carried it to his parents. He telegraphed them to take the child away and hide it. This they did. When the young mother appeared at the door of the parents of her husband with this measureless grief in her heart, his mother met her at the door. One would suppose that the heart of the old mother would have melted in sympathy for this grief-stricken young one. But not so. She sympathized with her son. It can not now be told how it was managed, but she found the little one in a hot attic, evidently not having been even washed since it left home, and she took it to her own father's house, where she is to-day in dread of what may happen to her and to it.

The brother of this cruel father took his child a few years ago away from its mother. Her relatives paid him seven hundred dollars to bring it back. It is supposed that this man hoped to make money by a similar torture of his wife.—*Lucy Stone, in Boston Globe.*

Some Startling Figures.

What startling results one finds in our railway statistics! We have 340,000 miles of track—enough to girdle the earth a dozen times, with several thousand miles left for side-tracks. More than half of these lines were laid down at a cost of $6,000,000,000—enough to pay the public debt four times over. There are 50,000 engines, 50,000 passenger coaches and a million freight-cars, and over 4,000 patents have been taken out for inventions in railway machinery and appliances. Every year 300,000,000 tons of freight are carried. For moving this freight the companies receive an average of 1.29 cents per ton per mile, and for each passenger carried they get 2.51 cents per mile. It requires a half-million employes to run all these roads. And yet it was only fifty-six years ago that Peter Cooper ran the first steam-car from Baltimore to Ellicott's Mills at the unparalleled speed of a mile in every four and a third minutes!—*Baltimore American.*

Children Earning Money.

Children can not begin too young to earn money. If it is only a little—one egg for every dozen they find, pay for carrying the milk, a few cents per week for washing dishes, or bringing in the wood, or coal, or kindlings; so much for every towel they hem; or they may keep hens of their own, or a pig, or care for their own calf along with the other cattle—how much more interest they will take! There are an infinite number of ways in which a child can earn money, and that, too, without paying him for his little kindnesses to the home people, either; and, then, he has an almost inexpressible feeling of pride and independence when he buys something with his own earnings. There is no better servant in the world than this same money; but to be of most use, it must be rightly managed, and only experience can teach that lesson properly.—*Mrs. Nellie S. Kedzie, in Industrialist.*

—A Western paper describing a recent storm said: "The metal roof that was blown off the Watts block was lodged upon the office of a lawyer, who the day before had begun a foreclosure on the block."

—The Elizabeth (N. J.) young man who knew how to row but not to swim was drowned within seventy-five feet of the boat-house.

CURIOUS KENTUCKIANS.

Congressman Taulbee, of Kentucky, Tells How His Constituents Live.

Representative Taulbee, of Kentucky, comes from the mountain district of that State, and he lives in the region described in Charles Egbert Craddock's novels: There are 16,000 square miles of territory in his district. It comprises twenty counties and has one of the most curious populations in the world. I talked with Mr. Taulbee about it. Said he: "The district is very well described by Charles Egbert Craddock and the dialect is very much like that she puts in her stories, though I have never seen the language in in print before. The population is the product of the frontiersmen of several States. The first settlements in Kentucky were along the Ohio river and in the valleys of the Kentucky rivers. As the country became more settled civilization drove such of those of the early settlers who liked hunting and frontier life upward into the mountains. It was the same with Virginia and Tennessee. These huntsmen and frontiersmen married and intermarried and they have now become a separate people like unto no other in the world. They have been away from the civilization of the railroad, the telegraph and the daily newspaper, and they have grown into a language and customs of their own. They are a very patriotic people and during the late war, if you will look at the records in the War Department, you will find that my Congressional district furnished five Union regiments. They are very simple in their tastes and it does not take much in my country to make a man wealthy. If he has $2,500 he is considered well to do. If he has $10,000 he is rich."

"Tell me how the people live."

"There are very few towns, about two only to the county, and these will average about three hundred inhabitants each.

"The ordinary house is a log one, consisting of two rooms, with boards shaved smooth with a draw knife, or split, nailed over the cracks between the logs. One of the rooms is used for a sleeping room and the other is the living room, dining room, kitchen and parlor, all in one, in which the family stay during the day-time. There is but one sleeping room for a whole family, and when they have guests visiting them these turn in and sleep in the same room. There are a number of beds used, and a stranger always gets the best bed. They are very modest with it all. They turn their backs if they are up, while the others of the family are undressing, or if they are in bed they will cover up their heads until you have completed your nightly toilet. It is the custom, you know, and I think our people are noted for their large proportion of virtuous women. Virtue is as much respected in the mountains as anywhere else in the world. These mountaineers are very hospitable. They entertain you and give you the best they have, and if you offer to pay they will refuse and say they do not make their money that way. The little money they do make comes from farming. You have heard of the feuds of these mountaineers. I have nearly a half score of murder cases to defend in one county on account of them. I know a place where two families have been fighting each other for a generation, and where the different families of the two tribes never go out to work except in squads, and they always carry Winchester rifles with them."

"Is the country improving?"

"Well, yes, somewhat; but civilization comes slowly in the mountains. We have not the best facilities for education, and, though the people want their children educated, they use native teachers and they do not push matters like you do in the North."—*Washington Cor. Cleveland Leader.*

JENNER'S STRUGGLES.

Interesting Points Concerning His Discovery of Small-Pox Vaccination.

Although Jenner was forty-nine years old before he made vaccination known to the world, the subject had attracted his attention when only a youthful apprentice to a country surgeon. He was convinced that the current methods of treating cow-pox and small-pox were capable of improvement, and he set himself to study the nature of the disease. But for many years after his opinions were made known to the medical faculty they were contemptuously scouted. He had first of all to prove, contrary to the prevalent belief, that what was called cow-pox was not a certain preventive of small-pox. Then he had to trace out the nature of the difference in the diseases to which cows are subject, and to ascertain which of them possessed the protective virtue against small-pox. After repeated failures he made the grand discovery that it is "only in a certain condition of the pustule that the virus is capable of imparting its protective power to the human constitution." It was on the 14th of May, 1799, that he first put his theory to the test by transferring cow-pox by inoculation from one human being to the other. It was two years later, however, before his famous "Inquiry into the Causes and Effects of the Variolæ Vaccinæ" was published. Henry Clive was the first London doctor to put the thing to the test, and he is credited with performing the first successful vaccination in London. Other cases followed, and Lady Frances Morgan (afterward Lady Ducie) was the first lady of rank to have a child vaccinated.—*All the Year Round.*

A Price Upon His Head.

He was a noted desperado. He had killed thirty-eight men in open combat, to say nothing of those he had shot from behind doors. Yet he was rich, prosperous and respected and kept his his own hearse. There was nothing in his appearance to indicate his desperate character except that his coat was unusually gored at the waist. Yet there a price was set upon his head.

It was not a large price, all things considered.

It was printed conspicuously upon a ticket which decorated the band of his slop-shop sombrero, and which read:

"This style, fifty cents."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A TRAVELING SALESMAN.

"Why, hello, Hammond! Turned up again?"

"Yes, with you once more, Edelin. Not here on business this time, however, on the way back to New York."

He was a handsome and engaging fellow, this Harry Hammond, and his voice had a hearty freshness in it as he replied to the clerk in the office of the Mansion House, Baltimore, this crisp May evening on which our story opens.

For several years he had been one of the most valuable travelers of the famous New York house of Smart & Main. He had finished Baltimore some weeks previous; and said good-bye to the hotel clerk, with whom he had formed quite an acquaintance; and, as on former occasions of the traveling season, Edelin (how many commercial travelers may recall that gentlemanly clerk's individuality?) had not expected to see him again for months.

Yet here was Hammond, sprung almost with the suddenness of a jack from a box, grip in hand, and smilingly requested;

"The same old room, Edelin, if it's vacant, please,"

Something out of the usual course was transpiring within the life of the young traveler. He was of fine physique, manly countenance, affable manner, a fine conversationalist, without over-effusiveness, 38 years of age, and—a bachelor. A well-kept man, too, was he, being a living example of the denial of the world's general opinion of men of his craft; for the opinion is unjustly popular that the commercial traveler is comprised, on the average, of mere mechanism, brass, dudish vanity, and dissolute attributes, selling by stereotyped persistency and obnoxious ubiquitousness, spending the whole of a salary upon the vain back, or dissipating whatever small balance there may be in riotous living along the road. The actual character, however, of this "average" should demand close study on the part of would-be censors, The profession involves a high order of intelligence, a superior quickness of perception, an essential keenness of business method, a constantly proper care of person and morals, and a dignity in keeping with the commercial prominence of the firm they represent. Their contact with the world yields them a vast experience in men and methods, and the very roughness of the world imparts a polish of manner worthy of imitation by many who profess to be, but fall far short of the title of gentlemen.

Many are the strange experiences that these working bees of the merchant hive tell.

But the most romantic of his own life was that which befell Hammond on his visit to the Monumental City earlier in the season.

Among the merchants who had for some years bought regularly of Smart & Main was old Richard Girard, one of the "landmark" clothiers of Baltimore. Hammond was in favor with the old gentleman, and fair Laura Girard, who had long ago become acquainted with the handsome traveler at her father's immense establishment, was accustomed to greet him cordially whenever he came to the city.

Everyone must remember the extraordinary dullness of trade in the fall of '76—which was just the time that Hammond put in his appearance to take the merchant's order for the next season's stock.

He was requested to step into the private office at the rear, where Mr. Girard then was. But in a small ante-room he paused involuntarily, for a remarkable exclamation came to his ears in the voice of the beautiful Laura. She was evidently addressing her father, and her voice was almost sobbing.

"Dear father," she said, brokenly, "strive to bear up. Perhaps you are anticipating too much. This may be but a passing apprehension of yours, and——"

"No, no," interrupted his tremulous voice, "I fear it is already known on the street that I am on the verge of bankruptcy. I cannot see my way. Matters are indeed dark for me—— But there! I am sick at heart. I shall go home. I must have air." And abruptly he hurried forth to the street, whithout as much as noticing Hammond, who stood almost on the threshhold.

"Miss Girard!"

He broke softly upon her as she stood there, weeping silently.

"Mr. Hammond!" she exclaimed, startledly.

He quickly closed the door behind him, then for one instant gazed upon her without saying a word. He had always deemed her beautiful, but never was she so beautiful as now; pale in her sorrow and with the stain of tears on her soft cheeks. Then he mastered the warm emotion of love that possessed him, and said:

"Pardon my intrusion, please, I had called to see your father. I regret that I have accidently trespassed upon some private family grievance. I shall call again."

He bowed and left her. Whatever else might have been in his heart to say he left it unsaid,

Straight to the Suderintendent he went, and was heartily greeted.

"Ah, Hammond! we've been waiting for you. See!" and he produced a long list from an official-looking envelope.

"List ready for me, hey?" My samples came on ahead all right, then?"

"Yes, but Mr. Girard has ordered me to hold the list back——"

"Oh, that's all right. Let me have it. I have seen Mr, Girard."

(This was not altogether a fib).

Obtaining the order list he returned to the hotel. There was a letter awaiting him from Smart & Main. It inquired particularly about Richard Girard, who, the rumor from the agency said, was not sound.

Hastily he telegraphed to the firm:

"O. K. My word for it."

In a letter to the firm he inclosed Girard's order list.

It was then near 2 o'clock P. M. At 6 he must leave for Western Pennsylvania, then toward Chicago.

Thoughts of Laura Girard were haunting him. He resolved to attempt an interview with the beautiful girl before his departure, and his object may be readily divined.

Laura was "at home" to him when he called at the merchant's residence.

"Miss Girard, a second time I must beg of you to pardon my intrusion. But I leave town this evening, and before I go, I have something to say that must be spoken. I was an unintentional listener to what passed in your father's office to-day. I know why your father gave orders to withhold the customary list. But I believe Richard Girard to be a good business man and a safe one. I have presumed to take upon myself the responsibility of sending this information to the New York firm. Will you read?" and he handed her the letter from Smart & Main, together with a copy of his telegram.

When she had read she gasped in great agitation:

"But you can't know all——"

"Yes," smilingly. "I know, and I would stake my very life upon him!"

"Why do you do this?"

"Because I love you, Laura," came the plain, straightforward answer. "I have come here to-day to tell you this, and to ask—Laura!"

With the quick words and a quicker step he was by her side, and a mighty thrill pervaded him as he drew her, unresistingly, to his breast. He knew that he owned her heart—knew that she must have loved him before that minute, else she would not so readily have permitted the caresses.

* * * * * *

It was nearly nightfall when Richaad Girard returned from a second attendance at his office. When he came in his haggard face wore even a newer cast of worriment.

"A very remarkable thing has happened!" he exclaimed, suppressedly.

"What is it, father?"

"That young Hammond had the audacity to take the order list from Superintendent Mills, notwithstanding my express commands to withhold it."

And he added, decidedly, as Laura made no response:

"I shall write to-night to Smart & Main, countermanding the order; for I suppose, of course, he, Hammond, has sent it off."

"I would not do that, father."

"And why, pray? I don't see my way clear for ordering such a bill of goods in these hard times."

"Mr. Hammond is your friend. He has sent on the order. Perhaps you would like to see what he said of you to Smart & Main?"

She handed to him the letter and telegram which Hammond had left with her.

When he had read he frowned.

"What does it mean?"

"It means, father" with just the slightest tremor of voice, "that Mr. Hammond loves me, and ——"

"And you love him?" with a deeper frown.

"Yes."

He arose and walked deliberately to her side.

"Laura," he said, gently, but firmly, "I have nothing to score against Hammond. But business and matrimony are matters of different worlds—sentiment is in the untipodes. When you marry it shall be with some one of a higher grade than a mere traveling drummer of trade. Let this go no further. I accept Hammond's friendly *business* action; his sentimental advances to you, however, I emphatically forbid. As soon as possible I shall settle with Smart & Main."

* * * * * *

The sun had gone down, and the moon was up apace this lovely May evening, when Harry Hammond just in from the West, made a hasty toilet, at the Mansion House, and hastened to the home of his bethrothed, on Charles street.

It was an appointed night between the lovers; it had been agreed between them that Hammond should then, upon his return from the West, stop on the new "week's end" ticket, and ask Girard for his daughter Laura in marriage.

She anticipated the servant when his expected signal sounded at the bell. For a brief space they were locked in a close embrace:

Then releasing herself, she said:

"I think father is in the library. Come, we will go together to him. But I fear for the worst, Harry.

"Let us not fear—but come," he said.

They little knew what a scene was at that moment transpiring in the library.

Times had gone even harder than before with Richard Girard. The strikes throughout the Union had seriously depressed trade; in the very midst of his season the merchant found his business blocked at every turn. House after house had been mortgaged to sustain him in the ordeal, until now, his creditors having heard of his transactions, had closed in upon him like wolves—all, excepting Smart & Main, of New York, and he marveled at their quietness. The once powerful merchant actually found himself on the verge of ruin, with credit completely gone, when less than twenty thousand dollars would have "tided him over" and saved him.

In the library were the merchant, the lawyer, the notary, and a few of the most important creditors. Their conversation plainly indicated the climax of an assignment.

"Please affix your signature here, Mr. Girard."

Tremblingly the old man's hand received the pen; another moment and, through his tears of shame he would have signed away all that remained of a once proud fortune.

"Hold!" interposed a commanding voice,

Harry Hammond stepped into their midst, while Laura, in the doorway, gazed apprehensively upon the strange scene.

"That is, perhaps, a little premature," the young traveler said, blandly. "How much was it I overheard you remark, Mr. Attorney, that you figured Mr. Girard's liabilities?"

"Just eighteen thousand and ninety dollars, with a fraction of cents."

Hammond turned to the merchant.

"Mr. Girard, my draft for twenty thousand on the Chemical National Bank, of New York, is at your disposal. Request these gentlemen to meet you at your office to-morrow in banking hours, and receive your checks against the draft."

Not until the assembled creditors, the lawyer, and the attorney had departed did the dazed merchant recover from the mist of astoundment.

He saw his daughter tenderly folded in Hammond's arms, and both gazing expectantly toward him.

"Hammond, whence comes this money?"

"My savings, Mr. Girard, through many years of hard labor."

"How much have you saved?"

"Just twenty thousand."

"You have, then, given me all that you possessed! Then I shall be just and give to you all that I have in the world, my motherless child, my darling Laura. I know that she loves you, else a hundred times twenty thousand could not buy one of her kisses away from her old father. May God bless you!"

A sudden and wonderful change has come over the Baltimore house. In front is a new, gold-lettered sign bearing the firm name, "Girard & Hammond." There is to be a sound of wedding bells, while "the flowers that bloo——" but no matter. Hammond has retired from the road; old Richard Girard takes life easy in the gray and sear of a nearly ended career, riding at will in his comfortable private carriage once again. Laura is busy with her trousseau; and Hammond, the groom elect, is busy infusing the life of his younger blood, energy, and experience successfully into the fast recovering business of his partner and prospective father-in-law.—*The American Commercial Traveler.*

Excitement in Txas.

Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity of Paris, Tex., by the remarkable recovery of Mr. J. E. Corkey, who was so helpless he could not raise his head or turn in bed; everybody said he was dying of Consumption. A trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery was sent him. Finding relief, he bought a large bottle and a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills; by the time he had taken two boxes of Pills and two bottles of the Discovery, he was well and had gained in flesh thirty-six pounds. Trial bottles of this Great Discovery for Consumption free at Wm. Nydegger's.

The Pacific coast now produces yearly 1,500,000 cases of canned goods worth $4,500,000.

The Best Chill Medicine.

SALISBURY, MD., Aug. 1884.

Dear Sir:—I had the ague and chills and fever for six months, had taken several different medicines, but none done me any good. Through the recommendation of a friend I was induced to try "AROMANNA." I used one bottle and have not had a chill since.

JOHN PARSONS.

SALISBURY, MD., May 25, 1885.

Dear Sir:—I was cured of Dyspepsia by using two bottles of "AROMANNA."

MARY HEARN.

Price 25 and 85 cts. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland, Md.

He was walking to and fro in the depot, as waiting passengers will, and his face wore an expression of peace and contentment. All of a sudden a wave of anxiety and fear swept over it, and he began searching his pockets. His anxiety was so marked that several men approached him, and as he continued to turn his pockets wrong side out one of the crowd inquired: "Have you lost your wallet?" "Wallet? no! I—I changed my coat an hour ago, and I left a letter in the pocket, and—and—" "And by this time your wife has got it?" "Y—yes!" And every man in the group spoke up in chorus and advised him to take the one chance in a hundred—hire a hack and drive back home as fast as the horses could gallop.

"Bromley, I'm right in with you. It will take money, but it will pay handsomely. I have $10,000 at interest, which I can call in upon ten days' notice. If you can command the same amount——"

"But how is this, Darringer? Yesterday you made an awful poor mouth. You said you had no bonds, no stocks, no money at interest, and no——"

"Did I say it to you Bromley?"

"No; but to a stranger who sat just over there. I was by, you know."

"Oh, I remember. Well, do you know who the stranger was?"

"No."

"He was the assessor."

"Oh, I understand."—*Philadelphia Call.*

"I cannot travel on the cars at night," said Congressman Boyle, of Pennsylvania.

"Why?" asked a colleague.

"Because I was in that dreadful accident on the Youghiogheny Road last November," answered Mr. Boyle, "and lay for five hours under the wreck up to my neck in the freezing water. Don't you think that ought to account for my horror of railroad travel in the dark?"

"Yes, indeed," retorted his vicious companion, "and it also explains your aversion to cold water."

Congressmen take appalling liberties with each other.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Confined in the penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas, according to the St. Louis *Democrat*, are forty-five prisoners awaiting the Governor's signature to the death warrants.

The new silver certificates, it is declared, will be the finest paper money ever issued.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Miss Lilly Brown and Miss Mary Weber will open a

PRIVATE SCHOOL

for pupils of all grades, at the Oakland Public School Building, beginning

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, '86,

and continuing for a term of twelve weeks.

TERMS VERY MODERATE.

Circulars can be obtained at Sturgiss's Drug Store. 8 14 td.

WHITE BRONZE

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTON

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments, Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
6 17 t Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Shartzer's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

IMPROVED FARM FOR SALE!

I will sell my farm, on the headwaters of Deep Creek, adjoining lands of Ransey Browning, A. C. Browning and others, on the easiest terms. The farm contains one hundred acres of land, all under fence, and about 60 acres cleared. The improvements consist of a

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE

and large frame barn, young fruit trees, &c., &c. This farm is in a good neighborhood, about 4 miles from Deer Park, and about 8 miles from Oakland.

Reason for selling—advanced age.

Apply to or address

LUKE WOOD,
8 7 tf. Deer Park, Md.

MEAT MARKET!

The undersigned will have on hand, at his meat market in Oakland, every day, from 5 A. M. to 11 A. M.,

Fresh Beef, Mutton and Veal,

of the best quality and at fair prices. He will also run his wagon to

MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK

every day, and to

DEER PARK

every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday,

7 10 T. W. CASTEEL.

FOR SALE. AT A BARGAIN.

A large two-story frame house, with celler and basement, situated on the Oakland and Mountain Lake road, near the latter place, is offered for sale at a bargain.

There are about two acres of ground, good outbuildings, well of good water, and a number of large shade trees. One of the handsomest locations for a summer residence in this neighborhood.

For information apply to or address

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

f 24 DAVID LITTLE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 30th, 1886.

GOING EAST.

No. 2		7.20 A. M.
No. 66		5.56 A. M.
No. 6		12.35 P. M.
No. 4		11.53 P. M.
No. 82—Accommodation		5.10 P. M.
Way		11.36 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 1		9.34 P. M.
No. 65		5.55 P. M.
No. 5		3.57 P. M.
No. 3		4.41 A. M.
No. 81—Accommodation		9.36 A. M.
Way		11.36 A. M

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y

HENRY ALBRIGHT,

—Manufacturer of—

Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,

OAKLAND, MD.

☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done.
Nov. 21, 85.—1 y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

SIXTEEN ACRES OF LAND

at Altamont, Md., improved by a

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE

18 by 36 feet, two stories high. There are on this land two never failing springs of good water, and a running stream.

Situation Delightful!

Two miles from Deer Park, with excellent graded road

Excellent Situation for Summer Residence.

For particulars and terms apply to or address

J. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE, TRACTS & MILITARY LOTS.

The subscriber offers for sale the following lands in Garrett county:

"Bank Property," 1625 acres on Backbone Mountain, near West Virginia line. There is on this tract good Poplar, White and Red Oak, Chestnut, Birch and Sugar Timber, and the land when cleared, will make good farms.

"Friedland," 175 acres, near Accident, part improved.

A fine building site near Fort Pendleton, lot containing two acres.

Also the following Military Lots, containing 50 acres each:

Lots Nos. 4031 and 4032, with the well known Boiling Spring, two miles south of Deer Park, with which it is connected by a good road.

Lot No. 1914, on B. & Ohio R. R., East of Wilson's store.

Lots Nos. 361, 363, 364 and 365, near Ben Davis'.

Lot No. 390, West of Garrett Moon's.

Lots Nos. 371 and 377, West of (late) Hugh Cooper's.

Lot No. 383, East of (late) Elisha Harvey's.

Lot No. 1252, near West Virginia line.

WILLIAM I. BROWN,
Box 41, Oakland, Md.

Sept. 5th, 1885.—1 y

FOR SALE!

Steam Engine, Saw Mill and Shingle Machine.

I am authorized to sell a Fifteen Horse Power "Page" Engine, Saw Mill and Shingle Machine, with carriages, &c., complete, the property of Mrs. Eva F Riggs. The mill has been in use about five years and is in good running order. Will be sold cheap for cash or collateral which may be easily converted into cash. May be examined at Swanton, Md. Must be sold soon.

For price and terms address or apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

Sellers' Liver Pills.

Act Directly on the Liver.

CURES CHILLS AND FEVER, DYSPEPSIA, SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUS COLIC, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, PILES, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, DIZZINESS, TORPID LIVER, COATED TONGUE, SLEEPLESSNESS, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER AND STOMACH. If you do not "feel very well," a single pill at bed-time stimulates the stomach, restores the appetite, imparts vigor to the system.

They cure all diseases like magic. Get the right kind SELLERS' LIVER PILLS. Sold by druggists. Send for circular.

SELLERS MEDICINE CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence in Russell's brick house Second street.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.
3 15 ly.

SURVEYING!

Military lots located. Estimates of timber lands a specialty. Sales negotiated on reasonable terms. Areas computed by Logarithms—the only correct method.

HIRAM P. TASKER,
11 6 tf Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hoppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

F. A. THAYER, INSURANCE AGENT,

OAKLAND, MD.

Insures both Real and Personal Property at moderate rates.

☞ Represents Six First Class Companies

THE BEST FARM IMPLEMENTS.

Brown, New Champion and Delaware Wagons, Universal Roland and Double Shovel Plows, Champion Reapers and Mowers, Spring Wagons and Carriages, Grain Drills, Cider Mills, Orchilla Guano, Feed Cutters, Barbed Wire, Sewing Machines, Spring Harrows, Thomas Hay Rakes, Hay Forks and Carriers &c., &c.

EVERYTHING FULLY WARRANTED.

For sale by

J. M. DAVIS & SON.

February 24, 1886.—tf.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 10. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, SEPT. 25, 1886. NUMBER 30.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

VEGETABLES,

FRUITS, &C., &C.

Always on hand, as they come in market.

NEW CROP OF

TURNIP AND RUTABAGA SEEDS.

ALL RELIABLE.

VEGETABLE PLANTS of all kinds in season.

(MOSS ROSE.)

ROSES, and all kinds of Flowering Plants.

CUT FLOWERS

AND FLORAL DESIGNS,

for Funerals, &c., at short notice, at our old stand on Railroad street near Depot.

☞ Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

H. WEBER.

3 13 OAKLAND, MD.

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,

OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.

OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.

Is the place to buy

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints,

Oils Varnishes,

Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

☞ Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c

Physicians Prescriptions

Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.

Give me a call.

W. D. NYDEGGER.

AVOID MALARIA!

AND BREATHE THE SEA AIR!

THE STOCKTON, Atlantic City, N. J., Corner Atlantic and Maryland avenues, is now open. Guests are supplied with every comfort and convenience possible. The best summer hotel on the coast. Terms moderate; special rates to families. KEISEY & LEFLER, Proprietors. [Mention this paper.]

FOR SALE

In Deer Park a

TWO-STORY COTTAGE,

Hightly situated and containing seven rooms with front porches, back porch and bay windows. Good never failing well of water. Land in cultivation for garden with fruit trees and stable. Will be sold cheap and terms made reasonable. Title unquestionable.

Apply to

7 5 tf E. C. TILLSON, Deer Park, Md.

Valuable Real Estate

FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.

For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov 20 1880 1 y.

HELP for working people. Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, grandly successful. 50 cents to $5 easily earned every evening. That all who want may test the business we make this unparalleled offer. To all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE.

NO. 1.

MILITARY LOT NO. 219,

lying near Chisholm's Mill, in Ryans Glade, Garrett county. Well timbered and underlaid with coal. Unimproved. Will be sold cheap.

NO. 2.

Military Lots Nos. 2305 and 2307,

Unimproved timber lots, lying near Grantsville, part of the estate of the late Holmes Wiley.

NO. 3.

An Elegant New Residence

on Oak street, Oakland, Md., containing 8 rooms. Large lot improved by stable, carriage house, ice house, &c. Well of good water. Terms easy. Price, $2200.00.

NO. 4.

THE "WOODLAND FARM,"

situated on the road leading from Oakland to Accident, two miles from Oakland, containing 97 acres, well fenced and cultivated. Improved by a large first-class mansion house, suitable for a summer resort. The farm would suit for a first-class market garden or general farming.

NO. 5.

HOUSE AND LOT

On Oak street, Oakland, Md., comfortable dwelling. Well of good water and convenient outbuildings. Will sell at a bargain.

NO. 6.

600 ACRES OF LAND,

covered with white pine, spruce and white oak timber, and underlaid with coal, iron ore and fire clay. Water fall 71 feet. Steam saw mill on the premises doing a good business. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 8.

HOUSE AND LOT

On Liberty street in Oakland, 8 rooms. Good property.

In all cases we will furnish purchasers with an abstract of title and prepare deed without cost to them.

Full discription of the property contained in the above list will be given upon application.

NO. 9.

NEW DWELLING HOUSE

On Oak Street, 8 rooms and good cellar. Large livery stable attached; room for 18 horses and 15 vehicles. Good stand for business. Excellent opportunity for any desiring to go into livery business.

NO. 10.

100 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND

Near Oakland. Well timbered. Title indisputable. Price, $8 per acre.

NO. 11.

GOOD DWELLING & LARGE LOT

Near Court House. 10 rooms and out-buildings. Good well of soft water. Terms easy.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,

Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

J. LEE HARNE,

Sign and Ornamental Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS A. HAYDEN,

Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

VALUABLE

COAL & TIMBER LANDS

FOR SALE.

The undersigned offers for sale the following valuable Real Estate.

"BANK TERRITORY,"

containing 431 acres, and

"MOUNT PISGAH."

containing 170 acres.

Both of these tracts are well timbered and are underlaid with a vein of coal from 8 to 11 feet thick, an eleven foot vein being now opened and in operation on the tract known as "Bank Territory." This land lies on or near the line of the W. Va. C. R. R. I also offer for sale a tract of land containing 611 acres, lying and being situate in Grant county, W. Va., near Job Benline's. This tract is also well timbered and is supposed to be underlaid with coal. All of the aforesaid lands are well suited to farming and grazing purposes.

For any information concerning these lands terms, prices, &c., apply to Peddicord & Thayer, Attorneys-at-Law, Oakland, Md.

EMIL J. DELVAILLE.

May 25th 1886.—3m*

WIN more money than at anything else by taking an agency for the best selling book out. Beginners succeed grandly. None fail. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK Co., Portland, Maine.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. B. FAY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals. Also in adjoining counties of West Va.

☞ Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.

Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

EDWARD H. SINGELL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

(one door West of Sturgiss' Drug Store.)

Special attention given to Collections the negotiation of Loans.

Sept. 23, 1885.—1 y.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1c. 1-1y

T. J. PEDDICORD. F. A. THAYER

PEDDICORD & THAYER,

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 4 '84 1y

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

AND

SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.

July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

v3n47.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

All business attended to with promptness and fidelity. Particular attention given to Surveying and Investigation of land titles.

☞ Office on 2d Street. 5 19 tf

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,

RESIDENT DENTIST,

OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

v3 n18

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Offers his services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. Office and residence on Oak street, second house East of Catholic church.

Sept. 9, 1885.—1 y.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

2 5 3m.

VALUABLE

STOCK FARM

FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Wilink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

LAKE VIEW

PLANING MILL

is now in full operation, and prepared to fill orders for

Flooring, Weather-boarding, Sash, Doors, Frames, Brackets, and Mouldings of all Kinds,

☞ Will contract for the erection of buildings.

Orders solicited. Satisfaction guranteed.

C. RATHBURN,

MANAGER.

4 3 9m Mountain Lake Park, Md.

GOLD fields are scarce, but those who write to Stinson & Co. Portland, Maine, will receive free, full information about work which they can do and live at home, that will pay them from $5 to $25 per day. Some have earned over $50 in a day. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required. You are started free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of doing little fortunes. All is new.

COURTING AGAIN.

Although Farmer Tucker had long dreamed of a visit to Chautauqua, when he found himself at that Mecca of devout excursionists, the brawny man was tempted to doubt his own identity. The holiday surroundings were wholly unlike anything to which he was accustomed in his prosy New England home; the rich, crowded programme offered was in striking contrast to the dull monotony of farm life. When this son of toil first entered the auditorium, and saw the rustic amphitheater crowded with thousands of people listening breathlessly to the full, sweet tone of the grand organ, his ramped, selfish heart was strangely touched and expanded. For an instant the wish crept in that he had asked Jane if she would not like to come, too. But there was not much time for his own thoughts, for, as the music ceased, a white-haired gentleman arose, and announced the name of an orator who is well known from Maine to California.

"Well, now, it beats all to think I'm going to hear the man I've wanted to hear more'n twenty years," Farmer Tucker whispered to himself. The lecturer commenced his brief address with one of his inimitable descriptions. The story was of a man who applied for a divorce, and was advised by his eminent lawyer to try the effect of making love to his wife, as he had done before marrying her, instead of resorting to the measure he had proposed. It included, also, an account of a late visit, when the happy husband withdrew his application, and, fairly dancing with glee, assured the lawyer that his experiment had worked like a charm; that "Sally had become as amiable and affectionate a wife as a man could ask to have." His representation of the scene drew forth long applause, but Samuel Tucker's interest was of too serious a nature to permit him to join in the laughter. As if unconscious for a moment of the multitude about him, he said, in an undertone: "I'd be willing to take my oath that that wouldn't work with Jane. All I have to say is, that man's wife is different from mine; I'd as soon think of feeding serrup to a mummy as to begin sparking again with her."

At length he quieted his conscience with the determination to prove that his estimate of his wife was correct. "When I go home," he said to himself, "I'll just show the woman some little attentions, and I'll see they won't have any more effect on her than they would on the old bay mare. Jane's bound to be sullen and obstinate, and I suppose I may as well make up my mind to it."

On reaching home the resolution was not easily carried out. When Mr. Tucker planned some gallantry toward his wife, the very thought made him feel so unnatural and foolish that postponement resulted; but the Sabbath offered an opportunity that he improved.

The farm was nearly a mile from church, yet Samuel Tucker had for years been in the habit of driving home alone, leaving his wife to attend the Sunday School, and then walk home, as best she could, through mud or dust. Great was Mrs. Tucker's astonishment, therefore, on the Sabbath after his return, to find him waiting for her at the close of the Bible service. The faintest suspicion that he had driven back to church for her did not cross the good woman's mind; she supposed he had business with some of the brethren, and hesitated whether to walk on as usual or to suggest waiting for him; when the farmer called out, "It's just as cheap to ride as to walk." Silently the woman took her seat in the buggy and silently they drove home, much to the husband's satisfaction, for it seemed to him a proof of the woman's dull, inappreciative nature. "She didn't act pleased, but was only dazed like, as I knew she would be," he muttered, as he went about the midday "chores."

At the same time Mr. Tucker was conscious of having performed a most praiseworthy act, and felt so comfortable that he resolved to repeat the experiment. So, on the following Sabbath, Jane found her husband again in waiting, and, as she mounted the high buggy, ventured to utter a half audible "Thank you," and to ask Samuel if he had been waiting long, to which Mr. Tucker replied that he had just reached the church, and didn't know but what he might find she had started on foot. The reply seemed to Jane a positive assurance that her husband had really returned for the sole purpose of taking her home; and her chilled heart glowed with warmth unknown for years. She longed to tell her husband how much she appreciated his trouble, but imagined that it would sound "so foolish" that she kept her pleasure to herself.

The third Sabbath was rainy, and, as she washed the breakfast dishes, Mrs. Tucker kept thinking: "I wonder if Samuel means to come for me this noon. It would be such a help in the rain. I'm half a mind to ask him!" This resolution was soon stifled with the reasoning which had stifled many similar resolves in the past ten years: "No, I won't ask no favors; if he don't think enough of me to come, why he needn't." Although proudly unwilling to seek any attentions, Jane longed for some demonstration of her husband's love and care. She had walked home in the rain too often to greatly dread such exposure. But a week before the wife had tasted the joy of being considered, and longed for further proof of her companion's affection.

Mrs. Tuckes's heart leaped for joy when at noon she saw the old more's head from the lecture-room window. Indeed, her hungering heart became quite unmanageable, and, entering the carriage door, melted, Jane sobbed out:

"I'm sure it's very good of you, Samuel, to come for me this rainy day." And then the tears flowed so fast that further words were impossible.

Completely taken by surprise, Mr. Tucker exclaimed:

"I declare, I hadn't no idea you'd care so much about it."

"I wouldn't mind the walk," responded the wife, "but—Samuel—I'm so happy to—to have you—come."

The strong man was brushing away a tear from his own cheek; now his tenderer, better nature was mastering the hard, selfish spirit which had long possessed him, and, with coughing and choking, he said: "Jane, I see I've made an awful botch of our married life; if you've a mind to forgive me, I'll see if I can't treat you from day to day as a woman ought to be treated."

This confession was all too much for the weeping wife, and she answered quickly:

"You're not a bit more to blame than I am; I've been proud and obstinate; but I tell you what it is, we'll begin all over again."

The ice was now thoroughly broken, and that afternoon Farmer Tucker and his wife had a long talk over the past and future. And in the evening, when they were about to start for the prayer meeting to be held in the neighboring schoolhouse, the renewed husband stooped and kissed his wife, saying;

"Jane, I've been a thinking that married life ain't so different from farming or any other occupation. Now, I ain't such a fool as to think a field will keep a-yielding if I only enrich it once and plant it once. I have to go over the same ground every season; and here I suppose you was a-going to do as you always did when we were a-courting, without my doing my part at all."

"If I hadn't changed any maybe you would always have been as tender as you used to be," pleaded the wife.

"Perhaps so and perhaps not; but I don't mean to leave you to try no such plan. I tell you what it is Jane, I feel as if we hadn't really been married till to-day. It most seems as we ought to take a wedding tour."

"I'm afraid we'll have to wait until next summer for that," was the smiling response.

"I suppose we shall, but we'll take it then, certainly; and I'll tell you where we'll go, wife—that's to Chautauqua."

An Old Citizen Speaks.

Mr. J. M. Norris, an old resident of Rome, Ga., says that he had been badly troubled with Kidney Complaint for a great many years and with Eczema for three years; at times could scarcely walk and had tried many remedies without benefit, until he began taking Electric Bitters and anointing his hands and feet with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. This treatment afforded him great relief and he strongly recommends Electric Bitters to all who suffer with Kidney Complaints, or need a Blood Purifier. Sold by Wm. Nydegger.

The Indians originally owned America, and would still own it had they gone into the liquor business when the first white man arrived here.—*Phila. Herald.*

The Victory in Maine.

THE PINE TREE STATE LEADS.

Once more Maine utters to the Republicans of the Nation its own motto: "I lead." It leads in brave, frank warning that a third party is mischievous to the cause of temperance, a delusion and a snare, to be opposed with vigor and decision. It leads in the assurance that for protection to home labor, for the maintenance of the national faith and honor, for the rights of citizenship and the honored principles of the Republican party, the American people can yet be trusted. The blunder of 1884 must be corrected.

If any Republicans have been timid and distrustful, they can take heart of hope from the demonstration which Maine gives that the "Grand Old Party" is the party of victory and the party of the future.—*Utica, N. Y. Herald (Rep.)*

USEEUL FOR FUTURE REFERENCE.

The Republicans have won a splendid victory by going before the people upon the issue of the hour and without other influence or aid. The result shows that the Republicans can hold their own in the Northern States if they have the courage of their convictions.—*Boston Journal (Rep.)*

HOW IT STRIKES THE ENEMY.

Blaine has carried Maine. When we say that, it gives the Plumed Knight a chance to convince the Republicans elsewhere that he ought to be given another chance to carry other States two years hence, and we are as one with the Plumed Knight in devoutly hoping that he may make them think so.—*Boston Globe (Dem)*

LIKE A "POLLYWOG": MOSTLY HEAD

The third party movement in the State did not amount to much. The Prohibitionists thundered in the index and nowhere else.—*Brooklyn (In) Eagle.*

A DAMPER TO THE THIRD PARTY.

Blaine is still boss of Maine; he will carry his State with him to the National convention of '88. The Prohibitionists have fizzled and come out at the small end of the horn. The Democrats have not succeeded in making any inroads on the Republican majority. * * This does not look promising for a National movement. It will be a wet blanket for the Prohibitionists in other States who have been waiting to hear from Maine before starting to kill the Republican party in the nation.—*N. Y. World (Dem.)*

DISAPAOINTED ANGLERS.

It is not a year, to judge by Maine, of "stampedes." The Democratic hook, too thinly baited with third party movements, has not deceived the masses.—*Boston Advertiser (Rep)*

THE WORK OF MR. BLAINE.

The result has been brought about by the spirited speeches of Mr. Blaine expounding the great issues of the day and the confidence of the people in the wisdom and patriotism of the Republican party in the management of the affairs of the Pine Tree State and the whole country.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

For the present splendid victory the chief credit must be given to the energetic and able efforts of Mr. Blaine.—*Hartford Courant (Rep.)*

SUCCESS AND ITS SECRET.

Gen. Dingley ran far ahead of his ticket, and Tom Reed pulled through as usual. Mr. Reed has good luck as well as brains.—*N. Y. Sun.*

From a Grand Army Man.

ELLICOTT CITY, MD., 6 8, 1884.

Dear Sir:—I have been a sufferer for a long time with dyspepsia, and have tried most everything in the way of medicine, but nothing gave me any relief. I procured one bottle of your "AROMANNA," and had only been taking it about six days when I began to feel it was doing me good. I told a number of my neighbors what it had done for me and they commenced using it, and all agree with me that it is the only medicine that will do all that it is recommended to do. One thing about "AROMANNA," while it is acting and cleansing the system it does not weaken, but builds up, adds new strength and imparts new vigor. I do not think I can say too much in favor of it. You are free to use my name in any way you see best, to proclaim the merits of "AROMANNA." It will pay any sufferer to try it.

J. C. MOONEY, Adjutant

A. D. Reynolds, Post No. 23, G. A. R.

Price 25 and 75 cts. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland, Md.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

THE WHITE BRIGADE.

Let them prate about the bravery
  Of the blue coats, or the gray,
And the glory, and the honor
  Of the foremost in the fray.
There's none among the nations,
  Be he Cossack, Briton, Hun,
The hero of Sadowa,
  Or an Austerlitz well won,
That can equal me in grandeur,
  Or boast the rare delight
That is mine when through the sunset
  Creep the purple clouds of night,
And down upon the gloaming
  Drops the veil of deep'ning shade,
As I hear the footsteps patter
  Of my merry white brigade.

For I'm the greatest General
  In all this land of fame—
I'm not so very noted,
  And don't boast a wondrous name—
But I'll venture half my fortune,
  Which is not so very large,
That in all the famous battles
  There was never such a charge
As we make upon the pillows,
  When the tricksy Sprite of Sleep
With the curved and silken lashes
  Of my soldiers plays bo-peep!
They're not so great in numbers,
  Nor so very great in power,
But they're worth a hundred millions,
  Or a royal princess' dower,
And I often start in terror,
  As my heart grows half afraid,
That I shall some time lose them—
  My lovely white brigade!

How they charge upon the stairway,
  In their long and snow-white coats,
While clear upon the zephyrs
  Their merry laughter floats.
And they scarce obey my orders,
  As I give them here and there,
With the most austere of voices,
  That is lost upon the air.
Their "arms" are white and dimpled,
  Their bayonet a kiss,
And they often turn upon me,
  And stab me with its bliss.
They rumple up my collar,
  My hair they tumble down,
Regardless of my protests,
  Unmindful of my frown.
And though so brave a General,
  I'm sometimes half afraid
I've a lawless lot of soldiers
  In this little white brigade!

How many of them are there?
  I suppose they're only two.
But I sometimes think a hundred
  Have been loosed to dare and do;
For in the eyes of Donald,
  My loving little man,
Lives the veriest imp of mischief
  That ever led a van;
And the brown eyes of his sister,
  My wise and winsome Fay,
Reflect him as a mirror
  Reflects the light of day.
Ah me! the tears are falling;
  The years will slip away,
And Donald still a soldier
  Will be borne into the fray,
And Fay a woman's portion—
  To work and wait and weep—
Will find her sweetest treasures
  Not hers to hold or keep.
While I shall then be sitting,
  In the lonely evening shade,
To long with bitter longing
  For my little white brigade!

—*Birch Arnold, in Congregationalist.*

NO "INTEREST."

The Pretty Cashier and Her Unbusiness-like Investment.

There were no two ways about it: Cashier Butler must leave the bank temporarily for a long vacation, if he did not wish to leave it permanently for another world. Hard work and no play having wrought their inevitable effects, tired brain and fagged-out body imperatively called for rest. So he was to have a year's leave of absence, and on the first day of next quarter would begin doing what he had never done before in his life—nothing.

Who was to take his place? That question exercised the minds of all who were concerned, and of a good many who weren't, but particularly interested Nettie. Nettie was Mr. Butler's daughter, and as good and intelligent as she was pretty, which is saying a great deal—since everybody acknowledged her to be adorably pretty—but still no more than the truth. Brunette, with eyes like black diamonds and cheeks like the golden brown side of a fall apple; with a mouth that you ardently wanted to kiss until you perceived from the decided cut of the lips that you had better not try; with a nose which began very demurely as the staidest of Grecians and ended with an unexpected and enchanting little twist at the tip—in short, a darling; such was Nettie. For two years she had been her father's assistant in the Baalbec First National Bank—ever since she left school, in fact. From dropping in of odd afternoons to lighten his work when business was unusually pressing she had come to spending her whole day with him; and when he was allowed a clerk, who more suitable than she? It was an excellent plan. Her father liked it because he loved to have her with him and knew her qualifications for the position; Nettie liked it, because she helped her father and rendered herself independent at the same time; and the bank officers liked it, because they paid her not quite half what a man would have received for the same work. Thus all parties were pleased.

A vast number of things she learned in the First National. To see her with her bright, pleasant face irradiated by a smile which lit up that temple of Plutus like a rise in the rate of interest, you would never have taken her for the shrewd little financier she really was. She acquired first the ability to separate her work from her sympathies, and put womanly likes and dislikes entirely out of the question. She knew that, from a business point of view, Peter Coupon—thin, sallow, impolite, and "just horrid"—was, as he ought to be regarded by a cashier, a perfect Prince Charming, always to be given whatever he asked in the way of accommodation, while Charley Poor, as handsome as a picture, must be considered a veritable Beast, because Peter had collateral and Charley none. She learned that Smith might renew his notes till doomsday if he chose, being the seventh director's cousin, but that Jones was to be refused discounts under all circumstances, because he had voted against the president at town meeting. She was perfectly aware of the impending bankruptcy of Robinson, who was supposed absolutely safe, and had recently "donated" the fire-company a sumptuous electro-plated trumpet. She was equally well informed as to the high probability that Brown, universally thought almost a pauper, would eventually make a neat thing out of those Western lands of his; and, most wonderful of all, she never lisped a single word of these interesting secrets.

This being the state of the case, it is not surprising, in the midst of the speculations about Mr. Butler's successor, when name after name was suggested and rejected, and it began to be apparent that obtaining a new and competent cashier was not so easy as it might be, that the question should suddenly occur to Nettie: "Why shouldn't it be I?" For a moment her breath was fairly taken away, but when it came back she immediately made active use of it in broaching the idea to her father, who, much to her surprise, took it so coolly that she began to suspect he had been thinking of it himself. However that might be, he saw President Parr that very day, and made the proposition to him. The president hummed and hawed and consulted the directors, who likewise hummed and hawed. They thought the scheme most novel and revolutionary, and yet they could bring up no argument against it, except that such a thing had never been heard of before.

"Time it was, then," said Mr. Butler, who, as an efficient officer and a stockholder besides, could say what he pleased.

"But a lady bank cashier!" remonstrated a director.

"Why not, if she knows her business?"

Why not, indeed! There was certainly no reason.

"Then," went on Mr. Butler, "I can look in and advise her if she needs it—which she won't—and there are you gentlemen to supervise. Besides, if you don't take her, whom *can* you get?"

The officers felt the force of these arguments, and were still more influenced by motives of economy; and it all resulted in the choice of Miss Nettie P. Butler as acting cashier, at a salary that, even added to her father's half-pay, saved sundry dollars toward dividends, and in the employment of a bright (and cheap) youth as assistant. Then, the quarter being at an end, Mr. Butler turned his attention from finance to flowers, and began vigorously cultivating Bonstettins and "Jacks;" at the same time Nettie was solemnly notified of her election, more solemnly inducted into office, and most solemnly given an infinite quantity of instruction regarding her duties (by the president, who didn't know half so much about them as she did), and on a memorable Monday morning took her place behind the shining black-walnut counter of the Baalbec First National.

Of course people wondered and criticised—they always do—but Nettie paid no attention to them and a great deal to business, in consequence of which she succeeded so admirably that the whole board of seven directors were unable to find a mistake in her footings, although for the first week or two they collectively and individually moused them over as if they suspected a defalcation. But they couldn't have, for none had taken place, and it is notorious that directors never examine footings until the institution they direct has completely lost its own. So after a while the directors resumed their previous occupation of talking stocks or politics around the fire in the private room, and Nettie soon had as complete control as ever her father had. She showed herself worthy of it, too. She could solve the most mixed-up problem in partial payments, complicated with uneven periods of time, varying percentages, and all sorts of provoking allowances and drawbacks. She chased errors through tangled thickets of entries till they were run to earth and finally disposed of in some out-of-the-way corner of the great books; detected counterfeits like a financial Vidocq; and safely extricated the president from a dreadful muddle with the Treasury Department, into which he had somehow blundered. Her relations with the rival bank near by were no less creditable; for that institution's city-imported young man, who had at first treated her with supercilious patronage, was utterly routed in a controversy about a missing check, and covered with the deepest humiliation. Altogether the new official appeared to be "the right woman in the right place."

Harmon Curtis thought so, at any rate. Harmon was an old and very dear friend. He had been so ever since Nettie and he first met on the benches of the primary school, where, aged respectively five and seven, they struggled together through the First Reader, and helped each other on knotty points of the "four rules." Afterward they had gone in company up the other grades into the high-school class in book-keeping and mastered the intricacies of accounts side by side. Then Harmon, being very poor, entered a store, and being very ambitious, worked hard, forcing his way along from errand-boy to clerk, and from clerk to book-keeper, saving every cent he could the while, until he was able to go into the flour business for himself, though in a modest way, with fair hopes of success and fortune ahead—pretty far ahead it seemed sometimes. Perhaps he had other hopes, to which success and fortune were but means; it is quite probable. Perhaps, too, Miss Butler might have made a shrewd guess as to what they were. Nothing was ever said about them, however; only Harmon called regularly every Sunday evening soon after tea, and was invariably much surprised to find it ten o'clock when he had thought it hardly eight, and the morning after one of these calls he used to go to work like a young Hercules. Moreover, whenever he came into the bank to make a deposit, he generally staid a little while to talk—about business, presumably.

Yet he did not come in often on these errands, I am sorry to say; for, to tell the truth, Harmon seldom had very much to deposit. His capital, his market, his profits and his bank account were alike limited; in fact, the only things he had plenty of were courage and worry. Sometimes the crops would be so large that flour became a drug; then, just as he had sold out his stock at a well-nigh microscopic margin, those Western speculators would suddenly rush up prices and he would have to replenish at ruinous rates, besides having missed a fine chance for a lucrative "turn." Whatever he did always proved to be exactly the wrong thing, although through no fault of his. Luck seemed to be against him.

Yes, luck *was* against him, in more ways than one; for on a certain Sunday evening he walked into the Butler parlor as usual, to find that before-mentioned cashier of the rival bank comfortably seated there, engaged in an earnest conversation with Miss Nettie. The pair seemed to have amicably arranged their previous disputes and to be upon excellent terms, so far as Harmon could see. He did not have a pleasant time. The talk was largely "shop," and although Nettie changed the subject several times in order to include him, she was evidently interested in Mr. Bond's explanation of certain business points, and somehow the topic continually recurred, operating to Harmon's exclusion from the chat. Mr. Bond showed no intention of leaving, being apparently well entertained where he was; so that when Harmon departed, the intruder was still there. No, he did *not* have a pleasant time. And, what was worse, this trifling affair suggested some extremely disagreeable thoughts. How could he expect that others should not appreciate Nettie as well as himself? and what could he do to prevent their advances, having not the shadow of a claim upon her? Yet how could he venture to attempt to establish such a claim, situated as he was? He couldn't. Therefore he came to the conclusion that something must be done at once, that by great risks he must attain great results, and hasten the slow accumulation of dollar on dollar. Time was at once money and happiness to him.

A few days later it became generally known among Baalbec's merchants that young Curtis was plunging so recklessly that "make or break" was the sole alternative for him. Nettie heard the directors carelessly telling each other how, expecting an immediate advance, he had put every dollar of his capital into flour, paying in a draft at thirty days. If flour went down, she heard them say, Curtis must infallibly go up—as if flour and he were the two ends of a balance.

"Very imprudent young man—very," said old President Parr, coming out into the banking-room. "How does he stand with us, Miss Butler?"

"He has drawn his deposit, sir," answered Miss Butler in a rather unsteady voice.

"We hold no notes of his, I believe?"

"No sir."

"Ah! that's well. Condition shaky—very. And the president went back into the private parlor with an air of calm resignation to the decrees of commercial Providence, if there are any such.

His cashier was extremely uncertain in her behavior that day—almost cross—and for the first time since she had been in the institution her cash account wouldn't balance.

Henceforward somebody in Baalbec studied the provision market reports as closely as did that young man whose whole fate was involved in the rise or fall of "Goden Drop" and "Haxall." The reports were not pleasant reading for either, since, whatever else rose, flour did not, but went down every day—only by fractions, indeed, but still down; and any decline meant failure to our merchant, for if you can not pay quite all your debts, you are just as much ruined as though you couldn't pay any. There was no hope awaiting the chances of delay. That terrible draft would come, punctual as fate, on the 10th of the next month, and if not instantly honored—why, then bankruptcy. And the worst of it was that Harmon seemed to have changed. He made no more Sunday evening calls, and Nettie rarely even met him on the street. When she happened to do so he was friendly as ever, but reserved, and said not a word about his perilous venture or the crushing anxiety that weighed upon him. Very likely he thought she knew nothing of it. But about a week before the dreaded 10th he came into the bank one morning with a look and manner which told Nettie, the moment she saw him, that his errand was to raise money. Her accustomed eye had long since learned to detect and classify the *genus* borrower in all its different forms, especially in that of the impecunious or embarrassed loan seeker, who dares not show the eagerness he feels, and is more than half certain that his application will be denied. The varieties of this unfortunate being are as numerous as human characters and temperaments. The assumed confidence, like a thin crust over a seething maelstrom of doubts and fears; the studied carelessness of address, constantly betrayed by some involuntary exposure of uneasiness; the pitiably transparent fictions, imposing upon no one, and uncomfortably known by their author not to do so—all these are marks by which this particular species of borrower is readily recognized, accompanied as they are by a hundred trifling peculiarities of bearing and expression. When Nettie saw Harmon she gave a little gasp and turned slightly pale.

"Good morning," Nettie," said he, walking up to the counter and leaning upon it in a way that would have been unconcerned enough had it not been for the nervous drumming of his fingers upon the wood. "Beautiful day, isn't it? I dropped in to see whether you are rolling in wealth to such an extent that you don't know what to do with it."

"Well, not exactly," she answered, hardly looking up.

"And you can't give me, say, five hundred for a month or two, can you?"

Poor little girl! She knew that this was about the amount of next week's deficit—that if he could meet that draft and tide over the temporary depression in prices, he might be able to sell later on at an advance, or at least for enough to save himself. Time was what he needed, and this five hundred would give him time. But, on the other hand, she was boundby her duty not to grant the loan. The president had said nothing about it simply because to do so was perfectly needless, for no bank officer would or ought to lend one dollar to a man situated as Curtis was. Her father's precepts and example had indelibly impressed upon her mind the necessity of unwavering fidelity to the bank's interests, and that those interests were to be preferred to every other, personal or friendly. She knew what she must do; but, oh! it was very hard.

"You can't, then?" asked Harmon, rightly interpreting her hesitation.

Nettie looked him full in the face for the first time.

"No, Harmon," she said, "I can't."

Harmon understood without needing a word of explanation. "You are right," answered he; "I am afraid it would be an unsafe investment—now." He went out, saying no more. Back again in his counting room, he writhed under a feeling of humiliation such as he had never known before in all his manly, self-respecting life. Now the deed was done, he was obliged to confess that this last desperate attempt to save himself savored of meanness, for he perceived that deep down in his heart he had calculated to some extent upon this girl's friendship to obtain what no one would have given him on purely business grounds. And, too, he suddenly realized that, even if she had been weak enough to yield, he could not have taken advantage of a favor which would inevitably have seriously injured her with her employers.

"It has been a narrow escape for her," he thought; "but for me the mischief is done. Only for this I could go down with a clear conscience."

Yet he could not feel as kinlly toward Nettie as before, such is the inconsistency of human nature in general, and the unreasonableness of lovers in particular. Placed between regard for him and duty to others, she had preferred the latter; and while he acknowledged the justice of this, and indeed for worlds would have had her do no differently, still he felt an illogical jealousy of that duty, and could not help dimly associating her in his mind with the combination of hostile forces arrayed against him. Perhaps our hero is not especially heroic, but he is very man-like.

Meanwhile how fares it with the cashier? Not well, I am afraid; else why should she, after Harmon had departed, go to the great vault, open the safe, and remain with her pretty head inside that grim repository for several minutes, apparently much occupied in arranging its contents? No doubt the contents required this attention, however, since divers packages of railroad bonds were afterward found curiously marked with tiny blotches indicating the presence of moisture in the safe. For the second time during her cashiership the cash account wouldn't balance, and nothing seemed to go smoothly. It was the same the rest of the week, and the change in our young lady was so manifest that even the president asked her if she were not "slightly indisposed." But one morning—the morning of the fatal day—she came down to business the old Nettie again—and more. Whatever might be the cause, she fairly beamed and sparkled with joy. Her black eyes danced, her cheeks were perfect blush-roses, and altogether she looked so bewitching that the seventh director (who was a bachelor) felt his dried-up old heart disturbed by a passing regret that he should be fifty-eight years old, and bald into the bargain. How could Nettie be happy on this morning of all others, when lying among the papers on her table was a slip of paper which must be presented to a certain person before three o'clock that day? Her behavior was positively inexplicable. Nor was it made any plainer when, after writing a few lines, and doing something to one of the great ledgers (she gave one short sigh while thus employed), Nettie put on her hat, took the slip of paper, and cheerily tripped out to present it—in other words to ruin Harmon Curtis.

Harmon was sitting quietly at his desk about that same time, waiting for what he knew would speedily come. There would be a difference of four hundred and sixty-one dollars between his liabilities and his resources—not much, but enough for all practical purposes. In a few hours he would have failed. All the fruits of the hard-working, economizing years behind him were naught—all his efforts had been useless. He must begin the world again with the remembrance of failure ever hanging over him. Begin again! For what! Before he could retrieve his fortunes, if he ever could, the reward for which he toiled would be no longer for him. If he had never previously ventured to tell what lay in his heart, he certainly could not do it now. No, it made no difference what became of him—there was nothing to live for. In short, he had reached that stage of mental suffering where misfortune loses its power to pain, and it was with considerable real calmness that he cried: "Come in," hearing the knock he awaited. It was time for the bank messenger.

But the door opened, and Nettie came in. On seeing her, he found that there were still things which could wound him. This was the last straw. Why could she not have sent the clerk, as usual, and spared him the final pang of being disgraced in her presence, and by her own hand? If she could do this, she evidently cared nothing for him—not even enough to pity him. It was too much for the young man, worn out by the long strain of weeks, bold and sturdy as he was. He laid his head down upon the table and covered his face. A soft little hand on his forehead lifted it until his eyes fell upon two pieces of paper lying in front of him; one, the long-expected draft, and the other—why, the other was a check upon the First National for five hundred dollars, to Harmon Curtis or order, duly signed "Nettie P. Butler."

"That's the balance, isn't it, Harmon?" asked Miss Nettie, in the most business-like way imaginable.

"O, you darling! you darling!" cried he, seizing her in his arms and kissing her an unaccountable number of times. "All your savings—I know it is! And you did it for me?"

Nettie couldn't very well remain business-like any longer under such exceedingly unbusiness-like circumstances, and she didn't try. She simply said: "Yes, for you Harmon dear."

"Then you knew I loved you, and you understood why I didn't——"

"Of course I knew it—all the time."

"But I was always afraid. I didn't know——"

"Because you never asked me, goose!" said Miss Butler.

Well it took some time to get back any nearer to Baalbec than the seventh heaven, which is not in that immediate vicinity; but when they did, Harmon never made the least objection to receiving the check, because he was too truly a gentleman to do any thing of the kind. Nevertheless he did insist on giving her his note at six months, which she put into the bank to go through the usual course, that she might not hurt his pride, for she was a lady as well. It made little difference, though, for the very next week those Western speculators did one good deed, if the solitary one of their lives, by violently "bulling" flour, which rose to so dizzy a height that Harmon sold out at a profit which laid the foundations of his present large fortune; and, furthermore, before the note fell due it belonged to Harmon himself, as any lawyer will tell you, by right of his wife, nee Miss Nettie Butler.

President Parr attended the wedding and kissed the bride with a great deal of feeling. "Of course your husband will continue his account with us," he remarked. "Proud to have him. Very able and far-seeing young man, your husband—very."

"I never received a cent of interest on that investment of mine," said roguish Nettie to her husband, a few days after the ceremony.

"Mrs. Curtis!" declaimed Harmon, with mock pomposity, "*I* am the interest."—*Manley H. Pike, in Harper's Bazar.*

DANGERS OF DUST.

New Theory Concerning the Mode in Which Diseases Can Be Caught.

Darkness, damp and dust are potent agencies of disease. Everybody recognizes this; but how many fail to adopt its precepts! If there be sermons in stones, surely the summer dust and its dangers would prove a fruitful subject for medical discourse. There is as great a difference between London and country dust as there is between the corresponding muds. Pulverized matter would be harmless enough if it were deprived of its physical property of ready diffusion. The atmosphere is laden and swarms with particulate matter of highly complex nature. Its chief peril to living beings resides in the organic constituents. Largely this organic material consists of minute forms of life in a state of latency, only waiting for a spell of heat and moisture and a favorable amount of light, or it may be darkness, to awaken it into activity. The habits of individuals in every class of society, including the masses, are not calculated to diminish, but rather to augment, the amount of organic matter in our atmosphere. Mucus, saliva and humor, popularly known as "matter," must be discharged from the mouth and nostrils to the extent of many gallons daily and not a little of this comes from infective sources; while we venture to think that the bulk of it mingles with the dust of our streets and courts. If, as seems not unlikely, consumption is largely caused by "germs," then a very ready theory may be advocated concerning the mode in which the contagium is caught. Who can estimate the amount of mischief that the shaking of mats may have caused? How many young girls early in the morning on their way to business have, so to speak, received their death blow while inspiring, all unconscious of harm, some of the clouds of dust that always greet them? Who can tell? The abatement of this danger and nuisance is a difficulty that almost seems insurmountable. Much may be done by personal habits of prevention.—*Lancet.*

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

The Latest Styles in Toilet Accessories Millinery and Young Ladies' Costumes.

All sleeves are now very much trimmed in the upper part and quite plain downward from the elbow.

Among the accessories of the toilet which freshen and brighten it up we have for the coiffure the new fashion of small circles of white or colored silk tulle twisted round like a miniature turban, fastened by a jewel, and from the middle of which springs an aigrette of flowers or feathers. Young ladies also wear this small tulle puff with flowers or some fancy jewel in the middle; but young married ladies eagerly seize this opportunity of exhibiting some diamond brooch representing a flower, a bird or butterfly.

The first arrivals of fine millinery goods for autumn show but little change in the shapes of small bonnets. The favorite large hat, called the "Cavalier," has a high, rather tapering crown and a wide brim, nearly straight on one side and quite closely rolled on the other. The front of the brim is of medium width, but in the back it is very narrow, and in some shapes it is turned closely up against the crown.

The following is a pretty model for a young lady's autumn dress: It is of plain indigo-blue cashmere, and the same material brocaded all over with very small bright yellow crescents. The bodice, which is quite close-fitting, of the plain cashmere, forms three small flat plaits on each side, while the center part is of the brocaded material, simulating a plastron or plain vest, buttoned with small round buttons of dark-blue passementrie and finished into a point. At the back the bodice is continued into a small puffed-out postilion basque, which rests upon the draped tournure of the skirt. This skirt is of the dark-blue cashmere, draped diagonally in front, with tabs or panels of the brocaded material on each side, and a narrow fluting of the same showing just beyond the edge. The sleeves of the plain cashmere have, according to the new fashion, no facing or revers of any kind in the lower part, but a peaked trimming of the brocaded tissue from the shoulder down nearly to the elbow.—*N. Y. World.*

—To prevent the skin discoloring after a bruise, take a little dry starch or arrow-root, merely moisten it with cold water and place it on the injured part. This is best done immediately, so as to prevent the action of the air upon the skin.—*Farm and Fireside.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The Baptist Church at Scotch Plains, N. J., recently celebrated the centennial of its founding.

—Mr. Spurgeon has received a legacy for his orphanage of $2,000 from a gentleman who recently died in New Jersey, the first ever sent him from this country.

—All the Lutheran churches of the South were consolidated into one at the late General Synod or Council at Roanoke, Va. There are thirty thousand communicants.

—The Methodists in the West Indies are celebrating their centennial. Dr. Coke, with three missionaries, landed at St. John's Antigua, December 25, 1776, and there was established the first Wesleyan mission in the West Indies.

—Dr. Deems, the venerable pastor of the Church of the Strangers, in New York, has strong convictions upon the subject of closed churches, and expresses them very frankly. He keeps his church open all the year round, and always has a congregation.

—"My brethren," said a pious rabbi, "the preaching of the Torah to some people is like pouring water over a sponge; it soaks in and stays. To others it is like the wind blowing through a chicken coop. My experience of this Kehillah is that it contains more chicken coops than sponges."—*Hebrew Standard.*

—In an article published in the *Nouvelle Revue* a French traveler declares that there is scarcely a village in Syria without a Protestant church; more than one may be found even in the gorges of Mount Hermon. At Beyrout there is a German hospital and an American university, where the most practical sciences are taught, especially that of medicine.

—The stealing of two clocks from one of the Presbyterian churches in this city was a piece of cold-blooded cruelty. The amount of comfort and encouragement some people derive from an occasional glance at the clock during a service is not to be put into figures, unless one uses the Roman figures usually seen on the dial.—*Detroit Christian Herald.*

—The Chief Inspector of Schools at Taganrog, Russia, has issued an order forbidding girls frequenting the gymnasium and other scholastic establishments in this district from wearing any kind of unbecoming fashionable dress, stays, corsets, bustles, pads, high-heeled boots, tall hats, etc., and the parents of the girls are said to be very much pleased with this order.

—The Church Army is an evangelistic agency of the Church of England, and is modeled somewhat after the pattern of the Salvation Army. In some of the towns of England, but particularly in London, south and east, it has been doing excellent work. The army has concluded to extend its operations to India, where the members will adopt the native costume. It is difficult to see what good can come from the adoption of the native costume if they can not at the same time adopt the native speech.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—If our neighbors had as few faults as ourselves, what a pleasant world this would be to live in.—*Boston Courier.*

—A New York tea merchant throws in three packs of the best fire-crackers or torpedoes with every pound of tea. That explains the origin of gunpowder tea.

—Customer (looking at something labeled "country butter")—"Butterine?" Small boy (forgetting himself)—"Yes, there is butter in—saw 'im mix it myself."

—Yale College has established a chair of journalism. It is an old battered affair with three legs and a broomstick and filled with exchanges for a cushion.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—Although beauty is only skin deep and is often coupled by frivolity, it will get a seat in a crowded street car where plainness and common sense would be compelled to stand up.

—Woman's sphere.—

They talk about a woman's sphere,
As though it had a limit;
There's not a place in earth or heaven
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whispered yes or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it.

—A small boy in a bright Melrose family wanted something of his mother the other day when she was very busy writing. She was absorbed in her work and did not look up at his repeated "Mamma! mamma!" beside her elbow. "Well," said he at last, flinging away from her side in a pet, "It's no use to try to make my mamma hear when she is writing; she's just ignominious of everything!"—*Boston Record.*

—The man who minds his own business as he ought is seldom idle.——"Brilliant men are born with black eyes." Insolent men gets theirs later on.——The charity that begins at home sometimes ends there; it is too feeble to go out.——"Castles in the air are cheap." Not if a fellow has constantly to keep them in mental repair.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—A fly was gayly disporting himself upon the ceiling, when a spider, who had been watching the fly in the vain hope that he would come in his direction, finally called out: "I say, Mr. Fly, won't you drop in and be a little sociable this morning?" "Thanks," said the fly; "modesty forbids. I'm not in your line this morning." Moral—All folks are not fools, even if their heads are turned upside down occasionally.

Not Fixed for the Chances.

The son of a prominent Chicago minister went out to Montana to look up a business opening but soon returned with an empty pocket-book and no watch and chain.

"I am surprised to see you back so soon," said his father.

"Well, I feel somewhat that way myself."

"Didn't you strike a business chance out there that you could take advantage of?"

"I struck plenty of chances, but the fact is, father, I never held the right kind of a hand to take advantage of them. Can you let me have about five dollars?"—*Estelline (D. T.) Bell.*

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THE WHITE BRIGADE.

Let them prate about the bravery
  Of the blue coats, or the gray,
And the glory, and the honor
  Of the foremost in the fray.
There's none among the nations,
  Be he Cossack, Briton, Hun,
The hero of Sadowa,
  Or an Austerlitz well won,
That can equal me in grandeur,
  Or boast the rare delight
That is mine when through the sunset
  Creep the purple clouds of night,
And down upon the gloaming
  Drops the veil of deep'ning shade,
As I hear the footsteps patter
  Of my merry white brigade.

For I'm the greatest General
  In all this land of fame—
I'm not so very noted,
  And don't boast a wondrous name—
But I'll venture half my fortune,
  Which is not so very large,
That in all the famous battles
  There was never such a charge
As we make upon the pillows,
  When the tricksy Sprite of Sleep
With the curved and silken lashes
  Of my soldiers plays bo-peep!
They're not so great in numbers,
  Nor so very great in power,
But they're worth a hundred millions,
  Or a royal princess' dower,
And I often start in terror,
  As my heart grows half afraid,
That I shall some time lose them—
  My lovely white brigade!

How they charge upon the stairway,
  In their long and snow-white coats,
While clear upon the zephyrs
  Their merry laughter floats,
And they scarce obey my orders,
  As I give them here and there,
With the most austere of voices,
  That is lost upon the air.
Their "arms" are white and dimpled,
  Their bayonet a kiss,
And they often turn upon me,
  And stab me with its bliss.
They rumple up my collar,
  My hair they tumble down,
Regardless of my protests,
  Unmindful of my frown.
And though so brave a General,
  I'm sometimes half afraid
I've a lawless lot of soldiers
  In this little white brigade!

How many of them are there?
  I suppose they're only two.
But I sometimes think a hundred
  Have been loosed to dare and do;
For in the eyes of Donald,
  My loving little man,
Lives the veriest imp of mischief
  That ever led a van;
And the brown eyes of his sister,
  My wise and winsome Fay,
Reflect him as a mirror
  Reflects the light of day.
Ah me! the tears are falling;
  The years will slip away,
And Donald still a soldier
  Will be borne into the fray,
And Fay a woman's portion—
  To work and wait and weep—
Will find her sweetest treasures
  Not hers to hold or keep.
While I shall then be sitting,
  In the lonely evening shade,
To long with bitter longing
  For my little white brigade!

—*Birch Arnold, in Congregationalist.*

NO "INTEREST."

The Pretty Cashier and Her Unbusiness-like Investment.

There were no two ways about it: Cashier Butler must leave the bank temporarily for a long vacation, if he did not wish to leave it permanently for another world. Hard work and no play having wrought their inevitable effects, tired brain and fagged-out body imperatively called for rest. So he was to have a year's leave of absence, and on the first day of next quarter would begin doing what he had never done before in his life—nothing.

Who was to take his place? That question exercised the minds of all who were concerned, and of a good many who weren't, but particularly interested Nettie. Nettie was Mr. Butler's daughter, and as good and intelligent as she was pretty, which is saying a great deal—since everybody acknowledged her to be adorably pretty—but still no more than the truth. Brunette, with eyes like black diamonds and cheeks like the golden brown side of a fall apple; with a mouth that you ardently wanted to kiss until you perceived from the decided cut of the lips that you had better not try; with a nose which began very demurely as the staidest of Grecians and ended with an unexpected and enchanting little twist at the tip—in short, a darling; such was Nettie. For two years she had been her father's assistant in the Baalbec First National Bank—ever since she left school, in fact. From dropping in of odd afternoons to lighten his work when business was unusually pressing she had come to spending her whole day with him; and when he was allowed a clerk, who more suitable than she? It was an excellent plan. Her father liked it because he loved to have her with him and knew her qualifications for the position; Nettie liked it, because she helped her father and rendered herself independent at the same time; and the bank officers liked it, because they paid her not quite half what a man would have received for the same work. Thus all parties were pleased.

A vast number of things she learned in the First National. To see her with her bright, pleasant face irradiated by a smile which lit up that temple of Plutus like a rise in the rate of interest you would never have taken her for the shrewd little financier she really was. She acquired first the ability to separate her work from her sympathies, and put womanly likes and dislikes entirely out of the question. She knew that, from a business point of view, Peter Coupon—thin, sallow, impolite, and "just horrid"—was, as he ought to be regarded by a cashier, a perfect Prince Charming, always to be given whatever he asked in the way of accommodation, while Charley Poor, as handsome as a picture, must be considered a veritable Beast, because Peter had collateral and Charley none. She learned that Smith might renew his notes till doomsday if he chose, being the seventh director's cousin, but that Jones was to be refused discounts under all circumstances, because he had voted against the president at town meeting. She was perfectly aware of the impending bankruptcy of Robinson, who was supposed absolutely safe, and had recently "donated" the fire-company a sumptuous electro-plated trumpet. She was equally well informed as to the high probability that Brown, universally thought almost a pauper, would eventually make a neat thing out of those Western lands of his; and, most wonderful of all, she never lisped a single word of these interesting secrets.

This being the state of the case, it is not surprising, in the midst of the speculations about Mr. Butler's successor, when name after name was suggested and rejected, and it began to be apparent that obtaining a new and competent cashier was not so easy as it might be, that the question should suddenly occur to Nettie: "Why shouldn't it be I?" For a moment her breath was fairly taken away, but when it came back she immediately made active use of it in broaching the idea to her father, who, much to her surprise, took it so coolly that she began to suspect he had been thinking of it himself. However that might be, he saw President Parr that very day and made the proposition to him. The president hummed and hawed and consulted the directors, who likewise hummed and hawed. They thought the scheme most novel and revolutionary, and yet they could bring up no argument against it, except that such a thing had never been heard of before.

"Time it was, then," said Mr. Butler, who, as an efficient officer and a stockholder besides, could say what he pleased.

"But a lady bank cashier!" remonstrated a director.

"Why not, if she knows her business?"

Why not, indeed? There was certainly no reason.

"Then," went on Mr. Butler, "I can look in and advise her if she needs it—which she won't—and there are you gentlemen to supervise. Besides, if you don't take her, whom *can* you get?"

The officers felt the force of these arguments, and were still more influenced by motives of economy; and it all resulted in the choice of Miss Nettie P. Butler as acting cashier, at a salary that, even added to her father's half-pay, saved sundry dollars toward dividends, and in the employment of a bright (and cheap) youth as assistant. Then, the quarter being at an end, Mr. Butler turned his attention from finance to flowers, and began vigorously cultivating Bonstettins and "Jacks;" at the same time Nettie was solemnly notified of her election, more solemnly inducted into office, and most solemnly given an infinite quantity of instruction regarding her duties (by the president, who didn't know half so much about them as she did), and on a memorable Monday morning took her place behind the shining black-walnut counter of the Baalbec First National.

Of course people wondered and criticised—they always do—but Nettie paid no attention to them and a great deal to business, in consequence of which she succeeded so admirably that the whole board of seven directors were unable to find a mistake in her footings, although for the first week or two they collectively and individually moused them over as if they suspected a defalcation. But they couldn't have, for none had taken place, and it is notorious that directors never examine footings until the institution they direct has completely lost its own. So after a while the directors resumed their previous occupation of talking stocks or politics around the fire in the private room, and Nettie soon had as complete control as ever her father had. She showed herself worthy of it, too. She could solve the most mixed-up problem in partial payments, complicated with uneven periods of time, varying percentages, and all sorts of provoking allowances and drawbacks. She chased errors through tangled thickets of entries till they were run to earth and finally disposed of in some out-of-the-way corner of the great books; detected counterfeits like a financial Vidocq; and safely extricated the president from a dreadful muddle with the Treasury Department into which he had somehow blundered. Her relations with the rival bank near by were no less creditable; for that institution's city-imported young man, who had at first treated her with supercilious patronage, was utterly routed in a controversy about a missing check, and covered with the deepest humiliation. Altogether the new official appeared to be "the right woman in the right place."

Harmon Curtis thought so, at any rate. Harmon was an old and very dear friend. He had been so ever since Nettie and he first met on the benches of the primary school, where, aged respectively five and seven, they struggled together through the First Reader, and helped each other on knotty points of the "four rules." Afterward they had gone in company up the other grades into the high-school class in book-keeping and mastered the intricacies of accounts side by side. Then Harmon, being very poor, entered a store, and being very ambitious, worked hard, forcing his way along from errand-boy to clerk, and from clerk to book-keeper, saving every cent he could the while, until he was able to go into the flour business for himself, though in a modest way, with fair hopes of success and fortune ahead—pretty far ahead it seemed sometimes. Perhaps he had other hopes, to which success and fortune were but means; it is quite probable. Perhaps, too, Miss Butler might have made a shrewd guess as to what they were. Nothing was ever said about them, however; only Harmon called regularly every Sunday evening soon after tea, and was invariably much surprised to find it ten o'clock when he had thought it hardly eight, and the morning after one of these calls he used to go to work like a young Hercules. Moreover, whenever he came into the bank to make a deposit, he generally staid a little while to talk—about business, presumably.

Yet he did not come in often on these errands, I am sorry to say; for, to tell the truth, Harmon seldom had very much to deposit. His capital, his market, his profits and his bank account were alike limited; in fact, the only things he had plenty of were courage and worry. Sometimes the crops would be so large that flour became a drug; then, just as he had sold out his stock at a well-nigh microscopic margin, those Western speculators would suddenly rush up prices and he would have to replenish at ruinous rates, besides having missed a fine chance for a lucrative "turn." Whatever he did always proved to be exactly the wrong thing, although through no fault of his. Luck seemed to be against him.

Yes, luck *was* against him, in more ways than one; for on a certain Sunday evening he walked into the Butler parlor as usual, to find that before-mentioned cashier of the rival bank comfortably seated there, engaged in an earnest conversation with Miss Nettie. The pair seemed to have amicably arranged their previous disputes and to be upon excellent terms, so far as Harmon could see. He did not have a pleasant time. The talk was largely "shop," and although Nettie changed the subject several times in order to include him, she was evidently interested in Mr. Bond's explanation of certain business points, and somehow the topic continually recurred, operating to Harmon's exclusion from the chat. Mr. Bond showed no intention of leaving, being apparently well entertained where he was; so that when Harmon departed, the intruder was still there. No, he did *not* have a pleasant time. And, what was worse, this trifling affair suggested some extremely disagreeable thoughts. How could he expect that others should not appreciate Nettie as well as himself? and what could he do to prevent their advances, having not the shadow of a claim upon her? Yet how could he venture to attempt to establish such a claim, situated as he was? He couldn't. Therefore he came to the conclusion that something must be done at once, that by great risks he must attain great results, and hasten the slow accumulation of dollar on dollar. Time was at once money and happiness to him.

A few days later it became generally known among Baalbec's merchants that young Curtis was plunging so recklessly that "make or break" was the sole alternative for him. Nettie heard the directors carelessly telling each other how, expecting an immediate advance, he had put every dollar of his capital into flour, paying in a draft at thirty days. If flour went down, she heard them say, Curtis must infallibly go up—as if flour and he were the two ends of a balance.

"Very imprudent young man—very," said old President Parr, coming out into the banking-room. "How does he stand with us, Miss Butler?"

"He has drawn his deposit, sir," answered Miss Butler in a rather unsteady voice.

"We hold no notes of his, I believe?"

"No sir."

"Ah! that's well. Condition shaky—very. And the president went back into the private parlor with an air of calm resignation to the decrees of commercial Providence, if there are any such.

His cashier was extremely uncertain in her behavior that day—almost cross—and for the first time since she had been in the institution her cash account wouldn't balance.

Henceforward somebody in Baalbec studied the provision market reports as closely as did that young man whose whole fate was involved in the rise or fall of "Gouden Drop" and "Haxall." The reports were not pleasant reading for either, since, whatever else rose, flour did not, but went down every day—only by fractions, indeed, but still down; and any decline meant failure to our merchant, for if you can not pay quite all your debts, you are just as much ruined as though you couldn't pay any. There was no hope awaiting the chances of delay. That terrible draft would come, punctual as fate, on the 10th of the next month, and if not instantly honored—why, then bankruptcy. And the worst of it was that Harmon seemed to have changed. He made no more Sunday evening calls, and Nettie rarely even met him on the street. When she happened to do so he was friendly as ever, but reserved, and said not a word about his perilous venture or the crushing anxiety that weighed upon him. Very likely he thought she knew nothing of it. But about a week before the dreaded 10th he came into the bank one morning with a look and manner which told Nettie, the moment she saw him, that his errand was to raise money. Her accustomed eye had long since learned to detect and classify the *genus* borrower in all its different forms, especially in that of the impecunious or embarrassed loan seeker, who dares not show the eagerness he feels, and is more than half certain that his application will be denied. The varieties of this unfortunate being are as numerous as human characters and temperaments. The assumed confidence, like a thin crust over a seething maelstrom of doubts and fears; the studied carelessness of address, constantly betrayed by some involuntary exposure of uneasiness; the pitiably transparent fictions, imposing upon no one, and uncomfortably known by their author not to do so—all these are marks by which this particular species of borrower is readily recognized, accompanied as they are by a hundred trifling peculiarities of bearing and expression. When Nettie saw Harmon she gave a little gasp and turned slightly pale.

"Good morning," Nettie," said he, walking up to the counter and leaning upon it in a way that would have been unconcerned enough had it not been for the nervous drumming of his fingers upon the wood. "Beautiful day, isn't it? I dropped in to see whether you are rolling in wealth to such an extent that you don't know what to do with it."

"Well, not exactly," she answered, hardly looking up.

"And you can't give me, say, five hundred for a month or two, can you?"

Poor little girl! She knew that this was about the amount of next week's deficit—that if he could meet that draft and tide over the temporary depression in prices, he might be able to sell later on at an advance, or at least for enough to save himself. Time was what he needed, and this five hundred would give him time. But, on the other hand, she was boundby her duty not to grant the loan. The president had said nothing about it simply because to do so was perfectly needless, for no bank officer would or ought to lend one dollar to a man situated as Curtis was. Her father's precepts and example had indelibly impressed upon her mind the necessity of unwavering fidelity to the bank's interests, and that those interests were to be preferred to every other, personal or friendly. She knew what she must do; but, oh! it was very hard.

"You can't, then?" asked Harmon, rightly interpreting her hesitation.

Nettie looked him full in the face for the first time.

"No, Harmon," she said, "I can't."

Harmon understood without needing a word of explanation. "You are right," answered he; "I am afraid it would be an unsafe investment—now." He went out, saying no more. Back again in his counting room, he writhed under a feeling of humiliation such as he had never known before in all his manly, self-respecting life. Now the deed was done, he was obliged to confess that this last desperate attempt to save himself savored of meanness, for he perceived that deep down in his heart he had calculated to some extent upon this girl's friendship to obtain what no one would have given him on purely business grounds. And, too, he suddenly realized that, even if she had been weak enough to yield, he could not have taken advantage of a favor which would inevitably have seriously injured her with her employers.

"It has been a narrow escape for her," he thought; "but for me the mischief is done. Only for this I could go down with a clear conscience."

Yet he could not feel as kindly toward Nettie as before, such is the inconsistency of human nature in general, and the unreasonableness of lovers in particular. Placed between regard for him and duty to others, she had preferred the latter; and while he acknowledged the justice of this, and indeed for worlds would have had her do no differently, still he felt an illogical jealousy of that duty, and could not help dimly associating her in his mind with the combination of hostile forces arrayed against him. Perhaps our hero is not especially heroic, but he is very man-like.

Meanwhile how fares it with the cashier? Not well, I am afraid; else why should she, after Harmon had departed, go to the great vault, open the safe, and remain with her pretty head inside that grim repository for several minutes, apparently much occupied in arranging its contents! No doubt the contents required this attention, however, since divers packages of railroad bonds were afterward found curiously marked with tiny blotches indicating the presence of moisture in the safe. For the second time during her cashiership the cash account wouldn't balance, and nothing seemed to go smoothly. It was the same the rest of the week, and the change in our young lady was so manifest that even the president asked her if she were not "slightly indisposed." But one morning—the morning of the fatal day—she came down to business the old Nettie again—and more. Whatever might be the cause, she fairly beamed and sparkled with joy. Her black eyes danced, her cheeks were perfect blush-roses, and altogether she looked so bewitching that the seventh director (who was a bachelor) felt his dried-up old heart disturbed by a passing regret that he should be fifty-eight years old, and bald into the bargain. How could Nettie be happy on this morning of all others, when lying among the papers on her table was a slip of paper which must be presented to a certain person before three o'clock that day? Her behavior was positively inexplicable. Nor was it made any plainer when, after writing a few lines, and doing something to one of the great ledgers (she gave one short sigh while thus employed), Nettie put on her hat, took the slip of paper, and cheerily tripped out to present it—in other words to ruin Harmon Curtis.

Harmon was sitting quietly at his desk about that same time, waiting for what he knew would speedily come. There would be a difference of four hundred and sixty-one dollars between his liabilities and his resources—not much, but enough for all practical purposes. In a few hours he would have failed. All the fruits of the hard-working, economizing years behind him were naught—all his efforts had been useless. He must begin the world again with the remembrance of failure ever hanging over him. Begin again? For what? Before he could retrieve his fortunes, if he ever could, the reward for which he toiled would be no longer for him. If he had never previously ventured to tell what lay in his heart, he certainly could not do it now. No, it made no difference what became of him—there was nothing to live for. In short, he had reached that stage of mental suffering where misfortune loses its power to pain, and it was with considerable real calmness that he cried: "Come in," hearing the knock he awaited. It was time for the bank messenger.

But the door opened, and Nettie came in. On seeing her, he found that there were still things which could wound him. This was the last straw. Why could she not have sent the clerk, as usual, and spared him the final pang of being disgraced in her presence, and by her own hand? If she could do this, she evidently cared nothing for him—not even enough to pity him. It was too much for the young man, worn out by the long strain of weeks, bold and sturdy as he was. He laid his head down upon the table and covered his face. A soft little hand on his forehead lifted it until his eyes fell upon two pieces of paper lying in front of him; one, the long-expected draft, and the other—why, the other was a check upon the First National for five hundred dollars, to Harmon Curtis or order, duly signed "Nettie P. Butler."

"That's the balance, isn't it, Harmon?" asked Miss Nettie, in the most business-like way imaginable.

"O, you darling! you darling!" cried he, seizing her in his arms and kissing her an unaccountable number of times. "All your savings—I know it is! And you did it for me?"

Nettie couldn't very well remain business-like any longer under such exceedingly unbusiness-like circumstances, and she didn't try. She simply said: "Yes, for you Harmon dear."

"Then you knew I loved you, and you understood why I didn't——"

"Of course I knew it—all the time."

"But I was always afraid. I didn't know——"

"Because you never asked me, goose!" said Miss Butler.

Well it took some time to get back any nearer to Baalbec than the seventh heaven, which is not in that immediate vicinity; but when they did, Harmon never made the least objection to receiving the check, because he was too truly a gentleman to do any thing of the kind. Nevertheless he did insist on giving her his note at six months, which she put into the bank to go through the usual course, that she might not hurt his pride, for she was a lady as well. It made little difference, though, for the very next week those Western speculators did one good deed, if the solitary one of their lives, by violently "bulling" flour, which rose to so dizzy a height that Harmon sold out at a profit which laid the foundations of his present large fortune; and, furthermore, before the note fell due it belonged to Harmon himself, as any lawyer will tell you, by right of his wife, nee Miss Nettie Butler.

President Parr attended the wedding and kissed the bride with a great deal of feeling. "Of course your husband will continue his account with us," he remarked. "Proud to have him. Very able and far-seeing young man, your husband—very."

"I never received a cent of interest on that investment of mine," said roguish Nettie to her husband, a few days after the ceremony.

"Mrs. Curtis!" declaimed Harmon, with mock pomposity, "*I* am the interest."—*Manley H. Pike, in Harper's Bazar.*

DANGERS OF DUST.

New Theory Concerning the Mode in Which Diseases Can Be Caught.

Darkness, damp and dust are potent agencies of disease. Everybody recognizes this; but how many fail to adopt its precepts! If there be sermons in stones, surely the summer dust and its dangers would prove a fruitful subject for medical discourse. There is as great a difference between London and country dust as there is between the corresponding muds. Pulverized matter would be harmless enough if it were deprived of its physical property of ready diffusion. The atmosphere is laden and swarms with particulate matter of highly complex nature. Its chief peril to living beings resides in the organic constituents. Largely this organic material consists of minute forms of life in a state of latency, only waiting for a spell of heat and moisture and a favorable amount of light, or it may be darkness, to awaken it into activity. The habits of individuals in every class of society, including the masses, are not calculated to diminish, but rather to augment, the amount of organic matter in our atmosphere. Mucus, saliva and humor, popularly known as "matter," must be discharged from the mouth and nostrils to the extent of many gallons daily and not a little of this comes from infective sources; while we venture to think that the bulk of it mingles with the dust of our streets and courts. If, as seems not unlikely, consumption is largely caused by "germs," then a very ready theory may be advocated concerning the mode in which the contagium is caught. Who can estimate the amount of mischief that the shaking of mats may have caused? How many young girls early in the morning on their way to business have, so to speak, received their death blow while inspiring, all unconscious of harm, some of the clouds of dust that always greet them? Who can tell? The abatement of this danger and nuisance is a difficulty that almost seems insurmountable. Much may be done by personal habits of prevention.—*Lancet.*

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

The Latest Styles in Toilet Accessories Millinery and Young Ladies' Costumes.

All sleeves are now very much trimmed in the upper part and quite plain downward from the elbow.

Among the accessories of the toilet which freshen and brighten it up we have for the coiffure the new fashion of small circles of white or colored silk tulle twisted round like a miniature turban, fastened by a jewel, and from the middle of which springs an aigrette of flowers or feathers. Young ladies also wear this small tulle puff with flowers or some fancy jewel in the middle; but young married ladies eagerly seize this opportunity of exhibing some diamond brooch representing a flower, a bird or butterfly.

The first arrivals of fine millinery goods for autumn show but little change in the shapes of small bonnets. The favorite large hat, called the "Cavalier," has a high, rather tapering crown and a wide brim, nearly straight on one side and quite closely rolled on the other. The front of the brim is of medium width, but in the back it is very narrow, and in some shapes it is turned closely up against the crown.

The following is a pretty model for a young lady's autumn dress: It is of plain indigo-blue cashmere, and the same material brocaded all over with very small bright yellow crescents. The bodice, which is quite close-fitting, of the plain cashmere, forms three small flat plaits on each side, while the center part is of the brocaded material, simulating a plastron or plain vest, buttoned with small round buttons of dark-blue passementrie and finished into a point. At the back the bodice is continued into a small puffed-out postilion basque, which rests upon the draped tournure of the skirt. This skirt is of the dark-blue cashmere, draped diagonally in front, with tabs or panels of the brocaded material on each side, and a narrow fluting of the same showing just beyond the edge. The sleeves of the plain cashmere have, according to the new fashion, no facing or revers of any kind in the lower part, but a peaked trimming of the brocaded tissue from the shoulder down nearly to the elbow.—*N. Y. World.*

—To prevent the skin discoloring after a bruise, take a little dry starch or arrow-root, merely moisten it with cold water and place it on the injured part. This is best done immediately, so as to prevent the action of the air upon the skin.—*Farm and Firesides.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The Baptist Church at Scotch Plains, N. J., recently celebrated the centennial of its founding.

—Mr. Spurgeon has received a legacy for his orphanage of $2,000 from a gentleman who recently died in New Jersey, the first ever sent him from this country.

—All the Lutheran churches of the South were consolidated into one at the late General Synod or Council at Roanoke, Va. There are thirty thousand communicants.

—The Methodists in the West Indies are celebrating their centennial. Dr. Coke, with three missionaries, landed at St. John's Antigua, December 25, 1776, and there was established the first Wesleyan mission in the West Indies.

—Dr. Deems, the venerable pastor of the Church of the Strangers, in New York, has strong convictions upon the subject of closed churches, and expresses them very frankly. He keeps his church open all the year round, and always has a congregation.

—"My brethren," said a pious rabbi, "the preaching of the Torah to some people is like pouring water over a sponge; it soaks in and stays. To others it is like the wind blowing through a chicken coop. My experience of this Kehillah is that it contains more chicken coops than sponges."—*Hebrew Standard.*

—In an article published in the *Nouvelle Revue* a French traveler declares that there is scarcely a village in Syria without a Protestant church; more than one may be found even in the gorges of Mount Hermon. At Beyrout there is a German hospital and an American university, where the most practical sciences are taught, especially that of medicine.

—The stealing of two clocks from one of the Presbyterian churches in this city was a piece of cold-blooded cruelty. The amount of comfort and encouragement some people derive from an occasional glance at the clock during a service is not to be put into figures, unless one uses the Roman figures usually seen on the dial.—*Detroit Christian Herald.*

—The Chief Inspector of Schools at Taganrog, Russia, has issued an order forbidding girls frequenting the gymnasium and other scholastic establishments in this district from wearing any kind of unbecoming fashionable dress, stays, corsets, bustles, pads, high-heeled boots, tall hats, etc., and the parents of the girls are said to be very much pleased with this order.

—The Church Army is an evangelistic agency of the Church of England, and is modeled somewhat after the pattern of the Salvation Army. In some of the towns of England, but particularly in London, south and east, it has been doing excellent work. The army has concluded to extend its operations to India, where the members will adopt the native costume. It is difficult to see what good can come from the adoption of the native costume if they can not at the same time adopt the native speech.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—If our neighbors had as few faults as ourselves, what a pleasant world this would be to live in.—*Boston Courier.*

—A New York tea merchant throws in three packs of the best fire-crackers or torpedoes with every pound of tea. That explains the origin of gunpowder tea.

—Customer (looking at something labeled "country butter")—"Butterine?" Small boy (forgetting himself)—"Yes, there is butter in—saw 'im mix it myself."

—Yale College has established a chair of journalism. It is an old battered affair with three legs and a broomstick and filled with exchanges for a cushion.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—Although beauty is only skin deep and is often coupled by frivolity, it will get a seat in a crowded street car where plainness and common sense would be compelled to stand up.

—Woman's sphere.—

They talk about a woman's sphere,
As though it had a limit;
There's not a place in earth or heaven
There's not a task to be assigned given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whispered yes or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it.

—A small boy in a bright Melrose family wanted something of his mother the other day when she was very busy writing. She was absorbed in her work and did not look up at his repeated "Mamma! mamma!" beside her elbow. "Well," said he at last, flinging away from her side in a pet, "It's no use to try to make my mamma hear when she is writing; she's just ignominious of everything!"—*Boston Record.*

—The man who minds his own business as he ought is seldom idle.——"Brilliant men are born with black eyes." Insolent men gets theirs later on.——The charity that begins at home sometimes ends there; it is too feeble to go out.——"Castles in the air are cheap." Not if a fellow has constantly to keep them in mental repair.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—A fly was gayly disporting himself upon the ceiling, when a spider, who had been watching the fly in the vain hope that he would come in his direction, finally called out: "I say, Mr. Fly, won't you drop in and be a little sociable this morning?" "Thanks," said the fly; "modesty forbids. I'm not in your line this morning." Moral—All folks are not fools, even if their heads are turned upside down occasionally.

Not Fixed for the Chances.

The son of a prominent Chicago minister went out to Montana to look up a business opening but soon returned with an empty pocket-book and no watch and chain.

"I am surprised to see you back so soon," said his father.

"Well, I feel somewhat that way myself."

"Didn't you strike a business chance out there that you could take advantage of?"

"I struck plenty of chances, but the fact is, father, I never held the right kind of a hand to take advantage of them. Can you let me have about five dollars?"—*Estelline (D. T.) Bell.*

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CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.
INTERNALLY.
A teaspoonful in a half tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Seasickness, Nausea, Vomiting, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.
There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by Radway's Pills, so quick as Radway's Ready Relief.
Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists.
TWENTY YEARS IN USE.
DR. RADWAY & CO.:—I have used your Ready Relief for many years in my family with great effect. For the last twenty years I would have nothing else to expel pain inwardly or from any part of the body outwardly. I have used it for rheumatic pains and always found great relief when applied to the painful part of the body. Your Pills are indeed excellent, as you represent them in the papers.
Yours truly, ROBERT O'DONNELL.
67 East Lake st., Chicago, Ill., Sept. 7, 1885.
DR. RADWAY & CO., N. Y.,
Proprietors of Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent and Dr. Radway's Pills.

The Latest Paris and New York
FASHIONS
ARE PUBLISHED IN
L'ART DE LA MODE.
Dress Makers and Ladies desiring the LATEST STYLES should subscribe for L'ART DE LA MODE. Each number contains 5 Colored Plates and is full of Illustrations of the Latest Paris Styles. Published monthly. Per year, $3.50; Six months, $2.00. Single numbers may be ordered of Newsdealers or send 35 cents in two-cent stamps for latest number to W. J. SORSE, Publisher, No. 3 East 19th street, New York.
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CATARRH
ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD, CATARRH, ROSE COLD, HAY FEVER, DEAFNESS, HEADACHE. PRICE 50 CENTS. ELY BRO'S, OWEGO, N.Y. U.S.A.
For cold in the head Ely's Cream Balm works like magic. It cured me of catarrh and restored the sense of smell.—E. H. Sherwood, Banker, Elizabeth, N. J.
HAY-FEVER
A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable to use. Price 50 cts. by mail or at druggists. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS,
THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY
For Liver, Bile, Indigestion, etc. Free from Mercury; contains only Pure Vegetable Ingredients. Agent—CHAS. N. CRITTENTON, NEW YORK.

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PAYS the FREIGHT
5 Ton Wagon Scales, Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Tare Beam and Beam Box for
$60.
Every size Scale. For free price list mention this paper and address
JONES OF BINGHAMTON,
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An Undoubted Blessing.
About thirty years ago a prominent physician by the name of Dr. William Hall discovered a remedy for diseases of the throat, chest and lungs which soon gained a wide reputation in this country. The name of the medicine is DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and may be safely relied on as a speedy and positive cure for coughs, colds, consumption, pneumonia, etc. *

No Words
could express the agony I endured from Rheumatism, and it was all I could do to endure it. Crippled, not able to walk or sleep, I took two-thirds of a bottle of ATHLOPHOROS and in a few days was well." T. E. Chatfield, 565 11th Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis. Athlophoros is the only real cure for Rheumatism ever discovered. Ask your druggist for Athlophoros. If you cannot get it of him do not try something else, but order at once from us. We will send it express paid on receipt of price, $1.00 per bottle.
ATHLOPHOROS CO., 112 Wall St., New York.

Golden Belt Kansas,
Lincoln County, in the center of Kansas. Richest lands in the world; "dirt" cheap; best watered county in the State; plenty of coal and building rock. Send address for circular. Correspondence solicited. WATERMAN BROS., LINCOLN, Kansas.

OPIUM HABIT absolutely cured, shortest possible time. New, infallible remedy. Not a particle pain or self-denial. Pay when cured. Handsome book free. DR. C. J. WEATHERBY, Kansas City, Mo.

WANTED A WOMAN
of energy for business in her locality. Salary $50. References. E. J. Johnson, Manager, 14 Barclay St., N.Y.

SOLDIERS NEW LAWS; Officers' pay from commissions; Deserters relieved; Pensions and increase; experience 20 years; success or no fee. Write for circulars and laws. A. W. McCORMICK & SON, Cincinnati, Ohio.

HAIR Wigs, Bangs and Waves sent C. O. D. anywhere. Wholesale and retail price-list free. B. C. Strehl & Co., 172 Wabash-av., Chicago.

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FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

GRANDMA'S BEDQUILT.

Shall I ever be old as Grandma?
I looked in the glass to-day,
And tried to think how I shall look
When my hair has all turned gray;
For when the old people come here,
With hands on my hair they say:
"Jessie looks like her grandma
In the times so far away."

We have an old portrait of Grandma
In a queer old gilded frame,
Odd, and sweet, and pretty,
It was made before mamma came,
And I am her youngest grandchild,
They say she loves me best.
I don't know how that is,
I'm sure she loves all the rest.

But her room is full of treasures,
Old things—she loves them well.
Rainy days she shows them to me,
And will often a story tell.
She has just the queerest bedquilt—
It isn't pretty at all,
But I think that Grandma loves it
Even the best of all.

Mamma says that "old people
Have much of their lives in the past,"
And that I "must honor her wishes,
And be gentle to the last."
So when she showed the patchwork
I thought I could understand
How the past is mixed with the future,
And her home in the other land.

There were some squares all faded,
Dull, and brown, and gray,
If they ever have been pretty,
They surely are not to-day.
"Those," said Grandma, softly,
"Were part of my mother's gown,
Well do I remember the day
She wore it first to town."

And then there were others pretty
Green, with blossoms over them spread.
"Those," and my dear old Grandma
Sighed and shook her head.
"Those were my sister Mary's,
She died at twenty-five—
So many years she has been in Heaven,
And I—I am still alive."

Then there were many white ones,
With tiny flecks of blue,
They must have been so pretty
In the days when they were new.
"Those little squares," said Grandma,
"Belonged to my baby Rose,
It is thirty years since we laid her
Under the winter snows."

"But tell me, Grandma," I eagerly cry,
"Whose were these *beauties* here?
Covered with apple-blossoms,
They look like the spring of the year."
"Those," and Grandma's mouth grew sweet
As the mouth in the picture seems.
"I wore that gown when I was young,
And life was the sweetest of dreams."

"I wore it the night your Grandpa
Told me his heart was mine,
Under the trees near the arbor,
Where the roses used to twine—
Ah! there never was any like him,
And now—he has gone home,
And I am going to join him,
I wait till my summons come."

And then the kitten wakened
From a long and quiet nap,
And Grandma folded the patchwork
And laid it in her lap,
And said: "'Twill be yours, little Jessie,
When my body is under the sod,
And my free soul dwells in that other home
Whose builder and maker is God."

—*Emily Baker Smalle, in Pansy.*

SOMETHING ABOUT KITES.

"Mr. Punch" Tells How a Kite Helped Build the Great Suspension Bridge—A Japanese Kite Fight—An Old-Man Kite—A Kite Secret Well Kept.

Of course you have heard about Benjamin Franklin and his wonderful bow-kite—how he raised it just at the beginning of a thunder-storm, and how by means of it he conducted electricity from the clouds. To accomplish this wonderful experiment, a point of wire was attached to the kite, which was made of silk, and the end of the captive cord was tied to a key. The electricity passed down the hempen cord and became stored in the key; and that when the first suspension bridge that connects the two shores of the Niagara river was built, the question arose how the first wire should be carried across, as no boat could live in such turbulent waters. At last the suggestion was made by Mr. Ellet, then the first engineer in our country, that an attempt should be made to convey the wires by means of kites. The experiment was tried. The kite carried a line across, and to this line a rope was attached. To the rope a wire was fastened, and thus was conveyed the first wire that ever held a bridge across the Niagara river. Mr. Ellet's bridge in the end proved unsuccessful, and a more satisfactory structure was built later by Mr. Roebling, the famous engineer, whose name has been immortalized by the wonderful bridge that now spans the East river and connects the two great cities of New York and Brooklyn.

The boys of not so many years ago were limited in their choice to a few simple forms of kites, but nowadays the fashions or styles of kites vary more or less every year, and there may be found in the large toy shops an endless variety of forms more or less grotesque, simple or ingenious. There are Japanese, Chinese, folding and collapsing kites. The cheap factory kites of the prevailing American form (the "three-sticker") can be purchased for one cent apiece, but in a great majority of cases they do not hold together for any length of time. It is much better to make your own.

In her interesting work on Japan, Miss Bird writes about kite-flying: "This afternoon has been fine and windy, and the boys have been flying kites, made of tough paper on a bamboo frame, all of a rectangular shape, some of them five feet square, and nearly all decorated with huge faces of historical heroes. Some of them have a humming arrangement made of whalebone. There was a very interesting contest between two great kites, and it brought out the whole population. The string of each kite, for thirty feet or more below the frame, was covered with pounded glass, made to adhere very closely by means of tenacious glue, and for two hours the kite-fighters tried to get their kites into a proper position for sawing the adversary's string in two. At last one was successful and the severed kite became his property, upon which victor and vanquished exchanged three low bows. The boys also flew their kites while walking on stilts—a most dexterous performance, in which few were able to take part."

I heard once of a boy who had a very good cousin, who made him a kite that was the wonder and delight of the neighborhood. It was about four feet high, and was covered with muslin and painted with a funny representation of an old man's head and body, down to his thighs and out to his shoulders. Then at the bottom of this kite there were legs attached, and on the shoulders he put arms, and then the omnibus called at the door and I said good-bye.

These legs and arms were made of bunting tubes, open at the place where the hoops on which they were made joined the kite, so that the wind filled them out and made them look plump and round as if they were alive. Bunting, you know, is the loosely-woven material that flags are made of, and is very light and open. His legs were red and his arms were blue, and he was the funniest looking sort of a fellow away up in the air, kicking and sprawling like a baby before it can creep, or tugging like a dog at his chain when there is a cow in the yard.

Three sticks made the frame. One from the bottom of the jacket to the top of the hat, and one from each shoulder to the corner below his vest pockets. Strings formed the rest of the frame.

A boy in Brattleboro, Vt., in 1811, made a kite and attached a paper lantern to it in which he put a candle and arranged it so that when the candle had burned out it would explode some powder which was in the bottom of the lantern. He kept the secret entirely to himself and waited for a suitable night on which to raise his kite. The boy got his kite into the air without being discovered, for it was so dark that nothing but the colored lantern was visible. It went dancing about in the air wildly and attracted much notice, and was looked upon by ignorant people as some supernatural omen. The evil spirit, as many supposed it, went bobbing about for about twenty minutes, and then exploded, blowing the lantern to pieces.

Next morning all was wonder and excitement. And this lad, who had carefully taken his kite in and hidden it after the explosion without being found out, had his own fun out of the matter. The people of Brattleboro never had any explanation of the mystery until nearly sixty years afterward, when the boy, who had become quite an old gentleman, published the story in a Brattleboro newspaper. Could any of you little people keep such a secret fifty seven years? I advise you, however, on no account to repeat this kite experiment, unless you do so under the direction of some older person who understands how to handle gunpowder with safety. The man-kite, on the other hand, is well worth trying. It, too, is not without its accompanying explosions, but explosions of laughter are not at all dangerous.—"*Mr. Punch*," *in N. O. Times-Democrat.*

THE LITTLE GRAY CABIN.

Advice to Poor Boys Who Are Taught That Ability and Industry Brought to Crowded Cities Will Surely Make Them Great.

An English author lately in this country, while looking over a book of eminent Americans, remarked: "The little gray cabin appears to be the birth-place of all your great men," pointing to a picture of a four-roomed frame dwelling, such as may be seen in every village from Maine to California, and which is usually tenanted by the poorer class of mechanics and laborers. In such a dwelling Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, Blaine, Jeremiah Black, Webster, Andrew Jackson, Hawthorne, Emerson, Poe, and among men of affairs, Astor, Girard and Vanderbilt, were born. In fact, the great majority of our successful financiers, soldiers, jurists or statesmen look back to the "little gray cabin," devoid of luxury or ease, as the home of their childhood, where their ambition and strength first had birth.

The ordinary significance and moral of this fact, which is preached every day to the boy-readers of the *Companion* who are born in straightened circumstances, is—imitate the purpose and energy of truly successful men. If you have energy, industry and courage, you too may be useful and influential. You have the same chance as these men. Now, no good, but much harm, is done by false statements, however flattering. It is not true that the boy born now in the little gray cabin, without an extended education, without capital, or family influence, has the same chance as the successful men of past generations. The latter entered the race with few, if any, competitors. The boy of to-day finds trained athletes arrayed against him.

Astor and Girard, for instance, found out there was money to be made by dealing in peltry. Their sixpences turned into pounds as by magic. But the poor boy now who goes into the fur trade finds it a vast, long-established industry, in which enormous capital is invested, and thousands of experts are employed. He must begin by carrying home packages, and how long will it be before his energy and ambition will win him the race against countless other young men who also have energy and ambition, and with them capital, knowledge and influence?

Poor lads push their way into the great cities, encouraging themselves by remembering that "Ben Franklin landed in Philadelphia with but a sixpence in his pocket." They forget that Philadelphia was then but a village, and soon after the field of the most important events in the world. Every citizen who had any ability found the stage ready for him to play the part of a hero. Franklin, with his little paper printed by hand, immediately found a hearing from the whole of the colonies, and was pushed to the front as director of public affairs. But how soon would a poor boy with a hand-printed sheet find notice now in the city of Philadelphia, or be called to control her municipal councils?

"There is always room on top," is a popular and true maxim. But there is a great difference in the routes to the top. Our advice to poor boys, who think their place is "on top" is, keep out of the crowded roads. If you covet the phenomenal success of the Astors and the Lincolns, try for it under the same conditions that they did—in the rougher, more sparsely-settled regions of the country, where competitors are few, and where a man of natural ability is soon noted. The South and West now offer these conditions, but they are hard to be found in our large cities.—*Youth's Companion.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Salt should be eaten with nuts to aid digestion.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

—Widows Cake: One cup flour, two cups meal, half cup molasses, one teaspoonful saleratus, two cups sour milk, little salt.—*Toledo Blade.*

—Soda will clean unpainted sinks, tables and floors. Rub soda and soap on all grease spots; wash with hot water and behold the results.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—The following are said to be the symptoms of hog cholera: Drooping ears, low-hanging head, diarrhœa, vomiting, rapid breath and an aversion to light.—*Exchange.*

—Hash, to be good—and it can be good—must not stew and simmer, and simmer and stew, but be heated through as quickly as possible and sent to the table at once.—*The Caterer.*

—Never serve potatoes, boiled or baked whole, in a closely-covered dish. They become sodden and clammy. Cover with a folded napkin that allows the steam to escape, or absorbs the moisture.

—No farmer's wife ought to be too busy to give an hour or more, occasionally, to a few plants and flowers around the house. The place will look more 'home-like" and make a more favorable impression upon observers.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—Fried Scallops: Wipe each roll in beaten egg, then in fine crumbs, and fry in hot lard or dripping to a fine brown. Shake off the fat in a split spoon and lay in rows on a hot dish. Garnish with parsley. Pass hot crackers, mashed potato and cut lemon with them.—*Boston Budget.*

—Corn Cakes: Grate raw, green corn that is young and tender; to two cupfuls of grated corn, add two tablespoonfuls of milk or cream, and three well-beaten eggs; salt to taste, and add a tablespoonful of melted butter, and three heaped tablespoonfuls of flour. Drop in spoonfuls on a hot, buttered griddle; brown one side and turn carefully with a broad griddle-cake shovel or "turner."—*Cincinnati Times.*

—Guinea fowls will go into a house to roost if they have been accustomed to it, though they like to choose a place for themselves, and have a decided liking for trees. It is necessary to keep them in pairs, as they are monogamous. They nearly always steal their nests. They are not remarkably belligerent, but it is not advisable to confine them with other fowls.—*F., F. and Stockman.*

—If pork has ever soured or spoiled in a barrel, it is not safe to use it for pork again no matter how thoroughly it may be cleansed. The cost of a new barrel warranted to preserve the pork is much less than the value of meat which it will hold. It is true the fault may not originally be in the barrel but rather in the modes of management, but having once spoiled a lot of pork the barrel had better hereafter be left to other uses.—*Montreal Witness.*

PRESERVED FRUITS.

An Important and Highly Supporting and Strengthening Form of Food.

That making and selling fruit preserves of all kinds is to be a great industry in this country is beyond question. Very few have any idea of the traffic in sweet fruits, as well as the common dried ones. England alone imports nearly or quite three million pounds sterling in value of sugared fruits and preserves from the south of Europe, annually, and this country is not behind in proportion to its size. Our common people use far more currants, raisins and preserves than the same class in England.

Well-to-do families in New York and the West are falling into the habit of keeping a handsome glass or silver dish of confections and sugared or glace fruits on a side table where people can help themselves to a sweetmeat "when so disposed." Incessant nibbling at good things is ruinous to health, but when exercise or business have used up the fuel of the system more rapidly than usual, a bonbon may be very profitably enjoyed.

In all South American houses of the least pretension, the cut glass and filibasket of "delices" is as much part of the drawing-room order as flower-vases with us, and sweets are eaten with a freedom unknown at the North. Crystalized fruits appear at every meal, as regularly as the castor and salt cellar, and this use of sugared confections undoubtedly has much to do with the better endurance of heat.

Sugar and fruits in hot countries and hot weather support the system as meat and fat foods do in cold climates. The French troops in Algiers learn this by experience, and depend on sugared sirups to prevent sunstroke and paralysis on hot desert marches. Every oriental traveler of experience knows that sweet dates and honeyed conserves, or grape juice mingled with sugar, as the Turks love it, keep up the strength, and fortify the nerves against prostration by heat better than any phosphate or medicine.

Men at work on a Wisconsin harvest field, when the heat is one hundred degrees in the shade for days together, will hardly feel discomfort if kept up by free draughts of the delicious, refreshing grape-sirup a few farmers' wives know the secret of—the principal thing a northern grape is good for. Our grandfathers knew this principle far enough to send huge jugs of "switchel" to the hot hay-field; a drink of vinegar, ginger, molasses and water, which was a substitute for fruit sirup.

Barberry sirup is a sovereign prescription for consumptives of a scrofulous turn, taken by the gill, three or four times a day. Peach preserves with the flavor of the fruit and stones in them can be eaten by persons of poor digestion who could hardly digest common yeast bread, and peach preserve, made as it should be, is far better for the health than the common canned peach, slightly green and rancous from its keeping. Apple-butter and cider apple-sauce are good substitutes for potatoes in working diet, and could be eaten at two of the three meals a day with benefit in season. Preserves are not a mere luscious luxury; they are an important and highly supporting form of food.—*Youth's Companion.*

BOGUS PIANO DEALERS.

How They Palm Off Cheap Instruments on the Gullible Public.

The following advertisement appeared in a morning paper:

PIANO—I WILL SELL MY ELEGANT UPright piano, standard make, for $155 cash, including stool and cover, and delivery; I paid $310 cash for piano in April last; have makers' bill and warranty; it is 7½ octave, three strings all through; solid rosewood case; excellent tone and action; I must sell it at once; need cash and leave the city.

As this is but one of the many of the same kind and of the same strain which may from time to time be seen in the columns of the daily papers, a reporter called on a well-known manfacturer of pianos for information as to the credibility of these enforced sales.

"You would be surprised," said the gentleman, "to know how many there are in the bogus piano business. The above advertisement is but a sample of the various dodges to foster off upon the public a low and indifferent grade of piano for very much more than they are worth and at an enormous per cent. over their cost price."

Every one knows that any reputable manufacturer of pianos will buy back any of his own instruments, if they are worth anything at all, at a very much less loss than that given above, and the alleged great reduction is but an advertising scheme to catch the eye of the unsuspecting purchaser. The bogus piano dealer has many ways of thus attracting the ill-informed and unwary. The favorite idea, however, is that of a family giving up housekeeping, and in consequence thereof being obliged to part with a fine instrument "at a great sacrifice." The actual cost of these pianos rarely exceeds one hundred dollars, but they often bring at these sales prices ranging from one hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars. It is really wonderful the large amounts some of these dealers have made in this business. There is one man in New York who has accumulated a large fortune, and has now retired from business, living upon the income derived during a very few years of such trade.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

An Idiotic Teacher.

A great many teachers think it smart to bother and confuse pupils and seem to believe that such is good mental training. Ancient arithmetics contained what were termed catch problems, only designed for such purposes. The system is all wrong and results in no good. An exchange asserts that "a teacher recently set her class the following task 'over Sunday': From 889,788,700 deduct 629 until nothing remains. The poor girls figured and figured for hours, without making much headway; finally their tears attracted the attention of the parents. A simple division will show that the figure 629 is contained in the larger one no less than 1,400,300 times. Allowing three deductions a minute and twelve hours' work a day, it would take over 640 days to do what had been given the girls as a Sunday task." What ought to be done with a teacher who would give such a task?—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

How a Boy Saved His Father.

As Josiah Wilkinson, who lives in the northern part of Maine, was recently walking with his son in a field, near his residence, he was attacked by a deer, whose horns he immediately seized with both arms and kept fast hold of, when he was thrown down and trampled on by the furious animal. In this situation he desired the child not to be afraid, but to take from his (the father's) pocket a large knife and stab the deer, and cut its throat if possible. The son obeyed his father's orders, but had not strength enough to sever the windpipe. He did, however, by frequent stabs, occasion the creature to lose much blood and run away, but not till his father was quite exhausted."—*N. Y Ledger.*

—A dealer in foreign rags believes that all that come from across the ocean should be disinfected on this side by a live-steam process. If this be done, however, it will add five dollars a ton to the cost, and increase the price of paper.—*Chicago Herald.*

—A curious publication in the way of unique books is a volume of poems printed in various sized type on paper of every color of the rainbow, and covered in brown paper tied with plain string.—*Chicago Times.*

When a young man wants to protect a young lady he puts his armor round her.

Why are teeth like verbs? Because they are regular, irregular or defective!—*N. Y. Telegram.*

A young lady in Boston recently tried to put up her hair with a honey-comb to make it look sweet.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Blosson says that he shan't purchase a thermometer until fall. The plaguy things are too high now.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"Constant Reader."—Yes, you are right. Water can run and leap, but it can not walk.—*Peck's Sun.*

"Garments without buttons" are advertised. "We've got 'em, and so has every other bachelor.—*New Haven News.*

We know an engaged young lady who has a parrot which has learned to make a noise like the smack of a kiss. How it learned it is a mystery.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

Age before beauty—a piece of spring chicken on a pretty girls plate.—*Providence Star.*

A bad marriage is like an electric machine—it makes you dance, but you can't let go.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Some men are born great, but as a general thing they soon begin to shrink.—*Chicago Journal.*

What time by the clock is best for a pun? A joke takes best when it strikes one.—*Prairie Farmer.*

If a watch company should get into financial difficulties could it do business on tick?

An enthusiastic meeting—two girls who haven't seen each other for an hour.—*Burlington Free Press.*

A correspondent writes: "I am in love with a young lady, but too bashful to propose. Who can help me out?" We should say her father could; that is, if you happen to stay too late.—*New Haven News.*

Sprains, burns, bruises are promptly healed by St. Jacobs Oil, the conqueror of pain.

He—"Miss Elsa, do you play on the piano?" She—"No, sir; I can't play a single note." He—"Elsa, I love you."—*Life.*

It Astonished the Public

to hear of the resignation of Dr. Pierce as a Congressman to devote himself solely to his labors as a physician. It was because his true constituents were the sick and afflicted everywhere. They will find Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" a beneficent use of his scientific knowledge in their behalf. Consumption, bronchitis, cough, heart disease, fever and ague, intermittent fever, dropsy, neuralgia, goitre or thick neck, and all diseases of the blood, are cured by this world-renowned medicine. Its properties are wonderful, its action magical. By druggists.

Every man is said to have his price, but the trouble is nobody but himself knows the private mark.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Say, why is every thing
Either at sixes or at sevens?"

Probably, my dear nervous sister, because you are suffering from some of the diseases peculiar to your sex. You have a "dragging-down" feeling, the back-ache, you are debilitated, you have pains of various kinds. Take Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" and be cured. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

The fly is not much of an astronomer, but if there is a cream-jug within his orbit he'll find out all about the milky way.

I was a great sufferer from rheumatism. As a last resort I tried Athlophoros, and after a few doses felt almost immediate relief. I used two bottles and am entirely well of my rheumatism. Mrs. Margaret Ingham, 634 East Exchange st., Akron, O.

The *St. Nicholas* tells of a dog that can count. But it can't equal a cat in running up a column.—*Texas Siftings.*

Gray or sandy beards are colored brown or black by Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

One bottle of Ayer's Ague Cure will eradicate malarial poisons from the system.

Wanted—The name of the goldsmith who made the welkin ring.—*Texas Siftings.*

The Frazer Axle Grease is the best in the world. Sold everywhere. Use it.

The largest revolver known—The earth.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are perfect preventives of constipation. Inclosed in glass bottles, always fresh. By all druggists.

Law'n Order—"Keep off the grass."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Positive Fact of the Age is the certainty of relief afforded in skin diseases by Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, Black or Brown, 50c.

"Dream of eggs, sign of money," says the dream-book. Perhaps that is the origin of the term "shell out."—*Chicago Mail.*

Relief is immediate, and a cure sure, Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. 50 cents.

Name a cheap country seat—A stump.—*Albany Journal.*

Water Runs Down

Hill, and just as naturally life, energy and strength are gained by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. The peculiar toning, purifying and vitalizing qualities of this successful medicine are felt throughout the entire system, expelling disease, and giving quick healthy action to every organ. If you suffer from any disease of the blood, stomach disorder, or difficulty with the liver and kidneys, try the peculiar medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla. Be sure to get Hood's. Take no other.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for dyspepsia and as a tonic alterative, with the most beneficial results. I have also used it for rheumatism with the good effect. I regard it as one of the very best family medicines, and would not willingly be without it." A. B. Currry, Providence, R. I.

"I have been using Hood's Sarsaparilla for indigestion and liver trouble. It has greatly benefited me, and I think it is fully as good a medicine as claimed." E. S. Chesebro, chief engineer fire dept., Stonington, Ct.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

$5 TO $8 A DAY. Samples worth $1.50 FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write BREWSTER SAFETY REIN HOLDER CO., Holly, Mich.

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Trade Mark. QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle.

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

—THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidney and Liver.**

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women,** and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

It **enriches and purifies the blood,** stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For **Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy,** etc., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

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Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

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Also good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Hay Fever, &c. 50 cents.

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OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio

A. N. K.—C. 1100.

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A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE

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By reason of its central position, close relation to principal lines East of Chicago and continuous lines at terminal points West, Northwest and Southwest—is the only true middle-link in that transcontinental system which invites and facilitates travel and traffic in either direction between the Atlantic and Pacific.

The Rock Island main line and branches include Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, St. Joseph, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns and villages.

THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

Guarantees Speed, Comfort and Safety to those who travel over it. Its roadbed is thoroughly ballasted. Its track is of heavy steel. Its bridges are solid structures of stone and iron. Its rolling stock is perfect as human skill can make it. It has all the safety appliances that mechanical genius has invented and experience proved valuable. Its practical operation is conservative and methodical—its discipline strict and exacting. The luxury of its passenger accommodations is unequaled in the West—unsurpassed in the world.

ALL EXPRESS TRAINS between Chicago and the Missouri River consist of comfortable DAY COACHES, magnificent PULLMAN PALACE PARLOR and SLEEPING CARS, elegant DINING CARS providing excellent meals, and—between Chicago, St. Joseph, Atchison and Kansas City—restful RECLINING CHAIR CARS.

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Is the direct, favorite line between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul. Over this route solid Fast Express Trains run daily to the summer resorts, picturesque localities and hunting and fishing grounds of Iowa and Minnesota. The rich wheat fields and grazing lands of interior Dakota are reached via Watertown.

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All classes of patrons, especially families, ladies and children, receive from officials and employes of Rock Island trains protection, respectful courtesy and kindly attention.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, one year.....$1 50
six months..... 75

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TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

First insertion, $1 per square of ten lines 50 cents per square for each additional insertion. Special contracts for advertising longer than three months.

Correspondents must enclose full name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a private guarantee of good faith. Rejected communications will not be returned.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 25, 1886.

A few months ago we urged upon the Redublicans of the Sixth Congressional district the importance of re-nominating Hon. L. E. McComas for a third term in Congress. The grounds upon which we advocated Mr. McComas' claims were the signal ability with which he had discharged his onerous duties, his eminent fitness for the position and his unbounded popularity in his district. We were very much gratified at the unanmity with which the Republican press throughout the State seconded our views and urged their adoption by the people. This paper was the first to sugges the re-nomination of Mr. McComas, and we feel a just pride in the result of the Hagerstown convention. We feel, however, much more pride in contemplating the fitness and popularity of our candidate. Notwithstanding all we have said and done, had the convention in its wisdom chosen some other Republican as our standard-bearer, our loyalty to the party would have impelled us to support that candidate. We take it for granted, therefore, that all differences of opinion, if any exist, have been, or will be, laid aside, and that the entire Republican party, with a united front, will make a grand and effectual effort to elect our candidate, who has shown himself worthy of the high honor conferred upon him.

Congressman McComas.

Among the foremost members of the Forty-ninth Congress was Hon. Louis E. McComas, the representative of the Sixth Maryland district. He won this distinction purely by the force of his ability and his indomitable energy. His prominence was acknowledged. His usefulness was unquestioned. The success of his speeches was complete. The confidence of his colleagues in his judgment and decision was thorough, and any measure proposed or advocated by him was sure to be supported by many of the ablest men in the House. He not only attended faithfully to the interests of his district, but he looked beyond his own territory and grasped the questions of the day as one of the lawmakers of a great nation. The influence of such a man in Congress is always felt, and no better proof of Mr. McComas' influence can be desired than the fact that he was the only member who succeeded in getting a pension bill passed over the President's veto. In every respect he was an excellent representative, a credit to his constituents, and an honor to his state.

Mr. McComas will be re-nominated for a third term. His first term showed what sort of a man he was, and he was sent back a second time with an enlarged majority. His popularity has greatly increased during the last two years, and he will go back next November with his colors flying higher than ever before. Efforts, of course, will be made to defeat him. In a square fight his defeat is an utter impossibility. The only way to impair his strength is by an extravagant use of money. If this scheme be attempted it will fail. The Republican security of the Sixth district has for years been a thorn in the Democratic flesh. The Democrats are consequently anxious to capture the district. They are unable to succeed by an open, honest fight, and they may try methods that are both underhanded and unscrupulous. We have faith, however, in the honor and integrity of the people of Western Maryland. We believe that they will resent the idea that their votes can be bought. We believe that they appreciate the fidelity and merit of the man who has so ably represented them during the past four years. We believe that they will give him their support and their votes, and send him back to the seat which his faithful record entitles him to continue to fill.

He is one of the few men who cannot be spared.—*Balto. American.*

The Verdict of True Prohibitionists.

The Maine election tells assistant Democrats that Prohibition voters, even in Maine, the original Prohibition State, refuse to be duped by their pretences, and decline to follow them in a course clearly hurtful to the cause they pretend to serve. The men who have been crying "Kill the Republican party" can learn from the returns that they have taken the right course to kill the Prohibition party, and that nineteen-twentieths of the Prohibition voters see the fact. Messrs. Dow and St. John appealed this year to 70,783 voters who carried the Prohibition amendment in September, 1884, with only 23,811 votes opposed to it. Out of the 70,000 they appear to have less than 3,500 to support their warfare against the Republican party. It is personally humiliating to them, because they have boasted loudly, displayed a most vicious temper, and called all the world to witness their destruction of the Republican organization. The end is that the Republican party prevails, and by a larger majority than is usual in other than Presidential years.

This does not mean that the voters of Maine abandon Prohibition. It means that they reject, as really hostile to Prohibition, the methods chosen by pretended Prohibitionists. It does not mean that the 70,000 voters of Maine approve practical nullification of Prohibitory statutes. On the contrary, it means that they rebuke Neal Dow for the unwarranted assertion that those statutes are practically nullified. It does not mean that real friends of temperance in Maine care little for the cause; but they see that the surest way to defeat it is to make it a paid ally of the rum-selling party. The decision of the Prohibitionists of Maine is likely to have far-reaching influence in other States. It shows that there, where the practical benefits of Prohibitory legislation have been longest tried and are best known, an attempt to put Prohibition in antagonism to the Republican party results in a loss of nineteen twentieths of the Prohibition voters. It leaves a pitiful minority pretending to represent that cause instead of the overwhelming majority of three to one by which the amendment was carried two years ago.

If the sincere Prohibitionists of New York, New Jersey and other States give this lesson the attention it deserves, they will put an end to third-party movements which have no other object than to aid the Democratic party at the expense of the temperance cause. They will relegate Mr. St. John, and other hired emissaries, to the company of the rum-sellers whose ends they serve, and make it clear as daylight that honest Prohibitionists do not intend to begin by putting Democrats into power. Nearly all the Republicans who believe in Prohibition will be governed by the assurance that they cannot help that cause by surrendering their convictions on National questions, or by putting the enemies of Prohibition into office. He who insists upon a policy which puts a twentieth of the Prohibitionists against nineteen-twentieths should hereafter be recognized as an enemy of the temperance cause.

The Republican party has not only passed this crisis with success, but has shown itself stronger than it was before its National defeat. Four years ago, there was a Senate and Congressional election in Maine, such as there has been this year. Then, as now the chief interest of the election sprang from the desire of some to kill off Mr. Blaine, a prominent Republican candidate, and the determination of others to sustain him. There was not then the excitement of a Presidential election to call out a full vote as there was not on Monday last. The Congressional issue was the same in both cases, and the anxiety of the opposition to pave the way for Republican defeat gave to both campaigns the same peculiar character. Four years ago the Republicans had a plurality of 8,872 votes, the Greenback candidates having 1,302 votes, and the Prohibition vote being insignificant. This year, the Republican plurality according to latest despatches appears to be about 14,000; the entire vote is about 11,000 less than it was four years ago; the Democrats and Greenbacks have lost about 10,000, and the Republicans about 4,200; but 3,300 have been cast for a Prohibition candidate. These figures put the Maine result in its true light, comparing a State and Congressional election, not in a Presidential year, with another of the same character, when the same influences prevailed. If those who hoped to "kill the Republican party" can draw any comfort from the result, they are quite welcome to it.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Nominated by Acclamation.

HAGERSTOWN, Sept. 21, 1886.

The Republican Congressional nominating convention met here to-day and the proceedings were brief and harmonious. The delegates from the different counties commenced to gather early in the afternoon of yesterday and last evening the hotels presented a lively scene. The contesting delegations from Allegany county came by the 1:05 train with the exception of Mr. Boyd and Mr. Bier who arrived during the night. Before the hour for holding the convention to-day was reached an arrangement had been agreed between the two delegations which avoided any contest in convention. This was to the effect that the McComas delegates would make no demand for seats in the convention and in consideration thereof the other delegation would not place the name of Mr. Wellington in nomination, but would vote the county for McComas, thus making his namination unanimous in the first instance. The understanding was reached through the efforts of members from other counties prominent amongst whom were Hon. Milton G. Urner, Hon. Francis Miller, Chas. W. Adams and Dr. Perkins.

At 12 m. the convention was called to order by Chas. W. Adams, of Washington county, by authority from Capt. H. Clay Naill, chairman State Central Committee.

On motion of Geo. A. Davis, of Washington county, Hon. Milton G. Urner, of Frederick, was made temporary chairman and David Walker, Jr., of Allegany, temporary secretary. Mr. Sloan, of Allegany, and Mr. Miller, of Montgomery, conducted Mr. Urner to the chair.

Mr. Urner briefly addressed the convention.

On motion of Mr. Miller the temporary organization was made permanent and a committee dispensed with, and delegates directed to hand their credentials to the secretary. The following were then handed in, viz:

Montgomery County.—Wesley Frazie, E. C. Delawder, Benjamin H. Miller, Thomas Dawson, John F. Matthews, Upton Darby, H. Clay Dorsey, Francis Miller, Dan'l. Diggins, Wright Curtis, Captain John McDonald and Francis L. Bel.

Frederick County.—Hon. Milton G. Urner, of Frederick; Chas. S. Snook, of Lewistown; Thaddeus A. Vastler, Sabillasville; William P. Marsell, of Tuscarora; Vincent Sanner, of Middletown, and Charles E. Saylor, of Johnsville.

Washington.—Charles W. Adams, Thomas McDaniel, Abraham Crum, F. K. Ziegler, C. D. Kauffman, Wm. F. Hassett, Dr. Wm. H. Perkins, Dr. A. Shank, C. M. Keedy, Franklin Wheaton, Wm. C. Edwards, Lewis A. Spickler, Isaac Ankeny, D. A. Rohrer, Moses Grant, Geo. A. Davis, John Allen, John Truman, D. W. Reichard and B. A. Garlinger, Sr.

Allegany.—D. W. Sloan, David Walker, Jr., Robert Casey, J. H. Herrod, John J. Bell, Geo. W. Snyder, W. Scott Fuller, J. Geo. Nickel and Thos. Bath.

Garrett.—A. G. Sturgiss, Patrick Grant, Henry Kamp, Daniel Chisholm, Dr. J. W. Laughlin and W. P. Townshend.

Mr. Adams moved to dispense with committee on resolutions, and that all resolutions offered be referred to Mr. Miller, who was appointed to read same.

Nominations being next in order, Mr. Sloan, of Allegany, nominated Mr. McComas and moved his nomination by acclamation.

Mr. Miller, of Montgomery, seconded the nomination, and it was carried amid terrific applause.

A committee was appointed to wait on Mr. McComas and inform him of his nomination, which, having retired, returned in a few minutes, accompanied by the nominee.

Mr. McComas addressad the convention at considerable length, accepted the nomination and referred to the affairs in public matters for the last few years and the prospects for the coming campaign.

Mr. Miller presented the following resolutions which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the well known ability of Hon. L. E. McComas, coupled with his experience in Congress; his familiarity with the rules and methods of business of the House of Representatives, and his acquaintance with and high standing among his associates thereof, pre-eminently qualify him to protect and advance the interests of the people of this District of the State.

2d, Resolved, That the course of Mr. McComas in the Congress of the United States, particularly his efforts in favor of the forfeiture of unearned land grants; the establishment of postoffice savings banks for the people; the passage of the Labor Arbitration Bill; the strict enforcement of the eight hour law; the taxation of corporate property, now by law exempt, and against contract prison labor; the importation of foreign contract labor and the holding of the public lands by non-resident aliens, entitle him to the support of the voters of this Congressional District without regard to party sentiment.

3d, Resolved, That his series of successes in demanding and achieving the release of Julio Romano Santos, an American citizen imprisoned in Ecuador. In striking free coal from the Morrison Tariff Bill and passing over the President's veto the Romiser Pension Bill, (the only bill so passed), illustrates his influence, efficiency and usefulness as a Representative in Congress.

Mr. Wellington was then introduced by the chairman and made a speech pledging his earnest support to Mr. McComas.

Mr. Brace being called for by the crowd made a few remarks, pledging an earnest support, and stating that all factional differences in Allegany ended with to-day's work, and all Republicans would be found working together there.

Mr. Miller, of Montgomery, next addressed the convention, referring principally to civil service reform and condeming bribery at elections.

Frank Wheaton, of Washington county, an extremely intelligent colored man and a good speaker, spoke at some length upon the position of the two parties toward the colored race.

Mr. Sloan, after repeated calls spoke briefly, stating enough had already been said and moved to adjourn, which was done, at 2:20 p. m.

The Earth's Tremors.

CHARLESTON, S. C. Sept. 20.—The condition of Summerville for the past three days in regard to earthquake disturbances has been very reassuring, and the people are strongly impressed with the belief that the annoying tremors and detonations are about to cease. On Saturday last the whole day passed without event as much as a detonation.

There were only two scarcely audible explosions on Saturday night, separated by an interval of two hours. On Sunday about 9 o'clock in the morning there was a plainly audible explosion, which was, however, unaccompanied by the usual trembling of the earth. At 11 o'clock Sunday night there was a tremor which, as the people have become accustomed to such manifestations, caused little comment. At 2 o'clock this morning there was another slight shock of the same character. The detonations and tremors are now at very long intervals and are unheeded except by the most timorous.

The situation in Charleston is brighter and more cheering, a fact which is largely due to the favorable weather and escape from the threatened West Indian hurricane. The death list from the effects of exposure is 49, as against 70 in the previous week. There is a scarcity of skilled bricklayers and plasterers, and wages are at earthquake prices. The fright caused by the old shocks is generally subsiding, and refugees are returning to the city.

B. & O.'s New Line.

PHILADELPHIA, September 18.—The official announcement of the opening of the Baltimore and Ohio's new line appears in the papers here in the morning, and simultaneously with it, the regular schedule of trains which goes into effect to-morrow. It is something of a surprise, as many believed it impossible for the company to get ready, but a large force, under the direction of the general officers, most of whom are in the city, has worked wonders, and the first regular train leaves in the morning at seven. Three express trains will run daily to Cincinnati, St. Louis Chicago and the leading Western and Southwestern cities, and, after many years Philadelphia has a second and actually competing great line. All the trains named will run through without change via Washington, as will also corresponding trains from the cities named to Philadelphia.

High Flats and Earthquakes.

NEW YORK, September 18.—It is estimated that the Charleston earthquake did a hundred thousand dollars' worth of damage in New York city. Apartment-houses here are commonly rented yearly from the 1st of October. The present month is the busy one in that branch of the real estate business. The immense flat-houses are of great height, the one built last before the recent passage of a state law restricting the altitude of residences being two hundred feet from sidewalk to cornice. Heretofore the upper stories have been considered about as desirable as the others, because of their better light, ventilation and outlook. Elevators annihilated stairway climbing. But the earthquake has scared tenants, and especially women. They read the scientists' theory that the South Carolina destruction of buildings was caused by a slide of the ground seaward, and they know that the tremor was felt all along the Atlantic coast, clear to this city. Therefore, why may not an earthquake jolt down houses here? If so, where would the dwellers at a height of one or two hundred feet come out? The real estate agents report that the feeling of uneasiness has seriously affected the rental of flats, many being left empty, with no probability of being taken, except at reduced prices.

The Greenville (S. C.,) *Daily News* in noticing the contributions from Northern cities for the Charleston sufferers says: "New York, the Empire City of the Union, answers the call of her humbler stricken sister with imperial, open-handed generosity. Philadelphia and Boston, the homes of anti-Southern sentiment and all that is most bitterly antagonistic to Charleston in politics, poured out lavish gifts and words of love and tender sympathy. Glorious Baltimore, like the queen she is, hastened to offer her splendid gifts at the common shrine of charity. In their degrees the lesser cities did likewise.

OAKLAND, Sept. 15, 1886.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—May I be permitted, through your columns, to call attention to a subject evidently overlooked, and certainly a very important one to us. The road from Oakland to Cranesville is in an almost impassible condition, for other vehicles than ox-carts and mud-sleds. We pay the same taxes that parties in other parts of the county do, in fact more, as we are fewer, and it falls heavier upon us, and yet they have beautiful roads ramifying into every section, and kept in perfect order, and what do we get for our taxes paid? This is by far the prettiest and most picturesque road leading from Oakland, and to the lovers of the beautiful who visit our county, it would, no doubt, be the most attractive drive, crossing the Youghiogheny river, winding along a road beautifully shaded and its sides lined with every variety of moss and ferns. But to those living along the road and traveling it most frequently, it is of the greatest importance. We ask, why it is so? We are answered, "the Commissioners do not appropriate enough to put it in a passable condition. Then, in our discomfiture, we appeal to the Commissioners, and ask why is it so? We certainly pay taxes enough to get some benefits therefrom, and while not selfish, yet we do want some returns for it. You may tell us that more can be benefitted on the more thickly settled roads. Then they should expect to pay more for their advantages. While we have to pay in the same ratio for existing in a sparsely settled section, we wish some compensation for it. You say we have an expensive bridge, but of what use is a costly bridge to us, if we cannot get to and from it without the danger of dislocating our limbs and breaking our vehicles. In conclusion, we most respectfully ask our Commissioners to ride out over this road, in their handsome carriages and see for themselves what we have to submit to while paying heavy taxes for others benefit, and then do us a simple act of justice

CITIZENS.

Horse and Wagon For Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale a good work horse, 8 or 9 years old. Gentle, sound and will work any where; also a one-horse spring wagon and set of single harness.

C. B. CROPP,
9 4 tf Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TRUSTEE'S SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting as a court of Equity, and passed in a cause in said court wherein Elizabeth Ralston and others are plaintiffs, and Elizabeth Kahl is defendant, the same being cause No. 366, on the docket of said Court, the undersigned was appointed trustee and will offer for sale

On Saturday,
The 23rd Day of October, 1886,

in front of the Court House door, in the town of Oakland, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M. of said day, to the highest bidder, at Public Auction, all the real estate described in said proceedings, the same being known and described as

Lot Nos. 4 and 5

on the "Plat of the town of Accident, situated on Flat street, and being the same lots which were conveyed by John Kaub and wife to Valentine Kahl and others, by deed dated the 11th of March, 1865, and recorded in Liber H. R. No. 23, folio 264, &c., one of the land records of Allegany county.

Also all that other lot of ground situated in the town of Accident, containing one-fourth of an acre, and which is described in a deed from Valentine Kahl and wife to Catharine E. Kahl, dated the 19th day of January, 1877, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folio 630, &c., one of the land records of Garrett county.

There is a house on the above lots Nos. 4 and 5, and also a small orchard, and all of said lots are improved and under fence. Said lots will be sold separately or all together, which ever will realize the most money for the owners.

TERMS OF SALE—As prescribed by the decree: One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, and the balance in two equal instalments at nine and eighteen months from the day of sale; said deferred payments to bear interest from the day of sale, and to be secured by the bonds of the purchaser, with security satisfactory to the trustee; or all the purchase money can be paid down on the day of sale, at the option of the purchaser.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
9 25 4t Trustee.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will make application to the Commissioners of Garrett county after thirty days from the first publication of this notice to appoint three viewers to assemble and determine whether the public convenience requires the opening and construction of a public road beginning at or near the mouth of Miller's Run, in District No. 7, and running through the lands of Hamill, Lowndes, John and Albert Richter, Perine and others, to intersect the Hooppole Road at or near King's Run, a distance of two and a-half miles.

JOHN H. CHISHOLM,
THOMAS A. NETHKEN,
JOHN H. RILEY,
ISAAC MALE,
W. H. SPEICHER,
9 25 4 MAHLON SCHOOLEY.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Volina Cordial
CURES
DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, WEAKNESS, CHILLS AND FEVERS, MALARIA, LIVER COMPLAINT, KIDNEY TROUBLES, NEURALGIA AND RHEUMATISM.

IT is Invigorating and Delightful to take, and of great value as a Medicine for weak and Ailing Women and Children.

IT gives NEW LIFE to the whole SYSTEM by Strengthening the Muscles, Toning the NERVES, and completely Digesting the food.

TRADE Volina Cordial MARK

CONTAINS no hurtful Minerals, is composed of carefully selected Vegetable Medicines, combined skillfully, making a Safe and Pleasant Remedy.

A Book, 'Volina,' by leading physicians, telling how to treat diseases at HOME, mailed, together with a set of handsome cards by new Heliotype process, on receipt of 10 c.

For sale by all Druggists and Grocers. Should the dealer near you not keep VOLINA ORIGINAL, remit $1.00, and a full size bottle will be sent, charges paid.

PREPARED ONLY BY
Volina Drug and Chemical Company,
BALTIMORE, MD., U. S. A.

NOTICE

To the Qualified Voters of the Respective Election Districts of Garrett County.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Officers of Registration of Voters in and for the respective election districts of Garrett county, will sit in their respective election districts in said county, on the Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, after the first Monday in September, that is to say on the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, in the year 1886, and also for two successive days commencing with and including the first Monday in October, that is to say on the 4th and 5th days of October, in the year 1886, at the respective places and on the respective days hereinafter named, for the purpose of ascertaining and registering in the proper registries of voters and poll books persons qualified to vote in their respective election districts, and of revising and completing their respective registries of voters and poll-books of their respective election districts.

The undersigned Officers of Registration will commence their said respective sessions on the respective days, and at the respective places herein named at the hour of 8 o'clock A. M., and continuing the same until the hour of 7 o'clock P. M., on each of said days, as follows, to wit:

Election District No. 1.—Swanton.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Swanton.

Election District No. 2.—Selbysport.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th 10th and 11th days of September, at Steele & Friend's store at Friendsville, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October at Selbysport.

Election District No. 3.—Grantsville.

Tuesday and Wednesday, September 7th and 8th, at the residence of the Officer of Registration, and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, September 9th, 10th and 11th at Grantsville, and Monday and Tuesday, October 4th and 5th at Grantsville.

Election District No. 4—Bloomington

Tuesday and Wednesday, the 7th and 8th days of September, at residence of Dennis Collins, at Franklin Mines, and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Bloomington.

Election District No. 5—Accident.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th 10th and 11th days of September, and on Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Accident.

Election District No. 6.—Sang Run.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at the house of Nathan Browning, in said district.

Election District No. 7.—Oakland.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Oakland.

Election District No. 8—Ryans Glade

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 7th, 8th and 9th days of September, at Elkins and Friday and Saturday, the 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Mrs. Thomas Grime's, in said district.

Election District No. 9.—Frostburg.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Johnson's.

Election District No. 10.—Deer Park.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 7th, 8th and 9th days of September, at Altamont, and Friday and Saturday, the 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Deer Park.

Election District No. 11.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, at the Mill of John H. Gregg, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at the house of John Wilhelm.

Election District No. 12.—Kitzmillersville.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th days of September, and Monday and Tuesday, the 4th and 5th days of October, at Kitzmillersville.

All naturalized citizens applying for Registration will be required to produce their certificates of naturalization to the officers of Registration.

H. O. HAMILL,
Officer of Registration 1st District.
R. E. FRIEND,
Officer of Registration 2nd District.
ISAIAH FULLER,
Officer of Registration 3rd District.
JOHN COLLINS,
Officer of Registration 4th District.
HENRY F. LININGER,
Officer of Registration 5th District.
N. C. BROWNING,
Officer of Registration 6th District.
PETER A. CHISHOLM,
Officer of Registration 7th District.
JAS. W. MASON,
Officer of Registration 8th District.
SAMUEL JOHNSON,
Officer of Registration 9th District.
MICHAEL T. BRADY,
Officer of Registration 10th District.
JOHN C. CHANEY,
Officer of Registration 11th District.
LEWIS C. HAMILL,
Officer of Registration 12th District.

$200.000 in presents given away Send us 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the $200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

GOLD fields are scarce, but those who write to Stinson & Co. Portland, Maine, will receive free, full information about work which they can do and live at home, that will pay them from $5 to $25 per day. Some have earned over $50 in a day. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required. You are started free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of snug little fortunes. All is new.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Lenge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

—Go to J. M. Davis & Son's for the celebrated Telegraph Cider Mill.

—H. Clay Hyde, Esq., of Kingwood, was in Oakland Monday.

NOTICE—I will be in my office in Accident on the 1st and 2d of October, 1886. WM HINEBAUGH.

—Mr. F. G. Hyde, one of our jewelers, who has been quite ill for about two weeks, is improving.

—Notice the large card of J. M. Davis & Son., in this issue. If you want anything in their line you should give them a call.

—Will receive and have on sale next week, a large line of Ladies' Jackets and Newmarkets, of latest style.

AT OFFUTT'S.

—Don't forget to call on A. S. Sell, McHenry, Md., if you want a good suit for winter, away down in price for cash or good produce.

—Our Grantsville letter and the minutes of the Grantsville and New Germany Institutes were received too late for this issue.

—WANTED TO BUY.—500 pheasants, 500 wood-cock.

A. J. HARNE,
Oakland, Md.

—We are under obligations to Mr. J. J. Meath, of the Collector's Office, Chicago, for the tenth annual report of the Department of Public Works of that city.

—Col. L. Victor Baughman, of Frederick, was nominated for Congress in this district by the Democratic convention at Hagerstown Wednesday.

—CLOAKS,
CLOAKS,
CLOAKS,
M. L. SCOTT'S,
Baltimore Store.

—Percy Veitch, Ed. D. Offutt and Walter Yost left Monday morning to enter the Maryland Agricultural College, in Prince George's county, this State.

—Mr. James Welch, residing with Mr. D. V. Junkins, near Oakland, recently shot and killed with a rifle an owl which measured four feet from tip to tip.

—Mr. Wm. Arthur, residing at Nicolas' mill, in West Virginia, near the Maryland line, had his leg badly crushed by a mill stone, on Saturday last. It is thought the leg will have to be amputated.

—We are under obligations to Mr. F. S. Cline, of Frankville, this county, for a lot of very fine apples, of the Roxberry Russett, Baldwin and Grimes Golden varieties, raised on his farm.

—Mr. Geo. D. Frantz, residing at Blooming Rose, this county, claims the best field of corn in the county. As a test he husked the corn on a square rod of the field and it yielded at the rate of three hundred bushels of ears to the acre.

—After years of illness and suffering, Patrick Fay, an old and worthy citizens of Cumberland, died Saturday evening of last week, in the 71st year of his age. He was the father of J. B. Fay, Esq., editor of the *Democrat*.

—In Sang Run, the only district, not reported last week, Wm. Glotfelty, Jesse J. Fries and John S. Browning were newly registered, and Wm. A. Browning, Thomas Browning, Edward Hoye and B. F. Sweitzer were stricken from the list.

—Michael Malone, J. A. O'Brien, Larry Gillen and J. P. F. White, were arrested and taken to Cumberland and given a hearing on the charge of having been engaged in the Westernport riot. Malone and White were committed without bail and O'Brien and Gillen were released on $500 bail each.

—Last week Mr. Able DeWitt, who is working for Mr W. McC. Brown, near Elkins, was accidently struck with a sampson bar and painfully injured about the back of the neck and shoulders, and Sunday night last he accidently fell from the upper part of the barn to the ground, a distance of 15 or 20 feet, sustaining injuries on the same parts of his body. Doctor Keller was called, and by cupping and other remedies succeeded in putting him in a comparatively comfortable condition, and last accounts are to the effect that he will soon be himself again.

Money to Loan.

I am authorized to loan $5,000, in sums to suit borrowers, to run from three to ten years, on first mortgage.

J. A. HAYDEN.

—If you want a good Cider Mill, call on J. M. Davis & Son.

Public Sale.

I will sell at public sale on THURSDAY, OCT. 7, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M., on my farm near Oakland, all the grain on the place, consisting of Oats, Rye and Buckwheat; also the Hay (good timothy) and Staw, together with a large quantity of Potatoes, and Horses, Cows, Buggies, Wagons and all kinds of Mowers, Rakes, Harrows, Wheelbarrows, and other Farming Implements. I will also sell all my Household and Kitchen Furniture, a large and varied collection. Terms will be announced on day of sale.

JOHN BRADLEY.

For Sale.

A valuable house and lot on Oak street, in Oakland, Md. Terms moderate. For further particulars call on or address. THO. F. COMBS,

9 25 Oakland, Md.

Notice to Tax-Payers.

Copies of the tax books of districts Nos. 1, 2, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12 have been placed in the hands of S. L. Townshend & Son, who are authorized to receive and receipt for taxes in those districts.

JONAS E. GNAGEY,
9 18 4. Tax Collector.

Private School.

I will open a private school, in the Oakland public school building, October 18th, and continue until the public school opens. Charge per scholar one dollar per month.

9 25 td E. J. FRINGER.

Clothing, Clothing!

If you want to buy good cheap clothing, go to A. S. Sell, McHenry, Md., who has just received and opened up a very fine assortment of youths' and men's suits and overcoats, which will be sold at rock bottom prices.

Judges of Election.

The following is a list of Judges of Election appointed by the County Commissioners at their September meeting. The first named in each district being Return Judge:

District No. 1.—Geo. S. Lee, John McFadden, Daniel Mosser.

No. 2.—E. J. Stuck, Wm. H. Riley, Isaac F. Frazee.

No. 3.—Christian J. Brenneman, Thomas H. Bittinger, Wm. Cunningham.

No. 4.—Floyd Duckworth, Otho Barnard, Geo. T. Michael.

No. 5.—Henry Kamp, Henry E. Friend, Melchoir J. Miller.

No. 6.—Geo. E. Bishoff, D. Harrison Friend, Josiah Wolf.

No. 7.—E. D. Kepner, John H. Wolf, Rowan White.

No. 8.—Nathaniel B. Harvey, Jr., John G. C. Riley, J. McClure Mason.

No. 9.—Jacob Steiner, Hudson Durst, Geo. L. Garlitz.

No. 10.—Martin Flanigan, Leronzo Thrasher, Jos. Lashorn.

No. 11.—Henry Weitzel, Norman Jacobs, John C. Chaney.

No. 12.—James H. Wilson, Wm. Paugh, A. C. Hamill.

For Sale--Thoroughbred Shorthorn Bull.

Oxford Sovereign No. 42308, vol. XXI. Red, little white, calved Sept. 12th, 1879. Bred by John S. Goe, Brownsville, Fayette county, Pa. Owned by S. D. Yoder, Grantsville, Md.

Got by Duke of Avondalle, 32201.
1st. Oxford Princess, vol. XV, by Dreadnaught, ...13830
2nd. Oxford Girl, vol. XV, by Lord Stanly, ...10385
3d. Lady Oxford, by Lord Oxford.....20214
4th. Nelly, by Prophet 13532
5th. Lola, by Coxton, ...1339
6th. Listless, by Arrow.....11
7th. Lascha, by North Star.....2382
8th. Lilas, by Imported Nelson, ...1914
9th. Imported Nudd, by Willington.....679
10th. Ruddy, bred by Geo. Morley, Boylston, England, from stock purchased of Chas. Colling, England.

Oxford Sovereign is of the very best milking strain of Shorthorns; in point of breeding and individual excellence is hard to beat. He is of a very kind disposition, a quick feeder, a fine handler, and a very impressive sire. Weight, 2,000 pounds in fair breeding condition; price, $100 dollars. I have also 4 bull calves sired by the above bull out of blooded cows. Price from $25 to $35 dollars. One thoroughbread two-year old Southdown buck, price, $10 dollars. S. D. Yoder, Grantsville, Garrett county, Md., 2½ miles Northwest of Grantsville.

Go to F. G. Hyde, the Reliable Jeweler

For watches, clocks, jewelry, silverware, eye-glasses, spectacles, etc., either wholesale or retail. The largest stock of reliable goods in this part of the country. Everything fully warranted to be just exactly what it is. I handle everything that appertains to the jewelry trade, at prices that will stand comparison with any responsible house. An inspection is requested.

F. G. HYDE.
7 17 tf Oakland, Md.

Republican County Convention.

The Republican County Convention, to elect delegates to the Congressional Convention, was held in Offutt's Hall, Oakland, Friday afternoon of last week.

Dr. E. H. Glotfelty presided and W. P. Townshend acted as Secretary.

Seven districts were represented as follows:

No. 3.—Samuel Baker, Jonas E. Gnagey, Charles Wegman, Jacob Fresh and Thomas B. Wiley.

No. 4.—George L. Michaels, O. B. Barnard, Nelson Duckworth, Wm. R. Michael and Henry Warnick.

No. 5.—E. H. Glotfelty, J. E. Gnagey, Henry Camp, Austin Speicher and Henry Warnick.

No. 6.—Silas Weimer, George E. Bishoff, Jos. F. Frantz, A. S. Sell and B. B. Savage.

No. 7.—George D. White, S. E. Boyer, Andrew Shartzer, Daniel Chisholm and W. P. Townshend.

No. 9.—Richard Graham, Andrew Blocher, Aaron Wilhelm, Daniel Durst and George W. Blocher.

No. 10.—J. W. Laughlin, P. W. Connell, W. C. Jones, J. C. Rodeheaver and Jacob Thrasher.

The following preamble and resolution, offered by W. P. Townshend, Esq., were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The Hon. Louis E. McComas has represented the Sixth district of Maryland in Congress for the past three years with signal ability and distinction, and has faithfully and diligently served the best interests of said district and the country at large to the satisfaction of his constituents in Garrett county; and

Whereas, We, the Republicans of Garrett county, in convention assembled, do now regard him as the best and most available candidate, and believe that a renomination will insure his re-election and a return of a Republican as representative from this districts; therefore

Be it resolved by this convention, That we do endorse the congressional life and record of Hon. Louis E. McComas and the delegates to be elected to represent Garrett county in the convention to be held at Hagerstown on Tuesday, the 21st inst., be and they are hereby requested and urged to use all honorable means in their power to secure his renomination.

Six delegates were then chosen by acclamation as follows: A. G. Sturgiss, Daniel Chisholm, Dr. J. W. Laughlin, W. P. Townshend, Henry Kamp and Patrick Grant.

The greatest harmony prevailed, and after a session of less than an hour the convention adjourned.

Democratic Convention.

The Democratic County Convention to send delegates to the Congressional Convention, was held in the court house in Oakland on Monday afternoon.

Hon. W. R. Getty was made Chairman and Capt. E. H. Friend Secretary.

Nine districts were represented. Two delegations were present from Selbysport. They were both admitted with a half vote each.

Messrs. W. R. Getty, R. T. Browning, W. P. Totten, E. H. Bartlett and H. P. Tasker were placed in nomination. On the first ballot the first three gentlemen were declared elected, and on motion the other two were unanimously elected alternates, as was also Wm. Hinebaugh.

After a session of two hours the convention adjourned, after tendering a vote of thanks to the officers.

Grand Jury Peport.

To the Honorable, the Judges of the Circuit Court for Garrett county:

Our duties sitting as a Grand Inquest of the State of Maryland now being brought to a close, we, to comply with the law and the custom, wish to report that we have made a very searching investigation of all matters brought to our notice, and in all cases, where in our judgment the evidence warranted, we have made presentments. We have not allowed malice, prejudice, fear, favor or affection to enter into our deliberations. We have examined the Court House and its offices and Jail, and find them in a satisfactory condition, except the water closet, the location of which we recommend the removal of as its present location, in our view, is detrimental to the health of the Sheriff and his family, and of those who may be confined in the Jail. We also recommend that heavy wire screens be placed in front of the windows of the Jail, thereby preventing the possibility of any outside persons from delivering to those therein confined articles or instruments by which an escape could be effected. The prisoners appear to be well cared for and do not complain of any lack of attention.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

P. M. STEMPLE, Foreman.

Public Sale.

I will sell at my residence, in the Glades, on Wednesday, Sept. 29th, 1886, all my personal property, consisting of one mare, two colts, two cows, twenty head of sheep, one sow and seven pigs, and household and kitchen furniture, &c., &c. Terms six months; interest from date.

9 13 2t MANASSES SCHROCK,

September Court.

Rather unexpeetedly the September Term of the Circuit Court closed Saturday morning last. We give below the disposition of all cases we deem of general interest:

J B Brant vs Mrs Fannie Read. Judgement for amount claimed and interest.

C B Ludwig vs Wm P Totten, Wm D Hoye and Geo W Blocher. Removed to Allegany county.

Daniel E Offutt vs the Connty Commissioners. Judgment.

State use of B F Andrews vs B & O R R Co. Removed to Allegany county.

State vs Albert Whetzell. Disturbing the peace. Jury trial. Verdict not guilty.

State vs Hampton McRobie. Assault with intent to kill. Jury trial. Verdict guilty of assault and battery. Fined $30 and costs.

State vs James Wood. Larceny. Jury trial. Verdict guilty. Sentenced to House of Correction for one year.

State vs Joseph Helbig. Assault and battery. Plea guilty. Fined $10 and costs.

State vs Walter Warnick. Giving away whiskey on election day. Plea guilty. Fined $60 and costs.

State vs Edward Wolf. Assault and battery. Plea guilty. Fined $5 and costs.

Selbysport.

Constable Brown is improving slowly. He is able to sit up a half hour at a time, and probably longer. There are hopes of his recovery.

Dr. E. W. Martin, of Pittsburgh, Pa., has been spending a few weeks in our village. He was greatly improved in health before he returned to the city.

S. S. Kelly and family, of Dunbar, Pa., were visiting at E. J. Frantz's last week.

Mrs. Elizabeth Frazee just returned from a prolonged visit to Pittsburgh.

There have been two deaths since our last writing: Mrs. Rosanna Spear, an aged lady, and the youngest child of W. A. and M. Selby.

There will be a teachers' meeting held at the Asher's Glade school house Oct. 2d, at 7 P. M. All who expect to teach are requested to be present and take part in the organization.

The storm on last Sunday did considerable damage. A great many fruit trees were blown down. The ridge roads were all or nearly all impassable from trees and limbs that had fallen in them.

The Democrats were "all broke up" on Saturday when they met to hold their primary. It was moved from Guard's store to this place, and still Mr. Jasper Guard differed from E. M. Friend in opinion, hence two leaders. The wing led by Capt. Friend went to the School house, and held a meeting, but none of the committee went. After electing the necessary officers, the following delegates were chosen to attend the Convention at Oakland on Monday: E. M. Friend, W. L. Coddington, D. P. Mays, A. Sisler and Geo. D. Frantz. Jasper Guard and his friends met in the room that is used for holding the election. The following named delegates were chosen: Newton Gnard, John M. Miller, George W. Grove, W. W. Griffith and Jasper Guard. It was a question after the meeting which set of delegates would be recognized by the convention. There was loud talk, but that did not settle the question. The refore it was agreed to leave it to the convention.

Elkins.

The weather has been quite pleasant here for several days, although the young folks who were out for a promenade on Sunday evening were hurried home on account of a heavy rain.

Mr. A. A. Bain has returned home from a trip through Pennsylvania.

Mr. J. A. Nydegger returned to Annapolis last week.

Mr. M. G. Williams is engaged in re-papering the Elkins House. They may be preparing for a wedding party, but I do hope the side walk will be repaired before the day arrives.

Miss Lizzie Chisholm returned from a visit to friends near Swanton, well pleased with her visit.

The merchants here are doing an extensive business regardless of "dull times."

BAD BOYS.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending September 21:

J. W. Veitch and wife to J. W. Lee and N. B. Harvey, all their interest in a certain piece or lot of ground situated in or near the town of Oakland; $5.

Bushrod W. Burley to J. W. Lee, lot No. 7 on the plat of Lake View; $75

J. H. and R. H. Gordon, Trustees, to George and Rufus DeWitt, 73 acres and 79 poles of the Gleanings; $220.

M. E. Howe and wife to Louis Stow, a lot of ground at Mt. Lake Park; $10, &c.

Jasper Guard and wife to Charles C. Fike, their interest in the Jesse Groves Farm; $1600.

Wm. R. Getty and wife and others to Thomas H. Layman, a tract of land known as the "Half-Way House"—100 acres; $3100.

L. M. Cresap and wife to Bushrod C. Washington, all their interest in the lands of Wm. C. Cunningham situated in Garrett county; $4000.

David P. Mays and wife to Wm. C. Fike, 20 acres of the "Gleanings;" $60.

Eharles T. West and wife to O. M. Miller, trustee of St. Matthew's Parish, part of lots Nos. 38 and 39 in the town of Swanton; $30.

E. H. Sincell, Trustee, to Rudolph Beckman, 25 acres and 36 perches of land of which Naaman L. Shank died seized and possessed; $135.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. D. Nydegger, Druggist, Oakland, Md.

For Sale.

The property owned by the late Thresa M. Smithman, corner third and Water streets, Oakland, Md. will be sold at private sale. This is a very desirable property and will be sold in whole or in part, to suit purchaser. Terms reasonable. For further information call on or address

JOS. H. SMITHMAN,
5 15 tf Oakland, Md.

Several severe earthquake shocks were felt in Charleston, Savannah and other Southern cities Monday night.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

McCOMAS

—Will speak in—

OAKLAND, OCTOBER 2D,

ACCIDENT, OCTOBER 4TH,

GRANTSVILLE, OCT. 5TH.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE

In the Town of Oakland.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Edmund Jamison to Rudolph Beckman, Dated the 17th day of February, in the year 1874, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folio 346, &c., one of the land records of Garrett county, and assigned to me by the said Beckman, I will sell at Public Auction, to the highest bidder for cash

On Wednesday,

The 20th Day of October, 1886,

at the hour of eleven o'clock A. M. of said day, in front of the Court House in Oakland, all that lot of ground situated in said town, which on the "Plat of Wilson's First Addition to said town" is known and designated as

Lot Number 35,

and being more particularly described in said mortgage by metes and bounds, courses and distances.

Said lot is improved by a good

DWELLING HOUSE

and other out-buildings, and fronts on "Center Street."

TERMS OF SALE as prescribed by said mortgage: Cash on the day of sale.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
9 25 4t Assignee of said Mortgage.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

EXAMINATION OF TEACHERS.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 14th, 1886.

As the Public Schools of the County

Will not Open Before January 1st, 1887,

the examinations ususlly held at the close of Normal School, will be postponed until further notice.

E. H. BARTLETT,
9 18 2 Secretary.

GO TO

W. C. L. CORRELL'S

NEW STORE,

In the Michaels Building, Oakland.

FOR BARGAINS.

Having just opened a full and complete line of

Boots & Shoes,

I feel confident I can suit all classes at very LOW PRICES. Also HATS AND CAPS, for men and boys, at BOTTOM PRICES. I have also on hand a good line of

Dry Goods and Notions and Gent's Furnishing Goods,

to which I expect to add in time for the fall and winter trade a full and complete stock of Men's and Boys' CLOTHING. It will pay you to come and see me before purchasing elsewhere.

8 21 86 W. C. L. CORRELL.

SCHOOL BOARD MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 14th, 1886.

A meeting of the Board of County School Commissioners will be held on

Thursday, Sept. 29th, 1886,

for the transaction of such businsse as may come before it.

E. H. BARTLETT,
9 18 2 Secretary.

TRUSTEES' SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

TIMBER

—AND—

MINERAL LANDS.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in the State of Maryland standing as No. 372 on the Equity docket of said Court, in which John Swan and others are complainants and Willie Swan and others are defendants, the subscribers will sell at public sale,

ON SATURDAY,

THE 2D DAY OF OCTOBER, 1886,

at 11 o'clock A. M., at the Glades Hotel, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, the tract of land known as

"Yough Manor,"

containing about 9,000 acres of land more or less. The said tract is situated on the

"YOUGHIOGHENY RIVER,"

in said county, and extends from said river to the West Virginia line, and is about 15 miles from Oakland, on the Baltimore & Ohio Rail Road, and about 15 miles from Confluence, on the Pittsburg & Connelsville Rail Road.

It is valuable for the large quantities of Pine, Oak and other varieties of timber common to the region, and now upon it; also for the large veins of bitumnious coal, iron ore, lime stone and fire clay upon it, and lying in convenient proximity to each other. It also contains a large quantity of good tillable land, a small portion of which is improved and in cultivation.

THE TERMS OF SALE Provided by the decree are: One-third of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, one-third in one year and the balance in two years from the day of sale, or the whole in cash, if the purchaser prefers it. The deferred payments, if any, to be secured by notes of the purchaser with security to be approved by the trustees.

WM. J. READ,
D. W. SLOAN,
J. H. GORDON,
8 7 3t Trustees.

NOTICE.

All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to me are requested to settle their accounts on or before the first of November, 1886. After that date my books will be placed in other hands.

9 18 3t O. G. GETTY.

FOR SALE!

I am authorized to sell about 160 acres of land, situated on the Hooppole road, about 7 miles from Oakland. The tract will be sold either as a whole or in lots to suit purchasers. The land is all under fence, and is further improved by a dwelling house, barn and other out-buildings. Twenty-five acres cleared. This land is among the best in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN.

FARM IMPLEMENTS AND HARDWARE!

Having rented the store room under the REPUBLICAN Office, we have added to our Implement business a small stock of Hardware, such as

Nails, Locks, Hinges, Saws, Trace Chains, Cow Chains, Breast Chains, Forks, Shovels, Axes, Ax-handles, Grind Stones, &c., &c., &c.

—Also a complete and full line of first-class—

HEATING AND COOKING STOVES

with all of the latest improvements.

☞ We will furnish repairs for all kinds of Stoves and Farm Implements.

Farmers contemplating buying Wagons, Buggies, Sleighs, Plows, Reapers, Mowers, Drills, Spring Tooth Harrows, Spring Wagons, Cider Mills, Fertilizers, Ribbon or Barbed Wire, will find it to their interest to call on us or write for prices, before buying elsewhere.

EVERYTHING FULLY WARRANTED.

For sale by

J. M. DAVIS & SON.

P. S.—We have a nice lot of Farm Bells on hand, which we will sell cheap.
February 24, 1886.—tf.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

LOVE AND PHILOSOPHY.

'Twas at the Concord sages' school,
We met one summer's day;
I guessed—and used no logic rule—
I guessed what she would say.
"'Tis very warm'—this with a sigh—
"The sun that shines from thence,'
She said and pointed to the sky,
"Is rolling toward the Whence."

I told her that it must be so,
At least it seemed so there;
For there was much I did not know
Of the Whatness of the Where.
About the only thing I knew,
When she was standing near,
Was that the sky was much more blue
In the Nowness of the Here.

She smiled, and said perhaps 'twas well
Those pretty themes to touch;
And asked me if the rule I'd tell
Of the Smallness of the Much.
I told her that I did not know
That rule, but then I knew
A rule that just as well would go—
The Oneness of the Two.

She blushed and looked down on the ground,
And said: "It can't be so;"
And then the whole earth turned around,
For my heart was full of woe.
"Unto the Ceaseness of my End,"
I said, "I now shall go."
She murmured: "Don't you comprehend
The Yesness of my No?"

—*W. J. Henderson, in Puck.*

A WAYSIDE FLOWER.

A Rose in "Love Lane" and What Became of It.

They were walking down "Love Lane" in a gay, chattering procession—girls with laurel-wreathed hats, young men bearing shawls and baskets, a matron or two; last of all Stephen Fulton, a child on either side of him, and in his arms little Nanny Forsythe half asleep. Wherever Stephen went children followed, led by attraction irresistible as that which draws iron filings to the magnet. Grown people could not understand this attraction, but the little ones never mistook about it. Sleepy as she was, Nanny's small hand kept patting his shoulder as they went along, and her voice cooed words of drowsy endearment which made Stephen smile, gloomy as he felt that day. Each cheerful reply to the children's questions cost an effort; but he spoke cheerfully all the same, and tried to keep his eyes from wandering forward to where Captain Hallett walked by the side of Milly Graves, with his handsome head very near hers, and his voice murmuring low sentences inaudible to the rest of the party. Many glances were sent back at this couple from those in advance, for Neal Hallett was the novelty of the moment, a hero and a stranger; and the girls, who were only too well-disposed to pull caps for him, thought it "quite too bad" of Milly to absorb his attentions as she had done all day.

But, after all, what could Milly, what could any girl, do, when an all-conquering Captain takes up his position at her side in early morning and never leaves it until late afternoon? It is not in girl nature to resist such tribute, and Stephanie De Witt, in front, was partly justified in calling it "a desperate flirtation," although I fear the pout with which she spoke was due rather to *amour propre* than outraged morals. But on Milly's side it was not all flirtation. For all her merry, saucy ways, she was a sensitive, credulous creature, just the woman to give "gold for dust," and stake her all in that unequal barter so common in this world of misunderstood values.

Her fair cheeks were flushed and her blue eyes full of shy excitement as they walked along, talking about—dear me, what do people talk about when they are young and of different sexes? Captain Hallett's fine eyes said more than his tongue; his martial mustache seemed to give point and value to mere nothings. He carried a lithe little cane with which he emphasized his sentences; now cutting the air, now beheading a mullein, in a way which Milly thought fascinating. And then Love lane was such a pretty spot, the very place to be eloquent in. Its winding turns were hedged with fragrant growths—woodbine, brier, sweet fern and bay. Overhead the trees met and clasped in shady arches. Here and there a pink honeysuckle glinted in the network of green, or a train of shimmering clematis. The pure primrose light of a cloudless sunset sifted down through the canopy of boughs; a light breeze stirred, full of delicious smells. It was like an evening in fairyland.

Suddenly a turning brought them to a fern-clad bank, against which, set in a frame work of tremulous verdure, stood one rose of perfect wild wood pink, poised at tip of a cluster of vivid leaves. It was like an enchanted queen, Milly thought.

"How beautiful!" she cried; but even as the words left her lips the restless cane flew through the air, flicked the rose from its stem, and sent it into the dusty road, a little whirlwind of broken leaves accompanying its fall.

"What a pity?" said she, involuntarily.

"It's only a wild rose, you know," surprised.

"But don't you like wild roses?"

"O, yes; but there are so many of them that it is hardly worth while to waste sentiment on a single one," and the Captain showed his fine teeth in a smile that was the least bit cruel.

Milly sighed, and cast a regretful look behind Her gentle nature felt for the fair despoiled thing. But, after all, there were plenty of wild roses, as Captain Hallett said, and presently she forgot her sympathy and its cause. Another turning in the lane brought them to the village outskirts, and to Squire Allen's gate, where the rest of the party were waiting. There were good-byes to say, divisions to make. Mrs. Allen was intent on securing to each person his or her own basket, Kitty Felton was counting teaspoons, Stephanie hunting for a missing plate. In the midst of these researches Stephen came up with the children. He looked weary, and put Nanny into her mother's arms with an air of relief, disregarding the drowsy protest which she uttered.

"What a lovely rose, Stephen!" said some of the girls. "Where did you find it?"

"In the road," replied Stephen. "Somebody had switched it from its stem and left it to die, so we picked it up."

"Yes, and Mr. Felton said it was a shame to treat flowers so," put in a little boy.

The Captain listened impassively, but Milly gave a half-pained glance at the flower. "That was just like you, Stephen," she said, softly; and Stephen brightened for the first time that day.

It seemed to Stephen, looking back, that his love for Milly had begun when he was a boy of five and she was a baby in the cradle. He could not recollect the time when he did not prefer her to all other girls. At school he was her knight, his sled, his jack-knife, his help, always at her service. Stephen taught her to skate, to row. It was he who brought her the first maple-sugar, the first arbutus; he who took her on sleigh-rides; and walked home with her from church and the village tea parties. Milly absorbed these services not ungratefully, but as a matter of course. She had been used to them from her babyhood, and could have almost as well dispensed with sun or air out of her life; but sun and air being never withdrawn, are rarely noticed or alluded to. "Dear good old Stephen," she called him. Now it is not well for a man to lavish himself on a woman who thinks of him only as "dear old Stephen."

And now Stephen was doomed to stand by and see a stranger appropriate the object of this life-long devotion. He had sown, and another was to reap his labors. Day by day all that summer long the glamour grew and deepened. Captain Hallett's leave of absence seemed of the most elastic description, permitting him to stay the entire season at Baymouth. His mornings, his evenings, his noons, were spent with Milly. Stephen sickened at the inevitable gold-banded cap that met his eyes whenever he entered the house, and proved his rival in possession of the field. Milly greeted Stephen kindly always; but there was a sense of interruption; he felt himself a third party. Then he tried staying away; but that was worst of all, for his love did not notice his absence beyond a careless "What age it is since we saw you, Stephen?" This state of affairs, of course, set people to talking, but Milly was blushingly indignant. "It was hard," she declared, "if a girl couldn't have a pleasant friend without having such things said." But her pretty poutings and protestings made little difference, and it was generally understood that the affair, if not an absolute engagement, amounted to "an understanding," whatever that may mean.

At last the long, lovely summer came to an end, as summers will. Scarlet boughs flamed in the forests, golden-rod burned along the brooksides, the birds flew, and with them Captain Hallett prepared for flight. His orders had come to report in Galveston, Texas, and his leave-takings were hurried. The last moment was Milly's, and though no one knew the exact situation of affairs, it was taken for granted that another year would bring orange blossoms and a wedding. Milly's own expectations were not so definite. No definite promise had passed between her and her lover, but she trusted him and waited brightly and hopefully. Letters came and went; the scarlet boughs burned into ashes and fell to the ground in pale heaps; then came snow and the winter, to be in turn scourged away by the whip of the fierce New England spring. Still Milly waited; but not so brightly now, for the letters came less regularly than at first. By and by they ceased altogether. Weeks passed without a word. Milly, with visions of yellow fever and Indians chasing each other across her tired brain, wrote and wrote again; but no presage of the real danger which threatened glanced over till one day, opening the newspaper, this met her eyes:

At Galveston, Texas, by the Rev. Pierre St. Cloud, assisted by the Rev. Thomas Dix, Captain Edward Hallett, U. S. A., and Blanche Emily, only daughter of the late Pierre St. Cloud, of Pilatki, Florida. No cards.

Mrs. Graves upstairs heard no sound, but when she went down Milly lay on the sofa, white and rigid, the newspaper still clasped in her cold fingers. It was long before her senses came back. Her mother flamed with anger, but the girl hushed her with a weary sob.

"We were never really engaged, you know."

"Not engaged! O, Milly!"

But Milly turned her face to the wall and said no more.

Baymouth was stirred to its depths next day by the news that Captain Hallett was married to a Southern lady, and that Milly Graves was down with typhoid fever. Every one wanted to help to nurse, above all, to know the particulars. Such masses of blanc-mange and jelly were sent in that poor Mrs. Graves was at her wits' end to know how to dispose of them. But no one could readily aid, not even poor Stephen, who scarcely left the house day or night, or ate or slept, till the crisis passed, and Milly was pronounced out of danger.

Out of danger, but it was weeks before she could sit up, and weeks longer ere she came down stairs, thin, white, shrunken—a mere shadow and wreck of the blooming little beauty who walked so gayly up Love lane at Ned Hallett's side not quite a year ago. She was patient always, and uncomplaining, but she did not often smile. Perhaps Stephen won these infrequent smiles oftener than any one else, and he counted them as precious payment for all time and all trouble spent in her service. Only once did he see her shed tears. This was when, hoping to give her pleasure, he brought in the first wild roses of the season and held them before her. Suddenly a spasm passed over her face, she gave a gasp, turned aside, and struggled for composure. Stephen dropped the flowers as if they burned his fingers and hurried out of the room. A hot anger shot through him. "He has ruined every thing for her," he thought. "Even a rose reminds her of him. Coward that he is. They hang a man for poisoning the water springs; why not hang him? though hanging is too good for such a villain as he."

Nature's processes of cure are secret. It is in their depths that wounds begin to heal. Gradually as months went by the renovating principle worked in Milly. She resumed her place at home, the little duties and pleasures, and took up again the burdens of life. She was pale still, but the paleness infolded a sweet serenity which was no less lovely than her girlish bloom. "Milly Graves was real improved since her disappointment," certain severe old adies asserted, and they were not far from right. Stephen adored her more than ever. Two years later he told her so. To his surprise, she was neither astonished or shocked, but looked in his eyes with a smile which was sad and tender and sweet all at once.

"Dear Stephen," she said, "this is just like you. Do you recollect the day in Love lane, and the rose you picked up out of the dust? You are doing the same thing now, but I am not worth it, dear, not worth the picking up."

"Milly," said Stephen, trembling with eagerness, "there never was a day since I first saw you, and that was twenty-one years ago, when I didn't love you beyond any other living thing. Pick you up, indeed! You, my rose of all the world! I am not fit to touch your stem, my darling, or handle one of your leaves, but I love you, dearest, with the whole of my heart. Can you not love me a little bit in return?"

"O, Stephen, I do!" and the fair little fingers closed over his. "There's nobody in the world like you. I always knew that. It's only—the others are so much fresher, you know—fresher and brighter, and—they might make you happier than I can. You're quite sure? You really want me? Then I'll do my best. Why, Stephen, how happy you look."

"Happy! I should think so, when I've got every thing I ever wanted in my life," cried Stephen.—*Pittsburgh Leader.*

A SHIP-DESTROYER.

Prof. Tuck's Submarine Torpedo-Boat—Trial Trip of the Strange Craft.

Persons walking along Riverside drive at Eighty-sixth street the other afternoon saw a black object skimming along on the surface of the Hudson. Then they didn't see it for a long time. Then it would appear at a distance. The object was a submarine torpedo-boat, the work of Prof. J. L. Tuck, who showed it off to a few friends. The boat is intended to approach a big naval vessel during war times under water and, having left a couple of torpedoes under her hull, to withdraw to a convenient distance and fire them by means of an electric current from a battery. The little craft of iron and steel, weighing twenty tons, is named the Peacemaker. She is thirty feet over all, eight and one-half feet breadth of beam and six feet deep. Placed at each side of the keel is enough lead to load the boat to the water's edge. To sink the vessel below the water there are compartments which can be filled or emptied as required. Compressed air is held in iron pipes, to be liberated as the air grows foul. A common rudder steers the craft, and a horizontal rudder, centrally hinged in a frame at each side of the stern, raises or sinks the boat. On top is a little dome twelve inches high and fourteen inches in diameter, with glass windows for light.

When a ship is to be blown up, as the boat passes beneath her a string of insulated wire carrying two cartridges, one at each end, is released. The cartridges are filled with a powerful explosive and are lightened with corks, so that they will rise against the bottom of the vessel. Then by means of the electric battery, after the boat has withdrawn, the explosion is effected. The little craft dived to a depth of forty feet in the river, and then took a submarine trip up toward Yonkers, remaining under water over seven minutes. The trials were a success, and the gentlemen interested in the boat well pleased. Prof. Tuck said she had made twelve miles an hour, and that she could remain under water several hours.—*N. Y. Times.*

THE FIRST RAZOR.

A Short History of Shaving from the Days of Genesis to the Present Time.

The earliest reference to shaving is found in Genesis xii., 14, where we read that Joseph, on being summoned before the King, shaved himself. There are several directions as to shaving in Leviticus, and the practice is alluded to in many other parts of Scripture. Egypt is the only country mentioned in the Bible where shaving was practiced. In all other countries such an act would have been ignominious. Herodotus mentions that the Egyptians allowed their beards to grow when in mourning. So particular were they as to shaving at other times that to have neglected it was a subject of reproach and ridicule, and whenever they intended to convey the idea of a man of low condition and slovenly habits the artists represented him with a beard. Unlike the Romans of a later age, the Egyptians did not confine the privilege of shaving to free citizens, but obliged their slaves to shave both beard and head. The priests also shaved the head. Shaving the head became customary among the Romans about 300 B. C. According to Pliny, Scipio Africanus was the first Roman who shaved daily. In France the custom of shaving arose when Louis XIII. came to the throne young and beardless. The Anglo Saxons wore their beards until, at the conquest, they were compelled to follow the example of the Normans who shaved. From the time of Edward III. to Charles I. beards were universally worn. In Charles II.'s reign the mustache and whiskers only were worn, and soon after this the practice of shaving became general throughout Europe. The revival of the custom of wearing the beard dates from the time of the Crimea, 1854-55.—*Bridgeport Farmer.*

—In using the ragged-edge writing paper, which is now "the thing," large envelopes must be used to be in the fashion, sealed with sealing-wax. On the paper must be the writer's initials in raised gold or silver and in fac simile of the writer's handwriting.

JUSTICE IN CHINA.

Cruel Torture of a Prisoner by the Order of a Mandarin in Canton.

As I entered the court room two stalwart jailers were roughly bringing in a prisoner accused of the crime of piracy. Around the neck of the prisoner was an iron collar to which an iron chain was attached. One of the jailers was dragging the prisoner along by the chain and the other was aiding him by pushing and kicking. The accused was taken before the Mandarin's desk, made to prostrate himself on the floor and the trial commenced. The accusation charging the prisoner with piracy was read and then the Mandarin asked him through the interpreters to confess the charge. This the prisoner refused to do, claiming that he was innocent. This seemed to anger the Mandarin and he instructed the lictors to strike the prisoner with their leather thongs. This they did, striking him a number of times on the face with a leather strap two inches wide and a foot in length. This failing to bring the desired answer, the Mandarin then ordered the jailers to prepare a torture. An instrument of torture resembling a common bench was then brought in and placed in position on end. From the upper legs of the bench dangled four stout cords, and near the top of the plank forming the seat was a cloth band about two inches in width and attached to a winch at the back of the board. The prisoner viewed these preparations with a dogged and sullen look. The lictors then seized the prisoner and forced him to kneel with his back against this frame and quickly fastened a cord to each of the large toes of the foot, and, bending back the arms, fastened the other two cords to his thumbs. The cords were now tightened until the prisoner's knees were raised clear of the floor. The band was then placed around the forehead and tightened with a few turns of the winch. The position of the body naturally threw the weight forward and made the pressure on the forehead fearful.

As the cords and bands tightened and the weight of the body was thrown on them, the victim began to show evidence of extreme pain. His breath came heavy and labored, and a deep groan occasionally escaped his lips. In this position he hung for a couple of minutes, and was then again asked by the Mandarin if he was guilty of the charge of piracy. He refused to confess. The perspiration was starting out all over his body, the cords were beginning to cut into the flesh, and the muscles were becoming knotted. The Mandarin gave an impatient order to the lictors, and the winch was given a couple of turns tightening the bands around the forehead until the prisoner's eyes seemed to start from their sockets and the flesh on each side of the band was puffed and discolored. Again he was asked to confess and again refused. Another turn of the winch was ordered. The eyes of the suffering man had now rolled back until only the whites were visible; the muscles of his face began to twitch and knot, and froth was collecting around his lips. His groans and writhings were horrible. It seemed as if human senses could stand no more. A few more turns of the winch and the band would crush in the skull. The muscles of the arms and legs stood out rigid and knotted from the weight of the body. Once more he was asked to confess. This time he hesitated and then shrieked out that he would confess any thing they desired if they would but take him from this horrid rack. The Mandarin, therefore, ordered the lictors to release him from the rack. This they did much in the same manner as a stevedore handles sacks of grain. They untied the cords and loosened the band, allowing the prisoner to fall in a heap on the floor. The tortured man's face had lost the semblance of a human being. Distorted by the pain and agony endured, with set staring eyes and open mouth, it presented a grinning, unnatural, hideous aspect. The arms and limbs were rigid and cramped, all muscular power seeming to have left them, and the prespiration was rolling from his body in streams. The lictors now hastily throwing a cloth on his face to hide its hideous grinnings, roughly straightened his limbs and set him up against the rack from which he had just been released. His toes and thumbs were bleeding from the cuts made by the cords, and the band had left a deep red mark around his forehead. The suffering of the man was horrible and his groans sent a thrill through my blood.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

A German Sewing-Machine.

A remarkable step in advance in simplifying the sewing-machine has been made by a German gentleman, and the practical nature of the invention was recently demonstrated. The new machine has not a wheel in it, and may be described as the working parts of a good sewing-machine deprived of all extraneous details, and condensed within the smallest possible compass. It measures only eight inches high by about two inches wide and one inch deep. It is fitted at the foot with a screw clamp, by which it can be fixed to the edge of a table and fairly worked by a child. The working motion consists of a vertical plunger pressed downward by the finger from the top, the plunger being returned into position for the next push by a spring. It makes a perfect lock-stitch, and will sew all kinds of fabrics, fine or coarse, within certain reasonable limits. Beyond its efficiency it possesses an advantage which appeals to all—namely, that of economy in price. So small is its cost that it can be purchased for about five dollars.—*London Times.*

—Some one has discovered that one side of the body tends to outwalk the other; with the eyes shut a person invariably walks to the right. If this be true it might be a good thing for bank cashiers to always keep their eyes shut. But it is always well for the directors to keep their eyes open.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

—In a museum in an Arizona town are preserved the heads of seventeen Apaches.

TEMPERANCE.

MURMURS OF COMPLAINT.

"Oh my! oh my!" said the pretty rye,
"I feel bad enough to have a good cry.
I thought I was meant to be used for food,
And was planted and grown to do some good.
But now, when I've done my best, just think!
I'm converted into a nasty drink.
If I had known about this last fall
I really don't think I'd have grown at all."

A stalk of corn bowed its graceful head
And sighed: "I almost wish I were dead!
For the same disgraceful fate, I fear,
Awaits my every ripening ear.
'Tis a burning shame to use us so,
And force us for such a base purpose to grow."

A murmur arose on the summer air,
A murmur of sorrow, and grief, and despair,
Among the hop-vines, as they trembled with fear,
For they knew they were doomed to make ale and beer;
And they mourned that in all their beauty and pride
They must be on the brewers' and drunkards' side.

Then the grape-vines and apple-trees looked around,
And shook from their topmost leaves to the ground
As the farmer talked of the cider and wine
He should make in the fall from each tree and vine.

—*Irish World.*

THE COUNTRY'S INVESTMENT.

What It Amounts to in Crime, Poverty, Disease and Misfortune—The Portentous Estimate Made in Dollars and Cents, Not in Blasted Lives.

It is an admitted fact by the highest medical authorities of the United States that there is a vast and rapid increase in the criminal, defective and insane classes of our population. The increase does not depend upon the natural growth of the population of the country, but goes on much faster. There is a constant and alarming increase of the ratio which the total of these three classes bears to the total population of the country.

It is an equally admitted fact that three-fourths of the crime in our land is the direct or indirect result of indulgence in intoxicants. Three-fourths of the enormous total cost of the ponderous police and criminal court machinery of the country is directly chargeable to the account of rum.

Likewise is it an open and acknowledged fact that fully three-fourths of the cases of insanity in our asyiums and almshouses are also the result of rum. The percentages given by the various investigators, in various asylums of our country, run from fifty per cent.—one-half—up to ninety per cent! We take three-fourths as a fair average of the percentages given by these various authorities. Not only is it meant that the insanity results directly from the effects of rum-drinking on the patients' part—though these cases are many, and the chief of any asylum can point out a large share of rum's direct victims among his patients—but it is the result of loss of social standing, of wealth, upon the wives of drunkards, and of a thousand other proximate causes which have their origin in the accursed rum traffic.

Also is it an admitted fact by all experts, that idiocy and insanity, especially the former, are the heritages of woe to the children of drunkards. A child begotten by an intoxicated parent is very liable to be an idiot. Where the parent is a confirmed drunkard, his physical system soaked and permeated with rum, its withering presence constant in the blood, brain and nerves, if the unfortunate child escapes idiocy and insanity, then epilepsy, melancholia, and the long train of incurable and obsure nervous diseases are liable to be the inherited result; or the child may be a cripple, or deaf and dumb. Nay, more; that mysterious law by which a hereditary curse so often skips over one generation only to reappear in full vigor in the second generation, often comes into play, and where the children of sots themselves escape, their own children pay the awful penalty of their grandfathers' slavery to rum.

The result of all this is, that the criminal, the insane, the idiotic, the deaf and dumb, are increasing at a greater rate than the mass of the population; and year by year the burden of their maintenance by the State increases. Our prisons are enlarged to find cells for the increasing criminal classes; our asylums and hospitals are being daily added to that room may be found for the insane and defective classes; our poor-houses are constantly crowded with the homeless and helpless. And rum is the great cause of the State's being compelled to imprison or care for at least three-fourths of the sum total of all these people.

The system by which these people are supported divides the authority up so completely that the average citizen is entirely in ignorance of the enormous total of the burden which is thus thrown upon the State—or rather upon the tax-payers. Leaving the moral side of the matter out of sight, let us look at its pecuniary relations, and find out approximately what rum costs the people of the United States in this indirect way—for it is to be remembered that this expenditure is entirely aside from the enormous direct annual outlay for rum.

According to the census of 1880, there were 450,000 insane, idiotic, deaf, blind, pauper and criminal inhabitants. These cost the people of the country, on an average, not less than $175 per year each, directly and indirectly. This makes a total of $75,000,000 a year. This is a per capita tax of $1.50 on every man, woman and child in the country, and we pay it, in our taxes and otherwise, almost without our knowledge. And it is absolutely certain that a large share of this—at least three-fourths—is due entirely to rum.

Let us take the business way of estimating this burden. It is a common method, among business men, in figuring upon some annual, regular expenditure, to find what principal it represents. Well, $75,000,000 a year is the interest at three per cent., on $2,500,000,000. This principal is so vast that we can reach its size only by comparison. The national bonded debt, on September 1, was only $1,201,015,112. Hence the $75,000,000 a year we pay represents the interest, at three per cent., on over double the bonded debt of the United States. That is, to state the matter in another shape, our permanent investment in crime, insanity and misfortune is twice that invested in our national debt. People sigh over the burden of the latter; let them wake to the realization that rum is the chief factor in a permanent debt already twice as large, and increasing in ratio faster than the Nation grows in population!

Let us make another comparison. In 1880, the total permanent investment by our railroad companies, including the construction and equipment of all the lines in the country, their lands, stocks, bonds, telegraph lines, etc., amounted to $5,182,445,806. Our investment in crime, poverty, disease and misfortune is about half that of the railroads—and the first cost of prisons, penitentiaries, hospitals, asylums, almshouses, etc., the annual repairs and the interest on these sums, are all left out of the one side of the account.

By the census of 1880, also, the valuation of the yearly product of all our manufacturing industries was given as $5,369,579,191. If half of this set aside as a permanent fund for the care of our criminal and dependent classes, at 3 per cent., the interest would all be absorbed each year in that way, and each succeeding year would show an increasing deficit—for the expense increases with their number, and this is increasing faster than the population of the country.

Once more: The census report before mentioned gives the total annual value of the farm products of the United States as $2,447,538,658. The entire product of all the farms of the country, therefore, in one year, would be taken to make a fund which, put on interest at 3 per cent. would produce interest enough to care for this class of our population.

The total valuation of all the taxable property of the State of Ohio—both real estate and personal property—for the year 1883 was $1,673,265,871. Hence, if the taxable property of the entire State were made the principal of a fund, bearing three per cent. interest, it would not bring in enough to support the criminal and dependent wards of the people in the whole United States. It would have to be increased over one-half—by about $900,000,000—to bring a sufficiently large return.

These calculations are astounding, but they are nevertheless true. The indirect burden of the rum traffic is appalling. The direct burden is greater yet. Both are increasing, and increasing at a more rapid rate than the population of the country. Is it not time to call a halt? Is it not time to set bounds to this increase?—*Toledo Blade.*

HE DID HIS DUTY.

A Hero in the Cause Who Was Never Afraid to Express His Convictions.

In an address at Reading, Pa., recently, ex-Governor Curtin humorously said: "Who ever knew an old soldier to refuse commissary whisky?" To his surprise a tall, gray-bearded man arose and answered: "Here's one." The Governor was not so much surprised but that he could exclaim: "Then you must have been as dry as a graven image." The old soldier who was not afraid to make known his Temperance principles is William H. K. Bush, of Reading. He served as sergeant four years in the war, and was in twenty-two battles. He was a Temperance man first, last and all the time. He organized a Temperance society of twenty-eight members in his company, but after he returned from the two-months' imprisonment at Belle Isle he found that all but four had broken the pledge. He at once reorganized the society and built it up to sixty-eight members. Once there came an order that every soldier should have two doses of quinine in whisky every day. Sergeant Bush marched his company up to the surgeon's tent at "sick call," and the surgeon said: "Pour out a big one for the sergeant." But the sergeant answered: "I swore allegiance to Uncle Sam to fight, but not to drink whisky." The surgeon was inclined to make a fuss, but the Colonel backed up the sergeant and others of his company who refused the whisky. "When the Governor asked that question," said Mr. Bush, "I thought it my duty to stand up, and up I went."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Poured Into the Sewer.

On Saturday, in the presence of and assisted by the members of the "Highgate Gospel Temperance Help-One-Another Society," Mr. William Green, of Bishopwood House, Highgate, the president of the society, destroyed his cellar of wines, about twenty-five hundred bottles, valued at $3,000. In a speech explaining his reasons he said that, after mature reflection and earnest prayer, he had come to the conclusion that it was God's will that he should part with the contents of his wine cellar. Three methods were pressed upon him from time to time. One was to sell the wine to the trade, knowing that they would sell wine, whether his or not; the second was to sell it and give the money to some charity, and the third was to give it, as it was, to the hospitals. In pursuing the first course he would be participating in the sale of an article which had been proved to militate against the physical, social and spiritual advancement of society. The same reasons were equally applicable to the second course, and beyond them there was in addition the inconsistency of causing injury to others in order to benefit some one else. The third course was met by the success of the London Temperance Hospital, where it had been proved that alcohol was not necessary in the treatment of any disease. After this address the contents of the bottles were poured into the sewer.—*Belfast Witness.*

THE encouragement of drunkenness for the sake of profit on the sale of drink, is certainly one of the most criminal methods of assassination for money ever adopted by the bravos of any age or country.—*John Ruskin.*

I CHALLENGE any man who understands the nature of ardent spirits, and yet for the sake of gain, continues to be engaged in the traffic, to show that he is not involved in the guilt of murder.—*Lyman Beecher.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Wheat is the only crop which can be produced in Southern California without irrigation.

—An ordinance forbidding boys under eighteen years of age to smoke cigarettes on the streets was recently passed by the city council of Los Angeles, Cal.

—The late Sir John Anderson invented for the British Government machinery which reduced the cost of making bullets from $1.25 to 11 cents per 1,000, and of bayonets from $1.87 to 62 cents each, but never made anything out of it beyond his salary of $6,000 a year.

—Some days ago the wife of Eli Taylor, colored, was riding through the woods near East River, near Appalachicola, Fla., when she saw a young bear. She procured a long pole, and getting near his bearship, belabored him so soundly that he was soon dispatched. He weighed about eighty pounds.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A little boy playing in an old log house at Richwoods, Mo., lost a marble through the floor and crawled under the house to get it. He found there a tin pail full of gold and silver coin. The amount proved to be $1,000. It was the property of an old gentleman of the place, who had hidden it there in 1864 and afterward, not finding it readily, thought it had been stolen.

—It is easy enough to have watermelons of any flavor you choose. All you have to do is to have a watermelon patch, and before the melon ripens, cut a slit in the stem and pour in a drop or two of your favorite flavor every morning. This receipt is given by a Georgia man who has tried it and is now luxuriating in lemon, vanilla, pineapple and strawberry melons.

—A Brooklyn policeman has been presented with a new club, which he does not dare to carry. It was meant for use among the gangs. As he twirled it at the end of the leather thong it was a neat looking stick, not easily distinguished from the ordinary club, but if a tough took hold of it to wrest it away, four short, sharp, two-edged knife blades could be thrown out on four sides of the club.

—A man named Goring, who lived at Kingston, N. J., was working in a cornfield when he scratched his arm against a cornstalk. He paid no attention to his wound until his arm began to swell, and then he called in a physician, who, however, could do nothing to alleviate Goring's sufferings. The man, who was large, strong and in good health before, died in horrible agony.

—Ah White, a Chinaman, of Vancouver, B. C., was considerably surprised, recently, when, after going around to several legal gentlemen, he was told that he could not secure a warrant for the arrest of another Chinaman named Jongs Lee, who had agreed to sell him a Chinese female and had, after receiving part payment of the money, refused to carry out his contract.

—A weak-minded youth of Northumberland, Can., was recently told that his grave was in a cemetery near the town. He visited the place and, seeing a stone bearing the name of "Fred," he concluded that that meant him, and began opening the grave to extricate his body. A policeman discovered him in the act and took him to jail, where he was kept until the proper authorities sent him to an asylum.

—The sheriff at New Castle, Pa., recently left the door of the jail open and a prisoner escaped. He then offered one of the remaining prisoners five dollars if he would capture the fugitive. The criminal gave chase, but failed to capture the man, and, strange to relate, returned to his prison quarters. He could easily have escaped, but he chose to serve out the remainder of his term, only eight days, rather than undergo the fatigue of an exciting flight.

—The *Sanitarian* relates a case in which a rat had died under the floor of a large drawing-room and was giving great offence to the owner of the house, who had had the carpets and furniture removed preparatory to taking up the floor. An ingenious friend drops in, suggests that the doors and windows be shut, steps out to the stable and traps a couple of blue-bottle flies, and returning, sets them free in the apartment. The flies, after a little undetermined buzzing, settle pertinaciously on a certain crack in the floor, and on the removal of one plank at this point the cause of offence was readily removed.

—The frost bell is doubtless the means of saving many tons of grapes in the northern portions of California, where the frost sometimes does so much damage. It consists of a wire running from different parts of the vineyard to the house. On the vineyard end of the wire is an apparatus that rings a bell at the house when the thermometer descends to a certain degree. When the bell is let off the occupants of the house know that their vines are in danger and immediately repair to the vineyard and light fires in different quarters, and thus prevent, through the agency of this ingenious electrical device, the loss of tons of fruit.

The Earth and the Stars.

Alpha Centaurii, the leading star in the constellation of the Centaur, is the nearest star to the earth, so far as known. Its distance is usually placed at from 20,000,000,000,000 to 29,000,000,000,000 miles from the earth. A star called Sixty-one Cygni is classed as second in distance, being put at 54,780,999,000,000 miles distance from our globe. Most of the stars, however, are millions of miles further away from us than these. Light travels about 186,000 miles in every second of time, and yet with this inconceivably rapid velocity it would take light about twelve years to traverse the space separating us from that star. From the greater portion of the stars light would be many centuries in reaching us. That is to say, in these particular instances the stars which we see are not the stars as they exist to-night, but as they existed before Columbus sailed on his voyage of discovery, or even before the creation of Adam.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

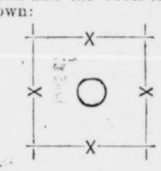
HARVESTING BEANS.

How to Stack this Important Crop to Best Advantage.

No other crop grown requires more care in the harvesting than beans. This is on account of the great deterioration in value by loss of color and staining by rain and subsequent rotting of the pods on the wet ground. This unfavorable result more frequently happens with beans grown as a catch crop with corn—upon principle a most objectionable practice in every way—because of the difficulty of drying them, to say nothing of the extra labor in harvesting them. Beans are pulled and not cut, the roots having but little hold on the ground, and the only machine ever adapted to the harvesting of beans, as we believe, was made for pulling them up by the roots and shaking the soil from them, very much in the manner done by hand.

When the beans are ripe they should be gathered at once and stacked safely out of danger from rain. If exposed to rain they swell and dry and become cracked or turn yellow and become unmerchantable. Perfectly white beans may be left on the ground as they are pulled, throwing two rows on each side together, thus having four rows in one long heap across the field, and as soon as possible they should be removed to a stage above the barn floor, or to a dry, airy upper floor of a well ventilated shed and stored until they are thrashed Otherwise it is safe to stack them in the field.

The stacking is done around a stout stake driven firmly into the ground between two rows on each side of the beans as they have been gathered as above mentioned. The beans are laid crosswise around the stake on four sides, the pods being placed outside at the corners and the roots together, as here shown:



The roots are where the X is seen and the beans at the outer corners; the stake is in the center. This enables the beans to dry quickly and preserves them from being soiled by the roots; the stake keeps the stack erect. If a cap of straw or a hay cap is thrown over the top the stack will take no harm and the beans will come out in good order after considerable rain. But every effort should be made to get the beans off from the field as soon as possible.

We have thrashed beans with an ordinary two-horse-tread-power machine without breaking many of them, and much more cheaply than by the flail. Treading them out with horses is manifestly an objectionable method, and not conducive to the good appetite which a dish of well-baked beans should evoke. The machine is arranged by taking out the concave and replacing it with a stout board raised somewhat; if the beans are fed in slowly, and held a little while as the pods go in, they will be separated with little or no injury, and can be cleaned from the chaff with ease in a common fan mill. The chaff is most excellent food for sheep, and should be carefully stored for that purpose.

Beans are an easy crop on the land, that is, they can be grown on moderately poor land and make a fair yield, as they can, too, be grown with corn and potatoes. But we advise every farmer to do every thing as well as he can, and if he is only raising beans to do the best he knows how with them. We have grown thirty-five bushels per acre on good well manured land, and have had more than 1,500 pounds of the most acceptable fodder for the sheep. At the usual price for good beans ($1.75 a bushel) they pay better than wheat and can be grown at half the cost of this grain.

When beans have been thrashed they should be stored in a dry, airy place, and at first should be turned a few times to prevent heating, which they may do if not thoroughly dry. To test the dryness of beans a peck by measure should be weighed and spread in a dry warm place for a week and then weighed and measured again. If they have lost a tenth of their weight those in the bin or barrels should be turned out and well aired on a dry day. New flour barrels are the best packages for shipping beans to market. In considering the fact that the ash of peas and beans contains forty per cent. of potash and nearly as much phosphoric acid, and that the straw is nearly as rich in potash, and that the grain contains four per cent. of nitrogen and the straw nearly half as much, it is one of the anomalies of plant growth that they should be able with their shallow roots to extract all this nutriment from a soil that is considered too poor for any thing else, But so it is, and farmers should not be misled into supposing that a crop of beans does not leave the soil poorer than it was previously. The fact is otherwise. This crop simply gathers up what is left in the soil that other crops could not get, and, like the man whose purse and good name were both stolen from him, the soil is left poor indeed.

Beans are a most nutritious food. They contain twenty-four per cent. of proteine in the shape of legumine—a substance having the properties and very much the same composition as cascine and of which very good cheese can be made—and forty-five per cent. of carbonaceous matters, against ten of protein and sixty-eight of carbonaceous matters in corn. Hence, with corn in nearly equal quantities, the mixture will make a perfectly balanced food and therefore one that would be found an antidote to the fatal hog cholera which prevails where corn is the sole pork-making food. When beans are ground with corn the meal is readily eaten by all animals and is especially valuable for horses. When given to cows the meal produces rich and abundant milk. Hence discolored beans can be most profitably used for feeding and should not be sent to market to lower the price of good ones.—*N. Y. Times.*

ALL ABOUT KISSING.

Some Definitions from a Not Yet Completed Dictionary of Osculation.

One of the most famous kisses in history is that of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, when she was canvassing for Fox's election. A butcher said he would vote for Fox if the lady would kiss him, which she thereupon did, thereby making the kiss, the butcher and herself immortal in history. The Duchess of Gordon, in Scotland, recruited a Highland regiment in the same way.

Gilbert Stuart, the great painter, was once met by a lady on the streets of Boston, who said to him that she had just seen his likeness and had kissed it because it was so much like him.

"And did it kiss you in return?"

"Why, no."

"Then it was not like me," replied the gallant painter.

Tom Hood once wondered in his "Oddities" if Hannah More, that prim and very respectable maiden we all remember, was ever kissed by a man. Probably not, but the humorists of "The Rejected Addresses," in one of their famous verses, say:

> Sidney Morgan was playing the organ,
> While behind the vestry door
> Horace Twiss was snatching a kiss
> From the lips of Hannah More.

But the testimony is not fairly credible, and we must fain conclude that she went to her grave unkissed.

Our Puritan forefathers were not at all in favor of kissing. It was not permitted to young people, and even a man could not kiss his wife on Sunday. Winwood Reade, in his book of travels in Equatorial Africa, says the negroes do not know how to kiss, and he admits that he frightened one or two maidens by attempting it. In New Zealand lovers do not kiss, but simply touch noses; but the South Sea Islanders understand kissing to perfection, according to some voyagers. They may have learned it at an early day from the first voyagers, and, finding that it was good, kept up the custom.

In the dictionary of osculation, which has never yet been completed, are found some definitions:

Buss	a kiss.
Rebus	to kiss again.
Pluribus	to kiss all around.
Syllabus	to kiss the hand instead of the lips
Blunderbuss	to kiss the wrong person, sometimes unexpectedly pleasant.
Omnibus	to kiss promiscuously.
Erebus	to kiss in the dark.
Incubus	to kiss some one you don't like.
Harquebus	to kiss with a loud smack. Petruchio's was a hark! we bus.

To kiss a lady against her will is an assault, punishable under our law by fine and imprisonment. So gallants must have a care how they yield to rosy temptation. Rare Ben. Johnson, who said

> He was wishing
> He might die a-kissing,

wrote also the immortal lines to Celia:

> Drink to me only with thine eyes,
> And I will pledge with mine,
> Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
> And I'll not look for wine.

And Dodsley's verse is almost as familiar:

> One kind kiss before we part,
> Drop a tear and bid adieu;
> Though we sever, my fond heart
> Till we meet shall pant for you.

—*Cincinnati Times.*

SAVORY DISHES.

Useful Suggestions for Economical and Careful Housekeepers.

Cold meat is often a concern to the housekeeper. Meat is expensive and no one likes to throw it away, but what to do with it is a problem. In the first place it must be kept cool during the warm season. We will suppose there is a quantity of cold roast lamb. Take a sauce-pan and put into it a quart of water; in this lay all the bones after cutting off the meat. Next, peel and cut up two onions, put in salt and pepper and half a teaspoonful of celery seeds. Then put the sauce-pan on the fire, and when it comes to a boil let it simmer. It will take about an hour and a half to cook the onions and extract the nutriment from the bones.

Meanwhile remove the fat and cut or chop fine the meat. About five minutes before you wish to serve the stew, put the meat in the sauce-pan, so that it can be well heated without being long on the fire. At the same time stir in carefully a tablespoonful of sifted flour, previously blended in half a tea-cup of cold water. Some chopped parsley should be put in it if convenient. When celery or celery leaves are in market use them instead of celery seed. The seeds give the same delicious flavor and nutritious properties as the celery, and should be kept in the pantry when the green celery is not obtainable. A sliced carrot may be put in with the onions and bones, as carrots take a long time to soften. Those who like the flavor of a turnip and tomatoes may add these vegetables. Most persons prefer bread with this stew, but some like potatoes.

A second dish which goes well with this is a piece of boiled bacon with cabbage. Any cold fresh meat may be served up in this way. Even cold roast pork makes a delicious ragout and veal-mince is very delicate, as veal is so young and sweet. When veal is roasted a thick jelly sinks to the bottom of the vessel in which the suet is poured. This jelly should be taken off the suet and put into the mince. Of course the flavoring may be varied to taste. Some like sage or allspice. Then instead of flour to thicken the ragout, barley, rice or cornstarch may be used. In fact endless varieties may be made according to materials and taste. It can be converted into an Irish stew by boiling potatoes in it. Peas thicken the soup and add to the flavor. If there is a very small quantity of meat, use a pint of water or less and a small sauce-pan. Proportion other ingredients to correspond. A meat pie is delicious if properly made. If you like an undercrust, be sure to bake it before you put in the stew. Then you are certain the underpaste is cooked. If you make a pie, put the chopped meat on this cooked paste, pour on the soup or gravy, omitting the bones, of course, put a cup in the center to hold up the upper crust, then put on the aforesaid upper crust and bake. If you have a light paste you will have a delicious dinner at little expense.—*Christian at Work.*

A STEERAGE TRIP.

Experience of Two Young Men on Board of an Ocean Steamer.

"The rates for first-class passage to Europe and back have fallen so low that I would forego the pleasure of crossing in the steerage again," said a friend to a reporter.

"Did you come as steerage passenger?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, I was hard up last summer, and I had to either try the steerage or swim. My friend Jim. H. was with me, and we are not likely to forget our experience.

"We boarded the ship at Havre with a fine crowd of Italians, French, Germans, Swiss and representatives of every other nation under the sun. Our bedroom was below decks, 50x20 feet in size, containing some 200 bunks in double tiers, one above the other, and separated bunk from bunk by a slat. A few hours after leaving port, when we began to think of our supper and to wonder what the bill of fare might be, a bell was heard. We rushed down the gangway in good spirits, but no signs of the feast were visible. A bare pine table was in the center of our bunk-room. Twenty-four of us surrounded it. The remaining 275 sat perched upon the bunks like hungry vultures. The steward now showed himself, with bell in hand, and invited us to be seated. We finally learned we would have to divide into squads according to the location of our bunks. To a squad was given two tickets—one for wine and coffee, the other for meat soup—each ticket bearing the number of persons in the party. We were also allowed two pans, one deep and the other shallow, and with these two of us were told to get from the kitchen rations for the squad. Jim and I failed to grab a tin cup, iron fork and spoon when we had a chance, and, as these articles were scarce, were compelled to eat with our pocket-knives and from a saucepan in common with a fat German until we hooked these luxuries from our neighbors.

"The delegates sent to the kitchen for our first meal, after waiting for an hour, were sent away rejoicing with a stew composed of odds and ends of meats and vegetables, immersed in a thick, brown, uninviting gravy. You can imagine that the menu was not very appetizing to a delicate stomach. I really envied the two comely girls at our table, for the first mate took such a fancy to them that not only their their lodging places, but their food, was very much improved. For the next few days we were too sick to use what we got. After that Jim and I lost considerable flesh, until a couple of English rascals taught us to help ourselves to the cook's or baker's supplies, when we formed quite a successful confederacy. A way of loafing around the kitchen resulted in numerous gains of boiled potatoes. A large leg of mutton was one day's booty, a couple of broiled lamb chops and mashed potatoes were another's. Of course it was necessary to make some very quick and stealthy grabs. The pastry cook once lost three large round cakes at three separate raids within half an hour. The last two days were good for this sport, as the pastry cook was then some distance from his room busy stirring ice cream. Just opposite this pastry room was the bread cook's room, at the window of which that official usually stood. In order to divert his attention from the real game, the rape of the cake opposite, Jim at one time pretended to grab some bread while another of our band carried off the prize we were after. So much running around after food, and only getting half enough then, made us somewhat weak, and we were glad to lie down upon any convenient spot, regardless of the dirt of the deck.

"For six nights of our voyage I slept on deck, as I objected to a bed already filled with life.—*N. Y. Star.*

FARM LABORERS.

Why They Should Be Provided With Homes by Their Employers.

Every good farmer furnishes some sort of shelter for his domestic animals, but there are very few who think of furnishing a house or houses for farm help to live in. The dependence is mainly on hiring single men, for six or eight months in the year, who are turned adrift at the expiration of their time to find whatever they may to do, or to remain in idleness the balance of the year. If there is any married help in the neighborhood, his family is stowed away in some old rickety, tumble-down building that nobody else will live in, and his family would not live in except by compulsion, because nothing better is to be had. This is not right. If a farmer is able to hire help, to any considerable extent, he is able to furnish the family or families of such help comfortable houses to live in, attractive homes which will attach them to the farm, and make him reliable help at all seasons of the year. With such places for them to live in, a much better class of help can be secured than can be picked up by chance, and than is likely to drift out into the country and occupy the forsaken old rookeries for an abode. A little garden patch in addition will cost but little, and the pasturing of a cow for the family would not be seriously felt. By looking around and selecting an intelligent, tidy and industrious family, with perhaps both boys and girls coming up, help on the farm and help in the house, that is efficient and can be depended on, can be secured regularly and for all emergencies. If the farmer shows an interest in the welfare of the family, and has made a good selection, he will have in its members neighbors and friends who, when in his employ, will understand his way of working, and will look after his interests with something like a personal solicitude.—*National Live-Stock Journal.*

—The Philadelphia *Record* says: "Twenty-five years ago there was probably not a woman in Philadelphia worth $500,000, and even a man millionaire was a curiosity. Nowadays estates footing up $1,000,000 and more are being settled up almost every week or two, and the list of women who own millions is by no means insignificant." This simply measures the growth in prosperity of all American cities.

MOUNTAIN SAM'S DOGS.

Their Exploits in Rounding-Up and Capturing Big Horn Sheep.

An old trapper and hunter known as "Mountain Sam," is doing a land-office business killing huge mountain sheep for their heads and horns. These he ships to New York to fill the orders he is constantly receiving, and there they are mounted. Sam's best customers are wealthy Englishmen, and many an English hall bears witness in mammoth heads and antlers of the mountain sheep magnificently mounted, to Sam's prowess as a hunter.

For many years "Mountain Sam" has buried himself in the most remote recesses of the Big Horn mountains. Here he is in the very haunts, hidden and deep, of the big horn or Rocky mountain sheep. Sam's way of capturing his wily quarry is peculiarly adapted to his needs and deserts. He rounds up the wild sheep of the mountain crag, peak and precipice with dogs.

His pack numbers twenty-five head, and they are a pure cross of the bloodhound and bull-dog. Mountain-born and bred, these noble animals add to the natural strength and sagacity of their blood strains a marvelous endurance and a cat-like activity. No snow depth, no roughness of trail, no steepness of precipice, no loftiness of peak, no remoteness of locality can stop the mountain dog when on the track of the mountain sheep.

The pack works in an organized way when the trail of a band of sheep is struck. The dogs break into little bunches and wide and careful circuits are made. The closely-pressed sheep are hurried forward a common center and they will soon be bunched with twenty-five dogs, crests erect and tails wagging, moving about them in an endless and eager circle.

The pack has been known to bunch two hundred and fifty head of sheep, and to hold their watch aad guard for over six hours waiting the coming of their master, who has been kept back by the difficulties lying in his path. It sometimes occurs that the dogs bring the game together on a spot that is utterly inaccessible to human feet. Then the hunter gives his dogs notice of the fact by a peculiarly shrill and piercing shout. The pack at once dash into the midst of the sheep, seize and slay the largest, and by dint of rolling, tumbling and falling from crag to crag, from declivity to declivity, bring the carcasses within reach of their master.

These dogs trace their pedigree to a pair brought into this region many years ago by a rich Englishman, who made old Fort Stambaugh his hunting headquarters. When the Englishman left these mountains he gave his dogs, whose worth he had proved in many a hard day's chase, to "Pap" Conant, who was well known then as a frontiersman. "Pap" gave a couple of pups from the first litter to his old comrade, "Mountain Sam," who thus came into possession of the nucleus of this present magnificent pack.—*Lander (Wy. T.) Cor. Denver Republican.*

HOW HE WON ROSE.

An Arkansaw Romance Which Had a Very Satisfactory Fermination.

"Nathan, you are married, I understand," said the Governor of Arkansaw, addressing a hillside constituent.

"Yes, sir, captured the best-looking girl in the whole community. Old Lige Peterson's daughter, Rose. You knowed her, I reckon."

"Yes, but I thought that she was engaged to Sam Parker."

"She was, but I got ahead of him. Tell you how it was. She loved Sam powerful, for he is the best circuit rider we have ever had. I loved Rose, and was mightily downcast, for I thought thar wa'nt no use in buckin' agin him. Well, the day for the marriage was set, and a passul of us come to town to see the weddin', for Rose 'lowed that she wanted to be married in town, and then take the cars for home, thereby gittin' a ten-mile bridal tower. When we got to town, lo and behold, there was a circus, with mo' horses than a strong man could shake a pole at. Rose was mighty keen to go to the show, but Sam says, says he: 'Rose, you know it's agin my religion, an' therefo' we can't go. Stay here till I go an' git the license.' Rose's under jaw drapped. When Sam was gone I says, says I: 'Rose, wouldn't you like to go to that show?'

"'Yes, but Sam won't take me.'

"'That's bad, Rose, fur they've got a world of hosses.'

"'Then she tuned up and began to cry. 'Rose,' says I, 'if you marry Sam you kan't go to the show; that's certain, but if you marry me, I'll take you.' She studied awhile, and says, says she: 'An' let me stay to the concert after the big show's over?'

"'Yes.'

"'An' let me look at the monkeys all I want to?'

"'Tibby sho'.'

"'An' won't pull an' haul me aroun' when I get interested?'

"'No, sw'ar I won't.'

"'An' when the sho's over will you let me look at the monkeys again?'

"'Yes.'

"'Nath,' said she, puttin' her hand mighty lovin'ly on my arm, 'I'm yourn.' Then I jumped up, popped my heels together, an' in less'n a half hour we was dun married an' a-lookin' at the monkeys. That's the way I won that jewel, Governor."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

The Age of Fishes.

Prof. Baird says there is nothing to prevent a fish from living indefinitely, as it has no period of maturity, but grows with each year. He is authority, likewise, for saying that carp have attained an age of two hundred years. He also says that within fifty years a pike was living in Russia whose age, according to tradition, dated back to the fifteenth century. The Russian Minister says that in the Royal Aquarium in St. Petersburg there are fish to-day that have been known by the records to have been there one hundred and forty years. Some of them are, he says, over five times as large as when they were captured, while others have not grown an inch in length.—*Christian Union.*

A FORMIDABLE VESSEL.

The Projected Steel-Cruiser About to Be Added to the United States Navy.

Secretary Whitney has determined to include in the list of new cruisers for which proposals are to be invited, the large unarmored cruiser authorized by the bill passed recently to increase the naval establishment, and has directed that for this vessel the plans prepared by Chief Constructor White, of England, for the ship known as No. 27 be used. These plans contemplate a vessel of greater power and speed than any cruiser now afloat—in fact, the very highest powered vessel of the kind in the world at the time of completion. The principal dimensions of the vessel are as follows: Length over all, 335 feet; beam, extreme, 43 feet 8 inches; draft, mean, 19 feet 6 inches; load displacement, 4,413 tons; I. H. P., 10,500, forced combustion; twin screws; estimated speed, 19 knots. The ship has two military masts, no sail power except storm sails; coal capacity about 900 tons. The complement of men is 320. The main battery consists of four 8-inch and six 6-inch breech-loading rifles; secondary battery, eight 57-millimeter single shot Hotchkiss guns, two 37-millimeter revolver machine guns and one short Gatling. The hull will be constructed of steel throughout, with double bottom running the entire length of the machinery space, or 150 feet. Throughout the length of the double bottom the ship is constructed on the bracket system, or combination of the longitudinal and traverse systems. Before and abaft the double bottom the framing is of Z bars; the frames in the double bottom are spaced 48 inches between centers; before and abaft these points the spacing is 36 inches. The outer plating varies from 30 pounds to 17½ pounds, the ordinary weight being 20 pounds per square foot. The machinery, magazines, shell-rooms, torpedo rooms and steering gear are placed below an armored deck, which is 4 inches thick on its sloping sides and 2½ inches on the horizontal part amidships. The outer edge of this deck is four feet below the load line, raising 1 foot above the load line at the horizontal part amidships. All the openings in this deck to machinery spaces, magazines, shell-rooms, etc., are protected by coffer-dams. Above the protection deck the machinery is still further protected by side-belts of coal ten feet in thickness, averaging eight feet in depth, extending from the skin of the vessel in-board, while below this deck a similar belt is provided seven feet in thickness. The vessel is what is called a poop-and-fore-castle-decked ship with open gun deck. The battery will be mounted on sponsons on central pivot carriages supporting segmental shields two inches in thickness, two eight-inch guns on the poop, two eight-inch guns on the forecastle decks, with the six-inch guns mounted in the intervening space on the gun deck. Two eight-inch and two six-inch guns will concentrate within 400 feet of bow or stern, while either six-inch broadside can be concentrated within 100 feet of the ship's side. The vessel will be provided with five above-water torpedo launching tubes, electric search lights, incandescent lighting apparatus for lighting ship and a complete system of exhaust ventilation for living spaces in connection with the system for forced combustion. The protection deck will be carried down to strengthen the ram-shaped bow, which will be thoroughly stiffened and strehgthened for ramming purposes. The hull will be divided with numerous water-tight compartments by means of longitudinal and transverse bulkheads. The motive power will be derived from two sets (each in a water-tight compartment) of triple expansion engines, in connection with four double-ended boilers fourteen feet in diameter. The engines will be capable of developing 10,500 indicated horse-power with forced draft.—*Army and Navy Register.*

UTILIZING NIAGARA.

Capitalists Who Propose to Divert Water From the Mighty Falls.

For years the study of many engineers has been to utilize the unlimited water power afforded by the Niagara river in the most practical and cheapest manner. This immense power has never been used except to a very small extent. A Company of capitalists and experienced men has been organized and incorporated as the Niagara River Hydraulic Tunnel and Sewer Company, whose base of operations is to be at the village of Niagara Falls.

Their object is to develop the water-power of the great river at an estimated expense of $3,000,000. The main point of the scheme is to construct a tunnel from the water level below the falls, two hundred feet below the high bank of the river, extending through the rock to the upper Niagara river to a point about a mile above the fall, where a head of one hundred and twenty feet is attained. The tunnel thence is to extend parallel with the shore of the river one and one-half miles at an average depth of one hundred feet below the surface of the earth and at a distance of about one hundred feet from the navigable waters of the river, with which it is connected by means of coduits or lateral tunnels.

Since the incorporation of the company, March 31st last, sufficient land along the river has been secured, surveyed and apportioned into mill sites fronting on the river, and on the line of the proposed tunnel, with ample streets and dockage affording facilities for approach by rail and water to accommodate 230 mills of 500 horse each, or 119,000 horse-power in all, which is the engineers' estimate of the capacity of the proposed tunnel. Some idea of the effect of this tunnel may be had from the fact that it will develop a power largely in excess of the combined power in use at Holyoke, Lowell, Minneapolis, Cohoes, Lewiston and Lawrence, and it will not cost more than one-tenth of the outlay for the development of the power at these places designated. The company expects to found a manufacturing town at Niagara Falls. The plan was made by Thomas Evershed, one of the State Engineers.—*Buffalo (N. Y.) Times.*

Obedient.

The cheerful spirit and the alacrity displayed by the average American boy in obeying maternal mandates would have made our Puritan fathers weep with joy could they have lived to witness it.

The modern mother says coaxingly: "Now, Tommy, run and get mother a basket of chips."

"Don't want to," says Tommy promptly.

"But you must," says his mother, with some firmness.

"Why can't someone else do it!" whines Tommy.

"Because there is no one else here to do it. Now you run right along."

Thus commanded Tommy gingerly picks up the basket and disappears, muttering something about having to "work like a slave all the time."

Five minutes later his mother goes to the door and cries out:

"You, Tom; where's them chips?"

"Ya-a-s, purty soon," is the reply.

"I'll 'pretty soon' you if you don't march yourself along here in mighty short order!"

"All right," is Tom's ambiguous reply as he sits down for a game a "mumble-the-peg" with a neighbor's boy who has suddenly hove in sight.

Ten minutes later a shrill cry cuts the air:

"Tom!"

"Well, what you want?"

"Where's them chips?"

"Out here, I reckon."

"Well, you'd better have them in here now, mighty soon, or you'll see what you'll get."

Tommy is busily engaged rooting his nose into the ground "mumbling the peg" when his sensitive nature is shocked by a frantic yell of:

"You, Tom Smith!"

"What you want?"

"You'll see what I want if I come out there with a stick."

"Well, what's your hurry for them blamed old chips?"

"I'll hurry you! never you mind! You just keep right on, young man! I'll tell your father! you'll see!"

"Well, I'm coming in just a minute."

"You'd better, if you know what's good for you."

Ten minutes later the expectant mother glances toward the woodpile. The empty basket is there, and she catches a brief glimpse of Tom and his partner in iniquity as they disappear far down the road in the direction of a pool of mud and water in equal parts called the "swimming hole."

The mother then comes out and skirmishes around picking up her own chips, and as she does so her mind dwells long and fondly on a time soon to come, and as she bends over the basket she thanks Heaven that that boy will have to come home to sleep that night, and then a smile comes over the sad face of the weary woman, her heavy eyes light up, her breath comes quick and short, and her lips tremble with delight as she says softly:

"And if he don't git one good, warmin' up than my name ain't Jane Smith."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A west Scotland clergyman was going to the Highlands for his holidays and being very fond of the "Nabob Pickles" he took a bottle with him. The "Nabob Pickles" are extremely hot and should be sparingly used. Arrived at the hotel he placed the bottle on the table and took out one or two of them. A Yankee was sitting opposite and got his eyes on the pickles. "Stranger, pass the pickles, please." The clergyman said: "These are private property, but you are welcome to them." He passed the bottle across the table. The Yankee emptied half the bottle into his plate and stirred them well up with his spoon. He took a big spoonful but they were not long down when he drew a long breath and said: "Oh, dodgast it! Look here, stranger, I guess you are a parson?" "Well, I am a clergyman and preach the Gospel." "Look you here," said the Yankee, "I have heard them preach about fire and brimstone, but you are the first one I ever knew who carried a sample bottle."

The Best Chill Medicine.

SALISBURY, MD., Aug. 1884.

Dear Sir:—I had the ague and chills and fever for six months, had taken several different medicines, but none done me any good. Through the recommendation of a friend I was induced to try "AROMANNA." I used one bottle and have not had a chill since.

JOHN PARSONS.

SALISBURY, MD., May 25, 1885.

Dear Sir:—I was cured of Dyspepsia by using two bottles of "AROMANNA."

MARY HEARN.

Price 25 and 85 cts. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland, Md.

The reason that tramps are so poverty-stricken and wretched, is because they don't advertise.—*Puck.*

Moscow's Great Cathredral.

What must, without doubt, be conceded as the most magnificent church edifice in the world is the great cathedral at Moscow, "The Church of St. Savior," recently completed there.

The foundations of the church are of Finnish granite, and the whole edifice is faced with marble, the door being of bronze ornamented with Biblical subjects, and lined with oak. The principal entrance measures thirty feet high by eighteen feet broad, and the two doors weigh thirteen tons, the total cost of all the doors being $350,000. The building is erected in the form of a Greek cross, three of the broad ends of which form the corridors, lower and upper, surrounding three sides of, and open to, the central square, or temple proper, while the fourth end is occupied by the altar and its appurtenances.

The total cost of all the marble in the building exceeded $2,000,000. Lifting one's eyes, the galleries are seen to contain thirty-six windows and the cupola sixteen, all of which are double, with frames of bronze. Round the cupola is one row of candelabra, placed there at a cost of $110,000, with a second row costing an additional $60,000. There are four lustres weighing four tons each, and the total number of candles to be lighted throughout the building is upward of 3,000. At the top of the cupola is a painting by Prof. Markoff, representing in colossal proportions the first person of the blessed Trinity as an old man with the infant Jesus. The height of the figure is forty-nine feet and length of the face seven feet and the height of the infant twenty-one feet. Also, below the cupola are a number of figures of Apostles and Fathers, each twenty-one feet high. Great expense, has, of course, been lavished on the eastern end of the church. The cost of materials and workmanship for the altar space, apart from the icons of sacred pictures, amounted to $150,000. In this part of the church are some of its most remarkable paintings, most, if not all, by Russian artists. The structure of the altar screen is a departure from the traditional Russian type, for instead of a tall, ugly, blank partition, half or two-thirds of the height of the church, hiding the eastern end, the screen of St. Savior's is low and elegant, and throws open, except for a few feet above the floor, the whole of the sanctuary. This princely cathredral was erected at a cost of $12,000,000 and is said to be capable of accommodating 10,000 worshipers, and which from its first conception has been built in a single lifetime.—*Brooklyn Magazine.*

The Commercial Drummer.

The "commercial traveler" vulgarly known as the "drummer," now represents a very important class in this country. They furnish a vast deal of busines to the railroads and an immense patronage to the hotels of the country. The number of New York drummers is very large—there are said to be fully 30,000 of them. Of course there are not so many as that on the road at one time, for certain goods are sold at particular seasons and the services of some of the traveling salesmen are only required for a few months in a year. The drummer is generally a pushing, well-informed, plausible person. He must be a good talker and understand the wares he is disposing of as well as the peculiarities and credit of the merchant he calls upon. So vast and so well equipped is this army of commercial travelers that there is no longer any necessity for country store-keepers to visit New York or other jobbing centres. He is visited at his place of business, wherever situated, by swarms of drummers, who keep him thoroughly posted as to styles and prices. A good commercial traveler is well paid and always puts up at the best hotels and travels in the saloon and sleeping cars. They, of course, are a heavy tax on the houses that employ them, but with the present machinery of trade they are indispensible to the merchants and jobbers who have goods to sell to retailers outside the large cities. The trade papers and the telephonic price current, with the drummers' visit, renders it unnecessary for the country dealer to visit the great jobbing centre except for pleasure. Nor does he want so much stock on hand, as he can order his goods at short notice as per sample shown to him by the "drummers."

Golden rod is a favorite flower for the trimming of autumn hats and bonnets. A whole bonnet composed of this gorgeous flower was among the recent importations; the strings were of brown velvet and the effect "very pleasing and ladylike."

What would be wanting to make this world a kingdom of heaven, if that tender, profound and sympathizing love, practiced and recommended by Jesus, were paramount in every heart?

A Triumph of Skill.

From Scientific American.

At a recent meeting of the Engineers' Club of Philadelphia, the secretary read a detailed description of the moving of the Hotel Pelham, at Tremont and Boylston streets, Boston, for the purpose of widening Tremont street. The hotel is built of freestone and brick ninety six and sixty-nine feet frontage. The Boylston street wall is supported on eight granite columns twelve feet high, three and four feet square. There is a basement and seven stories above the sidewalk. Height, above tramways on which it was moved, ninety-six feet. Weight, 500 tons, exclusive of furniture, which was not disturbed during the removal, as also were not occupants of the stores on the first floor and some of the rooms, the various pipe connections being kept up with flexible tubes. Careful experiments with models showed that if the lower part of the building was firmly braced there was no danger of shifting in the parts above. The general arrangements consisted of a heavy and substantial stone and foundations for iron rails and rollers, and the building was forced to its new position by fifty-six screws, two inches in diameter, half inch pitch, operated by hand against timbers arranged to uniformly distribute the pressure against the building. Much care and ingenuity were displayed in the details in the arrangement and work. Two months and twenty days were occupied in the preparation. The moving itself was begun on August 21, and finished on August 25, but the actual time of moving was but thirteen hours and forty minutes. The greatest speed was two inches in four minutes. The hotel moved about one-eighth of an inch at each quarter turn of the screws. The whole distance moved was thirteen feet ten inches. Four thousand three hundred and fifty-one days' labor was required for the work. The whole cost was about $30,000. This is the largest building that has ever been removed although larger ones have been raised, which latter is a much simpler and much less risky operation. The complete success of this undertaking is shown by the fact that cracks, which existed in the walls prior to removal, were not changed by the operation. Paper was pasted over them before commencing, that any change might be seen.

Fables for the Times

A Crow with a morsel of cheese in her beak was accosted by a hungry Fox, who begged her to sing, remarking what a beautiful voice must accompany so fair a form. The vain bird at once dropped the cheese and the Fox hastened to seize it. But alas! it was a Limberger and one smell overcame the thief, whose dying agonies were heightened by the Crow's executing "In the Gloaming."

Moral: This little Fable shows that the innocent often develop surprising strength in unexpected quarters.

Two Dogs one day went lion hunting, one of them being a smart dog with a classical education and the other being very ignorant and unsophisticated. Pretty soon they struck the track of a Lion, and the educated Dog started off in the direction of the royal beast, while his ignorant companion, making an absurd mistake, took the back track and started off in the opposite direction. In a few minutes the educated dog was serving as an inanimate free lunch for an enormous Lion, while the ignorant Dog escaped unhurt,

Moral: This Fable teaches that classical lore should be plentifully sprinkled with practical knowledge.—*Life.*

The minister's wife sat on the front porch mending the clothes of one of her numerous progeny. A neighbor passing that way stopped in for a friendly chat. A large work basket half full of buttons sat on the floor of the porch. After various remarks of a gossipy nature the visitor said:

"You seem to be well supplied with buttons, Mrs. Goodman."

"Yes, very well, indeed."

"My gracious! if there ain't two of the same buttons that my husband had on his last winter suit! I'd know 'em anywhere."

"Indeed?" said the minister's wife calmly, "I'm surprised to hear it, as all these buttons were found in the contribution box. I thought I might as well put them to some use, so I—what, must you go? Well, be sure and call again soon,"

The morning of the execution the Superintendent of the prison asks the condemned what he will have for breakfast, when it is the custom to give the unfortunate whatever he desires. "Well," said the latter, "you may get me some peaches." "Peaches! Why, this is not the season for them. They are not ripe yet." "O, well, that makes no difference!" he replied, "I can wait for them."—*French Paper.*

Most Excellent.

J. J. Atkins, Chief of Police, Knoxville, Tenn., writes: "My family and I are beneficiaries of your most excellent medicine, Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption; having found it to be all that you claim for it, desire to testify to its virtue. My friends to whom I have recommended it, praise it at every opportunity.'

Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption is guaranteed to cure Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup and every affection of Throat, Chest and Lungs. Trial Bottle Free at Wm. Nydegger's Drug Store. Large Size $1.00.

An incident at Minneapolis recently illustrated the cool nerve of railroad men. Just as the Milwaukee train was pulling out for that city, a lady, attempting to get aboard, missed her footing and fell between the cars and the platform of the station. Any move to rise would have thrown her beneath the wheels to be horribly mangled, and seeing this, a brakeman flung himself bodily upon her, and, at the imminent risk of his own life, held her fast until the coach rolled by. Her thanks to her savior were conveyed by flashing eyes and words, hissed through her teeth:

"You brute, you!"

There is no moral.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

The Polish women are noted for their strength of mind and intellect. There is a Russian legend which says that God once sent a bee laden with brains for the Polish males, but the Polish ladies captured the treasure and left nothing for the men,

---

Whenever you are in doubt about which of two things to do, let your decision be for that which is right. Do not waver, do not parley, but go squarely up to the mark and do the right thing.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

W. H. BUTLER'S

Cheap Cash Grocery

—AT THE—

"LITTLE BIG" STORE

ON SECOND STREET,

OAKLAND, MD.

May 18th, 1885.—tf.

BALTIMORE FEMALE COLLEGE.

By the terms of the endowment of the above college, one pupil from each county is entitled to free tuition in all the branches taught in the college, with stationery and use of books.

The scholarship for Garrett county is vacant at present, and the Judges of the Orphans' Court are authorized to fill the same by appointment.

Applicants will please file their applications at once.

SAMUEL LAWTON,
7 24 Register.

TOWN PROPERTY

FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

A HOME CHEAP.

I have a fifty acre lot, with small house and other improvements, about four miles from Oakland and two miles from Mountain Lake Park, which I will sell at a moderate figure. Application should be made soon.

W. H. TOWER,
7 17 tf Agent.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Miss Lilly Brown and Miss Mary Weber will open a

PRIVATE SCHOOL

for pupils of all grades, at the Oakland Public School Building, beginning

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, '86,

and continuing for a term of twelve weeks.

TERMS VERY MODERATE.

Circulars can be obtained at Sturgiss's Drug Store. 8 14 td.

WHITE BRONZE

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
6 17 t Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Shartzer's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

IMPROVED FARM

FOR SALE!

I will sell my farm, on the headwaters of Deep Creek, adjoining lands of Ransey Browning, A. C. Browning and others, on the easiest terms. The farm contains one hundred acres of land, all under fence, and about 60 acres cleared. The improvements consist of a

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE

and large frame barn, young fruit trees, &c., &c. This farm is in a good neighborhood, about 4 miles from Deer Park, and about 8 miles from Oakland.

Reason for selling—advanced age.

Apply to or address

LUKE WOOD,
8 7 tf. Deer Park, Md.

MEAT MARKET!

The undersigned will have on hand, at his meat market in Oakland, every day, from 5 A. M. to 11 A. M.,

Fresh Beef, Mutton and Veal,

of the best quality and at fair prices. He will also run his wagon to

MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK

every day, and to

DEER PARK

every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

7 10 T. W. CASTEEL.

FOR SALE.

AT A BARGAIN.

A large two-story frame house, with celler and basement, situated on the Oakland and Mountain Lake road, near the latter place, is offered for sale at a bargain.

There are about two acres of ground, good outbuildings, well of good water, and a number of large shade trees. One of the handsomest locations for a summer residence in this neighborhood.

For information apply to or address

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

fl:24 DAVID LITTLE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 30th, 1886.

GOING EAST.

No. 2		7.20 A. M.
No. 66		5.56 A. M.
No. 6		12.55 P. M.
No. 4		11.53 P. M.
No. 82	Accommodation	5.10 P. M.
Way		11.36 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 1		9.33 P. M.
No. 65		5.35 P. M.
No. 5		3.57 P. M.
No. 3		4.41 A. M.
No. 81	Accommodation	9.50 A. M.
Way		11.36 A. M

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.

L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y

HENRY ALBRIGHT,

—Manufacturer of—

Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,

OAKLAND, MD.

☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done.
Nov. 21, 85.—1 y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

SIXTEEN ACRES OF LAND

at Altamont, Md., improved by a

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE

18 by 36 feet, two stories high. There are on this land two never failing springs of good water, and a running stream.

Situation Delightful!

Two miles from Deer Park, with excellent graded road

Excellent Situation for Summer Residence.

For particulars and terms apply to or address

J. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE,

TRACTS & MILITARY LOTS.

The subscriber offers for sale the following lands in Garrett county:

"Blank Property," 1625 acres on Backbone Mountain, near West Virginia line. There is on this tract good Poplar, White and Red Oak, Chestnut, Birch and Sugar Timber, and the land when cleared, will make good farms.

"Friedlind," 175 acres, near Accident, part improved.

A fine building site near Fort Pendleton, for containing two acres.

Also the following Military Lots, containing 50 acres each:

Lots Nos. 681 and 682, with the well known Boiling Spring, two miles south of Deer Park, with which it is connected by a good road.

Lot No. 1014, on B. & Ohio R. R., East of Wilson's store.

Lots Nos. 361, 363, 364 and 365, near Ben Davis'.

Lot No. 390, West of Garrett Moon's.

Lots Nos. 371 and 377, West of (late) Hugh Cooper's.

Lot No. 381, East of (late) Elisha Harvey's.

Lot No. 1252, near West Virginia line.

WILLIAM I. BROWN,
Box 11, Oakland, Md.

Sept. 5th, 1885.—1 y

FOR SALE!

Steam Engine, Saw Mill and Shingle Machine.

I am authorized to sell a Fifteen Horse Power "Page" Engine, Saw Mill and Shingle Machine, with carriages, &c., complete, the property of Mrs. Eva F. Riggs. The mill has been in use about five years and is in good running order. Will be sold cheap for cash or collateral which may be easily converted into cash. May be examined at Swanton, Md. Must be sold soon.

For price and terms address or apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

Sellers' Liver Pills.

Act Directly on the Liver.

CURES CHILLS AND FEVER, DYSPEPSIA, SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUS COLIC, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, PILES, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, DIZZINESS, TORPID LIVER, COATED TONGUE, SLEEPLESSNESS, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER AND STOMACH. If you do not "feel very well," a single pill at bed-time stimulates the stomach, restores the appetite, imparts vigor to the system.

They cure all diseases like magic. Get the right kind SELLERS' LIVER PILLS. Sold by druggists. Send for circular.

SELLERS MEDICINE CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence in Russell's brick house Second street.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.
3 15 ly.

SURVEYING!

Military lots located. Estimates of timber lands a specialty. Sales negotiated on reasonable terms. Areas computed by Logarithms—the only correct method.

HIRAM P. TASKER.
11 6 tf Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hoeppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1886, ch. 264, as for feloniously stealing goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

F. A. THAYER,

INSURANCE AGENT,

OAKLAND, MD.

Insures both Real and Personal Property at moderate rates.

☞ Represents Six First Class Companies

THE BEST FARM IMPLEMENTS.

Brown, New Champion and Delaware Wagons, Universal Roland and Double Shovel Plows, Champion Reapers and Mowers, Spring Wagons and Carriages, Grain Drills Cider Mills, Orchilla Guano, Feed Cutters, Barbed Wire, Sewing Machines, Spring Harrows, Thomas Hay Rakes, Hay Forks and Carriers &c., &c.

EVERYTHING FULLY WARRANTED.

For sale by

J. M. DAVIS & SON.

February 21, 1886.—tf.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 10. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, OCT. 2, 1886. NUMBER 31.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

VEGETABLES,

FRUITS, &C., &C.

Always on hand, as they come in market.

NEW CROP OF

TURNIP AND RUTABAGA SEEDS.

ALL RELIABLE.

VEGETABLE PLANTS of all kinds in season.

(MOSS ROSE.)

ROSES, and all kinds of Flowering Plants.

CUT FLOWERS

AND FLORAL DESIGNS,

for Funerals, &c., at short notice, at our old stand on Railroad street near Depot.

☞ Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

H. WEBER.

3 13 OAKLAND, MD.

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,

OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.

OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.

Is the place to buy

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints,

Oils Varnishes.

Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

☞ Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c

Physicians Prescriptions

Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.

Give me a call.

W. D. NYDEGGER.

AVOID MALARIA!

AND BREATHE THE SEA AIR!

THE STOCKTON, Atlantic City, N. J., Corner Atlantic and Maryland avenues, is now open. Guests are supplied with every comfort and convenience possible. The best summer hotel on the coast. Terms moderate; special rates to families. KELSEY & LEFLER, Proprietors. [Mention this paper.]

FOR SALE

in Deer Park a

TWO-STORY COTTAGE,

Highly situated and containing seven rooms with front portico, back porch and bay windows. Good never failing well of water. Land in cultivation for garden with fruit trees and stable. Will be sold cheap and terms made reasonable. Title unquestionable.

Apply to

7 5 tf E. C. TILLSON, Deer Park, Md.

Valuable Real Estate

FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.

For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov 20 1880 1 y.

HELP for working people. Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, grandly successful. 50 cents to $5 easily earned every evening. That all who want may test the business we make this unparalleled offer. To all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. B. FAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals. Also in adjoining counties of West Va.

☞ Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.

Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '85 tf.

EDWARD H. SINCELL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

(one door West of Sturgiss' Drug Store.)

Special attention given to Collections the negotiation of Loans.

Sept. 23, 1885.—1 y.

GILMOR S. HAMILL, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

T. J. PEDDICORD. F. A. THAYER

PEDDICORD & THAYER,

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 4 '84 1y

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VEITCH & TOWNSHEND, ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,

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Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.

July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

v3n47.

JOHN T. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

All business attended to with promptness and fidelity. Particular attention given to Surveying and Investigation of land titles.

☞ Office on 2d Street. 5 19 tf

DR. S. TOWNSHEND, RESIDENT DENTIST,

OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

v3 n48

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Offers his services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. Office and residence on Oak street, second house East of Catholic church.

Sept. 9, 1885.—1 y.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

2 5 3m

VALUABLE

STOCK FARM

FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Wilink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

LAKE VIEW

PLANING MILL

is now in full operation, and prepared to fill orders for

Flooring, Weather-boarding, Sash, Doors, Frames, Brackets, and Mouldings of all Kinds,

☞ Will contract for the erection of buildings.

Orders solicited. Satisfaction guranteed.

C. RATHBURN,

MANAGER.

4 3 9m Mountain Lake Park, Md.

GOLD fields are scarce, but those who write to Stinson & Co. Portland, Maine, will receive free, full information about work which they can do and live at home, that will pay them from $5 to $25 per day. Some have earned over $50 in a day. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required. You are started free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of snug little fortunes. All is new.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Volina Cordial

CURES

DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, WEAKNESS, CHILLS AND FEVER, MALARIA, LIVER COMPLAINT, KIDNEY TROUBLES, NEURALGIA AND RHEUMATISM.

IT is invigorating and Delightful to take, and of great value as a Medicine for weak and Ailing Women and Children.

IT [illegible] to whom [illegible] by Stimulating the Stomach, [illegible] the Bowels, and consequently [illegible] getting the food [illegible]

Volina Cordial

CONTAINS [illegible] Minerals, is composed of carefully selected Vegetable Medicines, combined skillfully, making a Safe and Pleasant Remedy.

A Book, [illegible] physicians, telling how to treat diseases at HOME, mailed, together with a set of handsome cards by new Heliotype process, on receipt of 10 c.

For sale by all Druggists and Grocers. Should the dealer near you not keep VOLINA CORDIAL, remit $1.00, and a full size bottle will be sent, charges paid.

PREPARED ONLY BY

Volina Drug and Chemical Company,

BALTIMORE, MD., U. S. A.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE.

NO. 1.

MILITARY LOT NO. 219,

lying near Chisholm's Mill, in Ryans Glade, Garrett county. Well timbered and underlaid with coal. Unimproved. Will be sold cheap.

NO. 2.

Military Lots Nos. 2305 and 2307,

Unimproved timber lots, lying near Grantsville, part of the estate of the late Holmes Wiley.

NO. 3.

An Elegant New Residence

on Oak street, Oakland, Md., containing 8 rooms. Large lot improved by stable, carriage house, ice house, &c. Well of good water. Terms easy. Price, $2200.00.

NO. 4.

THE "WOODLAND FARM,"

situated on the road leading from Oakland to Accident, two miles from Oakland, containing 97 acres, well fenced and cultivated. Improved by a large first-class mansion house, suitable for a summer resort. The farm would suit for a first-class market garden or general farming.

NO. 5.

HOUSE AND LOT

On Oak street, Oakland, Md., comfortable dwelling. Well of good water and convenient outbuildings. Will sell at a bargain.

NO. 6.

600 ACRES OF LAND,

covered with white pine, spruce and white oak timber, and underlaid with coal, iron ore and fire clay. Water fall 71 feet. Steam saw mill on the premises doing a good business. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 8.

HOUSE AND LOT

On Liberty street in Oakland, 8 rooms. Good property.

In all cases we will furnish purchasers with an abstract of title and prepare deed without cost to them.

Full discription of the property contained in the above list will be given upon application.

NO. 9.

NEW DWELLING HOUSE

On Oak Street, 8 rooms and good cellar. Large livery stable attached; room for 18 horses and 15 vehicles. Good stand for business. Excellent opportunity for any desiring to go into livery business.

NO. 10.

100 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND

Near Oakland. Well timbered. Title indisputable. Price, $8 per acre.

NO. 11.

GOOD DWELLING & LARGE LOT

Near Court House. 10 rooms and out-buildings. Good well of soft water. Terms easy.

PEDDICORD & THAYER,

Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

J. LEE HARNE,

Sign and Ornamental Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

Speech of Mr. McComas at the Hagerstown Convention.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention:

It is an honor to appear before this gathering of representative men of Western Maryland. Montgomery has sent hither the high-minded leader of our last State ticket, who with great ability and unflagging courage made a compaign for reform which will some day yield fruit. Alongside I see a brave Union soldier and steadfast men who for years have fought against heavy odds, but never surrendered in Montgomery.

At the head of the delegation from Frederick comes my honored predecessor in Congress, who with equal fidelity and credit served our section and State. Always a favorite with Washington county, he has endeared himself to her people by the manly and generous support he now affords her candidate. Garrett and Allegany, along with my own county, are here represented by some of the most ardent Republicans, some of the ablest exponents of our faith. And now, my friends, to you all and to the generous people whom you represent, I am deeply grateful for this renomination for the Fiftieth Congress. Coming spontaneously as an approval of my efforts to do my duty, I am proud of this renewed confidence. It is the best reward. I take up the banner you have again placed in my hands, and with your help we will carry it westward to the tops of the Alleghanies, and thence eastward to the dome of the Capitol. We will carry it to victory.

Plainly, my friends, you are in high spirits. Plainly you are not alarmed at the boast now made on every street corner, that Democratic money will buy the election in the Sixth District. I call my Democratic neighbors who sincerely hope for purity and reform under President Cleveland, to witness that never before were corrupting and forbidden influences against the ballot box so loudly proclaimed, so shamelessly invoked. Our opponents control the patronage of the State and Nation, and with all the contributions of officeholders, and all the zeal that springs from office seeking, and it may be that their candidate may have a plethoric purse. We, on the other hand, have no patronage. Our Republican party is as poor as when it first elected Lincoln, and your candidate must confess to a rather meagre pocket book. But, in behalf of all good citizens, I take up the challenge and to set off the cry for purchasable votes, I will appeal to the Republicans and Democrats whose votes are not for sale, to resent the charge that the people of Western Maryland are venal. I will appeal to the workingmen to vindicate their right to elect men to office without the influence of money, as the Plymouth Rock, whereon to build the first demand of labor. What next do we hear from the press and some of the politicians? They say the crying need of the hour is to elect a Democrat to get offices for the district. I do not admit that the search for a few offices is the noblest duty of a statesman, but this cry misleads all Democrats who want office. The postoffice they now have, and are steadily filling those of lower grade, and the highest when their terms expire. The great Maryland offices have already been given to Baltimore city and county, and Howard county and the Eastern Shore.

Did Mr. Findlay secure Mr. Rasin the naval office, or Mr. Hayes the United States district attorneyship? Did Dr. Shaw name Mr. Brown as postmaster of the city of Baltimore, or Mr. Cairnes United States marshal? Did Mr. Gibson make ex-Senator Groome collector or Mr. Bishop treasurer? If five Democratic Congressmen were powerless to combat the influence of the senior Senator from Maryland, the grand almoner of federal patronage, what would one more avail? But these offices are filled and their staff appointed. The civil service law closes every door to a clerical office. I estimate that in two years a Democratic member might secure a messenger and two day laborers, and a man in the printing office. This is a fair average under the civil service law. This law is being evaded, and some of the brethren are continuing further to evade it, but you cannot repeal it without the Senate and the President opposing you. Then, you are asked to elect a Democratic Congressman to get four petty places to divide among 180,000 people. But the 180,000 lose much by grasping this shadow. Maryland has now two Democratic Senators and five Democratic members in Congress. One Republican of average influence with the minority is more useful than one additional Democrat, because by him the State can get aid of both sides of the House, and a hearing in the Republican Senate. I believe every Maryland Democrat in Congress will admit this. Mr. Urner here will affirm it, and his record proves it. The whole people readily see that it is true. A solid delegation from Maryland would be sheer partisan folly. I have more than once proven this to be true. I confess I can't control four little offices, but I can serve the whole people better than any new man, because I know better how to serve, and have gathered the influence which goes with acquaintance and experience to every faithful and industrious man in a legislative body.

Speaker Carlisle honored me with a place on the Appropriation Committee, and I have thus been able to render my State such as no new man, however able, could do. I aided to bring through Western Maryland the subsidized fast mail to the far South. I led the fight for the miners which struck free coal from the Morrison Tariff bill. Each tariff bill for three years held this threat over our miners and our struggling canal with its boatmen on scant pay. I fought for the Oleomargarine bill, to compel the product to be sold for what it is, and prevent bogus butter from competing with the honest product of our dairy and farms. I spoke and voted for the defense of the public credit, for the honest currency, both silver and gold; for more silver dollars, with more silver in the dollars, and with paper convertible into either, we may keep safe the money of the Constitution, the business and credit and the public faith of the country. I voted to pay out accumulated revenue after guarding the greenback reserve and allowing a working balance, in order that the millions thus applied to the public debt might go out among the people, and, if possible lighten the hard times of to-day. Although the Civil Service law has been weakened, evaded, perverted and abused under this administration in Maryland, I have by speech and vote resisted the effort to make a farce of the law, because I believe the people have a right to the service of trained, honest and capable officials, and because I believe these minor places should be open to all upon merit, the poor as well as the influential. By a careful study of the public business I was enabled in a speech months in advance to warn the country that the present Congress would prove most extravagant in expenditure, in the increase of offices and salaries. To-day I give you the official figures, which I hold in my hand. While last year the regular annual appropriations of the people's money were $219,595,283.18, this year the total is $263,914,613.25. The permanent annual appropriations swell this total to about three hundred and eighty four millions—the precise sum I predicted, and the talk of a surplus thus far is a delusion. Judge Holman, my colleague on the committee an eminent Democrat, declared that this Congress had made more new offices and increased more salaries than any Congaess since the war. Against all this extravegance I protested and steadily voted. While I humbly confess that, if elected, I would not have influence enough to get four little offices for this great and prosperous district, I found I could exert influence of a better sort.

"When Julio Santos, formerly of this county, was imprisoned and abaut to be shot in Ecuador, I labored in season and out of season to save his life. I procured Secretaries Frelinghuysen and Bayard to send war ships, and did not rest until he was free on American soil, because I felt it my duty to fight for the safety of an American citizen anywhere under the sun. And when the Democratic President vetoed the pension bill of a worthy Maryland patriot—Joseph Romiser—and a Democratic House was sending the long line of vetoed pension bills to their grave in the committee room, I was able, by a single speech, to awake the honor and conscience of the House—to make them pause, and finally pass over the veto the pension for this worthy defender of the Union. No other senator or member of Congress has yet had that honor but your representative. When the strikes were rife over the country I deemed it my duty to speak and vote for the right of the workingmen of the country to combine under the law, and voted to give them every power of arbitration which any corporate power could exercise. On all occasions, under the forms of law, where I could aid the rights and needs of the workingmen of this country by voice and vote, I did it. I helped fashion the bill to prevent imported foreign labor. I voted to abolish prison contract labor. I voted to forfeit every unearned land grant, to reserve the public domain for the people by taking it away from the railroads. I voted to drive out the great alien landholder, the wheat and cattle kings in the far west who were wrongfully on the public domain. I voted to hold the government to the eight hour system with its employees. I voted to sustain, as I had voted to create, that Bureau of Labor Statisics which under Carroll D. Wright, promises so much good to the whole country. I helped draft and pass the mechanics' lien law of the District of Columbia in the last Congress, and to defend it in this Congress. I introtroduced and strongly urged the Postoffice Savings Bank bill, which I believe will be the greatest bulwark of the wage-earner of my country. I hope to live to help pass it in the Fiftieth Congress. I introduced a proposal to amend the Constitution to enable the untaxed and untaxable millions of railway property in this State and elsewhere to be taxed. Some day it will come through; I may not live to see it. I voted against the consideration of the Morrison tariff bill, whose agitation produced an industrial earthquake that the people might have a rest, and that the problem of fewer hours of labor and higher wages might not be reduced to European lower wages and longer hours. I voted to build up our navy, fortify our defenceless coast. But how vain was the effort oftentimes! The Democratic majority had a legislative paralysis. It made a long session and little result. Two years have shown the party in power is not a governing party. One session of Congress has achieved more lavish appropriations, more offices and salaries, and little of general good to the people. But personally, with constant care, I have asked for the speedy decision of every just claim of my constituents, the soldier, his widow or orphans. The citizen, be he Democrat or Republican, who believes he ought to be heard, for him I always sought a hearing. It was my ambition to neglect no man. I tried to do my duty to all citizens, without respect to politics and men. I will appeal to them for approval and support. I am profoundly grateful for and strengthened by, the approval of the masses of my party, and by the good cheer of other good citizens. We were never, as a party, more united. Local differences do not affect this national fight. Within ten years I never saw the outlook so bright in this Congressional district. We will gather together to resist, if need be, patronage and the money power. We will win. Let Frederick once more retrieve her place and stand with Garrett, Allegany and Washington this fall, while our gallant friends hold Montgomery down to her honest and normal majority. We will win, despite the bluster, and save the Sixth district, for the good of her people and of the State.

From a Grand Army Man.

ELLICOTT CITY, MD., 6 8, 1884.

Dear Sir:—I have been a sufferer for a long time with dyspepsia, and have tried most everything in the way of medicine, but nothing gave me any relief. I procured one bottle of your "AROMANNA," and had only been taking it about six days when I began to feel it was doing me good. I told a number of my neighbors what it had done for me and they commenced using it, and all agree with me that it is the only medicine that will do all that it is recommended to do. One thing about "AROMANNA," while it is acting and cleansing the system it does not weaken, but builds up, adds new strength and imparts new vigor. I do not think I can say too much in favor of it. You are free to use my name in any way you see best, to proclaim the merits of "AROMANNA." It will pay any sufferer to try it.

J. C. MOONEY, Adjutant

A. D. Reynolds, Post No. 23, G. A. R.

Price 25 and 75 cts. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland, Md.

We all like people to agree with our views, yet those who can only say 'yes' and 'no' acquiesce, generally, as their only salvation, because knowledge has opinions of its own, and does not echo the words of others.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

A RURAL EPISODE.

Two honest husbandmen dwelt side by side
In farms adjoining. Grubbs and Stubbs their names.
Rough, homely names in sooth but—all they had,
And oft those names had served them in good stead
When they had need of names to sign to notes.
Grubbs had a son Ezekiel, tall and staunch
As ever rustic who wore pants in boots,
And rose at four to milk his seven kine
And seek for eggiets in the hennery.
Stubbs had no son, a daughter only came
To bless her father's home, to shed sunlight
About its rooms, and eke to do odd chores
'Twixt meal-times. She was fair to look upon
As snowdrops blossoming in early spring.
Her name was Mary Ann—a gentle name,
And gently borne by her. Ezekiel saw
And loved her, whom to see and love were one.
The farms adjoined and were but kept apart
By one plain picket-fence of easy compass,
Through which the faithful dog of Farmer Grubbs
Did oft meander in the eventime
To chase the hens of worthy Farmer Stubbs.
Thus was a feud begun between the twain;
But Mary Ann, and Young Ezekiel, too,
Were not a party to parental strife.
Equal their fathers' lots, content were they
To know that when some day the old men hopped
The golden twig, the farms should be unite,
A goodly estate for a goodly pair.

* * * * *

But one day came a shadow o'er their paths.
A schemer from the town intruded on
The peaceful confines of the Grubb estate,
Looked here, dug there, and sniffed and snuffed about,
Saying wiseacrely with shake of head:
"There's oil upon this land: of that I'm sure!
Oil that is pent up in a mighty store.
Dig, farmer, and I warrant thee thou'lt find
Riches the like of which thou wot'st not of."
So he departed. Then good Farmer Grubbs
Did hold his head aloft and elevate
His nose when neighbors passed, as who should say:
"I shall be rich. There's oil on this my land,
And wealth immense shall speedily be mine."
So when Ezekiel came and softly said:
"Father, I fain would wed with Mary Ann,"
He waxed full wroth, exclaiming in his wrath:
"How now! Thou who, when we have dug for oil,
Shalt be a man of riches, wilt thou wed
This beggar's brat, this pauper farmer's child?
Go to! It shall not be."
And so the son
Went sorrowing to tell to Mary Ann
And break the match, explaining as he might
That he so rich must look above poor her.

* * * * *

Then there was digging on the Grubbs estate,
Digging in daytime; boring in the night
For oil, rich oil, that was to make them rich.
For days and weeks and months they dug and bore;
What came of it? Nothing, nothing, always nothing.
Then came the city schemer and he looked
About the place, exclaiming: "Marvelous!
Behold the vein of oil that once lay here
Has van shed and has made its oily way
Beneath your fence to Farmer Stubbs' estate
His is the oil-well; *yours* the memory of it."
So saying he vanished, and Ezekiel wept.
That night he hied him unto Mary Ann,
And told her that his love had never ceased,
Besought her to take him back, and let no oil,
No obstacle so oleaginous
Disturb the dream, the golden dream, of love.
She said him nay, and mocked him.
So he went,
Kicking himself adown the dusty lane.
Then Farmer Stubbs set merrily to work,
And in a few weeks' time struck oil right rich.
A fortune rolled in and his wealth became
So vast that all around marveled thereat.
So Stubbs waxed wealthy, and so Mary Ann,
Her father's heiress, grew accustomed to
Ezekiel's loss, and married very soon
A foreign nobleman with heavy bills,
Which Mary Ann's papa paid willingly.
Ezekiel is unwed, while his papa
Doth ever moan and groan and tear his hair
Because in folly and unseemly wrath
He caused the marriage to be broken off.
So read, and learn that we can never tell
Who that is down to-day may not be up
To-morrow, and who down that now is up.

—*Rambler.*

FATAL AMUSEMENT.

The Deaths Placed to the Credit of Alpine Climbing.

Mont Blanc the Most Dangerous of the Peaks—Accidents Chiefly Occur from the Incompetency of Guides—A Reform Needed.

In these days, when it is the fashion to decry Mont Blanc, in company with a good many other old institutions, there is one thing about the mountain which is apt to be lost sight of, and that is how very fatal it has been to mountaineers. It is quite possible that the proportion of killed to those who succeed in the ascent—and the same will hold good in respect of any other Alpine peak—would not be found to be great, for probably more people have gone up Mont Blanc than any other high mountain; but no number of successful ascents will minimize the fact that there can be very real danger on Mont Blanc. The causes of danger are not far to seek. The mountain is regarded, and in fact is, comparatively easy of ascent; and from the days when Albert Smith did so much to dispel the awe with which it was once the fashion to regard it, the popularity of the expedition has grown year by year, till quite a considerable percentage of those who now go to Chamouni consider but the half of their visit accomplished if they fail to "do" Mont Blanc. Thus it comes to pass that a great number of individuals are allowed to ascend who ought not to go on the mountain at all, and who, under certain conditions, may easily become a source of danger to themselves and to those who accompany them.

But the danger from this cause is as nothing compared with that which exists in the inferior quality of many of the guides. At Chamouni, every one who styles himself a guide must belong to a kind of trades-union society called the *Compagnie des Guides*, and presided over by a *Guide-chef*. All who enter the *Compagnie des Guides*, good, bad and indifferent, enter it on the same footing, and are compelled to take their turn for an engagement on a register kept at the office of the *Guide-chef* for the purpose. Thus, a traveler who wishes to engage a guide, is not allowed—except under very special circumstances—to choose his man, but must take him whose name stands first on the list; and it may so happen that quite an incompetent individual is given charge of a party wishing to ascend Mont Blanc, while a really good guide is told off to carry a knapsack over the Col de Balme.

It is easy to imagine what may result from a system such as this. For one thing, it has had the effect of utterly demoralizing Chamouni guides as a body; and it has been the means, as we shall see presently, of some of the worst accidents that have ever happened in the Alps. It is usual nowadays for members of Alpine Clubs to bring to Chamouni their own guides from other districts, rather than trust to the local men; and so it has come about that Chamouni guides have been reduced to taking casual parties up Mont Blanc, with the result that very few of them are of any use out of their own particular district, and as regards the more difficult peaks of the range, very little even in it. In fact, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the really good Chamouni men may now be counted on the fingers. The grave scandal occasioned by the desertion of the Russian, Professor Fedchenko, by his guides—two inexperienced boys—and his subsequent death on the Merde Glace, called forth a severe protest against the Chamouni guide system on the part of the Alpine Club; but beyond some slight modification of the rules as regards the choosing of special men, very little has been done; and to this day the Rules and Regulations of the *Compaigne des Guides* of Chamouni remain a by-word with all mountaineers.

Finally, there is the danger—and this perhaps greatest of all—from weather. Easy though Mont Blanc may be as long as the weather is good, there is not a mountain in all the Alps which can become so dangerous in a storm. Every one who has had experience of climbing knows how weather can affect a mountain, and how an ascent, which is easy enough one day, may become dangerous if not impossible the next. It is quite a mistake to suppose that a because a mountain offers no physical difficulties, that there is no risk attending the ascent. We have Mont Blanc as a case in point. Easiest of all the great mountains, he has proved himself the most fatal of any.

The first accident within our knowledge which occurred on Mont Blanc was that to Dr. Hamel's party in 1820, and being the first accident to Alpine climbers, it created at the time an immense sensation. From accounts published by the survivors, it seems clear that the accident was caused by ignorance of the state of the snow—ignorance excusable enough in those days when, as a matter of fact, the art of climbing was very little understood. On August 18, 1820, a Russian professor, Dr. Hamel; two Oxonians, Messrs. Durnford and Henderson; a Genevese named Sellique; and twelve guides, left Chamouni, and in twelve hours—about double the time now taken—reached the rocks of the Grands Mulets. Here they pitched a tent, which they had brought with them, and passed the night. Bad weather came on after sunset; and as it did not clear next morning in time for them to start, they had to pass another night in the tent. It came on to rain again in the evening; but the following morning, August 20, was fine, and it was determined to make a push for the summit. At this juncture, M. Sellique was overcome with "scruples" on the subject of making the ascent, and declined to accompany the others, so he was left behind, in charge of two of the guides. The rest of the party set out at five a. m. The weather kept fine; but the snow—to quote one of the survivors—was found to be "rather too soft." They would appear to have followed the line of ascent usually adopted in these days, until opposite the Dome du Goute, and on a level with it, when they branched off sharply to the left and commenced to traverse a steep snow-slope, directing their course straight for the Mont Maudit. They were not roped, and were apparently proceeding in Indian file, when suddenly the snow gave beneath their feet, and carried them away bodily down the slope. They were all carried a great distance—some accounts say twelve hundred feet—and then the whole avalanche buried itself in a great crevasse. The three leading guides were completely overwhelmed; but the rest of the party stopped short of the crevasse, and were saved. The survivors made frantic efforts to rescue their unfortunate companions; but the poor fellows must have been buried under many tons of snow, and these efforts were unavailing.

It was scarcely thought probable that trace of them would ever again be found; but after the lapse of nearly half a century, the glacier yielded up its dead. In 1863, or forty-three years after the catastrophe, portions of human bodies, the debris of a lantern and Alpenstock, and the leaves of a Latin book, were found imbedded in the ice on the surface of the Glacier des Bosons and near its foot. They were recognized as belonging to the lost guides of Dr. Hamel's party. Further discoveries were made in the two following years; and of the relics thus brought to light, some are preserved to this day by the Alpine Club in their rooms at St. Martin's Place.

This accident afforded strong evidence in favor of the fact of glacier motion, for the remains were found to have been carried by the ice a distance of nearly five miles from the spot where the catastrophe occurred.

Almost simultaneously with the finding of the relics of Dr. Hamel's ill-fated expedition, occurred another accident on Mont Blanc. On August 9, 1864, a young porter named Ambroise Couttet, while accompanying two Austrian gentlemen in the ascent of Mont Blanc, fell into a crevasse on the Grand Plateau. This was an accident attributable entirely to carelessness, for it appears that at the moment of the catastrophe Couttet was walking apart from the others and quite unattached. His companions did their best to effect a rescue; but the crevasse was of such great depth that they could not come near him. A party of guides subsequently went out with the object of recovering the body; but although two of their number descended ninety feet into the crevasse, they failed to reach it. It is almost certain, from the terrible nature of the fall, that the unfortunate man's death must have been instantaneous.

There were two sad accidents on Mont Blanc in 1866. The precise cause of the first is somewhat obscure, but the facts as far as they are known are these: Sir George Young and his two brothers, unaccompanied by guides, set out to ascend Mont Blanc on August 23, and succeeded in reaching the summit in safety. They had not proceeded far in the descent, when, for some reason unexplained, one of the party slipped and dragged down the other two. They slid for a short distance, then fell a height of twenty feet or so, and were finally stopped by soft snow. Sir George and his second brother escaped serious injury; but the youngest brother, Mr. Bulkeley Young, was found to have broken his neck.

The accident to Captain Arkwright's party was of a different description, and in many respects bears a close resemblance to that in which Dr. Hamel's guides lost their lives. On the 15th of October—unusually late in the year for such an expedition—Captain Arkwright with one guide, Michel Simond, and two porters, started from the Grands Mulets to ascend Mont Blanc. At a little distance they were followed by the landlord of the *Pierre Pointue*, Silvian Couttet and a porter—these two having apparently come for their own pleasure—on a separate rope. The guides, probably by reason of its being a shorter route, and as such, likely to save time—an important matter at this time of the year—chose the route adopted by Dr. Hamel's party, and which had come to be known by the name of the Ancien Passage. They had almost reached the spot where the disaster of 1820 occurred, when the roar of an avalanche was heard. Couttet and his companion, realizing the danger, fled for their lives. They were a little way behind the others, and were so fortunate as to escape; but Captain Arkwright and his guides were caught by the avalanche and swept away. This accident arose from precisely the same cause as that which happened to Dr. Hamel's party—ignorance of the state of the snow; but it differed in one respect; whereas Dr. Hamel's party started the avalanche, the avalanche which proved fatal to Captain Arkwright and his guides fell from above.

The fact of a second accident occurring at the same place and from a similar cause, has given to the Ancien Passage the reputation of being essentially unsafe. It is not necessarily more dangerous than other routes, and indeed it may even be the safest route from Chamouni up Mont Blanc. It is only really dangerous when the snow is in bad order; and this is a point upon which a guide is—or should be—competent to give an opinion. On the day of the accident the snow was not in proper condition, and it was because a right discretion was not used that Captain Arkwright and his companions lost their lives.

We now come to an accident which ranks as by far the most terrible which has ever happened to Alpine climbers, for it resulted in the loss of no fewer than eleven lives. On September 5, 1870, a party consisting of two American gentlemen, Messrs. Beane and Randall, and a Mr. MacCorkendale, with eight guides and porters—with one exception all Chamouni men—left Chamouni with the intention of ascending Mont Blanc. They passed the night at the Grands Mulets and next morning started for the summit. Early in the afternoon a violent storm burst over Mont Blanc; and as the weather became very bad and they did not return, it was resolved to send out a search-party from Chamouni. The weather, however, continued for some days of such an unfavorable character that it was not until the 17th, and when all hope had been abandoned of finding any of the lost party alive, that a discovery was made. The dead bodies of Mr. MacCorkendale and two of the porters were first found. They were lying on the snow quite uninjured, head uppermost, a little way above the Mur de la Cote; and from the torn condition of their clothes, it seemed probable that they had slid some distance to the spot where they were discovered. Higher up, lay the bodies of Mr. Beane and another porter, with the greater portion of the baggage beside them. Of the remaining six, no trace could be seen. A few small articles which must have belonged to them were picked up subsequently in the direction of the Brenva Glacier; but that was all. To this day their fate remains a mystery.

The only light thrown upon the catastrophe was that which could be gathered from the pages of a diary found on Mr. Beane, and written by him. Some doubt at first was cast upon the authenticity of the entry, but there seems no reason at all for disbelieving its genuineness. What it told was as follows: "*Tuesday, September 6*—I have made the ascent of Mont Blanc with ten persons—eight guides, Mr. Corkendale and Mr. Randall. We arrived at the summit at half-past two o'clock. Immediately after leaving it, I was enveloped in clouds of snow. We passed the night in a grotto excavated out of the snow, affording very uncomfortable shelter, and I was ill all night. *September 7 (morning.)*—Intense cold, much snow, which falls uninterruptedly, guides restless. *September 7 (evening.)*—We have been on Mont Blanc for two days in a terrible snowstorm; we have lost our way, and are in a hole scooped out of the snow, at a height of fifteen thousand feet. I have no hope of descending. Perhaps this book may be found and forwarded. * * * We have no food; my feet are already frozen and I am exhausted; I have only strength to write a few words. I die in the faith of Jesus Christ, with affectionate thoughts of my family; my remembrances to all. I trust we may meet in Heaven."

The diary ended with instructions to his family as to his private affairs.

It is to be regretted that poor Mr. Beane gives us so little information of any practical value; but meager as his diary is, it sheds light on one or two points. First, we gather that the party actually reached the summit; and next, that it was about half past two in the afternoon, and immediately after leaving it that the storm caught them. Now, how was it, we may fairly ask, that so little progress was made on the downward path?—for the ice-grotto of which Mr. Beane speaks was constructed at an altitude of fifteen thousand feet, or only seven hundred and eighty-one feet below the summit. How was it that the guides failed completely to find a way back over ground that they had traversed so recently? Mr. Beane does not tell us if any attempts were made on the 6th and 7th to find the way down—what little evidence we have tends to prove that there were none—he merely says: "We have lost our way." To sit down and wait where they were, as they appear to have done, showed a want of judgment which, without being better acquainted than we are with the facts of the case, seems quite inexplicable. Nothing is more common in the high Alps than to be overtaken by bad weather; but out of the Chamouni district there has not been an instance of a whole party perishing from this special cause. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the guides were not equal to the task, that they lost their heads at the very approach of danger, and gave themselves up for lost at the moment when they should have made the most determined effort to escape.

There was another circumstance, too, which was held at the time to reflect somewhat upon the conduct of the guides—not one of their bodies was found. The five bodies recovered were those of the heaviest members of the party, and there can be little doubt that they must have been left behind, while the rest made an effort to save themselves. Mr. Beane, however, makes no mention of any division of the party, and it is charitable to suppose that no division actually took place until after the weaker members had succumbed to the exposure. What led to the division will never be known; neither will it be known what motive impelled the guides to act in such an utterly incomprehensible manner. That the leaders of the party ought to have been thoroughly up to their work is emphasized by the fact that neither Mr. Beane, Mr. Randall nor Mr. MacCorkendale had had previous experience of mountaineering, and were quite incapable of giving advice of any practical value when difficulties arose. As a matter of fact, it does not appear that any one of the guides held a foremost place in his profession. Judging by their actions, they certainly proved themselves singularly wanting in many of the most important qualities of good guides; and it is impossible to believe that they could have been other than very second-rate. But should the blame of the disaster be laid to their charge? Should it not rather attach to a system which rendered such an accident only too probable?

In the same year (1870) there was yet another accident on Mont Blanc. A gentleman and two ladies, accompanied by a guide and a porter, were out on the mountain; and the gentleman wishing to go further than the ladies cared to, took the guide, and left them in charge of the porter. With what object, it is not known, the porter promptly proceeded to conduct his charges across a snow-field which was well known to be honeycombed with concealed crevasses. Under these circumstances it would have been only wonderful if an accident had not occurred, and unfortunately that took place which might have been predicted. The porter had given his arm to one of the ladies, and was leading her across, when the snow gave way beneath them and they both fell headlong into a deep crevasse. Here was a case of two lives wantonly sacrificed. That any one calling himself a guide should have shown such gross ignorance of the very first principles of mountaineering as this porter did is almost inconceivable. It is perfectly clear that he did not understand his business, and was certainly not a fit person to have been sent on expeditions above the snow-line.

A still later accident on Mont Blanc took place on the south side. On the 30th of August, 1874, Mr. J. A. G. Marshall, with two Oberland guides, Johann Fischer and Ulrich Almer, left Courmayeur with a view to attempting the ascent of Mont Blanc by way of the Brouillard Glacier, an ascent which had not at that time been effected. They camped out upon the mountain at a height of about ten thousand feet, and the following day worked their way a considerable distance upwards till they found themselves finally stopped by an impassable wall of rock. This occurred somewhat late in the afternoon, too late, indeed, to attempt any other route, and accordingly they turned back. The descent was difficult and night overtook them before they reached the spot where they had bivouacked the previous evening. They were crossing the last bit of glacier, when Fischer inquired the time, and Mr. Marshall drew out his watch while the others came up to him with a light. As they stood thus close together the snow gave way beneath them. Fischer fell first into a crevasse which at this point was some thirty feet deep and five feet in width; and Mr. Marshall was dragged on to him, while Almer alighted upon a hummock of snow but a few feet below the mouth of the crevasse. Mr. Marshall's head came in contact with the side of the crevasse, and in his case death must have been instantaneous; while Fischer's injuries were of such a character that he, too, could not have lived for any time after the fall. Almer escaped with a severe shaking, but was rendered insensible by the shock of the fall. Upon coming to himself he found that both his companions were beyond help; and as soon as there was sufficient light he struggled down to Courmayeur with the intelligence of the accident. The dead bodies were recovered the same evening and brought back the next day to Courmayeur.

Of all the accidents which have happened on Mont Blanc, this was, perhaps, the one most deserving the term. Mr. Marshall and his guides were first-rate mountaineers, and it was scarcely from any fault of their own that the catastrophe occurred. From a sketch of the spot taken by M. Loppe, the artist, a few days after the occurrence, the crevasse looks curiously narrow, and if the party had only been standing but a few paces to right or left, they would have been in perfect safety. Moreover, the scene of the catastrophe was not five minutes' walk from the moraine.

Thus Mont Blanc is responsible for the loss of no fewer than twenty-four lives; but it is when we compare him with other mountains that we realize how much more fatal he has been than any of his fellows. The following table, compiled from the *Alpine Journal*, will best bring home this fact:

	Accidents.	Lives lost
Mont Blanc	7	24
Matterhorn	3	6
Lyskamm	2	6
Monte Rosa	2	4
Monte Cevedale	1	4
Dent Blanche	1	3
Haut de Cri	1	2
Titlis	1	2
Jungfrau	1	2
Wetterhorn	1	2
Aiguille Blanche	1	2

Single lives have been lost upon each of the following mountains: Riffelhorn, Gross Venedeger, Schreckhorn, Piz Tschierva, Diablerets, Blumlis Alp, Piz Bernina, Grandes Jorasses, Meije.

Of accidents which may fairly come under the head of Alpine accidents, such as accidents upon glaciers and subsidiary peaks, there appear to have been thirty-five, making a total loss since 1859, when climbing became a recognized form of amusement, of ninety-eight lives, or inclusive of Dr. Hamel's accident, one hundred and one. When we come to consider that Mont Blanc is responsible for nearly one-fourth of the whole, we may well question whether the depreciation of the mountain is quite justified. Is it not rather a case of underrating the enemy?

No reasonable person can deny that there is at times danger on Mont Blanc, and when we consider from what a variety of causes it may arise—from weather, from the state of the snow, from the unfitness of many of those who attempt the ascent, and last, but not least, from the guide system of Chamouni—we feel inclined to wonder not, indeed, that the loss of life has been great, but rather that the death-roll is not much greater.—*Chambers' Journal.*

BITS ABOUT STYLES.

Timely Points Picked Up at the World's Great Fashion Centers.

Tomato red is the new shade.

Small fruits will cover fall bonnets.

Bright red sashes are to be very generally worn.

All costumes this fall must be simple but elegant.

The old organdie muslins in dark colors are in style again.

A happy combination is watercress green with heliotrope tones.

Tortoise-shell hair-pins are the proper means of fastening the coiffure.

The newest gowns require from six to ten yards for drapery alone.

White silk gauze is one of the prettiest materials used to trim sailor hats.

Embroidered nainsook chemisettes are fastened down the front with gold buttons.

Monograms on the breast of children's flannel blouses are an important feature this summer.

Red continues in favor for full dresses, and is likely to tint many costumes for fall and winter.

Gold and silver are to play an important part with all sorts of embroidery and millinery this fall and winter.

There are woolen laces that shrink and there are those which wear well, and those who purchase must use good judgment.

The Princess of Wales wore a diamond dagger in the back of her hair, and now all the ladies are vieing for supremacy in display.

Young ladies will wear sailor hats for the early fall season, although with darker trimmings than have obtained during the summer.

Children's costumes were never so lovely, and groups of merry children on the various lawns at the watering-places are very pretty pictures.

A new foulard of dark blue shows a lovely border in Persian colors, and a red foulard has a border of pink designs on a cream ground.

Alpaca is to be worn this fall, and is much improved in texture. New colorings are a feature and the goods drape much better than formerly.

The Parisienne has abandoned false hair, contracted the tournure and wears a corset modeled on that infantile article of attire which is made of flannel and is about six inches wide.

New styles for fall millinery are not abundant, but the high effects of the spring and summer styles are modified and the small, close bonnets appear in varied and elegant trimmings.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

THE SPONGE BATH.

Untold Benefits to Be Derived From This Form of Bathing.

A prominent physician, speaking of special baths and their uses, mentions the sponge bath, the form of bathing where the water is applied to the surface through the medium of cloth or sponge, no part of the body being plunged in the water. He says the practice of systematic, daily sponge bathing is one giving untold benefits to the followers. Let a person, not over strong, subject to frequent colds from slight exposure, the victim of chronic catarrh, sore throats, etc., begin the practice of taking a sponge bath every morning, commencing with tepid water in a warm room (not hot), and following the sponging with friction that will produce a warm glow over the skin and then take five minutes' brisk walk in the open air. See if you do not return with a good appetite for breakfast. After having used tepid water for a few mornings lower the temperature of the bath until cold water can be borne with impunity.

The daily cold sponging of a sensitive throat or lungs will often result most satisfactorily if persistently and conscientiously followed. The cold, ante-breakfast sponge bath should, however, be avoided by the weak person and the ones whose lungs are already diseased, as the reaction following might not be strong enough to prevent colds which might hasten fatal results. Another use of the cold bath is to induce sleep by calling the blood to the surface; the congested brain is relieved and sleep comes in consequence. It is on this principle the winding of the leg in a cold, wet cloth proves so efficacious in provoking sleep.—*Washington Star.*

THE JACK WON.

Story of a Verdant-Looking Gambler and His Arkansaw Toothpick.

"I saw an amusing scene in a gambling-house in New Orleans some years ago, and that man there, with the broad-brimmed hat and long hair, reminds me of it," said a guest sitting upon the Walker House porch the other evening.

"I don't know how many years ago it was, but it was when gambling was livelier there than it is now. I was in a club-house where they were running a brace game—a game where it was impossible for a stranger to win. The place was crowded, and old Thacker was dealing and skinning everybody at the table. After awhile there came in a stranger, a tall, handsome fellow, with a broad-brimmed hat, and black hair falling away down onto his shoulders. He took a look around the room, and then walked straight up to the faro table, where Thacker was dealing.

"He put his hand in his hip-pocket and drew out a big wallet tied with a string. He opened the wallet slowly and took out a hundred dollar bill, and then closed the pocket book, tied the string, and put the wallet back in his pocket again.

"Then he laid the bill down on the jack. Somebody got broke just then and left the game, and the stranger took his seat. Thacker made a few turns and the jack came out loser, and away went the hundred dollar bill into the dealer's drawer.

"The stranger just looked kind of straight across the table at Thacker, and Thacker looked back at him. Then he put his hand back and again drew out the wallet, unwound the string, and took out another hundred dollar bill, and again tying the wallet put it back in its place again. By this time the deal had ended and Thacker was shuffling the cards.

"The stranger waited until the cards were in the dealing box again, all the time watching Thacker's shuffle. When all was ready he placed the hundred dollar bill on the jack again, and in a turn or two the jack lost again, and away went the stranger's money. Then he looked again at Thacker, and he looked longer this time, and Thacker looked back at him. Then he reached back for the wallet again. He took it out and drew forth another hundred dollar bill, and tied the wallet with the string again. This time he laid the wallet down on the table, right in front of him. He laid the bill on the jack once more and away it went like all rest. Then he looked over at Thacker, right straight in the eyes. Thacker was an arrant coward and he looked kind of funny just then. The stranger didn't say any thing. He just picked up that pocket book and unwound the string, took out another hundred dollars, tied the pocket book again, and laid it on the table. Then with his left hand he laid the money on the same card, and with his right hand he reached around to the other hip-pocket and drew out an Arkansaw toothpick—it looked to me about three feet long. Then he reached across the table and shook his knife in Thacker's face and spoke for the first time.

"Mr. Dealer," said he, "don't you think you can make that jack win?"

Thacker turned as white as a sheet and never said a word. He went on with the deal and that time the jack won. It kept on winning, too, until the stranger quit the game.

The next day we found out that the stranger with the long hair was one of the smartest brace faro dealers in the West.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

A STRONG CASE.

How a Greedy Dakota Land-Shark Committed Himself Completely.

A well-dressed stranger walked into the office of a Dakota lawyer and real estate agent and said:

"Suppose a man made misrepresentations to me about a piece of land he sold me, what could I do about it?"

"Have him arrested for obtaining money under false pretenses."

"If he said it was good land and it won't raise white beans?"

"He could be heavily fined."

"And that there wasn't a stone on it and I find you could build a stone Methodist church off of every acre?"

"Imprisonment, sir, he would be lucky to get off with five years."

"That's what I thought. Now if he said there were good buildings and there proves to be only the lattice-work off a bale of hay?"

"Why, my dear sir, nothing short of fine and imprisonment and plenty of it, too. It would be a clear case?"

"Much obliged—I had about the same ideas myself."

"Well, hold on, don't you want me to take your case?"

"O, no, I guess not. You see it was a piece of land you wrote to me about and finally sold me. I've been out looking it over and have retained this other man across the street to handle my case. I just thought I'd step over and get your views on the subject, too. Well, good morning—I'll see you at the trial!"—*Estelline (D. T.) Bell.*

A Philanthropic Society.

Some of the philanthropic citizens of Brooklyn have conceived a plan whereby the fear of being buried alive, which haunts the minds of so many persons, may be removed, and they are about to bind themselves together as an incorporated company. In the suburbs edifices will be erected fashioned to hold a large number of coffins. In these receptacles the coffins will be ranged about with open lids, and will remain in the receptacles until the bodies they contain show signs of life or are proven by decay to be dead. Means will be provided so that if a person in any of the coffins should be alive he could communicate by speaking tube or telephone to an attendant, and receive proper aid.—*N. Y. Letter.*

—A child, while walking through an art gallery with her mother, was attracted by a statue of Minerva. "Who is that?" said she. "My child, that is Minerva—the goddess of wisdom." "Why didn't they make her husband, too?" "Because she had none, my child." "That was because she was wise, wasn't it mamma?" was the artless reply.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The sons of James S. Kirk, recently deceased, of Chicago, have determined to erect a memorial library building for Northwestern University at a cost of $50,000 to $70,000.—*United Presbyterian.*

—The rolls of membership of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, now put the membership at 2,537, of which number 858 are men and 1,679 women. The total membership since its organization has been 4,879.

—A fund of over three thousand dollars was raised at a recent meeting at Northfield Seminary, Mass., for an aid society which proposes to make loans to young women for the expenses of their education, the money to be repaid without interest.

—George I. Seney's gift of $100,000 to the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., the payment of which, through the financial troubles of Mr. Seney had been delayed, has been made good, Mr. Seney having retrieved his misfortunes.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Notwithstanding the strict censorship of the press in Russia, all works having the name of Charles H. Spurgeon are permitted to pass unchallenged, with the exception of his sermon on "baptismal regeneration," which is prohibited.—*Christian Union.*

—A Baptist minister in this State married an Episcopalian woman who would dance. This scandalized the parish, necessitating the minister's saying on Sunday, from his pulpit: "This church is not my wife's keeper. She shall do as she pleases, and she shall not be accountable to you in any sense. You had better let her alone."—*Boston Commonwealth.*

—The Supreme Court of New Hampshire has rendered a decision denying the right of the Salvation Army to beat their drums in the streets of any city, town or village of the State. The defendants claimed that their drummings were in obedience to the dictates of their consciences as an act of religious worship. The court held that this was no defense; that no act of religious worship can be allowed to disturb the public peace or violate reasonable police regulations.

—Three years ago the American Home Missionary Society inaugurated systematic work among the immigrant population. Since then the number of German Congregational churches has doubled. The German department of the society is now directing its energies toward an endowment of the German school at Crete, Neb. Twenty-five thousand dollars is wanted. Young Germans are being induced to enter the school of the Theological Seminary, Chicago, to be trained for missionary work.—*Christian at Work.*

—Speaking of students, says the *American Register*, of Paris, the mention of the novel institution of student harbors, established for poor German students and pupils of the middle and high schools in the Saxon mountains, is in place. There are at present four of these, where students on their summer excursions, provided with a proper certificate from their scholastic authorities, are gratuitously given a night's rest and a breakfast, both going and returning. A fifth harbor is to be established on the Schneckoppe next year.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Do not size up a man's business capacity by seeing a pen over his ear.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—"It's a wife's duty to be pleasant," says an exchange. Yes, and it's the husband's duty to make her duty easy.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—"Pa," said Johnny to his father, who was a real estate agent, "why does the earth quake?" And his father replied: "On account of the size of the ground rents, sonny."—*Texas Siftings.*

—A subscriber wants to know how much a good fishing outfit costs. We never priced 'em, but we have been told that the bait alone costs from fifty cents to one dollar a quart, according to quality.—*Christian at Work.*

—An exchange thinks there is nothing higher than the editorial profession. That's what every crank remarks after he has toiled up two flights of stairs to inflict some of his nonsense on the editor.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—Overheard in a street car: "I tried to kiss my wife at the front door to-night as I was leaving home, and do you know she wouldn't let me. She said she didn't want the neighbors to be taking her for the hired girl!"—*Buffalo Express.*

—One can't be too careful with firearms. A boy carried a pistol in his coat pocket, and one day last week while he was in swimming the pistol unexpectedly went off. He has no suspicions as to who took it.—*Boston Budget.*

—"My dear Miss A., this ring which I would ask you to accept of me is emblematic of my love for you—it has no end." "Thank you very much, Mr. B., it curiously resembles my love for you—it has no beginning."—*Chicago Ledger.*

—The Rule to Observe.—

If you would a maiden woo,
Always keep this rule in view:
Do not rush, or go too slow,
Do not scare when she says no;
Do not fret, for can't you guess,
When she says "no," she means "yes?"

—Feline Amenities: "Look, dear! There's your husband going to supper with Mrs. Scudamore—a dangerously attractive woman. Let me warn you!" "How good of you! How I wish he was going in to supper with you, dear, instead!"—*Punch.*

—Little Gertrude, a fat, grave personage of two years and a half, had given her mother a hug of unusal fervor. Said the latter: "What makes you love mamma so much to-day, Gertrude?" "Well, mamma, I must make myself ag'eeable."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—Before Marriage: She—"Excuse, me, George; did my parasol hurt you?" He—"O, no, my dear! It would be a pleasure if it did." After marriage: He—"Great heavens! There was never a woman under the sun that knew how to carry a parasol without scratching a fellow's eyes out." She—"And there never was a man that knew enough to walk on the right side of a woman with a parasol." He—"There isn't any right side to a woman with a parasol."—*Exchange.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

GRANDMA SAYS.

Those were wonderful days of long ago,
Grandmother says, and she must know.
There was quilting to do the whole year round—
The length and the breadth of those quilts astound;
Then summers were nicer far than these,
Apples were larger, so were trees—
Grandma says.

The manners of folks were more polite;
Winters less cold, and flowers more bright,
And churning and chores went on all day—
Nobody could have stopped to play;
Now, where were the little children then?
For girls were all women, boys all men—
Grandma says.

Do you think they had then discovered toys?
Or ever had games and other joys?
And as for a shout or a romp, I'm sure
That would not have suited folks demure.
They never had any time for fun;
Every one knitted, darned or spun—
Grandma says.

Now it puzzled me once all this to hear,
Till one day I brought to grandma dear
A doll that I'd found, so queer and old,
Its body its limbs could scarcely hold.
She took it up tenderly, and smiled—
"It's Betsy Jerusha Perkins, child!"
Grandma said.

Then she smoothed down its ragged frock and told
Of play-times in those good days of old;
A far-away look came in her eyes,
That beamed with the mildness of twilight skies.
But why did she weep if she was glad?
"The prettiest doll I ever had!"
Grandma says.
—*George Cooper, in Golden Days.*

A MUD MOUSE.

A Little, Modest, Beautiful Animal Which Creeps Quietly About at the Bottom of the Sea—How the Pretty Miss Breathes and Walks.

A mouse, my children! A mouse with no particular head, and no particular feet, and no particular tail. A mouse that does not know the taste of cheese, and that never saw a mouse-trap; a mouse that can not squeak, and that actually lays eggs! How the little brown fellow, whom you hear scampering and squeaking in the wall, would open his bright black eyes if he were to hear of such a mouse as this.

"That creature a mouse?" he would say. "Where is its long, beautiful tail? Where is its sharp nose, and its pretty white teeth, and its four trim little feet, with their dainty claws? Pooh! I don't believe it's a mouse at all!"

Between you and me, my dears, the little brown fellow is right, and this strange creature is not really a mouse; but that is what it is called—the sea-mouse.

Brownie might well be proud, however, if he could claim it as his cousin, for she is one of the most beautiful creatures in the world. Her long, oval body is covered with a thick coat of hair, and every single hair in this coat is a tiny bit of living rainbow, flashing back the light in a thousand many-colored rays. Rubies, emeralds, sapphires, topazes, diamonds, amethysts, opals—take a handful of each, mix them all together, and toss them up in the sunlight at noon when the sun is brightest — then you may have some idea of the sparkling beauty of this little sea-mouse, which creeps so quietly about in the mud at the bottom of the sea.

By the way, she has another name besides sea-mouse, and a much prettier one—Aphrodite. Let us call her that in the future.

Now, is Aphrodite proud of her beauty? We should be, I am sure, in her place. We should spend all our time in the brightest sunshine we could find, on top of the biggest rock, and we should sparkle and sparkle until the sun himself would be jealous. But Aphrodite is not proud; on the contrary, she is the shyest little creature in the world. Instead of sunning herself, and enjoying the sensation she creates, her one desire is to keep out of the way. Burrowing into the mud, hiding under stones or in empty shells, wrapping herself up in a sea-weed mantle, she seems to be constantly saying:

"Oh! don't, I beg of you, take the trouble to look at *me!* I am only four inches long, and I haven't any head worth mentioning. You really embarrass me by staring; and there are so many creatures all around here that are really worth looking at. See that great octopus over there, who is trying so hard to attract your attention. Go and look at him, like good people! He is fifty times as big as I am, and he likes to be stared at, and can stare back again."

Humph! I don't want to look at the octopus now, do you? Ugly thing! We will see him some day, however. But now I really must stir up Miss Aphrodite, and let you see how she walks.

You see those bunches of bristles on each side of her flat body? Well, she walks—if you can call it walking—with those. She does not get about very fast; but there is no need of that, for she has plenty of time, and is never in a hurry. Another queer thing about her is the way in which she breathes. You see she lives in the mud a great deal, and yet she does not want to breathe mud; so, under her beautiful rainbow cloak of hair, she has another coat of something that looks like felt. This felt coat catches and holds the mud, and does not let any of it pass through; so that the scale-like gills underneath, through which she breathes, get nothing but clear, good water. I am very sorry to be obliged to say that Aphrodite is extremely greedy, but it is the melancholy truth. There is no end to her appetite; and I am afraid that if she were very hungry she would not hesitate to eat her own grandmother. Isn't that shocking?—*Laura E. Richards, in Our Little Ones.*

FRIGHTENED HIMSELF.

The Story of a Thoughtless Boy Who Afterwards Became a Great Painter.

Afternoon was wearing toward evening in the west of England, and darkness was already beginning to creep over the shadowy chambers and long narrow passages of an old English country house, although it was still broad daylight outside. Darkest of all was a deep recess in the wall at the end of the great corridor in the third story, where a boy seemed to be hard at work upon something that appeared to require all his attention.

Had there been light enough to see his face, any one who saw it would have been struck by the fineness of its outline, and the thoughtful depth of expression in the large bright eyes which attracted the notice of all who saw him for the first time, although no one could easily have guessed *then* what he was one day to be. But just at that moment "Wild Davie," as he was very justly called, was busy with a very mischievous piece of sport, indeed—nothing less than the dressing up of a "ghost" to frighten his playfellows. In the dark recess at the end of the corridor stood a marble statue of Apollo the Archer, with one arm outstretched as if in the very act of bending his fatal bow. Outlined in its ghostly whiteness against the deep gloom behind it, it was a startling sight at the best of times; but beneath the skillful hands of our hero it was fast growing into a monster that might have scared General Grant himself.

Leaving the long white neck standing out bare and spectral against the darkness, he folded a black cloak around the body, letting the cold, dead whiteness of the marble peep out every here and there. Upon the face he fixed a hideous red and black mask with staring eyes, while over the extended arm he hung a white cloth with a crimson handkerchief pinned to it, which at a little distance looked terribly like a broad stain of blood. Around the lower limbs he wrapped a piece of yellow Chinese silk, twisted up so as to look like a coiling snake; and then, by way of a finishing touch, he placed at the monster's feet, a small lantern, lighting up all the ghastly details with a weird, unearthly glare.

"*Won't* it make 'em jump!" chuckled he, as he stepped back to took at the effect of his work.

If any one had told Davie at that moment that he was playing a very cruel and cowardly trick, which had frightened many children to death and scared many more into hopeless idiots, he would have been greatly surprised and shocked; for, with all his thoughtlessness, he was thoroughly kind-hearted. But all that he thought of was the fun that it would be to himself, little dreaming that he was just about to receive a lesson which would cure him of playing such tricks for the rest of his life.

Just then a loud voice was heard calling out from the foot of the stair:

"Davie! Davie! where are you? Come along, quick; we're going to drive round by the lake, and watch the sun set over the mountains."

And "Wild Davie" went off like a shot.

The drive lasted so long, and there were so many things to be looked at on the way, that by the time they got home again our friend Davie had forgotten all about the frightful sentinel that he had left standing at the end of the upper corridor, and went racing along it at full speed to get to his room. The next moment a howl of terror startled the whole house, and three or four of the servants, hurrying to the spot in alarm, found Davie lying on the floor, half fainting with fright, in front of the monster which he had himself dressed up. All that followed may easily be imagined—the rush of the whole household to see what had happened, the wonder, the dismay, the scoldings heaped upon poor Davie, and (hardest of all for him to bear) the loud laugh of the other boys as they realized how neatly he had been caught in his own trap.

But there was one person there who did not join in the laughter, and that was a quiet old gentleman with a long gray beard—at that time one of the most celebrated artists in Britain—who had just come down to the country for a few weeks' holiday.

"This boy has the eye of an artist," said he, looking keenly at the terrible figure. "He will be heard of yet."

And the old man was right. Not many years later "Wild Davie" was famous throughout all England as David Scott, the painter.—*David Ker in Harper's Young People.*

THE TURKISH INFANT.

The Importance of the Nurse as a Member of the Family.

Among the Christians in the East, the nurse is not so important as with the Mohammedans. With the latter she is sacred. She ranks after the mother. She is like the African "aunty" of the South. If the nurse have children of her own they are styled the "milk brothers and sisters" of her adopted nursling. Even at the palace of the Sultan, the nurse who nourishes a Prince or Princess has golden opportunities of advancement. She secures her own and her children's welfare for life. She is loaded with presents. These presents differ in value, according to the means of the master, and are given on every possible occasion. When the child says, "Baba!" or "Father;" when it has its first tooth; when its birthday comes round and when it makes its first step—the nurse has presents. It is the same at Bairam, the festal Mohammedan season; and thus upon every slight occasion, presents rain down from father, mother, grandparents, uncles and aunts.

If the parents are wealthy, the nurse's duty is limited. It consists simply in feeding the baby, for an odalisque—one of the women of the harem—performs the duty of caring for the child.

In addition to these two aids of Turkish babyhood, in every well-regulated home, a servant or two have charge of the washing and cleaning of the nursery and linen.

As soon as the child is old enough to be able to take ordinary nourishment, it is taken from the nurse and put into the hands of the oldest male servant. If the child be a boy, this servant is to be the tutor until the boy is sent to school. The boy remains in his hands for about five years. It is mostly here that he obtains his first moral impressions.—*S. S. Cox, in Wide Awake.*

—How many persons seem to be on the lookout for something at which to get mad, and how ready they are to impugn your motives and to pass sentence without allowing a word of explanation. Why such people are born into the world is one of the darkest things of the problem of existence.—*Richmond Religious Herald.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Always have a tight roof to your chicken coops; cold rains are very destructive to young chickens.—*Cincinnati Times.*

Keep your chickens growing steadily; do not feed them too much at a time, but feed them often, and with good, nourishing food.—*Exchange.*

—Waterproof Varnish: One pint of turpentine, one and one-half pints of linseed oil, seven ounces of litharge, one ounce of sugar of lead. Strain and apply with a brush to linen or calico and dry in the sun or in a dry place.—*Boston Post.*

—Baked Spring Chicken: Split the chicken down the back, put in a dripping pan without water, and set inside the stove. When half done, take out, season with salt, pepper and butter, return to the stove to brown. Boil the liver and gizzard, chop and put in the gravy, to which add butter and a little cracker dust.—*Good Housekeeping.*

—Cabbages will often head if placed, roots downward, in a pit of sufficient depth to bring the tops of the leaves just above the surface of the ground, and covered with straw or hay to prevent severe freezing. Increase the covering as the weather becomes colder.—*Chicago Standard.*

—Creamed Cabbage: Cut the cabbage as for cold slaw. Cook till tender in clear water. Turn off the water that is left. To one pint of milk add a little flour to thicken; add salt, pepper and a good sized piece of butter. Let it simmer up once. Just before serving add three tablespoonfuls of vinegar.—*Toledo Blade.*

—A fine Short Cake: Sift one teaspoonful of salt into a quart of prepared flour. Chop into the flour a large half cup of butter until the flour is like yellow dust, and then wet it with two cups of milk; or, if you can use a cup of cream, take one cup of milk and not quite so much butter. Roll out, with as little handling as possible, half an inch thick. Bake in a broad, shallow pan. When done, cut in squares, split and butter, and send at once to the table.—*Boston Budget.*

—A correspondent of the *Western Rural* makes a home-made fly paper which she highly recommends. Take equal parts of melted resin and castor oil. Into the melted resin stir the oil thoroughly. While still warm spread thinly and evenly with a broad-bladed knife upon any paper that is not porous, as writing paper, catalogue covers, etc. Lay the paper where flies most do congregate and you will soon find it covered with them. There is no odor to attract, no dead flies dropping around, for when the paper is full it is burned.

—Corned Beef Hash: Chop cold corned beef, and to one cup of meat add two of cold boiled potatoes, chopped; mix in one tablespoon dry mustard and a little pepper; put an egg-sized piece of butter in a frying-pan and let it melt slowly, turning the pan so that it will be thoroughly buttered; put in the hash, pressing it down smoothly all over the pan; moisten slightly with hot water and let cook, without stirring at all, until it begins to brown on the sides, which you can tell by pressing it back from the sides, when it will be done. Turn out on a hot platter bottom side up in a cake.—*The Household.*

ROTATION OF CROPS.

A Profitable System Which Should Be Inaugurated in Fall.

The arguments in favor of such a system are numerous and unanswerable. It needs only a little thought on the part of the farmer to convince him of the correctness of the theory, but it takes more determination to put it into practice. Everybody knows better than they usually do, and so it is with the farmer; he knows that to grow one crop continuously on the same land will exhaust it, but having get into a certain line of farming it is hard for him to change. And he does not, usually, until forced to by the failure of the land to longer bear the crops he has been accustomed to grow. It is usually more satisfactory to anticipate the inevitable and do what must be done some time before that time actually comes.

The rotation best adapted to any one farm will depend much on the farm, the locality and the markets. The one adopted by Prof. Sanborn on the College Farm at Columbia, Mo., will probably suit as large a number as any that can be adopted. He begins, say with a timothy sod. Manures and plows in the fall for corn in the spring. The corn is cut early and taken from the land as soon as cured, the land plowed and in the spring sowed to oats and seeded with clover. The oats are mowed early for hay, thus giving the clover a chance to come on and make a second crop for hay. The first crop of clover the next season is cut for hay but if the land needs improving the second crop is plowed under and wheat sowed. If the land is in good heart it can be cut for hay or saved for seed. With the wheat is sowed timothy which is allowed to remain two years plowing it up in the fall of the second year to plant to corn again the next spring, thus bringing us back to the beginning of the rotation again. This is a six years rotation and in the six years one gets seven crops, or if he saves the second crop of clover he gets eight. The land is manured every six years. Under such management instead of the land becoming exhausted it will become stronger and more fertile as has been proven on the College Farm and thousands of other cases.—*Coleman's Rural World.*

Forming Small Coal Into Blocks.

A German chemist and metallurgist, Dr. Kosmann, strongly recommends the use of treacle for forming small coal and fine ore into solid briquettes, as first proposed by Saltery. A mixture of one to one and a half per cent. of treacle was sufficient to make coal dust of very lean Silesian coal into good solid blocks which gave a strong coke. Such blocks are also excellent for gas-making. In a similar manner blocks can be made of any powdery iron ore such as some magnetic ores and pyrites residues.—*Engineering.*

SEVENTY YEARS.

What Has Been Accomplished in Product and Prices in That Time.

The *Milling World*, an English publication, has recently printed an interesting tabulated statement which compares the prices for farm products now with what they were seventy years ago. From it the following extracts are made:

	1816.	1886.
Wheat, per bushel	$ 0.44	$ 0.99
Oats, per bushel	.15	.41
Corn, per bushel	.20	.49
Barley, per bushel	.25	.80
Butter, per pound	.12	.32
Cheese, per pound	.06	.10
Eggs, per dozen	.05	.12
Cows, per head	15.00	50.00
Hay, per ton	5.00	17.00
Straw, per ton	4.00	15.00
Sheep, per head	.75	2.00
Farm labor, per month	8.00	18.50

In the same direction is a table which the *Scientific American* furnishes, giving a comparison of the prices of manufactured articles in the same years. It reads as follows:

	1816.	1886.
Steel, per pound	$1.17	$0.12
Nails, per pound	.12	.04
Broadcloth, per yard	16.00	4.00
Woolen blankets, per pair	15.00	7.00
Cotton cloth, per yard	.30	.12
Calico, per yard	.25	.06
Salt, per bushel	$1 to $4	.15 to .25

It will thus be seen that while farm products have increased very largely in price in the period comprehended in these tables, the price of manufactured articles has decreased in almost the same ratio. Farm labor is paid over 100 per cent. more now than in 1816, while the selling prices of all kinds of farm produce have increased 100 per cent. and upward, and the cost of manufactured articles has decreased to such an extent as, taking the two tables together, to show enormous differences in favor of the farmer."—*San Francisco Call.*

Circumstantial Evidence

The body of an unknown man was found in the rear of a Long Branch hotel at an early hour last Sunday morning. The unfortunate stranger was well dressed. He had been shot two or three times, his neck was broken, so was his back, and his features showed that he had been choked to death. The coroner was summoned, but upon discovering copies of "How the old horse won the bet," "Christmas in the quarters," "Curfew must not ring to-night" and "How he saved St Michael's" upon the body, he decided that it was not necessary to hold an inquest, and ordered the remains cremated. He used to throw them into the sea, but the boarders complained that sometimes they came to life again. —*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

Ex-Mayor Latrobe, Baltimore, Md., says the best cough medicine is Red Star Cough Cure. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Why is a dog's tail a novelty? It was never seen before.

Fabrics and Cuticles are both rendered marvelously white by Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, Black or Brown, 50c.

Where are all the bad actors? "Read the answer in the stars."—*N. O. Picayune.*

Is not a dye, and will not stain or injure the skin. Hall's Hair Renewer.

Dumb ague can be speedily cured by taking Ayer's Ague Cure. Try it.

Many a singer's voice has been wrecked at C.—*Whitehall Times.*

When we were at school we used to wish that history would repeat itself, as we so often heard it would do.—*Lowell Citizen.*

It is a curious fact that whenever a British Parliament gets into hot water it is sure to dissolve.

Thirteen is an unlucky number at a boarding house table where there is only dinner enough for twelve.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A grocer advertises "something new in coffee." We are glad that beans have had their day, anyway.

A new and improved post-hole has been patented. It must be of a kind that can be taken up and cut into lengths.

Mamma—"Frankie, are you eating those green apples again?" Frankie—"No, mamma, I'm eating some others."—*Harpers' Young People.*

Did it ever occur to you what a funny thing a postage-stamp is? Even the department can't sell it after they cancel it. —*Boston Budget.*

"That wall is plumb," said a mason to his foreman, but that fellow who put in water and gas pipes is plumber."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

A pig would seem the best subject for medical students to experiment on, as he could be killed first and cured afterwards.

Gushalina writes: "It tortures me to pen the words." Well, if the pen tortures you, reciprocate by putting it on the rack. —*National Weekly.*

A Vermont man has invented a sleigh made of paper. Nothing new about that. We have used a paper cutter for years.—*Texas Siftings.*

In a telegraph office: "That makes nine words, madame." Then I can send another?" "Certainly." "Well; kindly write 'important' on the envelope."—*French Fun.*

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Two heads ought to be better than one. Four lips are certainly better than two.—*Somerville Journal.*

It Should be Generally Known

that the multitude of diseases of a scrofulous nature generally proceed from a torpid condition of the liver. The blood becomes impure because the liver does not act properly and work off the poison from the system, and the certain results are blotches, pimples, eruptions, swellings, tumors, ulcers and kindred affections, or settling upon the lungs and poisoning their delicate tissues, until ulceration, breaking down, and consumption is established. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will, by acting upon the liver and purifying the blood, cure all these diseases.

Between our thermometers and colleges the degree crop is drawing ahead of the peach ditto.—*Life.*

Tennyson's "May Queen."

Who knows but if the beautiful girl who died so young had been blessed with Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" she might have reigned on many another bright May-day. The "Favorite Prescription" is a certain cure for all those disorders to which females are liable.

The biggest gum-boil on record has been discovered in a mucilage factory.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Athlophoros is the best rheumatism cure I have ever tried. I never had any thing do me as much good for that painful disease, and there has been a great deal of it sold on my recommendation. C. R. Bruner, Urbana, Ohio.

Moonlight walks with your best girl are nothing but lovely strolls.—*Lowell Courier.*

If afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

The raciest articles are written by horse reporters.—*Texas Siftings.*

Don't hawk, and blow, and spit, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

When you bury an old animosity never mind a tombstone.

The best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c.

If the doctor orders bark, has not the patient a right to growl?—*N. Y. Ledger.*

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The Rock Island main line and branches include Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, St. Joseph, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns and villages.

THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

Guarantees Speed, Comfort and Safety to those who travel over it. Its roadbed is thoroughly ballasted. Its track is of heavy steel. Its bridges are solid structures of stone and iron. Its rolling stock is perfect as human skill can make it. It has all the safety appliances that mechanical genius has invented and experience proved valuable. Its practical operation is conservative and methodical—its discipline strict and exacting. The luxury of its passenger accommodations is unequaled in the West—unsurpassed in the world.

ALL EXPRESS TRAINS between Chicago and the Missouri River consist of comfortable DAY COACHES, magnificent PULLMAN PALACE PARLOR and SLEEPING CARS, elegant DINING CARS providing excellent meals, and—between Chicago, St. Joseph, Atchison and Kansas City—restful RECLINING CHAIR CARS.

THE FAMOUS ALBERT LEA ROUTE

Is the direct, favorite line between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul. Over this route solid Fast Express Trains run daily to the summer resorts, picturesque localities and hunting and fishing grounds of Iowa and Minnesota. The rich wheat fields and grazing lands of interior Dakota are reached via Watertown.

A short desirable route, via Seneca and Kankakee, offers superior inducements to travelers between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, St. Paul and intermediate points.

All classes of patrons, especially families, ladies and children, receive from officials and employes of Rock Island trains protection, respectful courtesy and kindly attention.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders—obtainable at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada—or any desired information, address,

R. R. CABLE, President and General Manager, Chicago.
E. ST JOHN, General Ticket and Passenger Agent, Chicago.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, one year.....$1 50
six months..... 75

INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

First insertion, $1 per square of ten lines; 50 cents per square for each additional insertion. Special contracts for advertising longer than three months.

Correspondents must enclose full name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a private guarantee of good faith. Rejected communications will not be returned.

SATURDAY, OCT. 2, 1886.

A Good Work.

The series of Sunday School Institutes held in this county during September by the Maryland Sunday School Union, were evidently successful. It is estimated that at least three thousand different persons were reached during the various sessions with pungent truths relative to the worth of the Sunday School. That these Institutes have done immense good in awakening and improving public sentiment, there is ample evidence. Besides, they have been of great value to the Sunday School workers in the matter of instruction, and their devotional character has made deep religious impressions. The county was almost completely belted by the five Institutes. Messrs. Baker and Nock returned to Baltimore on Monday to take up their great work in other fields, and carried with them the prayers and gratitude of the people of Garrett county. Mr. Wm. D. Hoye, Vice-President of the Union for this county, merits praise for his self-sacrificing zeal and assistance in promoting the success of these meetings.

As an evidence of how Mr. McComas, our Congressional nominee, is esteemed outside his own district, we may state that at the nominating convention of the Fifth Maryland District Thursday, it was resolved "that the Hon. Louis E. McComas, member of Congress from Sixth district of Maryland, has worthily won a front rank among the trusted and honorable statesmen of the nation, and by his signal abilities to the highest public interest, has brought credit upon our State and country. His course in the Congress of the United States meets with our warmest approval, and we commend him to the esteem and confidence of all the people."

The Baltimore *American's* Washington correspondent says:

A prominent Western Maryland Democrat was in this city yesterday, and talked freely about the campaign in the Sixth district. He was particular not to have his name mentioned, but his words will show how the Democrats are looking upon Colonel L. Victor Baughman's canvass. "Why," said the Democrat, "McComas has made us the best representative we have had since Governor Hamilton was there. He is the most popular man throughout his district, and one we all trust. He has made himself a name, and the people of Western Maryland want him back again. Allegany and Washington counties will both give him an increased majority. About that other litte fellow. Well, I don't know what he is going to do, nor do I care, Western Maryland wants McComas."

General Logan, in a speech at Pittsburgh, a few days ago, said:

"The Democratic party has had control of this government during one session of Congress, and we can only fairly judge it by its works. Where is the evidence of the promised economy, and what abuses have been corrected? This year Congress appropriated millions of dollars more than the Republicans had appropriated for years, and even this vast amount was millions less than the Democratic estimate.

The next sitting of the Officers of Registration for this county, will be held on Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 4th and 5th. Bear in mind, Republicans, that this is your last opportunity to get registered this year. See to it then that your names are legally enrolled upon the registration books in order that you may be able to vote for the Republican nominee for Congress in this Congressional District.

The signs of Democratic confusion in the Third and Fourth Congressional districts are so plain and patent that none but the blind can fail to see them. In the Fourth district the distraction is so serious that there is nothing to prevent the election of a Republican representative. — *Balto. Herald.*

The October Registration will be on Monday and Tuesday, 4th and 5th, at one place in each election district. Will our friends make a note of this, and look around in the meantime and ascertain who of their neighbors are unregistered?

Mr. McComas on His Prospects.

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* under date of the 24th instant, says: "Representative McComas was in the city on public business to-day. In speaking of the campaign in the Sixth Congressional district he said that while he had no apprehension whatever as to his triumphant re-election, he realized that he had to oppose the strongest man in the whole district on the Democratic side. He said his arrangements for the labors of the campaign had already been determined upon, but if Col. Baughman desired one or more joint discussions he would try to accommodate him. On Monday Mr. McComas will begin an active canvas of Garrett and Allegany counties, and expects to make daily speeches. He said he expected to hold on to his majority in Washington county, and his intention is in due time to go over to Frederick and make it lively for Col. Baughman at home."

A prominent officer in the House of Representatives, and of course a Democrat, who has just returned from his summer trip out West, says that the Republicans can elect a majority in the Fiftieth Congress if they wish to. But they don't want to. They would rather let the Democrats have a slight majority and continue their blundering up to the Presidential election, and then sweep everything out of the Democrat's hands. He says he cannot help but see this, because the dissatisfaction and discontent in the Democratic ranks are too widespread. He is sure there will be an increase in the Republican members of the House by sixteen or eighteen. "I am a Democrat," said he, "and hold an office in the House as such; but when I see a thing so plainly, I must tell the truth." The official says there will be an increase of five Republican members from Ohio, two from Indiana, two from Michigan, Iowa two, Virginia three, and Maryland one, or may be more. He says Don Dickerson, the Michigan boss, is stirring up a great revolt against himself by his actions, and is identical with the fight against Gorman and bossism in Maryland. Dickerson has taken all of the patronage, *a la* Gorman, and hence the masses are mad.

The Republican Convention of the Sixth Congressional District met at Hagerstown yesterday and promptly nominated Representative Louis E. McComas for a third term. The nomination was made by acclamation. Mr. McComas is one of the ablest and generally most efficient Representatives whom Maryland has sent to Congress for many years, and the hearty manner of yesterday's nomination was a vote of confidence which he highly merits. There is no reasonable doubt that the Republicans will again carry the Sixth District. McComas is the strongest man his party could have selected. The full Republican vote is not only assured to him, but he has a Democratic following that is by no means insignificant. With Mr. Vic Baughman in the field as his Democratic competitor, the race ought to be a walk-over for the Republican nominee.—*Balto. Herald.*

We are very glad to see the harmony that marked the Sixth District Congressional Convention, which renominated Hon. Louis E. McComas for a third term yesterday. It is one of the very best harbingers of victory, and it foretells the triumphant reelection of the gentleman who has so ably represented his district and his State in the national halls of legislation.

Mr. McComas' course in Congress is highly creditable to himself and useful and honorable to his constituents. It is a career that will be happily endorsed and prolonged by the people of the Sixth District on the 2d of November next.—*Balto. American.*

Hon. Lewis E. McComas, who was renomiuated yesterday by the Republican convention of the Sixth District by acclamation, has earned the distinction, unusual in Western Maryland, of a nomination for a third term in Congress—a distinction due to the exceptional ability with which he has discharged his duties in that body. Mr. McComas has proved himself to be an industrious, painstaking and energetic member of Congress, and his talents as a debater have given him a recognized standing in the national organization of his party. He is young, aggressive and popular, and will no doubt make a very lively canvass for re-election.—*Balto. Sun.*

Sunday's *American* says; "In the Sixth district the nomination of Louis E. McComas has been received with a great deal of satisfaction. The Democrats appear to be much elated at the report that Gov. Hamilton will support Col. L. Victor Baughman, the Democratic nominee. This certainly is nothing new nor remarkable. Governor Hamilton supports the Democratic nominee in his district. He supported George Peter when he ran against Mr. Urner; he supported Montgomery Blair, who ran two years later; he supported Colonel Schley and Fred Nelson, both of whom were beaten by Mr. McComas. For some of these ex Governor Hamilton took the stump. It cannot be that any of these gentlemen received a less cordial support from Governor Hamilton than Colonel Baughman will receive. There is no reason why he should."

Philadelphia is not a model in all things political, but she does some of these things particularly well. She keeps her old judges on the bench and her old members of Congress in their seats. The city is represented by four Republicans, Bingham, O'Neill, Kelley and Harmar, and one Democrat, Randall. The four Republicans have just been renominated and Mr. Randall will be. All of them will be re-elected. General Bingham is the youngest Philadelphian in point of service, and he has been renominated for a fourth term. In the next Congress Mr. Harmar will enter upon his seventh term. Mr. O'Neill upon his twelfth, Mr. Randall upon his thirteenth and Judge Kelley, the Father of the House, upon his fourteenth.

In respect of these important public places, the idea of rotation in office does not strongly impress the Philadelphia mind. It is thought of more moment to have in Congress men of experience who know what to do, and how to do it.

State of Trade.

NEW YORK, Sept. 24,—Special telegrams to *Bradstreet's* report a continued full volume of general business, though there have been less favorable advices from several points. While the movement of staple products from Boston has been good it has been less regular, notably in dry goods, which, however is regarded as natural after the exceptional activity enjoyed of late at St. Louis. New business continues to be reported, but the rate of increase is less than previously noted.

There is a quieter tone of trade at New Orleans where the predicted earthquake appears to have prevented appearance of country buyers to some extent. The retail trade at Savannah has been checked since the late disturbance of the earth and there remains of course much to be done at Charleston before the commerce of that city reaches its former proportions.

The leading domestic money markets other than New York, continue for the most part somewhat easier than last week though at a few cities the current continues toward the country and the demand tends to exceed the immediate supply.

The principal dry goods centers report no unfavorable features, notwithstanding the slight check at some points.

Woolens are expected to advance in price during next season. Raw wools is again strong and prices are again higher, with the movement of manufacturers heavy. The belief appears general that the American clip is short and Australian is certainly worth more abroad than it is here.

There is less satisfaction found in the tone of the grain market than elsewhere.

Receipts at the northwest have been very heavy. Export demand has been checked and speculation in favor of low figures.

Lafagan's Logic.

Actions outweigh professions.

Virtue is the handmaid of holiness.

Ceremony is the criterion of affected dignity.

Expressing thoughts intelligently is a trade by itself.

A clear head and a clear conscience are the attributes of victory.

Wit that finds recreation in a friend's discomfiture is an insult.

Wisdom listens in confidence, but is seldom confidential in return.

It is preferable, young friend, to try and fail than to be born in vain.

Reflection is the satisfaction of the upright, the enemy of rogues.

I do not care what a man thinks of me if he will only keep it to himself.

The homage merited by virtue in life is too often rendered by strewn flowers at its tomb.

The man who is tenacious in his efforts requires no boasting to reach the persimmons.

I take notice that Christianity is most generally belittled by those people who haven't a paid-up dividend in it.

It certainly is discouraging to make a fool of one's self, but what makes it grind worse is in knowing that you have not only got to shoulder the responsibility, but "grin and bear it."

Additional Local News.

McComas addressed large and enthusiastic meetings in the mining region of Allegany county this week. Mr. Wellington also addressed the meetings.

—WANTED TO BUY.—At Harne's store, 500 pheasants and 500 woodcock.

A. J. HARNE, Oakland, Md.

School Board Meeting.

A meeting of the School Board was held at their office in Oakland Wednesday. The only business transacted of general interest was the determination to hold examinations at three places--Oakland, Accident and Grantsville, notice of the time to be given hereafter.

Several matters of importance was laid over until after the appointment of Mr. Johnson's successor in the Board. This appointment will be made soon.

[For The Republican.]

Florida Letter.

Like Paul, I have been a long time *willing* to prepare a letter for your columns, good friend REPUBLICAN, but hitherto I have not found opportunity to *do* according to the will. It requires a full twelve-months to do a year's work here. Indeed, one may put it as do the cotton planters in old Alabama, and say, a year of thirteen months is necessary to make a full crop, especially on new lands. And in these times who fails to make a crop, will likely find his bread-mill stop before new grist comes in. Besides, a new-comer is likely to throw away many a day on misdirected effort. First lessons in Florida farming are mainly in *un*-learning. Knowing this much, readers of the REPUBLICAN will not wonder at the declaration that I have been exceedingly busy, and the occasion of steady effort is not past; but one must slip in an occasional extra somehow.

It is truly wonderful to note how little, as a rule, people of one section of our country know of the features and merits of another section. This is true not only as to sections widely separated, but often by places very near home. Thus one finds it especially in these parts. I frequently ask gray-haired men for information concerning places to which they might walk in 24 hours to hear the confession: "I don't know." Such ignorance and indifference are both cause and evidence of the backwardness of any community. No one will ever learn to know Florida on information from her native population; and books of information about the State are about as reliable as a land-agent, or a finger-board. My own way is to go and see when I want to know of a place that is new to me. Just in this way I have, within a week, come to have a hearty look at two of the inland counties of the State—Clay and Bradford. The first of these borders on the St. Johns—westward—and has Duval to the North and Sumpter to the South of it. Its name is from clay, an abundance of which—good brick material—is found along its principal stream, Black creek. Bradford is immediately west of Clay, and has Starke for its metropolis and Lake Butler for capital. Either of these counties could spare surface water enough from creek, and swamp, and lake, and bog, to relieve the distress of drought-stricken Texas, or replenish Lake Erie, if its anti-Prohibition Toledoites should drink it dry some morning after a spree. However, one can, here and there, even in these counties, find a dry spot large enough to accomodate a No. 8 boot, or, with careful selection and a little ditching, have a grove or plantation above the high water mark. Lake Butler would really be a charming place, if not spoiled by the "improvements," that is, the things that stand around there, and are called the "town." I know that Garrett has not much to boast of in the way of county buildings, but your public-school building in Oakland could swallow their court house, and their jail would hardly suffice for your Sheriff's buggy shed. But one must remember that this Florida, with the oldest town in the Union, is a very *new* State. It will grow.

In this same Bradford county, I saw corn that will turn off 50 bushels to the acre; and they gather sometimes $50 worth of cotton from an acre. Should anyone wish to secure a quiet home, all ready to sit down in, with a grove good for 150,000 oranges per year—a living for an ordinary family—I can sell him such a place in this same Lake Butler. Railroad 16 miles distant, and a line surveyed through the place. I ate my first orange of '86 from that grove last week.

West of Bradford comes Columbia county. To this I referred in preceding letter; but let me say to such of your readers as think Florida means sand, that in driving to church last Lord's day, I was "jolted" over *lime-rocks*. Woods full of them are here. Flocks of sheep numbering hundreds are in the pine woods. Along with oats, corn, cotton, cane, pinders, etc., they have peaches and pears by the wagon-loads, and live comfortably in their simple but often picturesque houses, perched on gentle hillocks over a hundred feet above tide-water. When I tell you that well-improved farms can be bought here at $8 to $15 per acre, don't take it as proof that the people want to get away, but rather, as the fact is, that they have never learned to ask big money for the homes they secure cheaply.

It is very likely that I may devote part of my time for a year or two to the working up of our church interests in this county, and so will be in a position to furnish information in regard to lands, &c.

At this point I should wish to break off, to take hold of the implements of husbandry in exchange for the pen but I cannot close this letter without a reference to the one special subject that makes Florida so eminently worthy of public regard.

In almost every mail we receive sad intelligence that some one or other of our friends at the North, is showing symptoms of lung troubles, or actually in a decline from consumption. I could now from memory count a score so mentioned within a few months. Among these are some young people specially dear to me and whose early years have been full of promise. It seems inexpressably sad to think that such lives should be early cut off by this fell destroyer. And why will so few exert themselves to secure that healing which a merciful God freely offers them, through the gentle ministry of naure. Florida *is* the consumptives friend—his physician, nurse and healer. What I could say of the climate, others have often said before me; and perhaps just because so often said, the story is largely disbelieved. But I know some, at least, who will not call in question some facts with which I am personally acquainted, living facts, daily walking before my eyes. Mrs. C——, 31 years old, 11 years ago a member of one of my churches in Butler county, O., came here 8 years back, far advanced in a decline from consumption. For 5 years she has not only attended her own housekeeping, with trifling exceptions, but often helped her husband in the management of his vegetables and fruits, both out-doors and in. Her next neighbor, Mr. M——, from the same county, came here 9 years ago, with very weak lungs, and has worked steadily ever since, making himself a nice home. Less than half a mile away is Mr. W——, from near Louisville, Ky., 6 years back, was sent here to die gently, is living and active to-day, and owner of a little home that makes a support for himself and family. Other living facts as striking as these, including catarrh, asthmatic and rheumatic patients can be found all around us. Consumptives die also in Florida—such as come too late—none are native. And very few people, such as are able to do a little work yet at home, are too poor to come here for a winter. I invite correspondence on this subject.

We have all passed the Summer at hard work, and with very little sickness.

The earthquake was too light for a sharp sensation.

Fraternally,
J. B. SHOUP.

Switzerland, Fla., Sept. 24, 1886.

A Captain's Fotunate Discovery.

Capt. Coleman, schr. Weymount, plying between Atlantic City and N. Y., had been troubled with a cough so that he was unable to sleep, and was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It not only gave him instant relief, but allayed the extreme soreness in his breast. His children were similarly affected and a single dose had the same happy effect. Dr. King's New Discovery is now the standard remedy in the Coleman household and on board the schooner. Free Trial Bottles of this Standard Remedy at W. D. Nydegger's Drug Store.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE,
TRACTS & MILITARY LOTS.

The subscriber offers for sale the following lands in Garrett county:

"Bank Property," 165 acres on Backbone Mountain, near West Virginia line. There is on this tract good Poplar, White and Red Oak, Chestnut, Birch and Sugar Timber, and the land when cleared, will make good farms.

"Friedland," 175 acres, near Accident, part improved.

A fine building site near Fort Pendleton, lot containing two acres.

Also the following Military Lots, containing 50 acres each:

Lots Nos. 4061 and 4062, with the well known Boiling Spring, two miles south of Deer Park, with which it is connected by a good road.

Lot No. 1914, on B. & Ohio R. R., East of Wilson's store.

Lots Nos. 331, 363, 364 and 365, near Ben Davis'.

Lot No. 390, West of Garrett Moon's.

Lots Nos. 371 and 377, West of (late) Hugh Copeland's.

Lot No. 183, East of (late) Elisha Harvey's.

Lot No. 1252, near West Virginia line.

WILLIAM I. BROWN,
Box 41, Oakland, Md.

Sept. 5th, 1885.—1 y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

TRUSTEE'S SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting as a court of Equity, and passed in a cause in said court wherein Elizabeth Ralston and others are plaintiffs, and Elizabeth Kahl is defendant, the same being cause No. 366, on the docket of said Court, the undersigned was appointed trustee and will offer for sale

On Saturday,
The 23rd Day of October, 1886,

in front of the Court House door, in the town of Oakland, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M. of said day, to the highest bidder, at Public Auction, all the real estate described in said proceedings, the same being known and described as

Lots Nos. 4 and 5

on the "Plat of the town of Accident, situated on Flat street, and being the same lots which were conveyed by John Kaub and wife to Valentine Kahl and others, by deed dated the 11th of March, 1865, and recorded in Liber H. R. No. 23, folio 261, &c., one of the land records of Allegany county.

Also all that other lot of ground situated in the town of Accident, containing one-fourth of an acre, and which is described in a deed from Valentine Kahl and wife to Catharine E. Kahl, dated the 9th day of January, 1877, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folio 659, &c., one of the land records of Garrett county.

There is a house on the above lots Nos. 4 and 5, and also a small orchard, and all of said lots are improved and under fence. Said lots will be sold separately or all together, which ever will realize the most money for the owners.

TERMS OF SALE—As prescribed by the decree: One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, and the balance in two equal instalments at nine and eighteen months from the day of sale; said deferred payments to bear interest from the day of sale, and to be secured by the bonds of the purchaser, with security satisfactory to the trustee; or all the purchase money can be paid down on the day of sale, at the option of the purchaser.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
9 25 4t Trustee.

IMPROVED FARM
FOR SALE!

I will sell my farm, on the headwaters of Deep Creek, adjoining lands of Rausey Browning, A. C. Browning and others, on the easiest terms. The farm contains one hundred acres of land, all under fence, and about 60 acres cleared. The improvements consist of a

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE

and large frame barn, young fruit trees, &c., &c. This farm is in a good neighborhood, about 4 miles from Deer Park, and about 8 miles from Oakland.

Reason for selling—advanced age.

Apply to or address

LUKE WOOD,
8 7 tf. Deer Park, Md.

LAKE VIEW
PLANING MILL

is now in full operation, and prepared to fill orders for

Flooring, Weather-boarding, Sash, Doors, Frames, Brackets, and Mouldings of all Kinds,

☞ Will contract for the erection of buildings.

Orders solicited. Satisfaction guranteed.

C. RATHBURN,
MANAGER.
4 3 9m Mountain Lake Park, Md.

VALUABLE
STOCK FARM
FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,
OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.
OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.

Is the place to buy

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints,
Oils Varnishes,
Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

☞ Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c

Physicians Prescriptions

Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.

Give me a call.

W. D. NYDEGGER.

BALTIMORE FEMALE COLLEGE.

By the terms of the endowment of the above college, one pupil from each county is entitled to free tuition in all the branches taught in the college, with stationery and use of books.

The scholarship for Garrett county is vacant at present, and the Judges of the Orphans' Court are authorized to fill the same by appointment.

Applicants will please file their applications at once.

SAMUEL LAWTON,
7 24 Register.

TOWN PROPERTY
FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Lenge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

—Go to J. M. Davis & Son's for the celebrated Telegraph Cider Mill.

—Mr. Geo. H. Smouse, of the Cumberland *News*, paid Oakland a short visit this week.

—Married, at the Commercial House Oakland, Sept. 28th, 1886, by Rev. J. M. Davis, Mr. John O. Thayer and Miss Jennie Welch, both of this county.

—Married, in the Reformed Church Grantsville, Md., Sept. 26th, by Rev. J. M. Evans, G. C. Keller, D. D. S., and Miss Ella B. Getty, both of Grantsville.

—Married, on the 27th inst., by Rev. William E. George, at the residence of Jeremiah Tasker, near Ryans Glades, James W. Tasker and Miss Ella J. Shrout.

—Married, on Sunday evening, Sept. 26th, in Trinity Reformed Church, New Germany, by Rev. J. M. Evans, Mr. Norman B. Durst and Miss Annie Turner, both of Shade Mills, Md.

—Married, on Sunday, September 26th, by Rev. William E. George, near Swanton, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. Noah E. Rexroads to Miss Anna Switzer, both of this county.

—Rev. George W. Kepler, who is stationed at Clifton, W. Va., Conference of the M. E. Church, was among friends in this county last week. Mr. Kepler has hosts of friends here who wish him success.

—Cards of invitation are out for the wedding of E. H. Sincell, Esq., of Oakland, and Miss Sallie W. Button, of Annapolis, which will take place at the First Methodist Church, Annapolis, on Wednesday, Oct. 13th, 1886.

—Mrs. Lawton and most of her family were brought to Oakland Monday night, all of the members being more or less affected with typhoid symptoms. They have all improved since their arrival and strong hopes are entertained that all will permanently recover.

Church Services—Sunday.

Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. by Rev. J. M. Davis, and 7½ P. M., by Rev. C. W. Sechrist.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

St. Matthew's Church—Rev. J. Newman, Rector—Holy Communion 8 A. M.; morning prayer and sermon at 11 A. M.; Sunday School at 4:30 P. M.; evensong 5 P. M. Wednesday evening prayer at 5 P. M.

Quarterly Meetings.

Quarterly meetings will be held in Oakland Circuit as follows:

Cranesville, October 2d and 3d.

Brandonville Circuit, at Sugar Valley church, October 9th and 10th.

Gaantsville Circuit, Mount Buela Church, October 23d and 24th.

Friendsville Circuit, Johnstown Church, November 13th and 14th.

Conference Appointments.

The following appointments for Oakland District were made by the Annual Conference:

C. H. Lakin, P. E.
Oakland—W. J. Sharps.
Albrightsville—T. R. Faulkner.
Cranesville—D. B. Orr.
Grantsville—G. W. Kelley.
Brandonville—L. W. Roberts.
Deer Park—J. C. Kurts.
St. George—W. P. Weekly.
Hambleton—S. P. Archer.
Randolph—W. Virden.
Rowlesburg—A. D. Perry.
Pleasant Grove—M. Knotts.
Newburg—B. B. Evans.
Evansville—D. A. Friend.

The following appointments by the Conference will, no doubt, be of interest to our readers:

Rev. J. Engle goes to Clarksburg.

Rev. B. Ison goes to Weston.

Rev. N. L. Baumgardner goes to Halleck.

Rev. S. E. Jones goes to Huntington.

Robbins' Show.

Agreeable to announcement Frank A. Robbins' Show exhibited here Tuesday. The threatening weather in the morning, and the fact that no announcements had been made in the newspapers, the attendance was not large, although there was a good audience. The general verdict is that it is a good circus. The herd of trained elephants was the great attraction, and we believe they are the best trained elephants in the country.

A Card.

OAKLAND, MD., 25th Sept. 1886.

MR. JAMES A. HAYDEN,
Editor of Republican:

Dear Sir:—I see in the last issue of the *Democrat* that the editor of that paper has given undue prominence to the names of the different candidates voted for at the last Democratic primary, and among them myself. I simply desire to say that I was not present at said primary, and the use of my name in any connection therewith was unknown to me, and entirely unauthorized.

Very respectfully,
G. S. HAMILL.

Estray Notice.

Two head of estray cattle are trespassing on my enclosure. One large red cow branded "B" on right hip; also one small yearling heifer, color grey. The owner is hereby notified to take them away and pay all damages, within five days.

R. B. WHITE,
10 2 1 Friendsville, Md.

For Sale.

The property owned by the late Thresa M. Smithman, corner third and Water streets, Oakland, Md. will be sold at private sale. This is a very desirable property and will be sold in whole or in part, to suit purchaser. Terms reasonable. For further information call on or address

JOS. H. SMITHMAN,
5 15 tf Oakland, Md.

Public Sale.

I will sell at public sale on THURSDAY, OCT. 7, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M., on my farm near Oakland, all the grain on the place, consisting of Oats, Rye and Buckwheat; also the Hay (good timothy) and Straw, together with a large quantity of Potatoes, and Horses, Cows, Buggies, Wagons and all kinds of Mowers, Rakes, Harrows, Wheelbarrows, and other Farming Implements. I will also sell all my Household and Kitchen Furniture, a large and varied collection. Terms will be announced on day of sale.

JOHN BRADLEY.

For Sale.

A valuable house and lot on Oak street, in Oakland, Md. Terms moderate. For further particulars call on or address. THO. F. COMBS,
9 25 Oakland, Md.

Notice to Tax-Payers.

Copies of the tax books of districts Nos. 1, 2, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12 have been placed in the hands of S. L. Townshend & Son, who are authorized to receive and receipt for taxes in those districts.

JONAS E. GNAGEY,
9 18 4. Tax Collector.

Private School.

I will open a private school, in the Oakland public school building, October 18th, and continue until the public school opens. Charge per scholar one dollar per month.

9 25 td E. J. FRINGER.

For Sale--Thoroughbred Shorthorn Bull

Oxford Sovereign No. 42308, vol XXI. Red, little white, calved Sept, 12th, 1879. Bred by John S. Goe Brownsville, Fayette county, Pa. Owned by S. D. Yoder, Grantsville, Md.

Got by Duke of Avondalle, 32201.
1st. Oxford Princess, vol. XV, by Dreadnaught,.....13830
2nd. Oxford Girl, vol. XV, by Lord Stanly,.....10385
3d. Lady Oxford, by Lord Oxford.....20214
4th. Nelly, by Prophet 13532
5th. Lola, by Coxton,.....1339
6th. Listless, by Arrow.....11
7th. Lascha, by North Star.....2182
8th. Lilas, by Imported Nelson,....1914
9th. Imported Nudd, by Willington.....679
10th. Ruddy, bred by Geo. Morley, Boylston, England, from stock purchased of Chas. Colling, England.

Oxford Sovereign is of the very best milking strain of Shorthorns; in point of breeding and individual excellence is hard to beat. He is of a very kind disposition, a quick feeder, a fine handler, and a very impressive sire. Weight, 2,000 pounds in fair breeding condition; price, $100 dollars. I have also 4 bull calves sired by the above bull out of blooded cows. Price from $25 to $35 dollars. One thoroughbread two-year old Southdown buck, price, $10 dollars. S. D. Yoder, Grantsville, Garrett county, Md., 2½ miles Northwest of Grantsville.

Go to F. G. Hyde, the Reliable Jeweler

For watches, clocks, jewelry, silverware, eye-glasses, spectacles, etc., either wholesale or retail. The largest stock of reliable goods in this part of the country. Everything fully warranted to be just exactly what it is. I handle everything that appertains to the jewelry trade, at prices that will stand comparison with any responsible house. An inspection is requested.

F. G. HYDE.
7 17 tf Oakland, Md.

Sunday School Institutes.

GRANTSVILLE.

The fourth Institute of the series held in the county by the Maryland Sunday School Union began at Grantsville on Tuesday night, September 14, and closed on Thursday night, September 16. The interest increased with each session, and closed with a large and enthusiastic meeting. Among those who participated in the discussions of the Institute, besides Messrs. Baker and Nock, were Rev. J. M. Evans, Rev. S. P. Archer, and Messrs. Henry Winterburg and C. A. Snyder. At the last meeting there were general expressions of gratification that the Institute had been held and it is believed that much good was accomplished.

On the morning of September 16, Messrs. Baker and Nock, accompanied by Mr. C. A. Snyder, visited the Normal School then in session at Grantsville. They were cordially received by Professor Brown, the principal. The visitors expressed themselves as delighted with Professor Brown's practical system. An address was delivered before the school by Mr. Nock.

NEW GERMANY.

The fifth and last Institute of the series was held at New Germany, beginning on the night of September 17th, and closed on the night of the 18th. The attendance was large throughout, and the interest unbounded. On Sunday the weather was threatening, and there was occasional rain throughout the day; but the people came in large numbers, many being present from a distance of from 20 to 30 miles. Large numbers were unable to gain admittance at the morning service. In the afternoon there were was again an overflow. Notwithstand the rain there was a large congregation again at night. Among those who participated in this Institute, besides Messrs. Baker, Nock and Hoye, representatives of the Union, were Messrs. C. J. Otto, Geo. Royer, John P. Michael, Cleveland Michael, James M. Durst, John Barnard, Amos Broadwater, and Samual Wyland and Miss Mollie Michael. Sunday night was so dark, and the roads were in such a bad condition that many of the vehicles had to be preceded by lanterns. Many made their way home afoot five or six miles across the mountains, through a driving rain.

The following resolutions were presented by Mr. C. J. Otto, at the last session of the Institute at New Germany, and adopted by a rising vote:

WHEREAS, Mr. W. A. Baker, State Superintendent, Rev. Geo. H. Nock, State Missionary, and Mr. W. D. Hoye, Vice-President for Garrett county, all representatives of the Maryland Sunday School Union, who have so faithfully labored in our midst, and at the different Institutes which have belted this county; and whereas, this being the last of the series, the glorious results of which are already apparent,

Resolved, That the thanks of this Institute be tendered to State Supt. Baker for the able and impartial manner in which he has presided over its deliberations—to the State Missionary and County Vice-President for their valuable services, and to all other visiting brothers and sisters who have aided and encouraged us by their words of cheer, and may God's blessing ever attend them.

Resolved, also, that we express our thanks to the choir, under the lerdership of Prof. George Royer, for their rich and inspiring music; and

Resolved, In behalf of our local choir, that we extend our thanks to Miss Lizzie Kahl and other visitors for their assistance.

For Sale.

A large 2-year old Alderny Bull, cheap for cash, also a Durham milch cow.

10 2 T. F. COMBS.

Mineral Spring.

Already the crimson banners of the maple tree on the hillside, and the golden foliage of the sugar tree decorates the woodland, announcing to us the fact that "Autumn is here."

The hickory and walnut crops are immense.

Mrs. Nora L. Poland, of Moscow, Pa., is here spending a month with her parents and many friends.

Messrs. Otho Speelman and Sons are treating their dwelling with a coat of paint, which adds greatly to its external appearance.

Mrs. Charlotte Dean, of Petersburg, Pa., is visiting her home of twenty years ago and friends in this section.

The M. E. Sabbath School, South, closed the 19th, ult., for the coming winter. Where can children or even persons of matured age go to gather nutriment for the mind and soul than to the Sabbath School, or what can they do to profit them more? To discontinue the Sabbath School in a section like this at this period of the year is wrong.

Miss Nora Fike is the guest of Chas. F. Frazee, Esq., of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

Mr. Geo. F. Wass has gone east with a drove of sheep numbering more than two hundred.

Jasper Guard, Esq., returned from Moundsville and Wheeling, W. Va., Sunday last, where he was visiting friends.

Miss Lizzie Miller was home on a brief visit recently.

Mr. David Rush is able to be out again. He was dangerously hurt recently by having been caught under a falling tree, while engaged in chopping timber for Mr. U. S. Frazee.

Mountain Lake Park.

On Friday, the 17th inst., we were visited with quite a rain and wind storm, which blew down several trees and broke off many limbs. One small tree broke off and fell over Dr. Thompson's tent but did not come down on it, as the top struck the ground and the other end did not pull loose from the stump. Mr. Davis and the men grading the streets barely escaped from the falling timber.

Some more grading has been done on the streets toward the lake.

Rev. D. H. Lee, who moved here last fall to recruit his health, has so far recovered that he has resumed his work again in the East Ohio Conference.

Mr. E. J. Stone and wife are with us for a few days, finishing up his addition to one of his cottages, and to close up for winter.

While most of our cottagers are gone, yet there are enough guests to keep the hotels and large boarding houses open yet.

Several buildings are to be up for next season, but none have been commenced yet.

Rev. J. B. Young has been preaching some grand sermons for us of late.

We will expect Rev. W. J. Sharps, our new pastor, to preach for us next Sabbath at 3:30.

J. A. E.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses were granted to the following parties during the month of September:

Edward B. Durst and Charlotte Cramer.

Robert McClary and Georgie Della Davis.

Josephus Williams and Susan M. Arnold.

Adolphus P. Enlow and Molly M. Cuppett.

Edward Georg and Annie Neil.

Aaron R. Corley and Christena S. Christian.

Christopher Miller and Sarah J. Wiland.

Charles H. Bill and Rachael Bonig.

Luther Berry and Emma May Raber.

Norman B. Durst and Annie M. Turney.

Isaac M. Gorman and Maggie J. Kerh.

William Schrock and Emma L. Miller.

Noah E. Rexroads and Anna Switzer.

Jas. William Tasker and Ella J. Shrout.

Samuel Rodeheaver and Elmira Cross.

Lewis A. Blocher and Mary S. Paugh.

And 3 with request not to publish.

Grantsville.

SEPTEMBER, 21st, 1886.

The most severe storm passed through this section of country Sunday afternoon that we have witnessed for a long time, accompanied by lightning and hail, and torrants of rain, doing great damage to the apple crop.

Rev. Archer left here Saturday to attend M. E. Conference. Mr. Archer is a young man of unusual ability for one of his age, he being only 19. He preached two years here and at New Germany and one or two other places under the most trying and adverse circumstances, especially at this place. He is an ardent student, and if his health does not fail him, he will make his mark as one of *the* preachers. He leaves many warm friends here who will be slow to forget his many kind words of advice and sympathy, and his untiring efforts to build up this church. We believe that it is in better shape now than ever before. We hope and pray that he will get a more pleasant and profitable field to work in, for he is as gold tried in the fire. Long may he live to build up our Father's Kingdom. Brother Archer went from here to New Germany to attend the Sunday School Convention, and shipped his baggage by the mail back, among which was a box containing quite a number of valuable books, his heavy overcoat, shoes, &c. Unfortunately the box was turned on its side, the lid to the outside, which came off, scattering books, coats, shoes, &c., along the road. Dr. Getty happened to go that way and gathered them up as far as he went and had Mr. Shaw take care of them. We suppose the driver remembered Lot's wife.

There was considerable indignation expressed by the people here when they read the school Examiner's notice stating that there would be no examination until further notice, as the term was so short, &c. We believe that it has always been customary, at the close of the Normal, to hold an examination, when the teachers are fresh and in good trim, as we understand they are now. A great many of them have to work when they go home and cannot devote much time to study. Besides, would it not be much less expense and trouble for the Examiner to come here now than for the teachers to followed him over the county, through a snow storm and cold weather, even if they could afford the expense. The question is just this: Can the people afford to pay a thousand dollars to him to sit at home and do nothing for the interest of the schools? Does not the law require him to devote his entire time to school business? D.

Deer Park.

On Friday evening last an exhibition of a very fine Stereopticon was given to the members of the Deer Park Club and their families by Mrs. John W. Williams, who organized the club, and does everything in her power to contribute to its success. Mr. Joseph Foster, of Swanton, delivered in his usual fluent manner, a very entertaining and able address on American history, different parts of it being illustrated by the stereoptic views. Lectures, on various subjects, will be continued monthly through the winter.

The Children's Home will be opened this week, and promises to be a most excellent institution. Miss M. J. Danforth, of Chicago, will fill the position of matron to the establishment.

Mr. and Mrs. U. B. McCandlish, Miss Annie Landstreet and Mrs. John Sheridan, all of Piedmont, have recently visited friends in Deer Park.

Miss Ida Head returned last Saturday from the Normal School at Grantsville.

Miss Maggie Schoolfield, of Baltimore, arrived here last week, on a visit to relatives in Deer Park.

Mr. R. J. Head has been quite ill for some weeks past, but is now slowly improving.

Mrs. Dunnington, of Fairmont, has just returned home after a visit to her sister-in-law, Mrs. A. C. Lott.

Miss May Connett, of Philadelphia, is with her relatives, Mr. G. W. Haulenbeck and family.

The Hotel closed Tuesday, 28th, and nearly all the cottages are vacated by their occupants. The season at the Hotel has been an exceptionally good one, and has lasted two weeks longer than last year.

Registered at Wing-and-Wing:

Wheeling, W. Va.—Chas. Chadduck.

Swanton, Md.—Truman West and Harry West.

Chicago, Ill.—Miss M. J. Danforth. ***

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. D. Nydegger, Druggist, Oakland, Md.

Horse and Wagon For Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale a good work horse, 8 or 9 years old. Gentle, sound and will work any where; also a one-horse spring wagon and set of single harness.

C. B. CROPP,
9 4 tf Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ELECTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to the qualified voters of Garrett county that an election will be held at the usual places of holding elections in the several election districts in said county, on Tuesday after the first Monday, being the

2D DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1886,

between the hours of 8 o'clock A. M., and 6 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of balloting for one person to represent the Sixth Congressional District in the Congress of the United States.

It shall not be lawful for the keeper of any hotel, tavern, store, drinking establisement or any other place where liquors are sold, or for any person, directly or indirectly, to sell, barter or give, or in any way dispose of spirituous or fermentep liquors, ale, beer or intoxicating drinks of any kind, on the day of any election hereafter to be held in the several counties of the State.

Any person violating the provisions of this act shall be liable to indictment by the Grand Jury of the county where the offence is committed, and shall upon conviction before any Judge of any of the Circuit Courts of this State, be fined a sum of not less than fifty dollars, nor more than one hundred dollars for each and every offence; one-half of the fine shall be paid the informer, the other half to the County Commissioners for the use of the public roads.

JOHN H. RILEY,
Sheriff of Garret County.

ROAD PETITION.

This is to give notice that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the appointment of viewers to locate a public county road, beginning at a point on the Altamont and Hooppole road at or near the residence of C. E. Brant, and running thence through lands of John G. Brant, Samuel Green, E. G. Miller, L. H. Schoolfield, S. C. Hoye, and others, to S. C. Hoye's gate, a distance of about three miles.

E. G. MILLER,
SAMUEL GREEN,
10 2 5t.* C. E. BRANT.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

McCOMAS

—Will speak in—

OAKLAND, OCTOBER 2D,

ACCIDENT, OCTOBER 4TH,

GRANTSVILLE, OCT. 5TH.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE

IN GARRETT COUNTY.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in Equity, passed in a cause on the docket of said court No. 352, wherein Charles Thompson, et. al, are plaintiffs, and Sarah Spiker et. al, are defendants, the undersigned trustee will sell at Public Auction, to the highest bidder,

ON SATURDAY,

The 30th Day of October, 1886.

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M. of said day in front of what is known as the Coddington Hotel, in the town of Oakland, all that real estate as described in the proceedings of said cause, known and designated as

MILITARY LOTS NUMBERS 927 & 1023,

containing fifty acres of land each. Said lots comprise what is known as the

"LEWIS THOMPSON FARM,"

is located about 2½ miles south from Oakland, on the West Union road. The greater part of this land is under cultivation, is improved by a good

DWELLING HOUSE,

other out-buildings, and a fine orchard of fruit trees.

TERMS OF SALE:—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, and the deferred payments in two equal installments at nine and eighteen months from the day of sale; the deferred payments to be secured by the bonds of the purchaser, to bear interest from date, and the bonds to be secured to the satisfaction of the trustee, or all the purchase money can be paid in cash on the day of sale, at the option of the purchaser.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
10 2 4t Trustee.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will make application to the Commissioners of Garrett county after thirty days from the first publication of this notice to appoint three viewers to assemble and determine whether the public convenience requires the opening and construction of a public road beginning at or near the mouth of Miller's Run, in District No. 7, and running through the lands of Hamill, Lowndes, John and Albert Richter, Perine and others, to intersect the Hooppole Road at or near King's Run, a distance of two and a-half miles.

JOHN H. CHISHOLM,
THOMAS A. NETHKEN,
JOHN H. RILEY,
ISAAC MALE,
W. H. SPEICHER,
9 25 4 MAHLON SCHOOLEY.

GO TO

W. C. L. CORRELL'S

NEW STORE,

In the Michaels Building, Oakland.

FOR BARGAINS.

Having just opened a full and complete line of

Boots & Shoes,

I feel confident I can suit all classes at very LOW PRICES. Also HATS AND CAPS, for men and boys, at BOTTOM PRICES. I have also on hand a good line of

Dry Goods and Notions and Gent's Furnishing Goods,

to which I expect to add in time for the fall and winter trade a full and complete stock of Men's and Boys' CLOTHING. It will pay you to come and see me before purchasing elsewhere.

8 21 86 W. C. L. CORRELL.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE

In the Town of Oakland.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Edmund Jamison to Rudolph Beckman, Dated the 17th day of February, in the year 1874, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folio 316, &c., one of the land records of Garrett county, and assigned to me by the said Beckman, I will sell at Public Auction, to the highest bidder for cash

On Wednesday,

The 20th Day of October, 1886,

at the hour of eleven o'clock A. M. of said day, in front of the Court House in Oakland, all that lot of ground situated in said town, which on the "Plat of Wilson's First Addition to said town" is known and designated as

Lot Number 35,

and being more particularly described in said mortgage by metes and bounds, courses and distances.

Said lot is improved by a good

DWELLING HOUSE

and other out-buildings, and fronts on "Center Street."

TERMS OF SALE as prescribed by said mortgage: Cash on the day of sale.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
9 25 4t Assignee of said Mortgage.

NOTICE.

All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to me are requested to settle their accounts on or before the first of November, 1886. After that date my books will be placed in other hands.

9 18 3t O. G. GETTY.

$200.000 in presents given away. Send us 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the $200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

MY TREASURES.

The flowers I planted in the flush of spring
Have budded, bloomed, and withered long ago;
The grain my lavish fingers used to throw
Long since was reaped for others' garnering;
Yet I am rich amid my nature dearth;
My gold is where the rainbow touches earth.

My wealth is molten of full many an ore,
Dug from the sacred caverns of the past;
Stored where the present's quiet light is cast;
Piled in the promise land that lies before,
All blent together, all of priceless worth,
All hid just where the rainbow touches earth.

And memory, faith and hope its guardians are,
As holding love's strong hand I make my way,
Knowing I near a little every day
The one sure goal where, passing o'er the bar,
I find, in all the glow of second birth,
My treasure, where the rainbow touches earth.

—*All the Year Round.*

"HANG THE BABY."

It Didn't Sound Nice From the Lips of the Wife.

"Then you won't go, Alice?"

"No, Herbert—I am so sorry—but the baby!"

"O, hang the baby!" and Herbert flung out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

Alice stood looking at the door, growing whiter and whiter. Then she gave a heart-breaking cry, and fell on her knees by the cradle, and hiding her face in her hands, sobbed bitterly.

She had looked forward so long to this particular party. It was given by Mrs. Mountjoy, one of the leaders of society, and all that was eminent in politics, diplomacy or literature, as well as distinguished in the fashionable world, was sure to be there. She had been kept at home so much since baby had been born that she really felt the need of a little variety and relaxation. But baby had been threatened with croup the week before, and the fond mother had not yet recovered from her fright. Baby, she admitted, was better, "but not fit," she declared, "to be left, at least with only the nurse to look after it. Nurses are so careless, everybody had told her, even the best of them."

She had not asked Herbert to give it up also, and even said there was no reason why he should stay at home; but still in her heart of hearts she hoped he would.

"He said, 'Hang the baby!' yes, he did, darling," she murmured, with indignant emphasis, as she bent over the little unconscious sleeper. "It was your papa who said that, and he has gone to a brilliant party with such thoughts of his wife and child! Did you come, dearest, to estrange us from each other?"

This awful idea called for a flood of bitter tears.

Herbert had said such beautiful things in her trusting girlhood. "Never should their lives run in separate channels, as those of some married people of their acquaintance did—never a joy be accepted that did not make them one—never a barrier should come between them."

And now to think that this wee babe, with its golden curls, this beautiful little helpless creature, should part them, as never strong hands could. She pictured the gay assemblage and her Herbert dancing with young girls, smiling on others and leaving her at home to die of heart-break. Her imagination, always too vivid, viewed him in his triumphs, until her misery took almost the form of madness.

"He didn't want me to go," she said, "he acted as if he didn't, and then he pretended to throw all the blame on that dear, helpless baby!"

Suddenly she heard the sound of carriage wheels outside; they stopped at the door; the bell rang, and a fairy-like figure stood on the threshold of the room, in all the wistfulness of expectancy, with dimpling smiles and laughing eyes.

"O, Mabel!" cried Alice, starting to her feet with a glad cry. "This is, indeed, a surprise. I'm so glad you come. My darling sister!"

Forthwith ensued a scene of rapturous welcome. Then the baby was exhibited, and one would not have dreamed that a tear had ever stained the cheek of the proud mother. Then the visitor's trunks were ordered to be carried up stairs.

"But where's Herbert? In the study?" at last Mabel asked.

"He's—out, dear."

"Good! don't be angry because I'm glad, for we can have such a nice little chat. You didn't expect me."

"Of course I didn't."

"Well, I didn't think of coming, as you know, for a month. But I thought it would be so nice to surprise you."

"O, I'm so glad!"

"And then Paul is coming," she said, blushing, "next week, to stay a month; he has business here, and he wanted me so badly to be here too. I declare," she said, laughing, "I'll have to marry him soon, to get rid of him."

"O, Mabel! don't marry him unless you are certain you'll be happy!" cried Alice, hysterically. "Be sure first he won't go to parties, and le—ave you alone—with the ba—by!" she sobbed.

"What! is Herbert at a party?" queried Mabel quite subdued.

"Yes, he is; and when I told him I could not go on account of baby he said, 'hang the ba—by!' Yes; you little angel your own father said those awful words—and then he sl—slammed the door."

"He's a viper!" exclaimed Mabel, with sudden vehemence. "A nice way to treat a wife like you—a baby like that! But why couldn't you leave the baby?"

"Because he was threatened with the croup last week."

"But he's well enough now—sleeps deliciously. He'll not wake up all the night, perhaps. And the nurse would have taken good care of him."

"I should have been thinking of fire, croup and all that."

"O, nonsense! You ought to have gone. But Herbert has no right to behave as he did, and he must be punished," and Mabel threw her wraps on the bed and took her seat by the glowing fire. "It won't do to let him get the upper hand. Ah! I have it! I've thought of a splendid plan. A charming, delightful plot."

And she clapped her hands in glee.

"O, Mabel, what is it?" and Alice sat down at her sister's feet, gazing in her face with expectant smiles. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm not going to do it. I shall stay here and watch the baby. You are to go to the party."

"Mabel!' Impossible!"

"Quite possible. In fact, it must be done. You must let Herbert see that you are as pretty as anybody, and quite as much to be admired. It is decided. You are to go to the party and play a part. Let me arrange the programme."

"But, Mabel, I haven't a dress prepared—or anything. I gave up going a week ago, you see, when baby was threatened with the croup."

"Pshaw! You shall wear one of mine—one of the most bewitching, bewildering of dresses—bought from my last allowance from Uncle Curtis. Only to see it will throw you into ecstasies. Worth never composed any thing more lovely. I want to see it on you. Come, come, call your maid; I am all impatience. We'll shame your bad husband into good behavior, see if we don't. No irresolution. I will stay at home and fancy myself mistress here, and count your pictures, vases and pretty things and catalogue them, so as to make mamma happy with a letter to-morrow. Order John, or Jack, or Bill, or whoever your coachman is, to get the carriage—if that is impossible, send for a cab."

In less than an hour Mabel led her sister to the great French mirror and laughingly introduced her to the loveliest and best-dressed woman she had ever seen. Alice trembled a little when she found herself actually on the way to Mrs. Mountjoy's; but her sister's urgent will had conquered and her heart was hardened by Herbert's emphatic expression concerning the baby. She was reassured, however, by Mrs. Mountjoy's hearty welcome.

"I'm so glad you've come, my dear," she said. "Your husband said he feared 'baby' would keep you at home, but I told him that was all nonsense. You did right to reconsider the matter."

Herbert, like many handsome society men, was a little spoiled and selfish, without knowing it. He loved Alice devotedly; but he was not unwilling to to receive the sweet smiles and honeyed words of others, while, with a man's inconsistency, he was not desirous that his wife should play the part of a married belle. It was while he was dancing with one of the most noted and beautiful women of the metropolis, who was willing to listen to his nonsense, that Herbert, looking up from the face leaning against his shoulder, while the dreamy waltz music "thrilled the heart sensitive to sadness as to joy," encountered the sparkling face of his wife and saw her arrayed in the freshest and most graceful costume in the room. She was moving quietly along with an escort in uniform.

"Pray, don't stumble," said his partner petulantly, for at that moment the grand repose of her manner was gone, and the lady on his arm might have been made of wax or any other ductile material for all he cared now.

"How the dickens came she here?" he muttered to himself as he led his partner absently to a seat, deaf to all her pretty words, blinded to her fascinations. It certainly is Alice—but that dress—the prettiest thing here! And I left her quite determined not to come. I don't understand it. Dancing with that puppy, Guinett, too! She knows I hate him!"

With these amiable thoughts he laid himself out to gain the attention of his wife and make her explain. It was some time before he had a chance, so he was obliged to content himself with following her graceful motions, angry with himself and with her.

"Alice! Can I believe my eyes!" he said at last, in the pause of the dance.

"I should think you might," was the nonchalant reply.

"Pray, how did you come?"

"Pray, how did you come? I rode. Did you walk?"

"Well, but——"

"Excuse me. I am engaged four deep, already," and Herbert was forced to move one side as a pompous acquaintance claimed her hand.

"I'd like to knock that fellow down," he muttered, angry in earnest.

Another pause and another tete-a-tete. No satisfaction given. Herbert had hardly the grace to redeem all of his dancing engagements.

"How about the baby, Alice?" he asked, anxiously.

She put her rosy lips to his ear, and in a subdued voice exclaimed:

"Hang the baby!"

Herbert started and changed color. To be sure, he had used the same language; but from her it was too exasperating. How he got through the evening he could hardly tell. When at last they were together in the carriage, driving home, there might have been an open rupture but for the determined calmness of Alice, who took everything as a matter of course. One glance in the beautiful nursery unsealed his eyes. There, by the fire, sat Mabel in all the abandon of a negligee toilet, her luxuriant tresses falling in glossy freedom over her shoulders, while the little fellow on her lap clutched at one long, shining curl, crowed and laughed as well as he could for aunty's smothering kisses. A sudden revulsion of feeling came to the father's heart at the sight of the sweet home picture.

"Aha! I know who contrived the plot!" he said. "But I am glad to see you, nevertheless."

"Wasn't she the belle of the ball?" asked Mabel, saucily.

"There's no doubt of that. At any rate, I didn't get a chance to dance with her."

"Of course. Who ever heard in society of dancing with one's wife!" she said, sarcastically. "I see that she followed my directions implicitly. You must learn that a house divided against itself can not stand—that is, if one half is flirting at a party and the other half at home crying her eyes out."

"O, Alice—were you, really?"

"I should think she was. I can assure you that I myself saw half the house dissolved in tears, and so wretched that——"

"O, Mabel, do hush!" said Alice, imploringly.

"Traitor, do you turn on me?" exclaimed Mabel, with mock displeasure.

"My child," she went on, tossing the crowing cherub, "tell your selfish papa that he also has some obligations, and that, if you had known that you were to be the bone of contention in this family, you'd have staid in the garden of angels, where you were wanted."

And that night she tapped on the door of Alice's room and looked gaily in. "Wasn't I right?" she asked.

And she was right, for Herbert was strongly affected by this audacious outburst; but it had the effect of leading him to see his duty in a new light. It taught him to reflect; it opened his eyes to his selfishness and made him, from that evening, a better and more considerate husband. Six months after that time Alice was dressed for a party. But this time the party was to be given in her own house and in honor of Mabel's marriage. Even the bride did not look lovelier; for nothing now ever occurred to mar Alice's happiness; and happiness, after all, is the best preservative of beauty.—*Detroit Tribune.*

BOY BURGLARS.

Why Parents Should Look Carefully Into Books Read by Their Children.

For some months there has seemed to be in England a startling "epidemic" in juvenile crime. This has mainly taken the form of theft on a large or a small scale. Scarcely a week passes that some bold crime on the part of boys is not reported in the English papers. Often these crimes are petty ones, such as the stealing of hens or pigeons. But now and then a serious case of burglary takes place, in which the boys who are guilty of it use all the methods employed by older and more experienced burglars.

Such an instance occurred at Halifax, England, a few months ago. A man and his wife went out to make a call, leaving their house empty. On their return they found that the lock of the front door had been tampered with and, on going in, heard footsteps on the floor above. The man rushed up-stairs. The thieves had got out upon the roof, which was slippery with ice. They proved to be two boys, fifteen or sixteen years of age. They were soon captured. Upon them were found revolvers, daggers and dark lanterns. In the pocket of one of them, moreover, was a bunch of skeleton keys. So agile had they been while in the house that they had already secured two hundred dollars' worth of money and jewelry. Even at their age they had evidently become skillful and accomplished criminals.

About the same time, it was found that a band of boys, from fourteen to nineteen years old, had been formed in Dublin for the purposes of burglary. They called themselves the "Black Gang," were leagued together to break into houses, and were supplied with all the implements and appliances of burglarious crime.

The lesson of these crimes on the part of boys is a striking one. In every instance in which the criminals were caught, the fact came out that their minds had been fed from childhood on bad literature. They all confessed, when asked, that they had read nothing but stories of highwaymen, of robbery and other crimes, from the time when they had read any thing at all. In these stories, the criminal was represented as a hero, and his deeds as brave and heroic ones. His adventure were set forth in every alluring aspect, and he usually was honored at the end with prosperity and happiness. Even if he came to the gallows, the final punishment shed around him a halo of glory and heroism.

Unhappily such books are cheap, and easily got at in all countries. They are issued by hundreds of thousands, and are for sale in all the great cities. The badly brought-up boy, having acquired a taste for this baleful, ruinous literature, spends his penny eagerly for the last thrilling tale of criminal adventure; and too soon becomes imbued with the idea that there is something heroic as well as exciting in stealing the property of others.

The danger arising from this kind of books is greater in the cities than in the country. In the country the boys even of the humblest class are beguiled with healthy out-of-door sports and recreations. In the city they are tempted to seek other excitements, and the cheap book of criminal adventure is too easily obtained.

Parents can not look too carefully into the books read by their children; can not too jealously watch the dawning taste for reading in the young, or too patiently guide that taste into the right channels. Books do very much, indeed, to make or mar a character for life.—*Youth's Companion.*

Dolly's Inquisitiveness.

"Mamma," said little Dolly Pretzel, "does your nose ever eat any thing."

"Why, certainly not, Dolly."

"Does your chin ever eat any thing."

"Do not ask such foolish questions, Dolly."

"Well, mamma, your mouth eats something, doesn't it?"

"Yes, of course it does."

"Then your mouth and eyes eat something, don't they, mamma?"

"You are asking very silly questions, Dolly. I eat with my mouth, but my eyes can not eat."

Little Dolly was very quiet for about an hour, but she again broke out with:

"Mamma, did you say that your eyes couldn't eat?"

"Yes, I said so."

"Can't your eye brows?"

Mamma went off into a dead faint.—*National Weekly.*

—Favorable reports are being received from the experimental tobacco crops in South Carolina. Tobacco of good quality is being produced in some parts of the State, and the opinion is entertained that it will pay handsomely.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—A deacon of a Greenville (Pa.) church has a string of buttons half a yard long, which has been taken out of collections.—*Philadelphia Press*

ROUGH ON PLATO.

How Old Billson Rejected the Teachings of the Great Philosopher.

It is well enough to say with the ancients that "we may shoot at the stars and though we know that our arrows can not reach them, yet they go higher than if we aimed lower." What difference does that make? It makes no difference how high they go, they come down without having accomplished any thing. The aim that is low enough to kill a deer is better than a bead drawn on Venus. It may not be so grand in thought but it is more useful in result.

Old man Billson's son Dan is a close student. Billson, naturally and consequently excusably proud of his son, allowed the young man to remain in his room, deeply covered with the grand rubbish of ancient wisdom. During the busy season, when every hoe in the cotton patch was worth its weight in silver, Billson's neighbors would ask:

"Why don't you make Dan help you with your cotton?"

"He can't spare the time from his studies."

"Studying is all well enough, but do you think that it would hurt him much to drop his books for a day or two and take up a hoe? The grass is gaining on you."

The old man sighed. He was making a great sacrifice but his son would, in after years, bless him for it. One day the old man reverentially entered the son's room.

"Sit down, father."

The old man sat down and, pointing to an open volume that lay on the young man's desk, asked:

"What book is that?"

"Plato's philosophy."

"Studying it, I reckon?"

"Yes; haven't studied any thing else for some time."

"Full of interestin' readin', I reckon."

"As grand thought as was ever expressed."

"Ain't law, is it?"

"O, no."

"Medicine, I reckon?"

"No, it's philosophy."

"Yes, but what is philosophy?"

"O—er—well, it's er—it's the—the soul of a great man, shaped into words."

"Ah, hah. What does this here feller Plato propose to l'arn you?"

"To be great, to look high."

"Yes, but does he tell you what to look at?"

"O, er--yes, he—that is, he tells you to purify your soul."

"Ah, hah, but what does he tell you to do with the body?"

"The body! Why, he scorns the body."

"Ah, hah. Don't appear to have much use for it, eh?"

"He is higher than all things physical."

"Don't say nothin' about fox tail and wire grass, I reckon."

"Of course not."

"Sorter silent on cotton, too, I reckon."

"Why, father, what can you mean?"

"Wall, I'll tell you. Ain't got nothin' agin Ponto——"

"Plato," the student suggested.

"Yes, I ain't got nothin' agin him, you understand, and reckon he may be a putty clever fellow, but I tell you what's a fact. He ain't worth his salt when the cotton's in the grass; so, Dan, jes grab that hoe bangin' in the tree out thar an' scorn the grass an' l'arn the cotton to look up."

"Great goodness!" the affrighted young man exclaimed, "I can't stand it out there."

"O, but you musn't pay no attention to the body. The sun won't hurt your soul. Come on."

"I really——"

"Wall, your grub stops. Been feedin' old Whut's-name long enough. Comin'?"

"I would, but——"

"All right, grub stops, an' you'll have to pay rent for this room."

The young man sighed, arose and followed his father. Two hours later a panting and perspiring Platonist, wielding a heavy hoe, was seen striking at the fox-tail grass *Arkansaw Traveler.*

IN THE FAR WEST.

A Frontier Justice Who Believes in the Enforcement of Good Laws.

A man with his face bandaged up, walking on crutches, limped into the office of a justice of the peace in Red Gulch, Arizona, last week, and exclaimed:

"Do you know Two-fingered Jimmy?"

"Yup," responded the justice.

"Well, I want a warrant for his arrest!" continued the lame man, excitedly.

"What fer?" demanded the justice.

"Assault and battery with intent to kill."

"What did he do?"

"He hit me on the side of the head and knocked me down."

"Well, there ain't no law agin that," explained the justice.

"He jumped on me three or four times when I was down, and broke two ribs."

"Can't arrest him for that, young feller. That's the custom of the town."

"He knocked three or four teeth down my throat and stabbed me six times with a dirk."

"Sorry for ye, young feller, but 'taint worth while arrestin' him fer that."

"Then he stole my horse and——"

"Eh? What's that? Stole a hoss, did he? Why didn't ye say so before?" And the justice jumped excitedly from his chair and began to buckle on a belt full of knives and pistols. "Say, Jim," he called to the sheriff, who was standing near, "jest you sling a rope over a tree an' I'll call up the Peace and Order Society, and we'll have him strung up inside o' thirty minutes. Stole a hoss, did he? Well, the law must be enforced."—*Chicago Rambler.*

Two Kind-Hearted Women.

Jones—I believe I've got the most sensitive wife in the world.

Smith—I'll bet you mine can discount her in softheartedness. Why, my wife shed tears because she heard a neighbor beating a carpet.

Jones—That is nothing. Mine swooned away when I told her that I had been killing time by playing billiards.—*Texas Siftings.*

TEMPERANCE.

A PROPHECY.

Adapted from "Me and Betty."

You've all heard the story—the great grizzly bear,
Who gave the poor settlers such a terrible scare
In a pioneer's cabin out West, so they say,
When in he came trotting one fine summer's day.
Perhaps you recall the man's scream to his *frau*,
"There's a bar in the kitchen as big as a cow!"
And how she advised him to "Murder him, then!"
And how his reply was:
"Yes, Betty, I will if you'll first venture in."
So Betty leaped up and a poker she seized,
While her man shut the door and outside it he squeezed.
And then, you remember, she laid on the blows,
Now on the bear's forehead and now on his nose;
While her man through the key-hole kept shouting with din:
"Well done, my brave Betty! Now hit him agin!
Now a rap on the ribs, now a knock on the snout,
Now a poke with the poker and poke his eyes out!"
So, with rapping and poking, poor Betty *alone*
At last laid Sir Bruin as dead as a stone.
Now when this brave man saw the bear was no more,
He ventured to poke his old nose in the door;
Then off to the neighbors he hastened, to tell
All the wonderful things that that morning befell.
And he published the wonderful story afar
How "*Me* and *my* Betty—*we* jist slaughtered the bar!"

The old grizzly fiend Whisky has forced his way in
To our loveliest homes, and sits with a grin
Devouring our substance, our children, our all—
Turning our joy and our gladness to gall;
And when we appeal to our men to protect us—
To save us from anguish, from death and from sin—
They valiantly answer:
"Yes, darlings, we will, if you'll first venture in."
And as we lay on the old grizzly our blows
Now on his forehead and now on his nose—
Our men, through the key-hole, keep shouting "Amen!"
"Well done, our brave ladies, now hit him again!"
And when we have fought out the battle *alone*,
And the Whisky-fiend lies as dead as a stone,
And the popular tide proves anew and afresh
That nothing will ever succeed like success,
Perhaps *our* gallants, forgetful, will say:
"'Twas *we* and *our* ladies—*we* won in the fray."
And thus the new version be sounded afar
Of how "*Me* and *my* Betty—*we* jist slaughtered the bar."

—*One of the Betties, in Union Signal.*

DRUNKEN WOMEN.

The Terrible Evils Which They Are Bringing Upon Their Children in England.

One of the most objectionable forms of the drinking custom in England is the drunkenness of women. It has to a considerable extent grown out of the sale of spirituous liquors in the groceries. There are husbands in England who are to-day nearly driven crazy by reason of the habit of drinking, into which their wives have fallen.

One gentleman told me that some five or six men had come to him quite lately and, manifesting the greatest distress, asked him for advice. Our Canadian ladies visiting some of the towns in England have been shocked, in passing some of the public houses, to see women at the bar drinking with the men, or hanging in groups about the door, apparently waiting for an invitation to drink. The Christian women are beginning to move in this matter. They are beginning to see the enormity of the evil. I had the honor of dining with and spending a few hours at the residence of Mrs. Lucas, sister to John Bright. She is now the president of the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union, and her sentiments, her consistent example as a total abstainer and her energy in the promotion of the temperance cause are arousing others of the higher classes of English women to combined action against this foe to their sex, and to humanity in general.

The sad effects of this phase of drinking in England is not seen on the women themselves merely, but on their miserable offspring. I had, myself, noticed this, but might not have ventured to speak of it here, if my observation had not been confirmed by that of others who mentioned it without any suggestion from me. I was, on this account, all the more impressed with this phase of the evil. From what I saw myself, and from what I learned through the oberservation of residents in England, I am prepared to believe that there are thousands of poor little wretches now in their cradles, or just growing up toward maturity, who are mere wrecks, physically, because of this habit on the part of their mother, or worse, of both their parents. I tried to expostulate with one who told me that she could not get on without her beer. She had such an "all-gone" sort of feeling every day, which apparently nothing (as she thought) could meet or rectify but beer, while by her side sat a little puny creature, whose legs and arms were not larger than the big finger of a full-grown man, yet the child was five or six years old. Such specimens can be produced by the dozen in almost any of the streets of Liverpool or London, and other places where the public houses alternate with the dwellings of the working classes. Macaulay must have had some such result as this of the liquor traffic in his mind when he suggested the possibility of the "New Zealander one day sitting on London bridge viewing the ruins of St. Paul's." The physical degeneration of the people through evil social habits must necessarily be followed by national loss, national decay, national ruin. Those who uphold the liquor traffic are not the friends but the enemies of their country and their race. It is a cause for joy that there always have been a faithful few who have opposed, and a still larger number now opposing, with all their might this great evil.—*D. V. Lucas, in Montreal Witness.*

THE person who supplied a pint of whisky and two glasses of beer to the irresponsible man on a wager in a South side saloon, and permitted him to drink the liquids, which resulted in his death, are morally responsible for the act and should be discovered and held legally accountable for it.—*Chicago News.*

"WHEN the Queen of Madagascar shut up the saloons in her kingdom, and the ex-saloon-keepers, asked for compensation, she replied: 'Compensate those you have wronged, and I will pay the balance.'"—*N. Y. Sun.*

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

HARD drink ruins more constitutions than hard work.—*Chicago Journal.*

THE bottle as well as the barrel is becoming too prominent in politics.—*Philadelphia Times.*

NOTHING is too sacred to be profaned when men are under the influence of wine.—*Barnes.*

"THE most shocking scandals that we have to deplore spring from intemperance."—*Pastoral Letter of the Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

LAW has entrenced and embazoned the liquor traffic, and no less an agency can now annihilate it. It is too strong for mere suasion.—*Dr. F. R. Lees, F. S. A.*

THE *Christian Guardian*, of Toronto, Can., of a recent date, says the Scott Temperance act had been in force but six weeks in the county of Ontario, and the county jail was empty for the first time in its history.

IN England from 60,000 to 120,000 die every year from the effects, directly or indirectly, of intemperance. One-third of the insane cases in asylums and fifteen per cent. of the violent crime committed in the country are due to the same cause.—*Cardinal Manning.*

THE saloon is an agent for the corruption of the morals of the home of every man who is a patron of it; is a direct attack upon our children; breeds a moral pestilence in every neighborhood where it is located; is the instigator of the most of the violence and the mother of nine-tenths of the crime of our city; the saloon power is threatening the utter destruction of the quiet of the Lord's day.—*Rev. George F. Pentecost.*

THE saloon as an institution can not be justified for any purpose on grounds of public necessity or morality; and considered as a factor in politics, it is specially offensive and undesirable. The time has come for this view of the matter to be expressed and enforced. It is a standing shame that these nurseries of idleness, vice and sorrow are allowed to shape our political affairs and select our officers of all kinds.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

THE vote of the rum-sodden victim of the saloon, in whom true manhood is dead, and who is but the tool to register the will of his master, the rum power, counts for as much as the vote of the purest, highest and best of American citizens. And it is not too much to say that the drunken, vicious class, built up by the saloon, is the gravest menace to the success of the experiment of self-government by the people to-day.—*Toledo Blade.*

SOME "ELEVATING" IDEAS.

Representatives of the Liquor Traffic Stand Up for Guzzling on the Sabbath—Their Ridiculous Argument.

The United States Brewers' Association held its annual meeting at Buffalo, and the Sabbath laws, Temperance legislation, and Temperance teaching in the public schools received the usual amount of condemnation. The sale of liquors on the Sabbath was declared to be "almost a necessity," strongly advocated by "very many excellent journals." It was stated by the president of the association in his opening address that "all the great cities of the European Continent, and even of England, permit the sale of spirituous beverages on the Sabbath, and it has been found there that public morality is furthered by this liberal spirit." The Sunday-closing law was said to condemn the working-man to such "dreariness" that he must "indemnify" himself by getting drunk on Saturday. Some of our "Western cities" were quoted as furnishing evidence in favor of relaxing Sunday observance. From this the speaker went on to say that there was just as much reason for prohibiting bathing, or traveling on the railroads, because a certain number of people die every year while engaged in these occupations, as for prohibiting drinking, because it can be shown that so many hundreds die every year from the excessive use of intoxicants. Following the president's address was the report of a committee on the Temperance school-book question, which came to the conclusion, after "a thorough review" of the subject, that "the resultant evil" (from the introduction of Temperance text-books in the schools) was not as yet great enough to demand vigorous action. Many of the schools, it was said, had ignored the law, while others had failed to comply with its spirit. The members of the association were advised, however, to keep a sharp look-out for such false and fanatical teaching.—*N. Y. Observer.*

A Government Saloon.

The *Western Christian Advocate* mentions that "it is said that the saloon kept by the United States at the Soldier's Home, Dayton, sells more than twenty barrels of beer a day," and that the Government "makes a handsome profit on the beer." For the United States Government to go into the business of beer selling under any circumstances is deplorable, but to thus maintain a beer-saloon in connection with the Home, supposed to be of benevolent intent, to provide shelter and protection for homeless and disabled soldiers, is shameful in the extreme. There should be protests against it loud and long, till it is abandoned.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

An Appropriate Name.

"If it is necessary for the Temperance people to start a party to put down the liquor traffic, why is it not also necessary for the saloon-keepers to start a party of their own?" is a question often asked and easily answered. In the first place, they control to a large extent both the great parties; and secondly, they would be afraid to start a distinct party of their own. Think of what that party would have to come before the people and advocate! What name would they call it? Perhaps the "Grave-Diggers' party" would be appropriate.—*N. Y. Witness.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—As an ambiguous statement is neither here nor there, where is it?—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A runaway horse in Pittsburgh tried to cross the Pennsylvania railroad bridge and fell between the cross ties in the middle of the track. He was raised with a derrick and carried off on a hand car.

—It seems that there are artists who teach French dressmakers certain little tricks, and that it is not all inborn grace which teaches them how to knot a ribbon. One dressmaker told an American correspondent that she paid an artist twelve dollars to learn how to make a certain bow.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—A disciple of Blackstone at Albany, Ga., was met carrying home a 'possum. He was asked: "Hello, J., what is that?" "Possum!" "What are you going to do with him?" "I'm going to have a big 'possum supper." "How many will be there?" "Two; me and the 'possum!"

—The *Rural New Yorker* says the suspicions of even a very wise old rodent may be allayed by covering the steel trap set to catch him with a white cloth on which a few cake or cheese crumbs have been scattered. The rat ventures on the cloth for the coveted luxury, and the thin goods do not in the least prevent the springing of the trap beneath it.

—After a somewhat checkered career, the Great Eastern seems at last to have a fair chance of a green and useful old age. Her career at Liverpool as a floating temple of amusements has proven so successful that she is to become a peripatetic variety show and will be taken about the British coast, and finally to the Australian colonies.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—John Whitfield, his wife and another woman lived in an old shanty-boat near Pittsburgh, Pa. Some days ago Whittfield sent his wife down town to collect an alleged debt, and in her absence he and the female took the train for Wheeling. Mrs. Whitfield was broken-hearted at first when she found that her faithless lord had flown. The neighbors comforted her, however, and last evening she said: "Well, I've supported John by sewing for ten years, and I guess I'll give the other woman a show now."—*Pittsburgh Post.*

—The demands of fashion has brought a new profession into prominence. It is called "truquage," and the professor of the art devotes much skill and ingenuity in making new things, especially furniture, look battered, worm-eaten and old enough to satisfy the prevailing taste for the antique. The new articles are modeled after sixteenth-century patterns, and then beaten with bludgeons, stained with acids and otherwise maltreated until they assume the proper time-worn and ancient appearance.—*Boston Budget.*

—A correspondent of the *Mining and Scientific Press* calls attention to the unusually high fineness or value of the gold found in two of the mines of Tuolumne County, Cal.—higher than that of any other gold quartz mine in any country, it is claimed. The fineness of the gold from one of these mines is stated to be .983, or $20.32 per ounce, and that from the other is .950½, or $19.64 per ounce. When it is considered that the value of chemically pure gold, one thousand fine, is $20.6718 per ounce, the close approach to absolute purity of the gold found in these mines is remarkable.

—An ingenious little instrument called the "hyalolyphotype," or (more sensibly) hot pen, has been invented, by means of which drawings can be made on glass or glassy substances with a waxy composition, which is solid and somewhat hard at ordinary temperatures. The pen can be heated by gas or electricity, and when heated the waxy material flows easily from it, setting so quickly on the glass that cross-patching can be done more rapidly than with ordinary pen and ink, without risk of blocking up the angles. Corrections can be made with a penknife. After the drawing has been made the plate is etched by fluoric acid, and when complete it can be electrotyped, stereotyped, used directly, or applied to any purpose for which engraved surfaces are required.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

DEATH-BED VISIONS.

One of the Most Pleasing Fancies Swept Away by Science.

It is better to know the truth, Dr. T. D. Spencer has observed in reference to the phenomena of death, than to cherish a belief, however pleasing it be, founded on error. The traditions and superstitions of the past have led to a popular belief in the theory that the beatific visions which often come to the dying are momentary views of those mysteries hitherto unknown; but science, with its iconoclastic hand, has swept away the pleasing fancy, and in its place has constructed a fabric founded on analogy. Anæsthetics and asphyxia from drowning or charcoal fumes often produce disordered fancies exactly like those preceding death, and the natural inference is that they result in both cases from one and the same cause. "During the last moments of life the mind gradually loses cognizance of external surroundings and is rapt in self-contemplation. Though still in a semi-conscious condition, the weeping of friends and the voices of attendants fall upon dull ears. The eye-lids are closed, the pupils slightly contracted and rolled upward and inward. The dying man has forgotten the present, for he is living in the past. One by one the events of a whole life appear, its joys and sorrows perchance long since forgotten, rise before him in startling distinctness, and then disaapear in the swiftly moving panorama. The familiar faces of the friends of his youth are thrown upon the mental retina, their cheery voices reverberate in his ears, and the thought of meeting these friends in the near future is perhaps his last conscious impression. As this drowsiness creeps over the system, these images, molded from the past, become as realities to the disordered imagination. The germs from which originate these strange combinations have probably been lying dormant for years in the registering ganglia of the brain."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

CAST-OFF FOOT-GEAR.

How Second-Hand Shoes Are Made Over and Sold in Large Cities.

In a dingy and ill-ventilated cobbler's shop, in one of the most densely populated streets of South Brooklyn, sits from sunrise to sunset an old and dried-up shoemaker. He always appears to be busy, but the boots and shoes which are exhibited in a show-case at the front of the door have a worn and dilapidated appearance. The shoemaker, who is a character in his way, makes a living by repairing and selling second-hand shoes. There is not a fortune in the business, to be sure, but the aged cobbler informed a reporter recently that by working from sixteen to eighteen hours a day he was able to support his wife and little ones. The industry of renovating second-hand shoes is not a new one, by any means. The idea originated in London and is carried on largely in all European cities in the quarters of the poor.

Said the shoemaker: "You would be surprised to see the class of men who purchase second-hand shoes. I have among my customers an elderly gentleman who comes here regularly every three months and buys a pair of shoes for one dollar and fifty cents. He is wealthy, but a miser. Many men whom I might name, and who are well able to buy new shoes, prefer second-hand ones for economy's sake. When a pair of shoes is cast off they are worthless to the original purchaser, and can be bought for a song. When business is dull I sometimes go out on a collecting tour, and in a couple of hours will obtain enough shoes and boots to keep me employed for a month. Boots are much more valuable than shoes, because they contain more leather. I find that they are not worn much nowadays, and those I occasionally come across are made of the finest leather."

"What means are taken to burnish up old shoes?" was asked.

"The uppers of second-hand shoes are always good, whether the lowers are worn or not. If the body of the shoe is not in a patchable condition I must put on an entire new instep. Usually the upper part of the heel to the curve of the foot remains in good condition. Sometimes it becomes necessary to entirely renovate old shoes, so that when finished they are like new ones, with this difference, that the leather used is not so good as the original. Soles and heels always have to be rebuilt and the toes capped. In all these repairs the cheapest of sole leather is used. When finished the shoes can be sold from seventy-five cents to one dollar and fifty cents. A shoe must be of the finest leather and be but little worn to bring two dollars."

"Who are your customers?"

"Poor people, who can afford to pay but little for their shoes. I supply whole families with shoes, from the father and mother to the baby. I do but little business in women's shoes. Women usually wear their shoes in the street until they become shabby, when they are cut down and used in the house as slippers. And then beside, women's shoes are now so cheap that it would not pay to make them over."

While the reporter was listening to the cobbler's chatter there entered the store a laboring man who, after much dickering, bought a pair of brogans three sizes too large for him for ninety cents.

"Those shoes which I have just sold," continued the shoemaker, "will wear the man nearly a year. You know what he paid for them, and can estimate about what shoe leather costs some poor people who know where to purchase."

Half a dozen or more cobblers make a living in Brooklyn by mending and making over old shoes.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

ST. URSULA'S CHURCH.

The Romantic Legend Told in Connection With an Ancient Sanctuary.

A unique feature of the sights of Cologne, and on a par with the portion of the relics called sacred exhibited at Aix-la-Chapelle, is the Church of St. Ursula, with the bones of its eleven thousand virgins. Ursula was a royal English maiden, daughter of one of the little Kings of the heptarchy, who, not liking the attentions of the son of one of the other Kings, fled to the continent, and even went to Rome, followed by an ever-increasing crowd of good young girls and by a few admiring cavaliers. When they came back to Cologne her virgin followers had increased to eleven thousand. Here occured their martyrdom, but regarding the mode of it historians differ. Some assert that they were slain during the persecution of the Emperor Maximin, while a scarcely visible pamphlet sold at a high price in the church states that they were slaughtered by the hosts of Attila returning from an unsuccessful raid into France. St. Ursula died in the midst exhorting the others to constancy. The present church was built in the eleventh century on the spot where Ursula fell. The arrrow-head which pierced her chaste bosom is still shown among the relics, and the gloomy old edifice is filled with the bones of her supposed companions, crammed into ancient stone sarcophagi, or arranged in queer patterns around the walls and in the arches. Here it is all thigh bones. There, innumerable skulls in cases, each one grinning from its embroidered cover through a quaint pane of glass, the front of the case suggesting a window in a house of the Queen Anne style. The embroidery was done hundreds of years ago by a society of noble and highly devout ladies of Cologne. The martydom of St. Ursula was a favorite subject for the old painters, among them Memmling of Bruges, who thought that the idea of eleven thousand virgins came from "Undecimilla," the name of one of them. The advocates of the suggestion have abated their ardor of late years. First it was eleven virgins, and no mistake. Then it was eleven thousand faithful women. Now it is eleven thousand martyrs, simply, while the time will come when it will be only a certain number of thousand persons from an ancient grave-yard.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

FOR YOUNG WIVES.

How They May Become Successful Home-Keepers as Well as House-Keepers.

House-keeping and home-keeping are two very different things. There is many a well-kept house that has scarcely an element of the true home. There are many beloved and cherished homes where there is not very good house-keeping. House-keeping under certain circumstances may be slighted, and there are times when it becomes the house-keeper's duty, for the sake of other duties, to make her house-keeping secondary, but the home-keeping never. "Do you keep house and take care of your children?" asked one young mother of another. "No. I take care of my children and keep house," was the sensible reply. To rightly proportion the work and care of a home between house-keeping and home-keeping requires an amount of wisdom and patience such as no one who has not tried it can estimate. Great are the responsibilities of the young wife; perplexing and discouraging the problems which will continually arise in the complex home life of to-day. She will need above all things, patience and the ever-sustaining power of a deep sense of duty. These are the foundation stones of the home where love will live and grow and become stronger and more precious with every passing year.

There is one common fact to which nearly every young wife must reconcile her mind at an early period in her married life, and that is that the cares of the home, with all their multiplicity and wearisomeness of detail, will devolve chiefly upon her. Her husband will be mainly absorbed in his business, if he is a good business man. The peculiarity of the business life of to-day is the strain it puts on the attention during business hours, so that everything foreign to it is almost necessarily excluded. So the young house-keeper must not be disappointed, and become piqued and pouty if John shows a decided reluctance to attend to any small matters pertaining to the household. I have known a young wife make herself unhappy for days over the circumstance of her husband declaring somewhat emphatically that he could not take time to stop at the grocer's on his way to business to order soap and starch on Monday morning. She said to herself, and finally said to him, that when he was courting her he could spend an hour any time and rush all over town to match a shade of embroidery silk, or find a certain kind of rose for her to wear to a party. Why this change, unless he was ceasing to care for her wishes and convenience? All such nonsense needs to be put aside by firm, good sense. In married life, as in all other relations of the home, a great deal must be taken for granted. To be constantly on the watch for little lapses and failures in attention is like pulling the earth away from planted seeds in order to see if they are growing. Not but that little attentions should be lovingly continued, and the tender plant of love constantly and tenderly cherished, but there should be no suspicion or reproaches for little inattentions or omissions that may merely be the result of absorption in cares and the necessary work of life. The best way for a young wife to secure loving attention from her husband is to hold his love by her gentle and steadfast kindness and faithfulness, and his admiration and respect by the manner in which she fulfills the duties that fall to her share in the domestic partnership. This she will utterly fail in doing if she becomes querulous, fault-finding, suspicious, or undertakes to keep calling him to account on unimportant matters in connection with their home life.—*Helen E. Starrett, in Chicago Interior.*

TREATMENT OF HORSES.

Simple But Effective Means for Promoting Their Usefulness.

There is a difference in horses as well as in people. Some are more intelligent than others. Take a colt that comes from a good strain of horses and handle it and pet it when young, as we do children. It will soon know who its best friends are, and express its mind often by coming to them and fondling about them. A horse will always shun and try to keep away from a person that has abused him. He can be quieted more easily, when scared and excited, by a friend holding him by the bridle and talking kindly to him. Hold his face close to yours and fondle and pat him on the face and call him by name.

A horse can be kept fat easier than he can be kept poor. Get him in good condition, and feed and water him regularly, and take proper care of him, and he won't eat as much as a poor horse will. A horse that has been properly kept will live ten or fifteen years longer than one who has been poorly kept, and be useful all the time.

We have a horse that is twenty-four years old and he never was sick an hour in his life and has been doing light work all spring and summer. We drove him to town a few days since and left him an hour or more. When I came in sight, two squares, off, he whinnied. When I got in the buggy and turned his head toward home he capered off just as he did when he was four years old. Horses are very much attached to their homes. They have been known to travel forty and fifty miles alone to get back to their old homes, and swim a river if it is in the way.

Horses should always be taken care of by the same person as far as possible.—*Cor. N. Y. World.*

—A captain of the Salvation Army at Utica, N. Y., was placed in jail for knocking down in meeting a man who had created a disturbance. He was fined twenty dollars, but according to the rule of Salvationists preferred two months in jail to paying the fine.—*Utica Herald.*

—The earthquakes recorded in 1885, according to Monsieur C. Detaille, numbered 246, of which only six were felt in North America. January, with forty-nine earthquakes, had the greatest number for any month, and October, with eleven, the smallest.

STYLES OF VEHICLES.

Gaudy Wagons, Gay Dog-Carts, Pretty Mail-Carts and Rich Buck-Boards.

"The taste of men of fashion," said the head of a famous carriage firm, "runs in favor of heavy vehicles. Years ago we lay awake nights devising methods of decreasing the weight of the stylish wagon for gentleman's use. Now we devote our time to increasing the weight. The dashing young swell about town years ago prided himself upon the skeleton-like build of his buggy. That was the proper vehicle then, and the more web-like and fragile the wheels and the smaller the body the more stylish it was considered. Imagine a swell of to-day driving a buggy. He'd as soon think of an ash cart. We never make one for city use now, but it's still an admirable vehicle for the country. Nowhere in the world has it been improved upon, and it is now being very generally adopted in Russia and England. They favor high, easy-swinging buggies over there, and only use them in the country.

"After New York men discarded the buggy they turned their affections for a time upon phaetons, but those were soon resigned to the ladies, and a modification of the English dog cart came in. Within a year there was a veritable craze for dog carts. Several were imported from London, and they fixed the taste for heavy equipages among the millionaires' sons of New York. The dog cart was originally used for all sorts of hard service in the English provinces. It was made very strong, so as to resist the wear and tear of years; the wheels were of great size, to roll over inequalities in the country roads, and it was used as a hack vehicle, on which half a dozen youngsters and as many hampers would be loaded to go to a meet or a picnic. It is odd that such an uncouth and uncomfortable vehicle should have held sway so long. A man's first drive in a big dog cart invariably left him with a lame neck, so tiresome was the bobbing back and forth. The dog cart is, however, not now as fashionable as the Stanhope gig. Many varieties of gigs are affected by young men who devote themselves to show and good form in the Park. The gigs are a bit lighter and more elegant than the carts.

"Tandem driving came in and went out with the dog cart craze. I know of only three tandems in all New York now, and they are not driven by acknowledged leaders, but by men anxious to get position in the world of fashion. A very great many of our wealthy families now use dog carts, single and in tandem, at their country places, but never bring them to New York. Another vehicle which has suddenly fallen into great favor in the country where there are fashionable city people is the buckboard—not the rusty old-time vehicle exactly, but something very much like it. Come this way and I'll show you some of them."

After walking through almost a solid block of magnificently finished carriages in the great warehouse, and going up two stories in the elevator to where a battalion of smaller carriages stood, the reporter saw a lot of buckboards that would make the eyes of primeval backwoodsmen start from their heads if they could see them. Many of them were in white wood, with silver finishings and gay awnings. The wheels were polished and big, and they were made for two, four, and six persons. There were two single buckboards with an odd rumble for the groom over the rear axle. One very handsomely finished buckboard had the box seat raised high in the air. The pole was heavy and the gear arranged for a four-in-hand. The high seat was necessary for the driver to see over his horses. It was a curious and far from attractive-looking vehicle, but it showed how a fashion may be overdone.

"The buckboard is very popular in the mountains," continued the manufacturer, "and we ship a good many to the seaside, too. The style does not impress me very favorably, for my feet always go to sleep when I ride in a buckboard."

"What is the favorite vehicle among men in town this year?"

"Among the leaders it is unquestionably the mail cart, or carriage, although the T cart still has its admirers. The mail cart is very heavy and substantial in build, with four wheels, one seat, with a fold-in seat behind, and a hood, or cover, that is never raised. It should be driven to heavy horses with plenty of action. Pole chains are usually in order with a mail chariot. They make a lot of noise, but a man who drives a well-appointed outfit is not afraid to be seen.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Where the Apostles Rest.

Church authorities state that the remains of the Apostles of Christ are now in the following places: Seven are in Rome, namely, Peter, Philip, James the Lesser, Jude, Bartholomew, Matthias and Simon. Three are in the kingdom of Naples—Matthew at Salerno, Andrew at Amalfi, and Thomas at Ortano. One is in Spain—James the Greater, whose remains are at St. Jago de Compostella. Of the body of St. John the Evangelist, the remaining one of the twelve, there is no knowledge. The evangelists Mark and Luke are also in Italy—the former at Venice and the latter at Padua. St. Paul's remains are also believed to be in Italy. Peter's are, of course, in the church at Rome which is called after him, as are also those of Simon and Jude. Those of James the Lesser and Philip are in the Church of the Holy Apostles; Bartholomew's in the church on the island in the Tiber called after him; Matthias' are in the Santa Maria Maggiore, under the great altar of the renowned Basilica.—*Christian Union.*

—A lot of tipsy fellows in St. Paul painted the nose of one of their number a bright red and he walked into the hall of the Salvation Army there for a joke, while the others took back seats to see the fun. But the Salvationists at once saw in him a fit subject for their prayers, and they prayed and sung over the fellow until he became very penitent, and apparently on the high road to conversion, to the disgust of his companions.—*St. Paul Press.*

AN EXTINCT RACE.

Interesting Relics of the Mound-Builders Found in Georgia.

The region around Scull Shoals was a favorite haunt of the red man, as evidenced by the tumuli on the river and creek banks and the relics of their handiwork that bestrew the ground. Every field in this locality is rich in pottery, arrow heads and other indestructible implements formed by their crude skill. Just across the river from Mr. Fambrough's stand three large mounds, while a number of smaller ones are found on the creek bottoms. Mr. Morton tells us that the large mounds were evidently intended as a fortification, for many years ago, after a freshet had carried away the soil around them down into the clay, a black circle of decayed wood was seen, showing where timbers had been driven into the ground and rotted off. This stockade perhaps even antedated the Indian race, as these people could not tell who erected these immense piles of earth. Mr. Morton says that after that freshet Indian relics could have been gathered by the car-load. He saw several pieces of flint, shaped like a saucer, but hollowed on both sides, of different colors, cut and polished as smooth as glass. With the rude implements that the aborigines had, it is a mystery to know how they fashioned their vessels. The ground around these mounds is now a pasture and covered with Bermuda grass, and relics are not so easily found as heretofore. There is a small mound on Rose creek that is cultivated, and the plow here often turns up the queerest finds, that are destroyed or thrown aside, as Indian relics are so common in this section that they are not appreciated. Not far from this smaller mound are some rocks filled with curious shaped holes, made by the Indians. Some were evidently intended as mortars, in which to pound their corn, while others seemed to be molds, in which to form spoons and other implements. These cavities in rocks are numerous in this section, and near them are always found beads, pottery, stone implements and other articles. The ground near one of these mortised rocks was strewn with human teeth. It must have been the place of business of an Indian tooth-carpenter. At a famous wash-hole near old Scull Shoals are a set of stone steps, about the length and dimensions of stairs and perfectly smooth and regular, beginning on the bank and leading down to the bottom of the river. They are evidently the work of some extinct race of men, but for what purpose they were fashioned no one can surmise. We did not see these steps, but several reliable gentlemen told us of their existence. A horrible massacre once occurred at Scull Shoals, across the river in Greene County, that is still fresh in the minds of the old people around here, and the site of the cabin occupied by the unfortunate family is still pointed out. The Oconee was then the boundary line between the white and Indian country, and on the east bank there resided an industrious family named Thrasher, related to the people still living in Oconee County by the name. There was frequent trouble between the whites and the Indians, as both races were constantly crossing the border and committing depredations. Some lawless whites once crossed into the Indian country and commited several cold-blooded murders that stirred up the savage blood of these people. In retaliation a band of them crossed the river at Scull Shoals and fell upon and murdered and scalped the Thrasher family, five in number, and escaped across the river. After the murder the Indians stopped at a large rock near the roadside, still pointed out, and cleaned and loaded anew their guns. The pursuers that followed found the rags and pieces of wadding they had used for this purpose. An Indian trail once led across the shoals, for in those days the river could be here crossed by stepping from rock to rock without even wetting the feet. General Clark, when pursuing the Indians that culminated in the battle of Jack's Creek, crossed with his troops here.—*Athens (Ga.) Banner.*

TREATMENT OF RABIES.

How Hoang-nan Seems to Prevent the Evolution of the Rabic Virus.

According to the *Gazette Medicale de Nantes*, twenty-four cases of rabies have been treated with hoang-nan by Dr. Barthelemy and several other medical men of that city or of the department. The first case so treated was in the month of March, 1882, the last in April, 1885. Ten times, at least, the bites, which were most frequently multiple, were situated on the hands, once on the hand and on the face. In the majority of cases cauterization was completely omitted, or practiced several hours or even several days after, with agents little active, such as liquid ammonia or a solution of carbolic acid. Two of the patients, who were closely observed by Dr. Barthelemy—viz., a man of thirty and a lad of sixteen—presented symptoms of rabic mania: persistent insomnia, anxiety, nocturnal agitation, the desire to run, hallucinations, barking, etc. However, none of these persons felt hydrophobia, nor have any of them, to this date, succumbed. The duration of this preventive treatment was, on an average, twelve days. The total dose of the powder of hoang-nan ingested during this time varied in adults from six to eight grammes. It was scarcely necessary to go beyond one gramme per day to obtain the physiological effects of the medicine—exaggeration of the reflexes, cramps, rigidity, slight trismus. The maximum dose was arrived at progressively, and in some cases the treatment was terminated by gradually decreasing doses. From the above cases the author deduces either that rabies is communicated much more rarely to the human species than is generally admitted, or that the hoang-nan, administered progressively to the physiological effects during the period of incubation, sufficiently and efficaciously modifies the nervous system and the entire economy to prevent the evolution of the rabic virus.—*Scientific American.*

PNEUMONIA MICROBES.

Experiments Demonstrating the Bacterial Origin of This Disease.

The subject of acute pneumonia is one of those which, of late, has excited a considerable amount of attention, and yet, common as the disease is, it is one which is surrounded by many unsolved problems. Prof. Weichselbaum has recently contributed to the Vienna Medical Society a paper, which, after stating the prevalent opinions upon the nature of the affection, and dwelling especially upon the different opinions held by Friedlander on the one hand and Frankel on the other as to the precise characters and properties of the supposed bacterial agents, he relates his own experiences. He points out that clinicians are divided into two camps upon the etiological question, some regarding pneumonia as solely an infective disorder, others considering that the infective forms are different from those caused by exposure to cold. Weichselbaum, distinguishing between primary and secondary forms, divides them into (1) labor; (2) disseminated; (3) passive pneumonia—hypostatic, etc., and (4) lobular. He has examined one hundred and twenty-seven cases and instituted eighty-seven cultivation experiments, the material for the cultures being obtained one or two hours after death, as well as from the living subject, by means of a Pravaz syringe introduced into the lung and pleura.

He distinguishes four kinds of micro-organisms. The diplococcus pneumonia is the most common, consisting of oval, elliptical and round cocci, which occur in chains as well as in pairs. The chains are composed of from six to eight or as many as twenty to thirty cocci, are straight or slightly curved, and the cocci are developed in a capsule of varying thickness in proportion to their vitality. The second variety resembles the first, but distinguished by a greater uniformity in spherical shape and in forming long sinuous chains. The third is known as the rtaphylococcus aureusts, albus. The fourth he terms the bacillus pneumoniæ, consisting of rods of different lengths the smallest and apparently youngest being oval. They have a capsule, and correspond to Friedlander's pneumococcus.

The first variety was found in ninety-one cases, mostly of croupous pneumonia, also in the secondary forms. The second, or streptococcus, was found twenty times—namely, in fifteen cases of primary and five of secondary pneumonia. The staphylococcus occured in secondary cases only, and mostly where the primary disease was due to this micro-organism. The fourth kind was met with nine times, four times unmixed with other forms. All these organisms were most abundant in the earlier stages of the disease, being scanty or absent in gray hepatization, and, if present, staining badly or unencapsuled. At the margins of the pneumonic focus in the œdematous tissue micrococci were numerous, pointing to the œdema being not a passive process but a precursory stage of pneumonic infiltration, and resembling the invasion of cutaneous tissue in erysipelas. Moreover, inflammatory changes accompanied by these micro-organisms were found in the respiratory tract above the lungs. Secondary meningitis in pneumonia was shown to be due to the same micro-organisms, which were also found in the serous exudations of pleurisy and pericarditis, which might complicate the lung affection. The bacterial origin of the disease was, therefore, held to be demonstrated.—*N. Y. Herald.*

TO THE UNWARY.

Some of the Less Widely-Known Rules of Polite Society.

When sending an invitation for tea, use your visiting card, and write in the left-hand corner "Tea at five o'clock," placing the date just beneath.

The difference between a five o'clock tea and a kettle-drum is this: at the kettle-drum an informal dance is frequently arranged; at a simple tea such is not permissible.

It is decidedly better form to have the napkin at dinner folded in the plain, square fashion. Fancy devices are entirely too suggestive of the many hands through which they have passed.

Nowhere in the civilized world is it proper to eat either dinner or supper with your gloves on, and no matter what trouble may be anticipated in reassuming them they must be removed.

Although it is often told, still there is always somebody who wants to know, and that somebody must understand that the use of the dinner napkin and not the doyley is proper when the finger bowl is doing duty. The doylies are proper objects of admiration and have many times filled up a dreadful gap where a wonderment existed as to what should be said next.

Asparagus, olives, radishes and artichokes are eaten from the fingers, and with a little care this may be done in the most delicate way, certainly with greater ease than if a fork were called into play.

In responding to an invitation to a dinner party, one should appear as near as possible to the time mentioned by the hostess, who will be incommoded by every late arrival.

Nothing but illness or death will excuse one for omitting to make the call of digestion, and it should be made at the first "at home" day after the dinner. In case the lady has no regular receiving day, any time during the ensuing week will answer.

The letter of courtesy following a visit is sent the day after the arrival home, and the fine breeding of a woman is often shown in these letters, which, while always complimentary, are not gushing, for women who visit much are seldom school-girlish enough to write about "their perfectly splendid time."

The woman who can restrain her enthusiasm and yet fitly express her appreciation will be considered most gracious and will not weary her friends with her intensity. It may be hard to do, but then there is, at least, less fear of its evenness, and to-day to be even is a social virtue.—*Butterick's Delineator.*

[Published by Request.]

DEATH OF SUMMER.

Yes, I know she's dead kind lady,
But look up and try to smile;
I have come to try and cheer you,
And I mean to stay a while.

Do not turn so coldly from me,
For I've no where else to go;
And she bade me stay with you dear
Lady prithee! don't weep so.

True, I have a chilly nature
And a very chilly smile;
I am not so gay as she was,
But am dreary all the while.

If you speak a kind word lady,
I'll not prove a cruel friend;
Soon I'll go away and leave you,
But a brother I will send.

Yes, he wears a freezing smile dear,
He is colder yet than I;
And you'll be so very thankful
When you see him pine and die.

What! You say you will not love me,
I'm a most unwelcome guest?
But she bade me stay and cheer you,
And I mean to do my best.

Listen! mark me cruel lady
She had much to make her gay;
She had birds, more flowers, more sunshine,
While from me they shrink away.

When she died she left some blessings,
Here and there she scattered tears;
All fared not so well as you did,
That you'll see in coming years.

Some she left a world of shadows,
Others just a single smile:
Here and there she scattered roses—
Scattered them for many a mile.

Then would come a mile of sadness,
And we reach a "Land of Tears";
Here and there floats "Sorrow's signal",
All we mind in after years.

"Foot prints on the sands of time" dear,
Their marks on you I plainly see;
I can leave them too, my lady,
And my brother, so can he.

Will you hear my watch-word lady?
It is "Duty", hear me, pray!
"Duty" says that I must cheer you,
That is why I came to-day.

So I'll leave with you my brother,
He will freeze you with his smile,
Then you'll say I wish drear Autumn
Would have stayed a longer while.

Here's a wreath of scarlet leaves dear,
And a bunch of berries red;
Come right here and sit beside me,
While I crown your queenly head!

When I send my brother to you,
And this scarlet crown he sees,
He will send a crown of snow-flakes
To destroy the Autumn leaves.

Yes, dear children, Summer's left us,
Said to Autumn "Stay a while;"
When you die bequeath them winter,
Who will freeze them with his smile.

"May the gods," my cruel lady,
Teach you what contentment means;
And may He who rules us all dear,
Waken you from idle dreams.

MULLADY.

Sunday Schools.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—The Methodist Episcopal Sunday School held in the Bethlehem school house, presided over by Mr. Henry Hardesty, is making rapid progress in its class-work. Instructions were given by three young ladies to their classes, consisting of 23 members. Numerous Bible verses were memorized and recited by the scholars. The superintendent, Mr. Hardesty, afterwards held a general examination on all the questions relating to the lesson. This is an excellent method of instruction, in which many other persons besides the scholars participated. Prayers were offered and singing in concert occupied part of the time. Two questions were given to be answered on next Sunday by the scholars. A report of the former meeting was read by Mr. Hardesty, who made appropriate remarks upon the progress of the school. About 50 persons were present. The Superintendent appears to be well qualified for the important duties of his office, possessing as he does the right disposition for his work. He never fails to impart his own enthusiasm to all who come within the sound of his voice. Much credit is due the young ladies who assisted him in the Sunday School. At the close of the school the building was crowded to its utmost capacity. A sermon was preached by Rev. Henry Friend upon the Dual Nature of Christ, as God and Man. The sermon was eloquent, argumentative and enthusiastic. Captain White made some remarks, historical and statistical, regarding the propagation of this church among all the nations of the earth and the numerous islands of the sea. Prayer was offered by Nathaniel B. Harvey and others. Then followed singing in concert, and at 12 o'clock, noon, the congregation departed for their homes.

The Sunday School in Bethlehem Church is the Sunday School of the United Brethern Church. James L. Paugh and Joseph Harvey, Superintendents; Philo T. Lipsicomb and James L. Paugh, teachers. There are two classes consisting of 15 members. The school opened at 9 and closed at 10 o'clock A. M. The meeting at this church was not large, 30 persons having been present at the opening of the sermon. Rev. Mr. Horne took for his text: verse 18, chapter 4, 1 Cor., upon which he preached an eloquent and impressive discourse. At 11 o'clock A. M. the congregation was dismissed.

The Oakdale Sunday School is another school of the United Brethern Church, although the superintendent. Michael McRobie, is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Mr. William Uphold is secretary. There are two teachers and 17 scholars in both classes. The exercises commenced at half past one o'clock P. M., and closed at three. The school is not as successful as it was last year, although the superintendent is well qualified for his position and appears to use his best efforts to advance the spiritual interests of the scholars under his charge. Some of the former scholars have ceased to attend this school. At half past 3 o'clock Rev. Mr. Horne preached another sermon at this meeting. The preaching was pathetic and elicited marked attention from all who heard it. Meeting closed at 4 P. M.

As soon as arrangements can be made therefor, a discussion will take place in the Oakdale school upon the following subject: "Is Triune Immersion the proper mode of Baptism?" Affimative, James M. Foley; negative, Michael McCrobie. When full arrangements are made, all who desire to do so, may participate in the discussion.

REPORTER.

The Anti-Saloon Movement.

The National Convention of the Anti-Saloon Republicans at Chicago has adopted a platform which may be regarded as the first step toward organized and practical action within the Republican party for reform of the saloon evil. The convention has been sneered at as unrepresentative. In fact it represented faithfully the strongest temperance element in the country; that element of clear-seeing Republicans who, while profoundly convinced of the need of temperance reform, believe that the right and only sure way to secure it is by compelling the party with which they are identified to make it a leading issue. It is only a few months since the Anti-Saloon movement was begun. It started in the face of ridicule and detraction. From the outset it was misrepresented by the unscrupulous masquerading politicians who are endeavoring to create a third party which shall act as a tender to the Democracy, under the pretence of advancing the cause of temperance. Against discouagment, however, the movement proceeded, gathering strength continually, and indicating, by the earnestness of its subsidiary conventions, the sincerity and determination which have produced this national expression.

The thoroughly practical character of the movement is shown in the recommendations of the platform. No time or energy was thrown away in mere vague and general demands for measures too sweeping to offer any present hope of enactment, but it was proposed that the party should be required to effect everywhere the most and best mode possible by local conditions. The practical tendency of such a programme is clearly shown by comparing it with the Prohibition policy. The latter aims at obtaining the final results at once, and by purely independent means. The result, as experience has shown, is negative, or when not negative, suicidal. For either the prohibition is thrown away, or it goes to reinforce the Democracy, which is the bulwark of the saloon in politics. The Anti-Saloon movement proceeds differently. It begins by deducting from the facts of history the conclusion that the Republican party embodies nine-tenths of whatever reformatory and progressive tendencies are extant. It argues from this that whatever reform it is desirable to urge must, to succeed, obtain the support of the Republican party. It then facilitates reform by adapting its measures to local conditions, rightly reasoning that it is better to secure even partial improvement where no more can at present be had than to attempt too much and consequently fail in obtaining anything. And finally, to the objection that Republican politicians have often shown themselves subservient to the saloon influence, it answers that the Anti-Saloon Republicans intend to devote themselves to remedying that, by exercising all their political influence against it.

There is not a step in this programme which ought not to be heartily approved by disinterested and intelligent advocates of temperance throughout the country. To the genuine Prohibitionists it offers for the time a practical and rational means of carrying into effect the convictions they entertain most strongly. To the friends of temperance who are not yet prepared for Prohibition, the new movement holds out a hope of gradual popular education which may produce permanent benefits. To all the proposal to remit the question to the popular suffrage must approve itself as throroghly consistent with Democratic doctrines and institutions. Nor can there be any serious question as to the possibility of informing the Republican party with the spirit and purposes of the Chicago Convention. The issue is one about which all men are thinking. The evils of the saloon, both in politics and society, are being recognized as never before. A spirit is growing up among thinking and patriotic men of a kind to sweep away any selfish obstruction, and this spirit has its lodgment in the Republican party itself. The Anti-Saloon Convention at Chicago is but an outward sign of a growing tendency and determination. It is the beginning of organized action on the one line which promises enduring and solid results.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Best Chill Medicine.

SALISBURY, MD., Aug. 1884.

Dear Sir:—I had the ague and chills and fever for six months, had taken several different medicines, but none done me any good. Through the recommendation of a friend I was induced to try "AROMANNA." I used one bottle and have not had a chill since.

JOHN PARSONS.

SALISBURY, MD., May 25, 1885.

Dear Sir:—I was cured of Dyspepsia by using two bottles of "AROMANNA."

MARY HEARN.

Price 25 and 85 cts. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland, Md.

"Have you heard that ——— is dead?" was asked in a manufacturers' convention which represented many millions of dollars.

"Why, no; you suprise me. I saw him on the street last week apparently in the enjoyment of perfect health; when did he die?"

"He died day before yesterday."

A moment of silence ensued, then one remarked.

"He was very rich, was he not?"

"Oh, yes, very."

"How much did he leave?"

"*He left it all!*" was the answer, uttered with a deeply solemn voice; and another not altogether agreeable silence fell upon the company of millionaires.

Sam Jones was delivering an especially fervid address, and a little old woman who sat well up in front was constantly interrupting him with shrill-voiced and ear-piercing exclamations of "Bless the Lord!" and "Glory Hallelujah" "Amen!" &c. Jones stood it for a time, but finally stopped his address and turning to the woman said: "Sister, enthusiasm is a good thing, if it is only genuine. But you remind me of a little steamboat that used to run up a stream down the country where I came from. It had a very small boiler and a very big whistle, and every time the pilot blew the whistle the boat stopped. Now let the boat go on."

Interesting Experiences.

Hiram Cameron, Furniture Dealer of Columbus, Ga., tells his experience, thus: "For three years have tried every remedy on the market for Stomach and Kidney Disorders, but got no relief, until I used Electric Bitters. Took five bottles and am now cured, and think Electric Bitters the Best Blood Purifier in the world."— Major A. B. Reed, of West Liberty, Ky., used Electric Bitters for an old standing Kidney affection and says: "Nothing has ever done me so much good as Electric Bitters." Sold at fifty cents a bottle by Wm. Nydegger.

I will venture to say some man would be a great help to the church if he would organize a large choir—a choir who will speak their words plain so that people can understand what they are saying. They will draw the crowds to the church, and sinners will take part in the singing, and feel they are at home; and a great deal more good will be accomplished than if you just let the quartet choir sing in some unknown tongue.—*Moody.*

A couple from the humbler walks of life came before a justice of the peace to be married, when, the ceremony being over, the bride began to weep copiously.

"What is the matter?" asked the new husband.

"I never told you that I don't know how to cock," sobbed the bride.

"Don't fret. I'll not have anything for you to cook. I'm a newspaper poet."

In a trial speed the horse that starts off with a rush is often distanced in the end by the horse that trots steadily from first to last. In your competition for this world's goods, young man, remember in this race, also, 'tis the steady advertisements and not occasional spurts that is successful.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Young men prate about the coquetry of young women, yet I'll wager that if some of these young men did not hold out inducements coquets would be outlawed in twelve months.

"O, ma, a have heard such a splendid minister. He stamped, and pounded, and got mad, and shook his fist at the folks, and there wasn's anybody dared to go up and fight him."

"What are pauses?" asked the teacher of the primary class. "Things that grow on cats," piped the small boy at the foot.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TRUSTEES' SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

TIMBER

—AND—

MINERAL LANDS.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in the State of Maryland, standing as No. 372 on the Equity docket of said Court, in which John Swan and others are complainants and Willie Swan and others are defendants, the subscribers will sell at public sale,

ON SATURDAY,

THE 2D DAY OF OCTOBER, 1886,

at 11 o'clock A. M., at the Glades Hotel, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, the tract of land known as

"Yough Manor,"

containing about 9,000 acres of land more or less. The said tract is situated on the

"YOUGHIOGHENY RIVER."

in said county, and extends from said river to the West Virginia line, and is about 15 miles from Oakland, on the Baltimore & Ohio Rail Road, and about 15 miles from Confluence, on the Pittsburg & Connelsville Rail Road.

It is valuable for the large quantities of Pine, Oak and other varieties of timber common to the region, and now upon it; also for the large veins of bituminous coal, iron ore, lime stone and fire clay upon it, and lying in convenient proximity to each other. It also contains a large quantity of good tillable land, a small portion of which is improved and in cultivation.

THE TERMS OF SALE Provided by the decree are: One-third of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, one-third in one year and the balance in two years from the day of sale, or the whole in cash, if the purchaser prefers it. The deferred payments, if any, to be secured by notes of the purchaser with security to be approved by the trustees.

WM. J. READ,
D. W. SLOAN,
J. H. GORDON,
Trustees.

87 3t

W. H. BUTLER'S

Cheap Cash Grocery

—AT THE—

"LITTLE BIG" STORE

ON SECOND STREET,

OAKLAND, MD.

May 18th, 1886.—tf.

BALTIMORE FEMALE COLLEGE.

By the terms of the endowment of the above college, one pupil from each county is entitled to free tuition in all the branches taught in the college, with stationery and use of books.

The scholarship for Garrett county is vacant at present, and the Judges of the Orphans' Court are authorized to fill the same by appointment.

Applicants will please file their applications at once.

SAMUEL LAWTON,
7 24 Register.

TOWN PROPERTY

FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

A HOME CHEAP.

I have a fifty acre lot, with small house and other improvements, about four miles from Oakland and two miles from Mountain Lake Park, which I will sell at a moderate figure. Application should be made soon.

W. H. TOWER,
7 17 tf Agent.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Miss Lilly Brown and Miss Mary Weber will open a

PRIVATE SCHOOL

for pupils of all grades, at the Oakland Public School Building, beginning

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, '86,

and continuing for a term of twelve weeks.

TERMS VERY MODERATE.

Circulars can be obtained at Sturgiss's Drug Store. 8 14 td.

WHITE BRONZE

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you willigently oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
617 t Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Shartzer's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

FOR SALE!

I am authorized to sell about 160 acres of land, situated on the Hooppole road, about 7 miles from Oakland. The tract will be sold either as a whole or in lots to suit purchasers. The land is all under fence, and is further improved by a dwelling house, barn and other out-buildings. Twenty-five acres cleared. This land is among the best in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

IMPROVED FARM

FOR SALE!

I will sell my farm, on the headwaters of Deep Creek, adjoining lands of Ransey Browning, A. C. Browning and others, on the easiest terms. The farm contains one hundred acres of land, all under fence, and about 60 acres cleared. The improvements consist of a

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE

and large frame barn, young fruit trees, &c., &c. This farm is in a good neighborhood, about 4 miles from Deer Park, and about 8 miles from Oakland.

Reason for selling—advanced age.

Apply to or address

LUKE WOOD,
8 7 tf. Deer Park, Md.

MEAT MARKET!

The undersigned will have on hand, at his meat market in Oakland, every day, from 5 A. M. to 11 A. M.,

Fresh Beef, Mutton and Veal,

of the best quality and at fair prices. He will also run his wagon to

MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK

every day, and to

DEER PARK

every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

7 10 T. W. CASTEEL.

FOR SALE.

AT A BARGAIN.

A large two-story frame house, with celler and basement, situated on the Oakland and Mountain Lake road, near the latter place, is offered for sale at a bargain.

There are about two acres of ground, good outbuildings, well of good water, and a number of large shade trees. One of the handsomest locations for a summer residence in this neighborhood.

For information apply to or address

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

ft 24 DAVID LITTLE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 30th, 1886.

GOING EAST.

No. 2	7.20 A. M.
No. 66	5.56 A. M.
No. 6	12.35 P. M.
No. 4	11.53 P. M.
No. 82—Accommodation	5.10 P. M.
Way	11.36 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 1	9.34 P. M.
No. 65	5.55 P. M.
No. 5	3.57 P. M.
No. 3	4.11 A. M.
No. 81—Accommodation	9.36 A. M.
Way	11.36 A. M

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.

L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y

HENRY ALBRIGHT,

—Manufacturer of—

Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,

OAKLAND, MD.

☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done.

Nov. 21, 85.—1 y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

SIXTEEN ACRES OF LAND

at Altamont, Md., improved by a

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE

18 by 36 feet, two stories high. There are on this land two never failing springs of good water, and a running stream.

Situation Delightful!

Two miles from Deer Park, with excellent graded road

Excellent Situation for Summer Residence.

For particulars and terms apply to or address

J. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE,

TRACTS & MILITARY LOTS.

The subscriber offers for sale the following lands in Garrett county:

"Bank Property," 1625 acres on Backbone Mountain, near West Virginia line. There is on this tract good Poplar, White and Red Oak, Chestnut, Birch and Sugar Timber, and the land when cleared, will make good farms.

"Friedland," 175 acres, near Accident, part improved.

A fine building site near Fort Pendleton, lot containing two acres.

Also the following Military Lots, containing 50 acres each:

Lots Nos. 4031 and 4032, with the well known Boiling Spring, two miles south of Deer Park, with which it is connected by a good road.

Lot No. 1914, on B. & Ohio R. R., East of Wilson's store.

Lots Nos. 361, 363, 364 and 365, near Ben Davis'.

Lot No. 390, West of Garrett Moon's.

Lots Nos. 371 and 377, West of (late) Hugh Cooper's.

Lot No. 383, East of (late) Elisha Harvey's.

Lot No. 1252, near West Virginia line.

WILLIAM I. BROWN,
Box 41, Oakland, Md.

Sept. 5th, 1885.—1 y

FOR SALE!

Steam Engine, Saw Mill and Shingle Machine.

I am authorized to sell a Fifteen Horse Power "Page" Engine, Saw Mill and Shingle Machine, with carriages, &c., complete, the property of Mrs. Eva F. Riggs. The mill has been in use about five years and is in good running order. Will be sold cheap for cash or collateral which may be easily converted into cash. May be examined at Swanton, Md. Must be sold soon.

For price and terms address or apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

Sellers' Liver Pills.

Act Directly on the Liver.

CURES CHILLS AND FEVER, DYSPEPSIA, SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUS COLIC, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, PILES, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, DIZZINESS, TORPID LIVER, COATED TONGUE, SLEEPLESSNESS, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER AND STOMACH. If you do not "feel very well," a single pill at bed-time stimulates the stomach, restores the appetite, imparts vigor to the system.

They cure all diseases like magic. Get the right kind SELLERS' LIVER PILLS. Sold by druggists. Send for circular.

SELLERS MEDICINE CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence in Russell's brick house Second street.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

8 15 ly.

SURVEYING!

Military lots located, Estimates of timber lands a specialty. Sales negotiated on reasonable terms. Areas computed by Logarithms—the only correct method.

HIRAM P. TASKER,
11 6 tf Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

F. A. THAYER,

INSURANCE AGENT,

OAKLAND, MD.

Insures both Real and Personal Property at moderate rates.

☞ Represents Six First Class Companie

FARM IMPLEMENTS AND HARDWARE!

Having rented the store room under the REPUBLICAN Office, we have added to our Implement business a small stock of Hardware, such as

Nails, Locks, Hinges, Saws, Trace Chains, Cow Chains, Breast Chains, Forks, Shovels, Axes, Ax-handles, Grind Stones, &c., &c, &c.

—Also a complete and full line of first-class—

HEATING AND COOKING STOVES

with all of the latest improvements.

☞ We will furnish repairs for all kinds of Stoves and Farm Inplements.

Farmers contemplating buying Wagons, Buggies, Sleighs, Plows, Reapers, Mowers, Drills Spring Tooth Harrows, Spring Wagons, Cider Mills, Fertilizers, Ribbon or Barbed Wire, will find it to their interest to call on us or write for prices, before buying elsewhere.

EVERYTHING FULLY WARRANTED.

For sale by

J. M. DAVIS & SON.

P. S.—We have a nice lot of Farm Bells on hand, which we will sell cheap.

February 21, 1886.—tf.

[Published by Request.]

DEATH OF SUMMER.

Yes, I know she's dead kind lady,
But look up and try to smile;
I have come to try and cheer you,
And I mean to stay a while.

Do not turn so coldly from me,
For I've no where else to go;
And she bade me stay with you dear
Lady prithee! don't weep so.

True, I have a chilly nature
And a very chilly smile;
I am not so gay as she was,
But am dreary all the while.

If you speak a kind word lady,
I'll not prove a cruel friend;
Soon I'll go away and leave you,
But a brother I will send.

Yes, he wears a freezing smile dear,
He is colder yet than I;
And you'll be so very thankful
When you see him pine and die.

What! You say you will not love me,
I'm a most unwelcome guest?
But she bade me stay and cheer you,
And I mean to do my best.

Listen! mark me cruel lady
She had much to make her gay;
She had birds, more flowers, more sunshine,
While from me they shrink away.

When she died she left some blessings,
Here and there she scattered tears;
All fared not so well as you did,
That you'll see in coming years.

Some she left a world of shadows,
Others just a single smile:
Here and there she scattered rosss—
Scattered them for many a mile.

Then would come a mile of sadness,
And we reach a "Land of Tears";
Here and there floats "Sorrow's signal",
All we mind in after years.

"Foot prints on the sands of time" dear,
Their marks on you I plainly see;
I can leave them too, my lady,
And my brother, so can he.

Will you hear my watch-word lady?
It is "Duty", hear me, pray!
"Duty" says that I must cheer you,
That is why I came to-day.

So I'll leave with you my brother,
He will freeze you with his smile,
Then you'll say I wish drear Autumn
Would have stayed a longer while.

Here's a wreath of scarlet leaves dear,
And a bunch of berries red;
Come right here and sit beside me,
While I crown your queenly head!

When I send my brother to you,
And this scarlet crown he sees,
He will send a crown of snow-flakes
To destroy the Autumn leaves.

Yes, dear children, Summer's left us,
Said to Autumn "Stay a while;"
When you die bequeath them winter,
Who will freeze them with his smile.

"May the gods," my cruel lady,
Teach you what contentment means;
And may He who rules us all dear,
Waken you from idle dreams.

MULLADY.

Sunday Schools.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—The Methodist Episcopal Sunday School held in the Bethlehem school house, presided over by Mr. Henry Hardesty, is making rapid progress in its class-work. Instructions were given by three young ladies to their classes, consisting of 23 members. Numerous Bible verses were memorized and recited by the scholars. The superintendent, Mr. Hardesty, afterwards held a general examination on all the questions relating to the lesson. This is an excellent method of instruction, in which many other persons besides the scholars participated. Prayers were offered and singing in concert occupied part of the time. Two questions were given to be answered on next Sunday by the scholars. A report of the former meeting was read by Mr. Hardesty, who made appropriate remarks upon the progress of the school. About 50 persons were present. The Superintendent appears to be well qualified for the important duties of his office, possessing as he does the right disposition for his work. He never fails to impart his own enthusiasm to all who come within the sound of his voice. Much credit is due the young ladies who assisted him in the Sunday School. At the close of the school the building was crowded to its utmost capacity. A sermon was preached by Rev. Henry Friend upon the Dual Nature of Christ, as God and Man. The sermon was eloquent, argumentative and enthusiastic. Captain White made some remarks, historical and statistical, regarding the propagation of this church among all the nations of the earth and the numerous islands of the sea. Prayer was offered by Nathaniel B. Harvey and others. Then followed singing in concert, and at 12 o'clock, noon, the congregation departed for their homes.

The Sunday School in Bethlehem Church is the Sunday School of the United Brethern Church. James L. Paugh and Joseph Harvey, Superintendents; Philo T. Lipsicomb and James L. Paugh, teachers. There are two classes consisting of 15 members. The school opened at 9 and closed at 10 o'clock A. M. The meeting at this church was not large, 30 persons having been present at the opening of the sermon. Rev. Mr. Horne took for his text: verse 18, chapter 4, 1 Cor., upon which he preached an eloquent and impressive discourse. At 11 o'clock A. M. the congregation was dismissed.

The Oakdale Sunday School is another school of the United Brethern Church, although the superintendent. Michael McRobie, is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Mr, William Uphold is secretary. There are two teachers and 17 scholars in both classes. The exercises commenced at half past one o'clock P. M., and closed at three. The school is not as successful as it was last year, although the superintendent is well qualified for his position and appears to use his best efforts to advance the spiritual interests of the scholars under his charge. Some of the former scholars have ceased to attend this school. At half past 3 o'clock Rev. Mr. Horne preached another sermon at this meeting. The preaching was pathetic and elicited marked attention from all who heard it. Meeting closed at 4 P. M.

As soon as arrangements can be made therefor, a discussion will take place in the Oakdale school upon the following subject: "Is Triune Immersion the proper mode of Baptism?" Affimative, James M. Foley; negative, Michael McCrobie. When full arrangements are made, all who desire to do so, may participate in the discussion.

REPORTER.

The Anti-Saloon Movement.

The National Convention of the Anti-Saloon Republicans at Chicago has adopted a platform which may be regarded as the first step toward organized and practical action within the Republican party for reform of the saloon evil. The convention has been sneered at as unrepresentative. In fact it represented faithfully the strongest temperance element in the country; that element of clear-seeing Republicans who, while profoundly convinced of the need of temperance reform, believe that the right and only sure way to secure it is by compelling the party with which they are identified to make it a leading issue. It is only a few months since the Anti-Saloon movement was begun. It started in the face of ridicule and detraction. From the outset it was misrepresented by the unscrupulous masquerading politicians who are endeavoring to create a third party which shall act as a tender to the Democracy, under the pretence of advancing the cause of temperance. Against discouagment, however, the movement proceeded, gathering strength continually, and indicating, by the earnestness of its subsidiary conventions, the sincerity and determination which have produced this national expression.

The thoroughly practical character of the movement is shown in the recommendations of the platform. No time or energy was thrown away in mere vague and general demands for measures too sweeping to offer any present hope of enactment, but it was proposed that the party should be required to effect everywhere the most and best mode possible by local conditions. The practical tendency of such a programme is clearly shown by comparing it with the Prohibition policy. The latter aims at obtaining the final results at once, and by purely independent means. The result, as experience has shown, is negative, or when not negative, suicidal. For either the prohibition is thrown away, or it goes to reinforce the Democracy, which is the bulwark of the saloon in politics. The Anti-Saloon movement proceeds differently. It begins by deducting from the facts of history the conclusion that the Republican party embodies nine-tenths of whatever reformatory and progressive tendencies are extant. It argues from this that whatever reform it is desirable to urge must, to succeed, obtain the support of the Republican party. It then facilitates reform by adapting its measures to local conditions, rightly reasoning that it is better to secure even partial improvement where no more can at present be had than to attempt too much and consequently fail in obtaining anything. And finally, to the objection that Republican politicians have often shown themselves subservient to the saloon influence, it answers that the Anti-Saloon Republicans intend to devote themselves to remedying that, by exercising all their political influence against it.

There is not a step in this programme which ought not to be heartily approved by disinterested and intelligent advocates of temperance throughout the country. To the genuine Prohibitionists it offers for the time a practical and rational means of carrying into effect the convictions they entertain most strongly. To the friends of temperance who are not yet prepared for Prohibition, the new movement holds out a hope of gradual popular education which may produce permanent benefits. To all the proposal to remit the question to the popular suffrage must approve itself as throrghly consistent with Democratic doctrines and institutions. Nor can there be any serious question as to the possibility of informing the Republican party with the spirit and purposes of the Chicago Convention. The issue is one about which all men are thinking. The evils of the saloon, both in politics and society, are being recognized as never before. A spirit is growing up among thinking and patriotic men of a kind to sweep away any selfish obstruction, and this spirit has its lodgment in the Republican party itself. The Anti-Saloon Convention at Chicago is but an outward sign of a growing tendency and determination. It is the beginning of organized action on the one line which promises enduring and solid results.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Best Chill Medicine.

SALISBURY, MD., Aug. 1884.

Dear Sir:—I had the ague and chills and fever for six months, had taken several different medicines, but none done me any good. Through the recommendation of a friend I was induced to try "AROMANNA." I used one bottle and have not had a chill since.

JOHN PARSONS.

SALISBURY, MD., May 25, 1885.

Dear Sir:—I was cured of Dyspepsia by using two bottles of "AROMANNA."

MARY HEARN.

Price 25 and 85 cts. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland, Md.

"Have you heard that ——— is dead?" was asked in a manufacturers' convention which represented many millions of dollars.

"Wny, no; you suprise me. I saw him on the street last week apparently in the enjoyment of perfect health; when did he die?"

"He died day before yesterday."

A moment of silence ensued, then one remarked.

"He was very rich, was he not?"

"Oh, yes, very."

"How much did he leave?"

"*He left it all!*" was the answer, uttered with a deeply solemn voice; and another not altogether agreeable silence fell upon the company of millionaires.

Sam Jones was delivering an especially fervid address, and a little old woman who sat well up in front was constantly interrupting him with shrill-voiced and ear-piercing exclamations of "Bless the Lord!" and "Glory Hallelujah" "Amen!" &c. Jones stood it for a time, but finally stopped his address and turning to the woman said: "Sister, enthusiasm is a good thing, if it is only genuine. But you remind me of a little steamboat that used to run up a stream down the country where I came from. It had a very small boiler and a very big whistle, and every time the pilot blew the whistle the boat stopped. Now let the boat go on."

Interesting Experiences.

Hiram Cameron, Furniture Dealer of Columbus, Ga., tells his experience, thus: "For three years have tried every remedy on the market for Stomach and Kidney Disorders, but got no relief, until I used Electric Bitters. Took five bottles and am now cured, and think Electric Bitters the Best Blood Purifier in the world."— Major A. B. Reed, of West Liberty, Ky., used Electric Bitters for an old standing Kidney affection and says: "Nothing has ever done me so much good as Electric Bitters." Sold at fifty cents a bottle by Wm. Nydegger.

I will venture to say some man would be a great help to the church if he would organize a large choir—a choir who will speak their words plain so that people can understand what they are saying. They will draw the crowds to the church, and sinners will take part in the singing, and feel they are at home; and a great deal more good will be accomplished than if you just let the quartet choir sing in some unknown tongue.—*Moody.*

A couple from the humbler walks of life came before a justice of the peace to be married, when, the ceremony being over, the bride began to weep copiously.

"What is the matter?" asked the new husband.

"I never told you that I don't know how to cock," sobbed the bride.

"Don't fret. I'll not have anything for you to cook. I'm a newspaper poet."

In a trial speed the horse that starts off with a rush is often distanced in the end by the horse that trots steadily from first to last. In your competition for this world's goods, young man, remember in this race, also, 'tis the steady advertisements and not occasional spurts that is successful.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Young men prate about the coquetry of young women, yet I'll wager that if some of these young men did not hold out inducements coquets would be outlawed in twelve months.

"O, ma, a have heard such a splendid minister. He stamped, and pounded, and got mad, and shook his fist at the folks, and there wasn's anybody dared to go up and fight him."

"What are pauses?" asked the teacher of the primary class. "Things that grow on cats," piped the small boy at the foot.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TRUSTEES' SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
TIMBER
—AND—
MINERAL LANDS.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in the State of Maryland, standing as No. 372 on the Equity docket of said Court, in which John Swan and others are complainants and Willie Swan and others are defendants, the subscribers will sell at public sale,

ON SATURDAY,
THE 2D DAY OF OCTOBER, 1886,

at 11 o'clock A. M., at the Glades Hotel, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, the tract of land known as

"Yough Manor,"

containing about 9,000 acres of land more or less. The said tract is situated on the

"YOUGHIOGHENY RIVER."

in said county, and extends from said river to the West Virginia line, and is about 15 miles from Oakland, on the Baltimore & Ohio Rail Road, and about 15 miles from Confluence, on the Pittsburg & Connelsville Rail Road.

It is valuable for the large quantities of Pine, Oak and other varieties of timber common to the region, and now upon it; also for the large veins of bituminous coal, iron ore, lime stone and fire clay upon it, and lying in convenient proximity to each other. It also contains a large quantity of good tillable land, a small portion of which is improved and in cultivation.

THE TERMS OF SALE Provided by the decree are: One-third of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, one-third in one year and the balance in two years from the day of sale, or the whole in cash, if the purchaser prefers it. The deferred payments, if any, to be secured by notes of the purchaser with security to be approved by the trustees.

WM. J. READ,
D. W. SLOAN,
J. H. GORDON,
8 7 3t Trustees.

W. H. BUTLER'S
Cheap Cash Grocery
—AT THE—
"LITTLE BIG" STORE
ON SECOND STREET,
OAKLAND, MD.

May 18th, 1886.—tf.

BALTIMORE FEMALE COLLEGE.

By the terms of the endowment of the above college, one pupil from each county is entitled to free tuition in all the branches taught in the college, with stationery and use of books.

The scholarship for Garrett county is vacant at present, and the Judges of the Orphans' Court are authorized to fill the same by appointment.

Applicants will please file their applications at once.

SAMUEL LAWTON,
7 24 Register.

TOWN PROPERTY
FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

A HOME CHEAP.

I have a fifty acre lot, with small house and other improvements, about four miles from Oakland and two miles from Mountain Lake Park, which I will sell at a moderate figure. Application should be made soon.

W. H. TOWER,
7 17 tf Agent.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Miss Lilly Brown and Miss Mary Weber will open a

PRIVATE SCHOOL

for pupils of all grades, at the Oakland Public School Building, beginning

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, '86,

and continuing for a term of twelve weeks.

TERMS VERY MODERATE.

Circulars can be obtained at Sturgiss's Drug Store. 8 14 td.

WHITE BRONZE

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
617 t Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Shartzer's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

FOR SALE!

I am authorized to sell about 160 acres of land, situated on the Hoppole road, about 7 miles from Oakland. The tract will be sold either as a whole or in lots to suit purchasers. The land is all under fence, and is further improved by a dwelling house, barn and other out-buildings. Twenty-five acres cleared. This land is among the best in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

IMPROVED FARM
FOR SALE!

I will sell my farm, on the headwaters of Deep Creek, adjoining lands of Ransey Browning, A. C. Browning and others, on the easiest terms. The farm contains one hundred acres of land, all under fence, and about 60 acres cleared. The improvements consist of a

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE

and large frame barn, young fruit trees, &c., &c. This farm is in a good neighborhood, about 4 miles from Deer Park, and about 8 miles from Oakland.

Reason for selling—advanced age.

Apply to or address

LUKE WOOD,
8 7 tf. Deer Park, Md.

MEAT MARKET!

The undersigned will have on hand, at his meat market in Oakland, every day, from 5 A. M. to 11 A. M.,

Fresh Beef, Mutton and Veal,

of the best quality and at fair prices. He will also run his wagon to

MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK

every day, and to

DEER PARK

every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

7 10 T. W. CASTEEL.

FOR SALE.
AT A BARGAIN.

A large two-story frame house, with cellar and basement, situated on the Oakland and Mountain Lake road, near the latter place, is offered for sale at a bargain.

There are about two acres of ground, good outbuildings, well of good water, and a number of large shade trees. One of the handsomest locations for a summer residence in this neighborhood.

For information apply to or address

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

ft 24 DAVID LITTLE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 30th, 1886.

GOING EAST.

No. 2		7.20 A. M.
No. 66		5.56 A. M.
No. 6		12.35 P. M.
No. 4		11.53 P. M.
No. 82—Accommodation		5.10 P. M.
Way		11.36 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 1		9.34 P. M.
No. 65		5.55 P. M.
No. 5		3.57 P. M.
No. 3		4.41 A. M.
No. 81—Accommodation		9.36 A. M.
Way		11.36 A. M

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y

HENRY ALBRIGHT,
—Manufacturer of—
Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,

OAKLAND, MD.

☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done.
Nov, 21, 85.—1 y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

SIXTEEN ACRES OF LAND

at Altamont, Md., improved by a

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE

18 by 36 feet, two stories high. There are on this land two never failing springs of good water, and a running stream.

Situation Delightful!

Two miles from Deer Park, with excellent graded road

Excellent Situation for Summer Residence.

For particulars and terms apply to or address

J. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE.
TRACTS & MILITARY LOTS.

The subscriber offers for sale the following lands in Garrett county:

"Bank Property," 1625 acres on Backbone Mountain, near West Virginia line. There is on this tract good Poplar, White and Red Oak, Chestnut, Birch and Sugar Timber, and the land when cleared, will make good farms.

"Friedland," 175 acres, near Accident, part improved.

A fine building site near Fort Pendleton, lot containing two acres.

Also the following Military Lots, containing 50 acres each:

Lots Nos. 4031 and 4032, with the well known Boiling Spring, two miles south of Deer Park, with which it is connected by a good road.

Lot No. 1914, on B. & Ohio R. R., East of Wilson's store.

Lots Nos. 361, 363, 364 and 365, near Ben Davis'.

Lot No. 390, West of Garrett Moon's.

Lots Nos. 371 and 377, West of (late) Hugh Cooper's.

Lot No. 383, East of (late) Elisha Harvey's.

Lot No. 1252, near West Virginia line.

WILLIAM I. BROWN,
Box 41, Oakland, Md.

Sept. 5th, 1885.—1 y

FOR SALE!

Steam Engine, Saw Mill and Shingle Machine.

I am authorized to sell a Fifteen Horse Power "Page" Engine, Saw Mill and Shingle Machine, with carriages, &c., complete, the property of Mrs. Eva F. Riggs. The mill has been in use about five years and is in good running order. Will be sold cheap for cash or collateral which may be easily converted into cash. May be examined at Swanton, Md. Must be sold soon.

For price and terms address or apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

Sellers' Liver Pills.

Act Directly on the Liver.

CURES CHILLS AND FEVER, DYSPEPSIA, SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUS COLIC, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, PILES, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, DIZZINESS, TORPID LIVER, COATED TONGUE, SLEEPLESSNESS, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER AND STOMACH. If you do not "feel very well," a single pill at bed-time stimulates the stomach, restores the appetite, imparts vigor to the system.

They cure all diseases like magic. Get the right kind SELLERS' LIVER PILLS. Sold by druggists. Send for circular.

SELLERS MEDICINE CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dr. I. D. Newman,
OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence in Russell's brick house Second street.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.
8 15 ly.

SURVEYING!

Military lots located, Estimates of timber lands a specialty. Sales negotiated on reasonable terms. Areas computed by Logarithms—the only correct method.

HIRAM P. TASKER,
11 6 tf Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hoopole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

F. A. THAYER,
INSURANCE AGENT,
OAKLAND, MD.

Insures both Real and Personal Property at moderate rates.

☞ Represents Six First Class Companie

FARM IMPLEMENTS AND HARDWARE!

Having rented the store room under the REPUBLICAN Office, we have added to our Implement business a small stock of Hardware, such as

Nails, Locks, Hinges, Saws, Trace Chains, Cow Chains, Breast Chains, Forks, Shovels, Axes, Ax-handles, Grind Stones, &c., &c, &c.

—Also a complete and full line of first-class—

HEATING AND COOKING STOVES

with all of the latest improvements.

☞ We will furnish repairs for all kinds of Stoves and Farm Inplements.

Farmers contemplating buying Wagons, Buggies, Sleighs, Plows, Reapers, Mowers, Drills Spring Tooth Harrows, Spring Wagons, Cider Mills, Fertilizers, Ribbon or Barbed Wire, will find it to their interest to call on us or write for prices, before buying elsewhere.

EVERYTHING FULLY WARRANTED.

For sale by

J. M. DAVIS & SON.

P. S.—We have a nice lot of Farm Bells on hand, which we will sell cheap.
February 24, 1886.—tf.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 10. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, OCT. 9, 1886. NUMBER 32.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

VEGETABLES,

FRUITS, &C., &C.

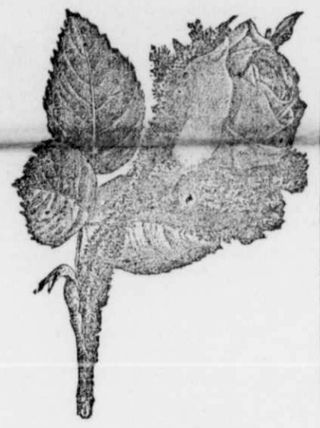
Always on hand, as they come in market.

NEW CROP OF

TURNIP AND RUTABAGA SEEDS.

ALL RELIABLE.

VEGETABLE PLANTS of all kinds in season.



(MOSS ROSE.)

ROSES, and all kinds of Flowering Plants.

CUT FLOWERS

AND FLORAL DESIGNS,

for Funerals, &c., at short notice, at our old stand on Railroad street near Depot.

☞Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

H. WEBER.

313 OAKLAND, MD.

OAKLAND DRUG STORE,

OPPOSITE GLADES HOTEL.

OAKLAND, - - - MARYLAND.

Is the place to buy

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints,

Oils Varnishes,

Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c.

☞Also a nice line of Watches Clocks Jewelry, Stationery, Blank Books, Cigars, &c

Physicians Prescriptions

Carefully and accurately compounded, at all hours, at the lowest possible price.

Give me a call.

W. D. NYDEGGER.

AVOID MALARIA!

AND BREATHE THE SEA AIR!

THE STOCKTON, Atlantic City, N. J., Corner Atlantic and Maryland avenues, is now open. Guests are supplied with every comfort and convenience possible. The best summer hotel on the coast. Terms moderate; special rates to families. KELSEY & LEFLER, Proprietors. (Mention this paper.)

FOR SALE.

In Deer Park a

TWO-STORY COTTAGE,

Highly situated and containing seven rooms with front portico, back porch and bay windows. Good never failing well of water. Land in cultivation for garden with fruit trees and stable. Will be sold cheap and terms made reasonable. Title unquestionable.

Apply to

7 5 tf E. C. TILLSON, Deer Park, Md.

VAluable Real Estate

FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a tract of land, called

"DUNDALK,"

containing 137 acres, owned and possessed by Mrs. Amelia Berrian. Said tract lies in mineral region of Garrett county, a short distance from Bloomington, and runs a long distance along the North Branch of the Potomac River, and commands or controls the river frontage of

Valuable Coal and Woods Land

back of it. Said tract is also underlaid with coal, and contains some valuable timber.

W. H. TOWER.

For Mrs. Amelia Berrian.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on said above land by cutting of timber or otherwise. As I shall enforce the law against any one so trespassing on said premises.

AMELIA BERRIAN.

Nov 20 1880 1 y.

HELP for working people. Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, grandly successful. 50 cents to $5 easily earned every evening. That all who want may test the business we make this unparalleled offer. To all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. B. FAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals. Also in adjoining counties of West Va.

☞Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.

Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

EDWARD H. SINCELL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

(one door West of Sturgiss' Drug Store.)

Special attention given to Collections the negotiation of Loans.

Sept. 23, 1885.—1 y.

GILMOR S. HAMILL, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1611-ly

T. J. PEDDICORD. F. A. THAYER

PEDDICORD & THAYER,

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 4 '84 ly

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND, ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞Office in the Court House.

July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

v3n7.

JOHN T. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

All business attended to with promptness and fidelity. Particular attention given to Surveying and Investigation of land titles.

☞Office on 2d Street. 5 19 tf

DR. S. TOWNSHEND, RESIDENT DENTIST,

OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

v3 n8

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Offers his services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. Office and residence on Oak street, second house East of Catholic church.

Sept. 9, 1885.—1 y.

DR. B. T. KELLER,

Late of Grantsville, Md.,

Having located in Oakland, offers his professional services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. All calls promptly answered, day or night. Office on Oak street, next door to Sturgiss' drug store.

25 3m

FOR SALE

Valuable Property in Deer Park.

A store and dwelling house combined, which is directly opposite the village ticket-office. Also two good-sized dwelling houses with stable, gardens and all necessary out buildings.

For terms and additional particulars, apply to W. H. Tower, Clerk of Court, Oakland, or to E. C. Tillson, Deer Park.

FOR SALE,

TRACTS & MILITARY LOTS.

The subscriber offers for sale the following lands in Garrett county:

"Bank Property," 1625 acres on Backbone Mountain, near West Virginia line. There is on this tract good Poplar, White and Red Oak, Chestnut, Birch and Sugar Timber, and the land when cleared, will make good farms.

"Friedland," 175 acres, near Accident, part improved.

A fine building site near Fort Pendleton, lot containing two acres.

Also the following Military Lots, containing 50 acres each:

Lots Nos. 4031 and 4032, with the well known Boiling Spring, two miles south of Deer Park, with which it is connected by a good road.

Lot No 1914, on B. & Ohio R. R., East of Wilson's store.

Lots Nos. 361, 363, 364 and 365, near Ben Davis'.

Lot No. 390, West of Garrett Moon's.

Lots Nos. 371 and 377, West of (late) Hugh Cooper's.

Lot No. 383, East of (late) Elisha Harvey's.

Lot No. 1252, near West Virginia line.

WILLIAM I. BROWN, Box 41, Oakland, Md.

Sept. 5th, 1885.—1 y

VALUABLE

STOCK FARM

FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price Asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Oakland, Md.

WIN more money than at anything else by taking an agency for the best selling book out. Beginners succeed grandly. None fail. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Volina Cordial

CURES

DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, WEAKNESS, CHILLS AND FEVERS, MALARIA, LIVER COMPLAINT, KIDNEY TROUBLES, NEURALGIA AND RHEUMATISM.

IT is Invigorating and Delightful to take, and of great value as a Medicine for weak and Ailing Women and Children.

IT gives NEW LIFE to the whole SYSTEM by Strengthening the Muscles, Toning the NERVES, and completely Digesting the food.

CONTAINS no hurtful Minerals, is composed of carefully selected Vegetable Medicines, combined skillfully, making a Safe and Pleasant Remedy.

A Book, "Volina," by leading physicians, telling how to treat diseases at HOME, mailed, together with a set of handsome cards by new Heliotype process, on receipt of 10 c.

For sale by all Druggists and Grocers. Should the dealer near you not keep VOLINA CORDIAL, remit $1.00, and a full size bottle will be sent, charges pid.

PREPARED ONLY BY

Volina Drug and Chemical Company, BALTIMORE, MD., U. S. A.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to,

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE.

NO. 1.

MILITARY LOT NO. 219,

lying near Chisholm's Mill, in Ryans Glade, Garrett county. Well timbered and underlaid with coal. Unimproved. Will be sold cheap.

NO. 2.

Military Lots Nos. 2305 and 2307,

Unimproved timber lots, lying near Grantsville, part of the estate of the late Holmes Wiley.

NO. 3.

An Elegant New Residence

on Oak street, Oakland, Md., containing 8 rooms. Large lot improved by stable, carriage house, ice house, &c. Well of good water. Terms easy. Price, $2200.00.

NO. 4.

THE "WOODLAND FARM,"

situated on the road leading from Oakland to Accident, two miles from Oakland, containing 97 acres, well fenced and cultivated. Improved by a large first-class mansion house, suitable for a summer resort. The farm would suit for a first-class market garden or general farming.

NO. 5.

HOUSE AND LOT

On Oak street, Oakland, Md., comfortable dwelling. Well of good water and convenient outbuildings. Will sell at a bargain.

NO. 6.

600 ACRES OF LAND,

covered with white pine, spruce and white oak timber, and underlaid with coal, iron ore and fire clay. Water fall 71 feet. Steam saw mill on the premises doing a good business. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 8.

HOUSE AND LOT

On Liberty street in Oakland, 8 rooms. Good property.

In all cases we will furnish purchasers with an abstract of title and prepare deed without cost to them.

Full discription of the property contained in the above list will be given upon application.

NO. 9.

NEW DWELLING HOUSE

On Oak Street. 8 rooms and good cellar. Large livery stable attached; room for 18 horses and 15 vehicles. Good stand for business. Excellent opportunity for any desiring to go into livery business.

NO. 10.

100 ACRES EXCELLENT LAND

Near Oakland. Well timbered. Title indisputable. Price, $8 per acre.

NO. 11.

GOOD DWELLING & LARGE LOT

Near Court House. 10 rooms and out-buildings. Good well of soft water. Terms easy.

PEDDICORD & THAYER, Atty's at Law, Oakland, Md.

J. LEE HARNE,

Sign and Ornamental Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

A MISERABLE WIFE.

"Yes, Professor, I'm afraid I shall have to rent or sell the farm. My wife is so miserable. I cannot carry it on without hiring, and hiring eats up all the profits."

I looked at the speaker admiringly. He was about fifty, and as robust as a man of thirty. His whiskers were neatly trimmed, showing a full red cheek. He wore a jaunty hat and nifty cutaway coat and below his vest hung a silk fob and heavy gold seal. I was proud of him. He was a perfect picture of the New York gentleman from the rural district. I wanted to imprint his picture on my memory.

"So your wife is miserable?"

"Yes, kinder droopin', with a dry cough and no ambition. She just kinder drags around the house and looks so peaked and scrawny it gives me the blues. It does, I swan if it don't."

"Naturally weak, wasn't she?"

"She? Oh, no. When I married her she was the smartest girl on the creek. She used to work for father, and the way she made the work stand round took my eye. She was a poor gal, and her industry got her a rich husband."

Here he carelessly took out a gold watch, looked at the time, put it back and adjusted the silk fob on the front of his nicely fitting trousers.

"So she did well getting married on account of her industry?"

"Why, of course; she was getting only two dollars and fifty cents a week, and she became mistress of a farm,"

"Excuse me, but how much are you worth now, confidentially you know; I am a scientific man, and will never use such facts to your injury with the assessor."

"Well, Professor, I could crowd fifty thousand dollars pretty hard."

"That is good. How long have you been married?"

"Thirty years next fourth of July. We went down to Albany on a little teeter, and I proposed the match and Jane was willin'."

"How much do you suppose you have made in these thirty years?"

"Hum—um—lemme see. I got the Davis farm the first ten years, then I run in debt for the Simmons' place, got war prices for my cheese, and squared up both places. Well, I have cleared up thirty thousand dollars since we spliced."

"Very good, indeed. And your wife has been a great help to you in all this time."

"Oh, you bet. She was a rattler. She took care of her baby and the milk from twenty cows. I tell you she made the tin-ware flop. Why, we have had four children, and she never had a hired girl over 6 months in that time."

"Splendid! And you have cleared thirty thousand dollars in that time?"

"Yes, easy."

"Now, how much has your wife made?"

"She, why, durn it, professor, she is my wife."

"I know it. But what has she made? You say she was poor when you married her. Now, what has she made?"

"Why, by gum, you beat all, why, she is my wife and we own it altogether."

"Do you? Then she can draw on your bank account? Then she has a horse and carriage when she wants one? Then she has a servant maid when she wants one? Then she rides out for her health, and has a watch and chain of gold as you do? Is that so?

"Professor, you must be crazy. Nobody's wife is boss in that shape. Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Now, look here. You said she did well in marrying rich, and I cannot see it. If she was getting two dollars and fifty cents a week when you married her, and had saved her wages, she would have had now three thousand six hundred dollars. Now you tell me she is broken down, used up and miserable, and looks so bad she makes you sick, and she has no money, no help, and will get probably nothing but a Scotch granite tombstone when she dies."

"Professor, if you was a younger man, I would lick you quicker than a spring lamb can jump a thistle."

"What for? I am stating this case fairly, am I not? Your wife is no longer young. She is no longer handsome. Her hands are as hard as a local editor's cheek, and she has stooped over a milk can until she has a lump on her back like a peddler."

"Shut up, will you?"

"She has raised four children. One of them is at college. One is taking music lessons in Boston. The other two are teaching school. She is at home alone, going around in a treadmill life which will end in a rosewood coffin and a first-class country funeral."

"Stop that, Professor, will you?"

"While you are a handsome man, with just enough gray in your whiskers to make you look interesting. No doubt you have been thinking of some nice young girl of eighteen who would jump at the chance to marry your thirty cows and twenty acres of hops."

"Professor, I won't stay here if you don't let up on that."

"And your wife does not look well in that new Watertown wagon, so you take your hired man and neighbor's girls to meeting. Your wife never goes anywhere, so you do not get her a watch like your own, nor a silk dress, nor a pony that she could drive, nor a basket phæton that she could climb in without a ladder. She never says anything, is always very quiet, so you have not got her a set of teeth like your own gold and rubber, and she has to gum it until her nose is pushed up into her forehead, and her face wrinkles like a burned boot. She never goes out, so she does not dye her hair like you do yours, but it looks like a milk-weed pod gone to seed. She has to work in the kitchen, so she gets no nice toothpick shoes like yours, but goes thumping around like a sheep in a dry goods box."

"Darn my skin if I don't—"

"No you won't; you will just let her work right along, and then you will marry some high-flyer who will pull every hair out of your head, and serve you right, too."

"Professor, for mercy's sake do stop."

"When you know, and I know, that if your wife had a chance to rest and had nice clothes like other women, she would be one of the handsomest women in the town."

"I swan, I believe it."

"And old as she is, if you were to get out the carriage next Sunday, and drive around with the colts, and tell her you wanted her to go to meeting with you, she would actually blush with pleasure."

"Darned if I don't do it."

"Then Monday, if you were to tell her that you were going to hire a girl and that she must sit in the sitting-room by the new nickle-plated coal stove and work on that new silk you are going to buy her—"

"Professor, that's me."

"And then hand her a nickle wallet with steel clasps, and with five nice twenty dollar notes in it, and tell her to do her own trading after this, because you have got tired looking after so much money—"

"I will, as sure as I live."

"And then when the tears start in her eyes and the same old blush comes out that you thought was so nice when you went on the teeter to Albany, if you would just kiss her—"

"It's all right, professor."

"Then, my friend, I would begin to think she had made something by marrying a rich man."

"You're right, old man."

"Then I think you would no longer have a miserable wife. Then you would no longer want to rent or sell the farm, but would be showing the mother of your children how much you respected her for her life of devotion. Then she would know that she was a partner in that thirty thousand dollars. Then, if you made your will all right, and she had a good rest, I think she would sometime be an eligible widow."

"Think so, professor."

"I knew it. Woman is a plant that wants sunshine. You have been leaving your wife in the shade too much. She has lost her color. She has given up all hope of admiration and love, and is only waiting to die and get out of the way. Suppose you were treated so?"

"What, me? I am all right."

"Yes, I know. Women pity you for you are tied to such a sorrow-looking wife. Foolish old maids and silly girls whisper behind your back what a nice-looking man you are, and what a stick of a wife you have, and you are just soft enough to wear tight boots, and oil what little hair you have left on the top of your head and go around figuring up how long before your wife will die."

"Say, now, see here, professor, there is a limit to endurance. I am going."

"I am coming down to see you next week; will it be all right?"

"Yes, if you drop this kind of talk and won't tell of my complaints about my wife, I will try your medicine. Would you stick to that part of the proposition about the pocket-book and twenty-dollar notes?"

"How much did you say you had made together?"

"I cave. The dress will be all right, and the pony and phæton will be handy for the gals. Come down and see us, old man, but not a word about this plain talk. If you wasn't an old man I'd—" and tipping his Derby back on his head and shaking the wrinkles out of his tight trousers, he put his hands into his pockets and sauntered away.

"There," said I, "is one man who has taken the only legal and God-given way of getting rid of a miserable wife."

From a Grand Army Man.

ELLICOTT CITY, MD., 6 8, 1884.

Dear Sir:—I have been a sufferer for a long time with dyspepsia, and have tried most everything in the way of medicine, but nothing gave me any relief. I procured one bottle of your "AROMANNA," and had only been taking it about six days when I began to feel it was doing me good. I told a number of my neighbors what it had done for me and they commenced using it, and all agree with me that it is the only medicine that will do all that it is recommended to do. One thing about "AROMANNA," while it is acting and cleansing the system it does not weaken, but builds up, adds new strength and imparts new vigor. I do not think I can say too much in favor of it. You are free to use my name in any way you see best, to proclaim the merits of "AROMANNA." It will pay any sufferer to try it.

J. C. MOONEY, Adjutant

A. D. Reynolds, Post No. 23, G. A. R.

Price 25 and 75 cts. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland, Md.

The Comet.

Professor Young observes that the comets are the most impressive and at the same time the least significant of the heavenly bodies. Since the beginning of the Christian era 660 comets have been recorded, those antedating the telescope being such only as were visible to the naked eye. From three to six are usually discovered each year. Some of them are best known by the names of their discoverers, as Donasi's comet or Encke's comet; but science knows them also by numbers and letters, as comet No. 1 of 1886, or comet A of 1886. The letter refers to the comet first discovered in the particular year while the numeral refers to that which was first to go around the sun, so that comet No. 1 and comet A may not be the same. The bright or large comets do not appear with equal frequency in the different centuries. In the sixteenth century there were twenty-three such; in the seventeenth, twelve; in the eighteenth, six; in the nineteenth, thus far, twenty. The orbits of many of the comets are in the form of a hyperbola, showing that they will never return. There are twenty-five or thirty whose orbits are elliptical, and the returns of which may be predicted, and there are besides fifteen to twenty which are probably, but not certainly, elliptical. The planet Jupiter is believed to have been the cause of the most of these elliptical orbits, there being twelve or fourteen comets whose initial motion would have carried them indefinitely into space had they passed at sufficient distance from this great planet in going forth, but which cannot now escape from his attraction and must continue as attendants on the solar system. There seems to be a fair probability that a comet may some day strike the earth, but if the nucleus is only the dust or powder which it appears, no more serious effect need be expected than a magnificent display of shooting stars.

An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Sheperd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well."

Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25c. per box by Wm. Nydegger.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

DONE FOR A DIME.

The lecture done they crowded round
To take h m by the hand—
The man whose eloquent al words
Had sounded through the land,
When, undismayed by man or place,
Came up a boy w.th daring face.

Who held within his dirty hand
A dwindling pencil's half,
"Mister," said he, "I wish you'd please
G mme your autograph."
"I will," the great man k ndly said,
And lightly touched the urchin's head.

Then wrote a wild chirography,
And mused that this was fame,
When little lads from off the street
Desired his written name.
"What w ll you," asked he with a laugh,
"My child, do with my autograph?"

The coming voter viewed the man
With something like surprise,
And answered w th a business look
About his sharp young eyes:
"Why, sir, I sells 'em don't you see,
I gits ten cents for yourn!" said he.
—*N. Y. World.*

M. SEGUIN'S GOAT.

The Fate of One Who Wanted to Be Free.

You will always be the same, my poor Gringoire.

What! You are offered the place of chronicler in a good newspaper in Paris, and you have the face to refuse. But only look at yourself, you unfortunate fellow. Look at your torn doublet and dilapidated hose, at your thin face that cries famine. And yet that is what your passion for rhyming has brought you to. That is what you have gained by ten years of loyal service as page to my Lord Apollo. Are you not ashamed?

Take the place of chronicler, fool; take the place of chronicler. Earn your five rose nobles, and you can dine at Brebant's, and show yourself on first nights with a new feather in your cap.

No? You will not? You mean to keep your freedom till the end. Very well, listen to the story of Monsieur Seguin's goat. You will see what one gets by wanting to be free.

Monsieur Seguin had never had any luck with his goats. He lost them all in the same way; one day they would break their cord and escape up into the mountain and there be eaten by the wolf. Nothing could keep them, neither their master's caresses nor their fear of the wolf. It seemed they were independent goats, determined to have their liberty and live in the open air at any price.

Poor M. Seguin, who could not at all understand the character of his goats, was in consternation. "The fact is," said he, "the goats are bored here. I shall never be able to keep one."

However, he would not be discouraged, and after having lost six goats in the same way he bought a seventh; only this time he took care to buy a very young one, so that she might get used to living with him.

Ah! Gringoire, she was a beauty, M. Seguin's little goat! She was a beauty, with her soft eyes, and her beard like a young officer's, with her shining black hoofs, and striped horns, and the long white hair of her coat; she was almost as charming as Esmeralda's goat, you remember, Gringoire? She was gentle, too, and caressing, and let herself be milked without stirring, or putting her foot in the milk-pail; a love of a little goat.

M. Seguin had a field hedged with hawthorn behind his house. And there he put his new guest. He fastened her to a stake in the prettiest part of the field, and took care to give her a very long cord, and from time to time he came to see if she was comfortable there. The goat considered herself very lucky, and browsed on the grass with so much pleasure that M. Seguin was delighted. "At last," thought the poor man, "I have found one who will not grow weary with me."

M. Seguin was mistaken, his goat did weary, like the rest.

One day she looked up at the mountain and said to herself:

"How nice it must be up there! How pleasant to gambol about in the heather without a tresome tether to tear the skin off one's neck. It is all very well for a donkey or a cow to browse in a field. But goats were made to live in the open."

And from that moment the grass in the field seemed tasteless to her. She was bored. She began to grow thin and to lose her milk. It was sad to see her pull against her tether all day long, with her head turned toward the mountain, sniffing and crying sadly: "Me!" M. Seguin saw that something was the matter with his goat, but he did not know what. One morning, as he finished milking her, the goat turned to him and said in her language:

"Listen to me, M. Seguin, I am bored to death here. Let me go into the mountain."

"Ah! me! She too!" cried M. Seguin aghast, and dropped his milk-pail; then he sat down in the grass by the side of his goat.

"And so, Blanquette, you want to leave me?"

Blanquette answered:

"Yes, M. Seguin."

"Haven't you grass enough here?"

"O, yes, M. Seguin."

"Perhaps your cord is too short, shall I give you a longer one?"

"It is not worth while, Monsieur Seguin."

"Well, what is the matter with you? What do you want?"

"I want to go into the mountain, Monsieur Seguin.

"But, foolish creature, you do not know that there is a wolf in the mountain. What would you do if you met him?"

"I would fight him with my horns, Monsieur Seguin."

"The wolf would laugh at your horns. He has devoured goats that had very different horns from yours. You remember old Renaude who was here last year? She was a goat! as strong and as violent as a hegoat. She fought with the wolf for a whole night, and in the morning the wolf devoured her."

"Pecaire! Poor Renaude! But that makes no difference, Monsieur Seguin; let me go up the mountain."

"My goodness!" said M. Seguin. "What can possess my goats? Here is another for the wolf to eat. But I won't have it. I will save you in spite of yourself, little jade, and for fear you should break your cord, I shall shut you up in the stable, and there you shall stay."

And thereupon M. Seguin carried the goat into a dark stable, and shut the door and locked it. Unfortunately he forgot the windows, and as soon as his back was turned the little goat made her escape.

You laugh, Gringoire? I dare say! You are on the side of the goats, against good M. Seguin. We shall see whether you will laugh presently.

When the white goat reached it, the mountain was filled with delight. The old fir trees had never seen any thing so lovely. They received her like a little queen. The chestnut trees bent down to the ground to caress her with the tips of their branches. The golden broom parted before her to let her pass, and sent out its sweetest smell. The whole mountain rejoiced over her.

You may imagine, Gringoire, whether our goat was happy. No more tether, no more stake. Nothing to prevent her gamboling about and browsing at her own sweet will. What grass there was there! Over the tops of her horns. Such grasses, thousands of different kinds, fine and scented and delicate, very different from the grass of that field. And what flowers! Great blue harebells and purple fox-gloves with long calixes, a whole forest of wild flowers overflowing with intoxicating juices! The white goat, half drunk, reveled among them, and rolled down the slopes pell-mell with the fallen leaves and the chestnuts. Then all at once she would spring to her feet. Hop! She was off again, through the bushes and the underwood, now on the top of a point, now at the bottom of a ravine, up, down, everywhere; you would have said there were ten M. Seguin's goats on the mountain.

And she was afraid of nothing, Blanquette. With one bound she sprang across wide torrents that sprinkled her with their spray and foam as she passed. Then streaming wet, she would lie down to dry herself in the sun upon some flat rock. Once leaning over the edge of a plateau, with a cytisus flower in her mouth, she caught sight of M. Seguin's house with the field behind it, far, far down in the plain. And she laughed till she cried at the sight of it.

"How small it is!" cried she; "how could I ever have lived in it?"

Poor little thing! Up there so high, she fancied she was as big as the whole world. It was a splendid day, on the whole, for M. Seguin's goat! Toward the middle of the day as she was running about from one place to another, she came upon a herd of chamois who were regaling themselves with wild vine. Our little rover in her white dress created quite a sensation. They gave her the best place in the vine, and the gentlemen were all very polite. It seems even—but this is between ourselves, Gringoire—that a young black-haired chamois was lucky enough to please Blanquette. The lovers strolled away into the woods for an hour or two, and if you want to know what they said to each other, ask the chattering spring that run hidden under the moss.

All at once the wind began to freshen. The mountain turned violet; the evening had come. "Already!" said the little goat, and she stood still in surprise. Down below the meadows were bathed in mist. M. Seguin's field was lost in the fog and there was nothing to be seen of the house but the roof and a little smoke; she listened to the bells of the herds that were being driven home, and her soul grew sad. A falcon flying home brushed her with his wings as he passed. She trembled. Then she heard a long howl upon the mountain: "How! How!"

She thought of the wolf; all day long the foolish creature had never thought of him. At the same moment a trumpet sounded far away in the valley. Kind M. Seguin was making a last attempt.

"How! how!" howled the wolf.

"Come back! come back!" cried the trumpet.

Blanquette had half a mind to go home; but when she remembered the stake, and the cord, and the hedge of the inclosure, she thought that she should never be able to bear that life now, and that she had better stay where she was. The trumpet no longer sounded. The goat heard a rustling in the leaves behind her. She turned, and in the shadow she saw two short erect ears, and two eyes that glittered. It was the wolf.

There he was, large, motionless, sitting on his haunches, watching the little white goat and relishing her already. As he knew that he should eat her, the wolf was not in any hurry; only when she turned round, he began to laugh cruelly: "Ha! ha! M. Seguin's little goat!" and he licked his flabby chops with his great red tongue.

Blanquette gave herself up for lost. For one moment, when she remembered the story of old Renaude, who had fought all night long to be devoured in the morning, she thought that after all perhaps she had better let herself be eaten up at once; then thinking better of it, she prepared to defend herself, lowering her head and sticking out her horns, like M. Seguin's brave little goat as she was. Not that she had any hope of killing the wolf—goats don't kill wolves—but only to see if she could hold out as long as Renaude.

Then the monster advanced and the little horns came into play. Ah! the brave little goat! She went at it with a will! More than ten times, I am speaking the truth, Gringoire, she forced the wolf to draw back to take breath. During these momentary respites the little gourmand hastily gathered another bottle of her beloved grass and then returned to the combat with her mouth full. And so it went on the live-long night. From time to time M. Seguin's goat looked up at the stars dancing in the clear sky and said to herself: "O, if I can only hold out till the dawn!"

One by one the stars died out. Blanquette went to work harder than ever with her horns and the wolf with his teeth. A pale gleam shone across the horizon. The hoarse crow of a cock sounded from a farm-yard below. "At last!" said the poor beast, who only waited for the daylight to die; and she stretched herself out on the ground in her beautiful white fur that was all dabbled with blood. Then the wolf threw himself upon the little goat and ate her up.

Good-bye, Gringoire. The story I have just told you is not a tale of my own invention. If you ever come to Provence our householders will often speak to you of "the goat of Monsieur Seguin, who fought all night long with the wolf, and in the morning the wolf devoured her."

You understand, Gringoire? "And in the morning the wolf devoured her."
—*N. O. Times-Democrat Translation from the French.*

CHINESE SLOWNESS.

Their Lingering and Pronounced Indisposition to Welcome Foreigners.

That China did not receive Europeans at first with much eagerness is scarcely to be wondered at, nor is it strange that she still at times shows a desire to revert to her former state of isolation. China produces in abundance all that its people require; the Chinese are of an eminently conservative turn of mind, and for some three thousand years they had got on tolerably well without us. Dynasties had been overthrown and revolutions often attempted; Emperors had passed away by the score, and rebellions past number had swept over the face of the country, but still their old institutions, their moral codes, their language and their habits of thought had scarcely been affected all through the centuries. All at once they found the European trader obtruding himself with his go-ahead notions of material progress, and saw looming up in the distance visions of the steam engine, the electric telegraph and all the other accompaniments of modern civilization. All these things jarred sorely with their ideas of a philosophic life. Confucius, who lived five hundred years before Christ, and whose teachings and precepts form the Chinese Bible, held worldly advancement of little account and sought to attain rather the moral than the material elevation of mankind. Even now few Chinese will admit that the European standard of morality is equal to their own.

Christianity they consider to be a good enough religion in as far as, like Buddhism and other native cults, it teaches men to do good, but they can not see that in practice it has made much impression upon the nations of Europe. Their own country has seldom waged an offensive war, while all Europe appears to them an armed encampment. England prides herself upon her religion and her big ships of war; France sends her missionaries far into the interior, and her torpedo boats cruise round the coast and sink all the unoffending junks that come in their way. This is, of course, the unfavorable side of European character as it presents itself to the ordinary Chinaman. He does not, however, fail to discern our good as well as our bad points. Though he does not altogether accept our ideas of progress, still he is willing to adopt some of our inventions. Steamers are rapidly supplanting the clumsy junks, and one very large and flourishing line is entirely supported by native capital and conducted by native talent.—*Nineteenth Century.*

NOAH WEBSTER.

Difficulties He Experienced in Securing the Publication of His Dictionary.

Lent B. Merriam, of the firm of Hart, Merriam & Co., of this city, has in his possession an autograph letter from Noah Webster, of which we give a copy herewith. He has also, which is very rare, an uncut set of two volumes of the original edition of Webster's Dictionary. The letter is as follows:

LONDON, April 7, 1825.—*Dear Sir:* I have been trying for some weeks to find a purchaser of my dictionary, but without success. One bookseller declines without giving any reasons, another has too much capital embarked in other publications to permit him to undertake mine, and a third says explicitly he is too much engaged in Todd's, Johnson's and the Encyclopedia Metropolitana. I know not what I shall ultimately do. The work is too heavy for me to publish at my own expense, and besides an author should never be his own publisher. I will take upon myself part of an impression and carry the books to the United States, provided I can get some bookseller or booksellers to take the remainder. The gentlemen who have examined a portion of the manuscript think well of it—and one bookseller says explicitly the work will maintain its ground. But how to get it published, I do not know. I may yet be compelled to quit England without being able to lay the work before the public.

Please to make my respects to your good lady, to the Messrs. Fosters, Mr. Mandall, Mr. Thaday, Mr. Musgrave, etc. I shall always remember them and all my friends in Cambridge with great kindness.

I am, dear sir, with much esteem and respect, your obedient servant,

N. WEBSTER.

No. 7 New Ormond street, Queen's Square.

To W. G. ASHTON, Esq.
—*Hartford Courant.*

Blanching Celery.

I have for two seasons practiced the following plan for handling celery preparatory for winter keeping: I take a ball of strong cotton wick, and gathering up the stalks of the end plant of a row, tie the wick around it. Then without cutting the wick, take a turn around the stalks of the next and each succeeding plant without tying, and so continue till the ball is used up. When the end of the wick is reached I either tie it to the end of another ball of wick, or secure it around the plant. When the celery is taken up the wick can be unwound and preserved for future use. To me this plan has been more effectual in keeping the stalk together, and easier to follow, than that of pulling earth to the plant.—*Cor. Gardener's Monthly*

THE ARKANSAW WAY.

Valuable Information Wanted by a Northern Man From an Ex-Bushwhacker.

A Northern man, while on a prospecting tour in Arkansaw, stopped in the woods one day and thus addressed an old fellow whom he found digging among the bushes:

"My friend, can you give me any information concerning your neighborhood?"

The old fellow stopped digging, and, leaning back against a tree, said:

"Yas. Nat Sarver is dead."

"I don't mean neighborhood news, but I want to know something about the country. What is the surest crop you raise?"

"Chillun."

"I dare say, but, joking aside, what is your largest average crop?"

"Chillun."

"Have you always lived here?"

"No; ain't but fifty-five years old, an' fifty-five years, 'cording to the Bible, ain't allers, by er blame sight."

"You don't understand me. I mean were you born here."

"Not entirely."

"I don't understand you."

"Well, I didn't understand you jest now, an' we're about even at the present."

"They tell me that this is a sort of malarial district. How are the chills around here?"

"Ain't hearn none uv 'em complain. They air able to be shakin', I reckon."

"I dare say."

"So do I."

"What are you digging?"

"Dirt."

"What for?"

"Airter snake root."

"What do you do with it?"

"Take it to the cross roads an' swap it fur whisky."

"I dare say."

"So do I."

"Did the war hurt this part of the country very much?"

"No, but the bushwhackers played wild."

"Were you not afraid of them?"

"Not much. I wuz one uv 'em mys'f."

"I wouldn't be surprised but that you have been a pretty tough citizen in your life."

"Yas, an' I ain't so mighty tender yit."

"I dare say."

"So do I."

"Say, I've been out of civilization for some time, and I need a clean shirt. Can you tell me of a place in this neighborhood where there is any washing done?"

"Yes, right over yander in the bend uv the creek. Been washin' ole Turner's bottom field away fur some time. Worst washin' I know uv."

"I don't believe that I'll settle in this neighborhood."

"All right; much obleeged ter yer. So rough in yer manners yer mout skeer the deer an' turkeys."

"Well, good-day."

"Same to yerse'f."

He took up his hoe and lazily stuck it into the ground. Nothing could have induced him to become an immigration agent.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

PRIMITIVE OLYMPUS.

Life in an Ancient Town Which Has Not Progressed With the Rest of the World.

In the village of Olympus much of the primitive old life is left. The men carry the thick hair garments which their wives weave at home, they wear their hair long and shaggy, and they govern themselves by a sort of parliament, which meets once a year in the village church. We were present at one of these meetings, and were struck by the deference shown to the elders and the attention which younger men paid to the words which fell from their mouths. At their feasts the same deference to old age is manifest; the elders sing first those idyls which are only found on Karpathos, and are of a genuine archaic type. Very few of them can write or read, and any one that does so is honored at once with the title of Diakos, or Deacon, and is a person of great importance at the assemblies, for he it is who keeps the minutes, and can write down pretty nearly what he pleases, sitting cross-legged, with the inkstand on the ground before him. By the stream which flows down a narrow valley from Olympus to the sea great reeds grow which are often used for the ceilings of their flat-roofed houses and for hedges. This they call nartheka, a survival of the old word for the reed by which Prometheus brought down fire from heaven. And one can easily imagine the origin of this myth by watching the customs of to-day. A peasant housewife of Olympus, who wishes to carry a light from one house to another, will put the embers into one of these reeds to prevent it being extinguished.—*Fortnightly Review.*

Salaries of Potentates.

The Emperor of Russia has a salary of $8,250,000, the Sultan of Turkey $6,000,000, Napoleon III.'s was $5,000,000, Emperor of Austria $4,000,000, King of Prussia $3,000,000, King Humbert $2,400,000, Victoria $2,200,000, Isabella, of Spain, $1,800,000, Leopold, of Belgium, $500,000. The above gives the Emperor of Russia $25,000 a day, the Sultan of Turkey $18,000, Napoleon $14,000, Emperor of Austria $10,000, King of Prussia $8,210, King Humbert $6,340, Queen Victoria $6,270, Leopold $1,643, while the President of the United States only receives $50,000 a year or about $137 a day. It would be interesting to compare with these figures the incomes of the world's benefactors in religion, science, literature or in exploration. There is a time coming when things will be equalized, and it may be reversed in many cases.—*United Presbyterian.*

—A practical housekeeper says if the necessity of cutting hot bread be imperative the moist unpleasantness may be obviated by using a warm knife for the purpose. The heating of the steel prevents the chill which causes the sodden look so well known to those who have been compelled to cut the warm loaf. A napkin should be laid on the plate upon which the slices are placed.
—*N. Y. Times.*

TEMPERANCE READING.

A DRINKING MAN.

We N V not a drinking man;
His habit E Z grows
To an X S, do what he can
Naught can X L its woes.

'Tis very R D finds to stop,
Though oft he will S A;
Then fail and C K whisky shop
His tortures to L A.

His pocket always M T is,
And C D are his clothes;
He can't attend to N E 'biz;"
Red doth R A his nose.

Drink holds him in its I N grip;
Soon D P gets in sin;
Sure in the N D down will slip,
Filled with D K within.

Though of no U C often takes
H U of cloves to quell
His breath, and then in D D makes
Those C Q know who smell.

His friends all have an I C way
When for their A D goes,
They can't X Q's his vile display,
And P P not his woes.

In K C has a wife to slay
Her heart will A K lot;
The debts he O Z makes her pay,
And tears her I I will blot.

S K P can't his doom aright;
Sick ere old A G lies;
The snakes he C Z tries to fight
And without P C dies.
—*H. C. Dodge, in Detroit Free Press.*

DRUNKENNESS IN ENGLAND.

Cardinal Manning Says It Can Be Crushed Only by a Grand Uprising of the People.

What seems to us by far the most valuable contribution that has yet been made to the recent discussion of the subject of Temperance is furnished by Cardinal Manning in the last number of the *Fortnightly Review* of London. Intemperance he treats as the "national vice" of England, agreeing with Mr. Gladstone that it is the source of more evils than war, pestilence and famine. For upward of a thousand years the English have had the reputation of being hard drinkers, but the vice was a comparatively minor one until three centuries ago. Then alcohol, which previously had been almost wholly confined to scientific experiments and certain trades, was introduced to the public, and the dangers of the drinking habit were multiplied many fold. It not only became of itself a common drink in the form of distilled liquors, but was also used as an agent for giving ale and wine "new and intenser qualities of intoxication." Drunkenness increased with frightful rapidity, so that at last the barriers which legislation has essayed to set up against it by a system of licensing laws have been "overwhelmed and swept away in the swelling flood of intoxicating drink."

There, as here, the great obstacle to practical reform has been the power of capital, for $700,000,000 is annually employed in the supply and sale and distribution of drink in England; and, as Cardinal Manning says, although the manufacturers and sellers do not intend to get the whole population drunk, it is for the prosperity of their trade that the facilities of drunkenness should be multiplied and the increase of drunkenness made inevitable. Therefore the number of drinking places, which was about 50,000 in 1829, is now nearly 200,000, though meantime the population has hardly doubled. The capitalists of the drink trade and their friends, political and business, have also been strong enough to sway the elections, the House of Commons and the Government in the interests of their tremendous traffic.

But how is the evil to be conquered? Cardinal Manning answers, as we have answered, only by an uprising of the people themselves "against the system which has so long made their homes desolate and their lives intolerable." "Our national vice," he says further, with truth and force, "will never be corrected from above. Governments, magistrates and police have labored, or seemed to labor, for these three hundred years to diminish or control the spread of intemperance. They are too remote to influence the millions of people." Coercion will not avail, and it could not be inforced "short of martial law." But let the people who suffer most from the evils of drink once learn to recognize and hate their enemy, and the remedy will soon be found.

"We have been told," says the Cardinal, "that the people need and wish for public houses. It is strange, then, that the most popular House of Commons should contain nearly three hundred members pledged to local option, and about half of them in favor of a direct local vote." The more democratic England becomes, the louder the call for the lessening of the temptations to drunkenness.

The resistless Temperance movement which will shatter the political power of rum will be started by the people to whom rum has been the greatest curse.
—*N. Y. Sun.*

HOT-BEDS OF CRIME.

Although Disagreeing on the Proper Methods of Suppressing Intemperance, All Good Citizens Can Unite Against the Saloons.

No matter what a man's opinion may be about the feasibility of prohibition or the physical or moral effects of alcoholic drinks, he can not deny that "saloons" are the curse of American politics and society; that none of them, whether Democratic or Republican, are entitled to any "protection" whatever; that if they could be all shut up, it would be a great thing for the country, and that even if they can not be all shut up, they can be at least diminished in number and made less mischievous. For passing judgment on them no particular views on the liquor question are necessary. The teetotaler, the moderate drinker, the high-license man and the prohibitionist can all unite in a crusade against them.

To say that the saloons are all over the country nurseries of vice and crime is to repeat a commonplace. In this respect they receive plenty of denunciation from reformers and philanthropists of all shades of opinion. But their effect on politics does not receive half enough attention. It is they, more than any other single agency, which make the problem of municipal government in America so formidable. They give political power and importance in all cities to probably the worst class of men in America. All party managers are almost compelled to accept the services of liquor-dealers as captains of fifties and captains of hundreds, and having accepted them, the party becomes dependent on the liquor interest and bound to conciliate it. The saloon is not simply a place to which men resort for society and exhilaration. It is almost invariably a political club, of which the liquor-dealer is the head, and he goes into politics for precisely the same reason for which he sells liquor. All his political influence is corrupting. Every thing that he tells his customers of what is going on in politics confirms them in the belief that it is simply a means of robbing the tax-payer. When they put him in office, it is for the avowed purpose of plundering and sharing with them. Whatever he may be in politics, too, whether alderman or school trustee, his voice is always raised on the side of corruption and disorder. We have had innumerable liquor-dealers in office in this city during the past forty years, but we doubt if anybody can recall a single case in which one of them raised a finger or said a word on the side of good government, and did not stand as far as he could in the way of every attempt at purification and improvement, or failed to fill his pockets with public money whenever he got a chance.

There never has been, in fact, in any age or country, a trade so distinctly marked out for legal reprobation and discouragement as liquor-dealing in the United States in our time. Whatever be the merits or demerits of alcoholic drinks, the man who sells them seems always prone to become a social nuisance, and his shop a fountain of evil.
—*N. Y. Post.*

THE RUIN OF RUM.

Multitudes of Authorities, Both Religious and Secular, Unite in Condemning the Great Curse.

If the traffic in ardent spirits is immoral, then of necessity are the laws which authorize the traffic immoral. And if the laws are immoral than we must be immoral if we do not protest against them.—*Gerrit Smith.*

Hereafter no ardent spirits will be issued to troops of the United States. No ardent spirits shall be introduced into the fort, camp or garrison, nor sold by any sutler to the troops. Nor will any permit be granted for the purchase of ardent spirits.—*General Lewis Cass, 1832, from War Department.*

Throw out your light; teach the people to feel that they are the lawmakers. Show all the friends of Temperance the folly of sending drinking men to our legislative halls, and then sending them petitions to save the community from the ruinous effects of their own practice.—*Edward C. Delavan in 1838.*

I have found the use of alcoholic drinks to be the most powerful predisposing cause of malignant cholera with which I am acquainted. Were I one of the authorities, I would placard every spirit shop in town with large bills containing the words: "Cholera sold here."—*Dr. A. M. Adams, Professor of the Institutes of Medicine in the Andersonian University of Glasgow.*

Be it enacted, That from and after the first day of September, 1862, the spirit ration in the navy of the United States shall cease; and thereafter no distilled spirituous liquors shall be admitted on board vessels of war, except as medical stores, and upon the order and under the control of the medical officers of such vessels, and to be used only for medical purposes.—*United States Congress.*

I protest against the notion so prevalent and so industriously urged, that beer is harmless, and a desirable substitute for the more concentrated liquors. What beer may be, and what it may do in other countries and climates, I do not know from observation. That in this country and climate, its use is an evil only less than the use of whisky, if less on the whole, and that its effect is only longer delayed, not so immediately and obviously bad, its incidents not so repulsive, but destructive in the end, I have seen abundant proof.—*Colonel Greene, President Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company.*

All intelligent physicians will assent to the following facts: 1. That the use of intoxicating drinks, for a beverage, causes the principal part of the sufferings of society. 2. Other things being equal, those who totally abstain from the use of intoxicating drinks are more healthy than those who do not. 3. The abolition of the liquor traffic would greatly promote the general health and prosperity of the country. These things being true, it does appear to me that every good citizen should do what he can to have the liquor traffic abolished.

Far be it from us to wish or endeavor to intrude upon the proper religious or civil liberty of any of our people. But the retailing of spirituous liquors, and giving drams to customers when they call at the stores, are such prevalent customs at present, and are productive of so many evils, that we judge it our indispensable duty to form a regulation against them. The cause of God, which we prefer to every other consideration under Heaven, absolutely requires us to step forth with humble boldness in this respect.—*Thomas Coke and Francis Asbury, Bishops of the M. E. Church in America, 1800.*

I wish some of our great statesmen would walk through our great towns, and would go from house to house with some of the devoted clergymen who know the condition of the people. I wish they would come and hear the biographies of intense misery which are to be found under the humblest roofs; and when they have learned these things, and found that they are all to be traced up to one black fountain—intoxicating drink—I believe they would lay aside their political questions and conflicts, and take in hand that which touches the very root of the life and morals of the people. What are we about? How is it that men who profess to be statesmen can waste their time and the time of the Legislature before they take this subject in hand.—*Cardinal Manning.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Red ants will never be found in closets or drawers if a small bag of sulphur is kept in these places.—*Boston Post.*

—Thorough cultivation of corn and potatoes often repeated will be found a safe protection against drouth.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—Cure for Hiccough: A teaspoonful of granulated sugar moistened with pure vinegar will generally remedy that annoying complaint, hiccough.—*Toledo Blade.*

—Raised Waffles: One quart of flour, one pint of sweet milk, two eggs, a tablespoonful of melted butter, one teaspoonful of salt, half cup of yeast; bake in waffle irons well heated and greased.—*The Household.*

—Have you occasion to dig up any sods along the roadside, under the fences or in any part of the garden? Save them. Spread a layer of sods and sprinkle on it a light dressing of potash (ashes) and bone; then another layer of sods, then ashes and bone, etc., until the heap is completed. This will give you a perfect soil for flower pots.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—Chamois skin may be cleansed by rubbing it in plenty of soft soap and then laying it for two hours in a weak solution of soda and warm water. At the end of this time rub it until it is quite clean, rinsing it in clean warm water, in which soda and yellow soap have been dissolved. It should then be wrung dry in a rough towel, pulled and brushed. This process makes the leather soft and pliable. It should never be rinsed in clear water. The soapy water causes it to become soft.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Brown Gems: Three cups of graham flour and one of white (prepared); a pint of milk, mixed with one of boiling water, four eggs, one tablespoonful of brown sugar, half teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of melted butter. Sift both kinds of flour with the salt twice into a bowl and wet with the milk and water; whip the eggs light, add sugar and butter and beat thoroughly into the dough; bake in heated gem pans in a brisk oven and eat hot.—*The Caterer.*

—The guinea fowl is a great forager, and destroys many insects that the hens will not touch. They do not scratch in the garden, and, though not easily kept near the house, they make known the places where they lay by a peculiar noise, which enables one accustomed to them to find all the eggs they lay. They really cost nothing to raise, and when roosting near the house create an alarm should intruders make their appearance.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

—Corn-starch Cake: Two cups sugar, one cup butter, rubbed to a cream; one cup milk, two cups flour, three eggs, whites and yelks beaten separately; one-half cup corn-starch, two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, sifted well through the flour; one teaspoonful soda, dissolved in water. Sift the corn-starch with the flour, and add the last thing. Bake in small tins and eat while fresh. They dry in two or three days and become insipid, but are very nice for twenty-four hours after they are baked.—*Boston Budget.*

THE BEST HEN.

Quality in Eggs Quite as Important as Quantity.

We are accustomed to counting our eggs from the hens, yet the hen that lays the largest number of eggs may not be the most productive. It is as unreasonable to estimate the value of a hen by the number of her eggs as it is to consider all apples alike, for those who compare a pippin with a crab apple will make a distinction in both quantity and quality. Two ounces is perhaps the average weight of eggs, but if any one will examine a basket of eggs it will be noticed that the eggs are of all shapes, sizes and colors. So far as marketing the eggs is concerned the small eggs seem to sell nearly as well as the larger ones, especially if they are mixed with those of large size, but what we wish to call attention to is the fact that it costs more, in the shape of food, to produce a large egg than it does for a small one. The hen that lays one hundred eggs weighing two ounces each, is not as valuable, so far as actual production is considered, as the hen laying seventy-five eggs weighing three ounces each, yet but few give this a single thought, and sacrifice the better hen under the mistaken supposition that she is not as productive as the one that lays a larger number. While this may not amount to any thing when eggs are sent to market, yet it is a very important consideration where the eggs are used at home. The housekeeper who makes two eggs do the service of three readily perceives the difference, and it is a strong point in selling eggs by weight instead of by the dozen, which latter is an unfair mode of buying and selling.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

The Fly as a Purifier.

Of what use is this troublesome customer? The fly does his part in the great and important work of purification, seeing with his ten thousand eyes things that would pass unnoticed by us, eagerly devouring his appropriate food. This he finds in the smallest atoms of animal and vegetable matter, too small to be noticed by the tidy housekeepers, which otherwise would be permitted to putrefy, contaminating the air. We may imagine that he circles about in the air with no definite object in view, but if we will carefully watch him we shall be convinced that he has an object, collecting his food, atoms of impure or decaying matter which otherwise would enter our lungs, adding to the impurity of our blood. This filth is collected on his wings and head, for as we see him light he scrapes his wings and his head with his legs and feet, passing the gathered morsels from foot to foot, the front pair passing his dinner to his mouth. The fly also teaches us the value of sunlight, not only to cheer, but to purify the air, for he has too good sense to live in a dark room. When the parlor is darkened he seeks a decent place for his release.—*Allentown (Pa.) National Educator*

A Perfumer's Clever Trap.

An original method of detecting a thief was employed in Paris the other day. The proprietor of a large perfumery shop noticed repeatedly the disappearance of several bottles which were not accounted for in the books. He at first suspected his clerks, but they not only proved their innocence, but devised the following means of capturing the thief: A drug of a peculiar odor was mixed with the perfumery in several bottles which were placed in convenient positions, care being taken not to sell any of them. One day a young man appeared to get some change, when the clerks noticed the peculiar odor on his person. He was arrested and sentenced to six months' imprisonment.—*Independence Belge.*

—A Brooklyn stableman, working for $12 a week, finds that he is heir to $500,000 worth of real estate in New York City. He has retained two lawyers, and hopes to get enough of the $500,000 to enable him to go on a vacation.—*N. Y. Sun.*

MR. T. S. MILLER, Surgeon-General's office, recommends Red Star Cough Cure. 25 cents.

Dr. R. Butler, M. A., Cambridge University, England, says St. Jacobs Oil acts like magic.

AN exchange tells about a sailor who was tried for assault. He turned out to be one, too.—*Burlington Free Press.*

BUCKINGHAM'S Dye for the Whiskers produces, in one application, a permanent color.

We have used Ayer's Ague Cure, and have found it invaluable in malarial troubles.

A WHIP makes the horse go, "money makes the mare go," and a green muskmelon, pickled, makes the mango.

LOOK SHARP! It is time to begin when your skin breaks out in pimples to use GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP.

HILL'S HAIR AND WHISKER DYE, Black or Brown, 50c.

EVELINA wants to know what "chestnuts" are. Other people's jokes, Evie, dear. Other people's jokes.—*Somerville Journal.*

AN inferior article is dear at any price. Remember this, and buy Frazer Axle Grease

AN advertiser in one of the papers says that he has a cottage to let containing eight rooms and an acre of land.

BEST, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50c.

THE evil consequences of smoking are illustrated by Mt. Vesuvius, which constantly suffers from eruptions.

A LAWN party is pleasant enough until it begins to rain. Then it becomes a forlorn party.—*Lowell Citizen.*

VICTORIA MOROSINI will pass as a Schilling no longer. She has gone to par.—*Washington Critic.*

"IT is sweet to be entirely alone." Yes; so sweet that we long for some one to enjoy it with us.—*Detroit Free Press.*

YOUNG HOPEFUL (on seeing a negro baby for the first time)—"Mamma, is that a spoiled child?"—*Life.*

A LAND-SLIDE is a sort of highland fling.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THROUGH by daylight—Night.—*Danville Breeze.*

BREWERS can't strike; the hops keep on working.

DOES a man marrying a grass widow live in clover?—*Prairie Farmer.*

A MISS-STATEMENT—"Go and ask papa."—*Merchant Traveler.*

WE often hear that a man is loaded. This is when he goes off on a time.

AN acorn grows on oaks, an ache corn grows on folks.

A VICIOUS horse is like a nail—no woman can drive it.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

BAKERS are generous. They never keep all the bread they knead.

AS AN ambiguous statement is neither here nor there, where is it?—*Chicago Journal.*

MOST men like to see themselves in "print," but women don't. They prefer silk or satin.

THERE is a man of such violent temper that he delights in beating carpets and caning chairs.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

"THIS is my sphere," said a happy wife, patting her bald-headed husband on the nate.

A Remarkable Escape.

John Kuhn, of Lafayette, Ind., had a very narrow escape from death. This is his own story: "One year ago I was in the last stages of consumption. Our best physicians gave my case up. I finally got so low that our doctor said I could not live twenty-four hours. My friend then purchased a bottle of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, which benefited me. I continued until I am now in perfect health, having used no other medicine."

COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS,

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

For Liver, Bile, Indigestion, etc. Free from Mercury; contains only Pure Vegetable Ingredients. Agent—CHAS. N. CRITTENTON, NEW YORK.

No Rope to Cut Off Horses' Manes.

Celebrated "ECLIPSE" HALTER and BRIDLE Combined, can not be slipped by any horse. Sample Halter to any part of the U. S. free, on receipt of $1. Sold by all Saddlery, Hardware and Harness Dealers. Special discount to the Trade. Send for Price-List. J. C. LIGHTHOUSE, Rochester, N. Y.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Also good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Hay Fever, &c. 50 cents.

Golden Belt Kansas,

Lincoln County, in the center of Kansas. Richest lands in the world; "dirt" cheap; best watered county in the State; plenty of coal and building rock. Send address for circular. Correspondence solicited. WATERMAN BROS., LINCOLN, Kansas.

OPIUM HABIT ABSOLUTELY CURED. Shortest possible time. New, infallible remedy. Not a particle pain or self-denial. Pay when cured. Handsome book free. DR. C. J. WEATHERBY, Kansas City, Mo.

WANTED A WOMAN

of energy for business in her locality. Salary $50. References. E. J. Johnson, Manager, 14 Barclay St., N. Y.

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Can tell you the benefit you will derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, if you are in need of a good medicine. It will strain all impurities from the blood, rouse the torpid liver, invigorate the digestive organs, and impart new life to every function of the body. We only ask you to try a single bottle to prove the positive merits of Hood's Sarsaparilla, as an honest and reliable medicine.

"My daughter received much benefit from the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla as an excellent tonic after a protracted attack of bronchial pneumonia." F. H. ADAMS, New Hartford, Conn.

"I can not find words strong enough to express my feeling in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has done every thing for me, curing me of dyspepsia with which I had suffered many years." MRS. S. M. BEEDE, Marblehead, Mass.

"I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla for a blood purifier in my family several years, and can not speak too highly of it." J. E. COLLINS, Piqua, O.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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Cures and Prevents Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Stiff Neck, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Headache, Toothache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Asthma, Frostbites, Chilblains,

quicker than any known remedy. It was the first and is the only

PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammation and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with diseases may suffer.

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will afford instant ease.

Thirty to sixty drops in half tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Palpitation of the Heart, Malaria, Chills and Fever, Faintness, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels and all Internal Pains.

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ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD, ROSE COLD, HAY-FEVER, DEAFNESS, HEADACHE. PRICE 50 CENTS. ELY BRO'S, OWEGO, N.Y. U.S.A.

For 15 years I was annoyed with catarrh, severe pain in my head, discharges into my throat and unpleasant breath. My sense of smell was much impaired. I have overcome these troubles with Ely's Cream Balm.—J. B. Case, St. Denis Hotel, Broadway, N. Y.

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A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable to use. Price 50 cts. by mail; rat d ugists. S nd for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

TO HAVE HEALTH THE LIVER MUST BE IN ORDER.

DR. SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR

Is a Reliable Remedy for Liver Complaints and ills caused by a deranged or torpid condition of the Liver, as Dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Malaria, Rheumatism, etc. It regulates the bowels, purifies the blood, strengthens the system, assists digestion.

AN INVALUABLE FAMILY MEDICINE.

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Best material, perfect fit, equals any $5 or $6 shoe, every pair warranted. Take none unless stamped "W. L. Douglas' $3.00 Shoe, Warranted." Congress, Button and Lace. Boys ask for the W. L. Douglas $2.00 Shoe. Same styles as the $3.00 Shoe. If you cannot get these shoes from dealers, send address on postal card to W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

$3. SILK STITCHED BEST KID BEST TANNERY CALF BOTTOM SEWED

WELL MAKING. PROSPECTING.

DOES IT PAY!

Free catalogue tells what customers say: This is the Great "Ohio" Well Drilling and Prospecting Machine. Drills all kinds earth and rock and pump cuttings to surface at each stroke!—Tests the water without taking out tools. Drives tubing or enlarges hole below it. Runs with wonderful ease, and drops tools 70 or 80 times a minute! Horse or steam power used.

We also make machines and tools for boring large wells.

LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO.

JONES HE PAYS the FREIGHT

5 Ton Wagon Scales, Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Tare Beam and Beam Box for

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Every size Scale. For free price list mention this paper and address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

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are made with patent double acting rods and folding knee rest. Light, substantial and handsome. Used in the best Bands and Orchestras. Unequaled for tone, surpass all other in finish and appearance. If nearest Music dealer does not keep them, write to us for illustrated catalogue.

LYON & HEALY, Chicago, Ill.

LAND Send to FREDERIKSEN & CO., 181 Washington St., Chicago, Ill., for FREE MAPS and GUIDES of their RAILROAD and STATE LANDS in Minnesota and Kansas —$5 to $10 per acre. Easy terms.

SOLDIERS NEW LAWS; Officers' pay from commissions; Deserters relieved; Pensions and increase; experience 20 years; success or no fee. Write for circulars and laws. A. W. McCORMICK & SON, Cincinnati, Ohio.

HAIR Wigs, Bangs and Waves sent C. O. D. anywhere. Wholesale and retail price-list free. B. C. Streh & Co., 175 Wabash-av., Chicago.

$5 TO $8 A DAY. Samples worth $1.50 FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write BREWSTER SAFETY REIN HOLDER CO., Holly, Mich.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio

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A BOON TO WOMEN

A WOMAN'S GRATITUDE. Mrs. F. OATS, of *Shumway, Ill.*, writes: "When I had used Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' one week, I could walk all over the door-yard, and I could get into a wagon and ride two miles to see my neighbors. I had not been able to walk out in the door-yard for six months. After using the 'Favorite Prescription' two weeks, I rode in a wagon ten miles; my neighbors were all surprised to see me up and going about and helping to do my housework, **after doctoring with thirteen of the best physicians we could get**—and the last one told my husband that I would never be able to do my housework any more. I am thankful to my God that I wrote to you, for I had suffered from 'Female Weakness' until I had almost given up in despair."

TERRIBLE PAIN. Mrs. F. E. WILCOX, *Friendship, N. Y.*, writes: "For five or six years I had been badly troubled with female weakness and terrible pains across the small of my back and pit of the stomach. Three bottles of Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' acted like a charm, and cured me completely, to my great joy."

MARVELOUS BENEFITS. Rev. SIDNEY C. DAVIS, *Galien, Michigan*, writes: "I wish, in this letter, to express my gratitude for Mrs. Davis and myself for the great good which has been accomplished in her case by the use of your proprietary medicines. When she began to take them, in January last, she could not endure the least jar, could walk but a very few steps at a time, and could stay up only about thirty minutes at a time. Now she not only sits up almost the entire day, but can walk around, call on her neighbors, two and three blocks away, and not feel any injurious effects at all. When we consider that she had kept her bed the greater part of the time for fourteen months, and would lose repeatedly the advance she had made, her progess now seems marvelous. We had almost lost confidence in medical practitioners, and advertised remedies, but have found in your Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pellets' the properties needed, and which we believe will bring about a complete and final recovery."

BED-FAST FOR MONTHS.

TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times women call upon their family physicians, one with dyspepsia, another with palpitation, another with backache, or nervousness, another with pain here and there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all symptoms caused by some uterine disorder. While the physician is ignorant of the cause of suffering, he encourages his practice until large bills are made, when the suffering patient is no better, but probably worse for the delay, treatment, and other complications made. A proper medicine directed to the cause would perhaps have entirely removed the disease, thereby instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

DOCTORS FAIL. **"Female Weakness" Cured.**—Mrs. SARAH A. LOVELY, *Greenfield, Adair Co., Iowa*, writes: R. V. PIERCE, M. D. *Dear Sir*—"Having been ill a number of years, and having tried in vain almost every advertised remedy, as well as having paid nearly a hundred dollars to our local physicians, without benefit, I was finally induced to consult you. You advise me to send for your medicines. I accordingly sent for your 'Medical Adviser,' six bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' six of your 'Favorite Prescription,' and six vials of your 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' When I first began using these I could not stand on my feet. In ninety days I could walk a mile, and do light housework; whilst in six months I was completely cured, and my health has remained perfect ever since. I recommend you and your medicines wherever I go and loan your 'Adviser' to my friends. Two of our most prominent physicians who have read your great work 'The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser,' pronounce it the best family doctor book they have ever seen."

"DO LIKEWISE." Mrs. E. F. MORGAN, of *Newcastle, Lincoln Co., Maine*, says: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' and using the local treatment recommended in his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser,' I commenced to improve at once. In three months I was *perfectly cured*, and have had no trouble since. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them, *and inclosing a stamped envelope for reply.* I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and have earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks, stating that they had commenced the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' had sent the $1.50 required for the 'Medical Adviser,' and had applied the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already."

A THOUSAND THANKS. Mrs. CAROLINE BYERS, *corner Duke and Argyle Streets, Halifax, N. S.*, writes: "Dr. R. V. PIERCE, I thank God, and thank you a thousand times, for the relief that your valuable medicines, the 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pellets' have given me. I am perfectly cured of a chronic sickness that had troubled me for years. How my heart is overflowed with joy and gratitude towards you, my tongue can never express."

"AL RUN DOWN." Mrs. V. H. PETERSON, of *Lockport, N. Y.*, had suffered for three years from "female weakness," was greatly emaciated and "all run down" as she expressed it, and Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" and "Golden Medical Discovery" promptly cured her, as they have thousands of similar cases.

DOCTOR'S MISTAKE. Mrs. HENRY PATTERSON, of *New York City*, writes: "I had been under an eminent physician's care for eight months for what he called 'spinal disease.' I became worse during all this time, when, chancing to see a copy of Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser at the residence of a friend, I read that part devoted to 'Woman and her Diseases.' I soon became convinced that my disease was a uterine affection, which, as you say, caused *sympathetic* backache, inward fever, nervousness, and general debility. I commenced the use of Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' applying also the local treatment which he recommends in the *Adviser*, and in three months I was well and strong."

OVER-WORKED WOMEN.

For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, dress-makers, general housekeepers, and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics.

NOT A "CURE-ALL." Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system.

It promptly cures nausea and weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, eructations of gas, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. "Favorite Prescription" is sold by druggists under **our positive guarantee.** For conditions, see wrapper around bottle. **Price Reduced to $1.00 per Bottle, or Six Bottles for $5.00.**

EVERY INVALID LADY should send for "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," in which over fifty pages are devoted to the consideration of diseases peculiar to women. Illustrated with numerous wood-cuts and colored plates. It will be sent, post-paid, to any address for **$1.50.** A large pamphlet, treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, will be sent for ten cents in postage stamps. Address,

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

LIVER, BLOOD AND LUNG DISEASES.

LIVER DISEASE. G. W. LOTZ, *Trudhomme, La.*, writes: "For four years I suffered from liver complaint and attacks of bilious fever; loss of appetite, nausea, constipation, sometimes diarrhœa, pain in the back of the head, right side and under the shoulder-blades, fullness after eating, general debility, restless nights, tongue coated, etc. After taking four bottles of 'Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' I find I am as well as I ever was.

A BAD CASE. SAMANTHA GAINES, *Lockport, N. Y.*, writes: "For six or eight years previous to 1880, I had been troubled with a severe pain in the small of my back, also across my shoulder-blades, with considerable bloating of the stomach from wind; was so nervous at times I could hardly sleep; also troubled with dizziness and hard breathing spells. I was induced by my step-daughter, Mrs. Warner, of Olean, N. Y., to try the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' The effects were marvelous. After taking three bottles I was entirely cured."

GENERAL DEBILITY. S. L. FISHER, *Sidney Plains, N. Y.*, writes: "Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y. *Dear Sir*—My wife suffered for several years from general debility. She had become a confirmed invalid. The physicians who attended her failed to help her, and it seemed as if she must die. On reading one of your Memorandum Books, it occurred to me that your 'Golden Medical Discovery' might help her. I procured a bottle, and, after its use, a change for the better was noticeable, and after using five bottles, she was a well woman. I have recommended it to several, and in every case, it has produced good results. I can never feel too grateful to you for the saving of my wife's life."

GIVEN UP TO DIE. **Liver Disease.**—MERRIT STREET, Esq., Druggist, of *Buff Springs, Ala.*, writes: "Miss ELIZA GLENN, of this place, had been sick for more than a year with a severe affection of the liver, but when she was at the lowest, she bought three bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' from me, and, although before using the medicine she was given up to die by all the attending physicians, her father assures me that she has now fully recovered."

MALARIAL FEVER. Mrs. CAROLINE SIMMONDS, *Medina, N. Y.*, writes: "I have been troubled with symptoms of malaria, with fever, for three years, but after using three bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets,' I am happy to say that I am entirely cured, and to-day I am perfectly well and able to do my own work."

DYSPEPSIA CURED. **Dyspepsia.**—LUCY A. WOOD, *Taylor's Store, Va.*, writes: "After many years of great suffering from the evils of dyspepsia, I was induced to try your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and I cannot express the gratitude I feel for the great good it has done me. I do not suffer any pain from eating, and I enjoy life as well as anybody can wish."

DIARRHŒA AND COUGH. Mrs. CURTIS BOGUE, *West Enosburg, Vt.*, writes: "Two bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured my cough and chronic diarrhœa. It has worked like a charm in my case. It is truly wonderful. I walked over a mile last week to recommend your medicines."

"THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

ABSCESS OF LIVER. ISAAC GIBSON, *Kenwood, Pa.*, writes: "My wife is getting well fast. When she began to use your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' our best doctors in Indiana County said she would die. They said your medicine would do her no good; that she had an ulcer on her liver as large as half a loaf of bread. Well, sir, to our surprise, when she began using your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' she commenced spitting up phlegm for some two weeks, and then commenced spitting up corruption and blood (it looked like what comes out of a blood boil) for some ten days. She now has been well for weeks."

Boils and Carbuncles.—J. ADAMS, Esq., *Toledo, Ohio*, writes: "I have used nine bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and the result is I am to-day free from boils and carbuncles for the first time in many years."

Constipation and Ulcers.—Mrs. A. D. JOHNSON, *Georgetown, Ky.*, writes: "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' relieved me at once. I had a very bad sore on the back of my left hand for five months, and it cured that, as well as constipation and indigestion, from which I was suffering very much."

SCROFULOUS SORES. Mrs. A. L. CORY, *Hadley, Crawford Co., Kansas*, writes: "My son, aged fifteen years, was taken down last January with swellings on his right shoulder, left hip and knee. He lay helpless for five months, when great abscesses formed, four of which continued to discharge at the time he commenced using your 'Golden Medical Discovery' under your advice. Now, after having used four bottles of the 'Discovery,' he is almost well and walks three-fourths of a mile to school every day. A scrofulous sore on his arm, which ran constantly for two years, has healed completely under the influence of the remedy named."

"Fever-Sores."—Mrs. A. H. CRAWFORD, *Linn Grove, Buena Vista Co., Iowa*, writes: "I am the person who wrote to you two years ago for advice respecting fever-sores on my leg. I took six bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and was cured."

Scrofulous Tumor and Sore Eyes.—Mrs. S. E. GRAYDON, of *Greenwood, S. C.*, writes: "My daughter has been entirely cured of scrofulous sore eyes and a large tumor on her neck, by the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I have great faith in all your medicines."

CONSUMPTION, WEAK LUNGS, SPITTING OF BLOOD.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. While it promptly cures the severest Coughs it strengthens the system and purifies the blood.

The nutritive properties of cod-liver oil are trifling when compared with those possessed by Golden Medical Discovery. It rapidly builds up the system, and increases the flesh and weight of those reduced below the usual standard of health by "wasting diseases."

LUNG DISEASE. **A Wonderful Cure.**—DANIEL FLETCHER, Esq., *Gloucester, Mass.*, writes: "Nearly five years ago, I was taken sick with a disease regarding which the three physicians who attended me were unable to agree. One of the foremost physicians in Boston called it a tumor of the stomach, and treated me for that, nearly killing me with physic; another, a homœopathic physician, thought I had consumption. When taken sick, I weighed 157 pounds. I suffered from a heavy cough, night-sweats, kidney troubles, etc., and was reduced so rapidly that my physicians gave me up. They were unable to help me in the least. At that time I weighed but ninety pounds, and had not been able to lie down, but had to sit up in order to breathe. I had been confined to my room for six months, expecting to die. I was so bad at times that I could not allow any one to come into my room, as I could not talk; nor was I able to walk. I picked up one of your memorandum books on the floor of the hotel where I was boarding, and after reading it I began taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and the first bottle brought me around so that I could walk around the room all day. I soon began to build up, and gained so rapidly that it astonished me. I have taken no other medicine since then, and have used perhaps twenty bottles in all of this medicine. I stopped taking it in August, one year ago. I feel that it has saved my life. I now weigh about 160 pounds, and I think, and my friends with me, that this medicine saved my life. It certainly is worth its weight in gold, and I consider it a wonderful remedy from its effect in curing all my ailments."

SAVED HIS LIFE.

REDUCED TO A SKELETON. **Consumption Cured.**—W. J. HARTLEY, *Vera Cruz, Ala.*, writes: "I met with an old friend of mine not long since, and he told me of the very low state of health he had been in and he applied to our best doctor, but gradually grew worse under his treatment; was reduced to a skeleton, had a fearful cough and was thought to have consumption. While in this low state he made a visit to see his relations, and while in a distant town, he purchased a bottle of medicine called, 'Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,' and took it, and by the time it was used he was as well as he ever had been. When I saw him, he looked to be in the bloom of health. His statement caused a great deal of inquiry, as he is a man of high standing."

BLEEDING FROM LUNGS. JOSEPH F. MCFARLAND, *Athens, La.*, writes: "My wife had frequent bleeding from the lungs before she commenced using your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' She has not had any since its use. For some six months she has been feeling so well that she has discontinued it."

Consumption Cured.—J. ANTHONY SWINK, *Dongola, Ills.*, writes: "For five years I suffered very much from a terrible cough and debility. More than a year since I commenced to take your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and it has completely cured me. I thank you for the splendid health I have since enjoyed."

Golden Medical Discovery is Sold by Druggists. Price $1.00 per Bottle, or Six Bottles for $5.00.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors,

No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, one year.....$1 50
six months..... 75

INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

First insertion, $1 per square of ten lines; 50 cents per square for each additional insertion. Special contracts for advertising longer han three months.

Correspondents must enclose full name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a private guarantee of good faith. Rejected communications will not be returned.

SATURDAY, OCT. 9, 1886.

FOR CONGRESS:

SIXTH MARYLAND DISTRICT,

LOUIS E. McCOMAS,

Of Washington County.

As the devil dreads holy water, so do the Democrats dread the tariff question. Whenever it is mentioned they duck and dodge,and where they are not pinned to the record make pretense of being in favor of a tariff with incidental protection.

Aside from being an able and efficient representative, the workingmen feel proud of McComas because he supported every measure for their interests that came before the House. This is substantiated by the legislative committeee of the Knights of Labor.—*Lonaconing Review.*

There is something refreshingly wary about the tone in which the Hagerstown *Mail* talks of the situation in the Sixth District: "If our Democratic people will but unite throughout the district and go into the contest with hope and courage, we shall have an old-fashioned fight worthy of our better and victorious days."

The Republican party in a bold, outspoken manner declares in favor of protection to American industry. It does not believe in anything merely "incidental" in this connection, but in protection to American labor against all comers, no matter from what nation, trade or people under the sun. Republicans will never assent to the protection which the Democratic free traders are giving to foreign manufacturers to overwhelm American producers.

The efforts of the Democrats to keep step with the tariff and anti-tariff music in their ranks are suggestive of a little story of bygone Boston days. Old Rummy was a famous member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. One day when marching through Beacon St. before the Governor, his steps were noticed to be very irregular. "Uncle Rummy," said a friend, "you must have been taking too much tanglefoot." "Not a bit of it," said the old man. "But there's a band both before and behind our company, and I am trying to march to two tunes."

A Washington letter to the Baltimore *Sun* says: A Capitol official, who has watched closely the work of the recent nominating conventions throughout the various States, reports that twenty Congressmen who are chairmen of committees have been defeated for re-nomination. There is much comment among politicians on the fact that the Democrats are nominating so many new and apparently inexperienced men for Congress, while the Republicans, as a rule, are returning nearly all of their oldest and best trained men.

Mr. McComas' Prospects.

From all parts of our Congressional District information reaches us that the action of the Convention, in nominating Mr. McComas, is being heartily ratified by the people. His brilliant record as a campaign speaker and the pleasant impression he made upon the meeting he addressed during the previous contest, are still fresh in the memory of the people, so that one can readily see how the party will rally around him and give him a cordial support at the polls. What is needed is simply a full turn out of the Republicans of the District and the result will be certain. Mr. McComas does not belong to any clique in the party, but stands fairly on its platform, in full recognition of the past services of the party in the history of the country and of its future prospects in the way of guaranteeing the preservation of its present condition. His election ensures this District a representative alive to all its interests; and indefatigable in his efforts to see them fostered and advanced. The prospects before him are now bright and encouraging, and cannot be dimmed by the Democratic candidate.

The County Central Committees are the recognized authorities for mapping out the campaign, and doubtless they will be fully equal to the requirements of the occasion, but each man must feel himself under obligation to do his share of the work. To this individual responsibility in the contest before us we now invite our friends, and urge them to bring to it all energy and heartiness that they can command. We must not jeopardize the District, and we ought to carry it by an overwhelming majority. Let us do it!—*Frederick Examiner.*

Mr. McComas' Lonaconing Speech.

From Baltimore Sun.

As at Frostburg, Mr. McComas discussed the new phases of the tariff in relation to wages and the hours of labor, and his efforts in striking coal from the free list of the Morrison bill. He claimed that a Democratic ascendency in the House of Representatives would mean in the Fiftieth Congress a paralysis of general legislation, which he said, was its condition in the Forty-ninth Congress. He said that the Democratic party is incapable of a bold affimative policy of administration.

"I steadily favored an increase of our navy," he continued, "and a prompt and liberal outlay for the defense of our seaports. It would make us safe from outside, and within would employ the home mechanics and help a revival of business. I labored hard for this, but while a Republican Senate agreed to fortify, the House did not assent.

"It is the regular annual appropriations which indicate the increasing prodigality and the falling temperature of Democratic retrenchment and reform. In my speech at Frostburg I gave the figures to show the enormous increase over 1884, 1885 and 1886 of the appropriations of 1887, as made by the Democratic House, but great as the increase is, it falls far short of the demand for money made by this administration. The heads of the departments united estimated that their needs for 1887 would require $293,676,129.36. We are warned by these estimates that next winter we may find huge deficiencies in nearly every department. Keeping pace with these extravagant estimates of the departments and with these lavish appropriations, we find an increase of officers and of salaries.

"This, in brief, is the record of this Democratic Congress. Do you want another like it? Drifting apart into factions, and at times frightening the Democratic President, having no policy of finances, no plan for a banking system, threatening the tariff by mere caprice, turning a deaf ear to the weighty problems of labor which begin to arise, and which, I believe the next quarter of a century will bring nearer a solution by the joint aid of helpful laws and the intelligent power of organized labor, peaceful, lawful, irresistible. [Applause.]

"Now that I am in your service I want to go back to Congress to help onward this legislation. I consider these questions more vital to this busy and generous people than five little offices for five men, which this Congressional district might secure by electing a Democrat in my place. I have already voted to forfeit the unearned railroad land grants and give them back to the people; to keep off the horde of non-resident aliens; to restrict Chinese immigration; to prevent the importation of foreign contract labor; to forbid prison contract labor in United States prisons to compete with the labor of the free and honored citizens outside; to enforce the eight hour law in every department of government; to incorporate national trades; to prevent the adulteration of foods, medicines and drugs. I want to go back to help enlarge the scope of the bureau of labor, to broaden and perfect the rights of employes to arbitration, to regulate and control the railways in their interstate commerce; to help guard American labor from the combined effect of low priced products and longer hours and lower wages in Europe. [Applause.]

The pensions of the soldiers ought to be a sacred obligation. If there be a fraud upon the pension laws, the offender ought to be punished. The abuse of this system ought not to be an argument against the obligation of this nation to its defenders. We must rely on a volunteer soldiery. We keep up at a scant expense the frame work of an army. To stimulate patriotic sentiments hereafter we must keep faith with our soldiers now. We must be true to the promises we pledged when patriotism was more than gold or place or power, and when our young men loyally gave their health and manhood to defend the flag. [Applause] The annual pension roll is reaching its climax. It may be $70,000,000 this year, but it will gradually decline and be extinguished. It is the price we pay for our defense. It is far better than a standing army, which costs for China seventy-five millions, for Germany eighty-five millions, for Great Britain ninety millions, for France one hundred and twenty-one millions and for Russia one hundred and twenty-five millions. This is annual and does not end as our pension list. I will be true to these obligations of honor. I tried to vindicate this sentiment and appealed to a hostile majority, and thus saved Joseph Romiser, and persuaded Congress to pass the bill over the President's veto." [Applause.]

After further reviewing the alleged shortcomings of the last Democratic House he said: "Let us remind the Democratic administration that the Union Republican party snatched this nation when on the verge of bankruptcy and ruin, out of your feeble hands and from your nerveless grasp, and after ruling the country grandly for a quarter of a century, resigned her to you with an overflowing treasury, without a spot upon her honor, matchless in her splendor, incalculable in her resources, the pride of her people, the admiration of the world. Time will show—I fear time is showing—what you will do with her honor, but time cannot impair our glory or lessen your responsibility." [Applause.]

The following is a brief synopsis of McComas' speech at Frostburg:—"One week ago I was nominated by your representatives with a unanimity that is inspiring. To-nigh I am here on short notice in the stronghold of Republicanism. In this mountain fastness, the party which in 1856 was dedicated to the principles that capital should not own labor hain 1886 the overwhelming support of this great workingman's community. I am proud that you have here most emphatically approved my course of action, and bid me go on in your service. I have come to thank you from the depths of a grateful hear for your confidence and to renew my pledge to the people and to their interests. The greatest of all these interests in a country made up as ours is, and ever must be, is the material interests, the interests of labor, not only because this includes the greatest number, but because it is the basis of the prosperity of all the restbesides; for it is the framework of our government as fashioned by the war. That labor is dignified; that labor is strong; that labor is virtuous. The nation that would be exalted, virtuous and strong may measure its strength by the number of free, of happy, of prosperous laboring men that are in its population. I have been taught from the experience of my youth; have been guided by this belief in Congress, and have felt that the ideal glory of my country would be when the multitude of honest and thrifty workingmen, with the little ones and the dear ones clustered at the hearthfire, should hold title to their own little homes on our soil, while on the sea our flag should strike to none other under the sun. [Applause.] Before ours there never was a nation that began by saying, political power shall be lodged where the numbers are, where the laborers are. And, built on these broad foundations, taking its power from these hopes, strengthened by these strong hands, this government should ever protect American labor from invasion from foreign soil by just as high, just as necessary a duty, as it would protect our homes and our property from evasion by armies and by fleets. Is it not strange, therefore, that the majority in the House of Representatives refused to defend our coasts and harbors from foreign invasion, although in some of the forts the old iron guns can't be fired for fear of shaking down the ramparts, and trifle with the efforts to build an American navy to defend our citizens abroad under the folds of our flag. It is not strange that with the same policy of indifference to invasions of our homes and our soil by fleets and armies, the same House stood together almost solidly for the Morrison tariff bill to let in a flood of the low-wage productions of Europe to swamp our looms and fabrics, multiplying all the while under system at home. If we omit the presidential succession law and the oleomargarine law, this effort to reduce tariff taxes, as they call them, was the main effort of the season. The Democratic caucus decided to do it. All but a few Democrats from Maryland voted to do it. The convention which nominated my competitor, Colonel Baughman, resolved that its purpose was to nominate a candidate to co-operate in these commendable and laudable efforts to reduce taxation. My colleagues, Shaw, Compton and Gibson, who voted to consider this bill, have been renominated for so doing, and now as the resolutions read Col. Baughman is nominated to co-operate with them. The bill is still hanging over the heads of the members in this Congress, as in the last. If the convention wrongly pledge Col. Baughman he can say so. He should repudiate that platform and those who made it. The tariff was adjusted in 1883, and when adjusted again it should be by its friends, and not as a first firm step toward free trade. I am not for this Morrison bill, and the miners of Allegany are not for it. I labored earnestly, with the aid of the miners here, and in Pennsylvania and West Virginia, along with their representatives in Congress, and at last we succeeded, in a Democratic House, in a Democratic ways and means committee, in striking out free coal from the list." [Applause.]

"Encouragement" for "the Boys."

Sunday American.

Judging from an official circular, the Democratic party of this State does not intend to employ money to run the campaign this fall—"encouragement" is all they need. The circular letter which has been mailed to Democrats, office-holders, etc., is as follows:

ROOMS OF THE DEMOCRATIC
STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE.
BALTIMORE, 18th Sept., 1886.

My Dear Sir:—The campaign of the year has opened, and the Executive Committee would be glad to have from you such encouragement as will assist them in ensuring success at the election in November. Will you please call at these headquarters as soon as possible?

Very truly yours, &c.,
STEVENSON ARCHER,
Chairman.

JOHN T. SCHARF,
Secretary.

This *sine qua non* of previous campaigns has been known by such names as "sugar," "soap," "influence," &c., but "encouragement" is an entirely new name for it. Hereafter when one of the "boys" comes for some of the indispensable for the purpose of carrying the ward, he will simply ask for a little "encouragement." He will get the encouragement and will know what to do with it. After this no one can accuse the State Central Committee of assessing office-holders!

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted by the West Virginia M. E. Conference, recently in session at Morgantown:

WHEREAS, The liquor traffic is the acknowledged curse of our land and the enemy of everything good:

Resolved; First, That we declare our uncompromising opposition to said traffic, and oppose the licensing of it in any form or for any price.

Second, That our only hope of the destruction of the drink traffic is through the agency of constitutional prohibition, and we call upon the next Legislature to allow the people of West Virginia their unquestioned right to vote upon this subject.

Third, That our national government should refuse to license the traffic in the District of Columbia and in the Territories.

Fourth, That the sale of liquor in the Capitol at Washington, and in the Soldiers' Home at Dayton, O., is a shame to our nation.

Fifth, That the martyrdom of Rev. Geo. C. Haddock, of Sioux City, Ia., appeals to our hearts, and we express our sympathy for the bereaved family and declare our purpose but intensified to overthrow this common enemy that would fain strike down every heroic and courageous minister of our land. We hold as guilty of this murder not only the man who fired the fatal shot, but the lawless traffic against which Bro. Haddock labored, and also the officials who had sworn to execute the laws of Sioux City.

Sixth, That we favor scientific instruction on the subject of temperance in the public schools, and we call upon the next Legislature in our State to make the teaching of temperance obligatory in all the public schools of West Virginia.

a. We rejoice in the work and devotion to principle of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and pledge this organization our sympathy and support.

b. We rejoice in the rapidly growing sentiment against the drink traffic as seen by the agitation in every part of our land, and we anticipate the day when the temperance hosts of every State in the Union shall be united against this common foe.

c. We endorse and heartily commend to our people the following utterance of our General Conference of 1884, as recorded in paragraph 554 of the Discipline:

"We hold that the proper attitude of Christians toward this traffic is one of uncompromising opposition, and while we do not presume to dictate to our people as to their political affiliations, we do express the opinion that they should not allow themselves to be controlled by party organizations that are managed in the interests of the liquor traffic."

The Baltimore *American's* Washington correspondent, under date of Oct. 3d, says: "Since the Senate committee have gone to Canada to investigate the fishery troubles, the interest in the cases has been renewed here. Mr. Hopkins, the correspondent of the Portland *Argus*, has just returned to Washington from Canada, and is talking about the Canadian feeling in the matter said that the Canadians assume a sort of braggadocio that is simply astounding. Several officials, under whose supervision the complications come, in interviews state that their former policy will be carried out in the future to the letter, and they have no fear whatever of a little antagonism with the States. "In event we do," said a prominent customs official in Ottawa last Wednesday, "there will be no danger of a defeat for us. The home government will be at our back and will endorse all of our plans and movements. We have received positive assurances and even instructions from the proper sources in London to continue our course, no matter what may be rumored to the contrary. Every United States vessel caught fishing inside the three-mile limit will be dealt with according to law and receive full benefit. We shall be more alert than ever, now that so many mean tricks are practiced on us by the Yankee skippers. If any schooner attempts to escape we have our instructions to sink them, and make no bones of it, either. In fact, our campaign against the treaty-breakers will be extremely rigorous, more so than ever before. We will stand by our men captured on the Alaska coast for alleged illicit seal fishing, and, if we deem them not guilty, will demand their release, no matter what the United States courts may decide. In event our request is not complied with, measures will be adopted making it extremely unpleasant for American traders in our ports.'

Several other officials in interviews with Mr. Hopkins, said they did not fear any disastrous complications with the States, but would insist on their policy, and back it up by force, if need be."

A study of the question of national policy with reference to the protection and fostering of home manufactures by the imposition of a high tariff upon articles of foreign manufacture such as can well be manufactured in this country, a study as prolonged and as thorough as we have been able to make, has changed us from a somewhat radical free trader to a very thorough protectionist.

Within a few weeks past the statement has been made upon the floor of Congress, by a gentleman from Tennessee, we think, that the removal of all tariff restrictions and the admission of all kinds of foreign manufactured articles free of duty would have the effect to open all our closed factories and mills, and set to work all our unemployed workmen. We do not see how a man of even ordinary intelligence and common sense could hold such an opinion, although we do not question the intelligence or common sense of the gentleman who avowed it.

The great law of supply and demand is always operative and how any sane man can suppose that a great and sudden increase of the supply with no corresponding increase of the supply in the needs of the people and certainly no increase of their purchasing power could operate to create a "boom" in our manufacturing industries we confess passes our comprehension.

If a shoemaker is fully able to supply the people of his village with all the boots and shoes they need, we can not see how his trade is to be benefitted by flooding that village with boots and shoes made by pauper labor, and consequently sold at a much less price than his better goods. We know that the answer of the free trader would be, "The shoemaker is a monopolist, and is growing rich upon the unrighteous profits he makes out of his neighbors. Give the people cheap shoes without regard to the welfare of the shoemaker."

But that puts a different face upon the matter. If that is what you mean, if you are willing to starve the shoemaker in order that the people may have cheap foreign shoes, why just say so. Don't put it upon the ground of making more business for the shoemaker, and obliging him to employ more hands in order to supply the demand for his goods. But when you have starved out the shoemaker, what are your farmers, the class whom you propose to benefit by starving him out, going to do for a market for their produce? Look at the prices of farm products to-day, and then tell us where will the farmer find a remunerative market for the products of his farm when you have destroyed his home market? You say, perhaps, that the foreign demand will be so increased as to recompense him. This statement we may be permitted to doubt. In fact the farmers of a considerable portion of this country cannot profitably reach a foreign market at all. Their most profitable crops are the perishable ones, the fruits and vegetables which will not bear transportation. Every man who has seen, as we and many of our readers have, the immediate effect upon the prosperity of the farmers produced by the building of a factory or the opening of a mine in their vicinity, will at once see the force of this statement. In fact the manufacturer is the great benefactor of the farmer.—*Keyser Echo.*

Honesty may not always win, but generally lives respectable and to be respected. There is some solace in this fact.

Maryland Sunday School Union.

The second quarterly meeting of the board of managers of the Maryland Sunday School Union was held yesterday afternoon at their reading-room, corner of Charles and Saratoga streets, G. S. Griffith, President, J. B. Phipps, Secretary. President Griffith reported verbally to the board that during the quarter he had traveled considerably through the counties, and was gratified to observe the splendid results from the Union's labors. Mr. Wm. A. Baker, State superintendent, read his quarterly report, which showed that during the quarter, work had been done by the miscionaries in eight counties, and a large number of meetings had been held, literature distributed, &c. Mr. Baker stated that he had personally been present at forty-five of these meetings held during the quarter. He thought the work of the year would compare favorably with that of any former year. He spoke enthusiastically of a series of Sunday School Institutes held during September in various portions of Garrett county. They elicited wide-pread interest, and great results are already apparent. During the year the union has employed four missionaries, besides the State superintendent.—*Baltimore American. 30th.*

We clip from the *Labor Advocate* the following resolution, unanimously adopted by a District Convention of laboring men, recently held at Coalbur:

WHEREAS, We believe the use of intoxicating drinks is not only injurious to the workingmen but highly detrimental to the public good, and our greatest enemy. Be it resolved, that we oppose its sale, use and production by all honorable means.

This is one of the wisest boycotts ever placed by anybody of workingmen upon any business or people not in sympathy with them. It is a step in the right direction and toward a higher plane of morality and true citizenship: one that true laboring men must approve, and one that will meet the hearty commendations of your noblest and best leaders all over this land of ours.

All of the Democratic members of the Pan-electric congressional whitewashing committee have been defeated for re-nomination, except one. Moreover, twenty-five Democratic chairmen of congressional committees have suffered the same face. The New York *World* declares there never were so many Democratic congressmen defeated for re-nomination as in the present canvass and the significant feature of it is that those who have been defeated were the most ardent supporters of the administration and the most obsequious flatterers of Cleveland. Coming from high Democratic authority, this must be accepted as true, as well as interesting.

PITTSBURGH, Oct. 5.—The new Democratic Congressional Conferees of the Twenty-first district met at Greensburg this afternoon and nominated ex-Lieutenant Governor John W. Latta, of Westmoreland county. There are now two Democratic candidates in the district, Gilbert T. Rafferty recently nominated, and ex-Lieutenant Governor Latta, chosen to-day by the Democrats who were opposed to Mr. Rafferty because he was a non-resident.

Republicans Make Gains.

HARTFORD, CONN, Oct. 5.—Returns from 100 towns gives the Republicans 54 towns; the Democrats, 31: divided, 15. The same towns last year stood: Republican, 49; Democratic, 34; divided, 17. Net Republican gain five towns.

Internal Revenue Collector Sellman has received the blanks to be filled out by makers of oleomargarine in their reports to the government of the amount manufactured, sold, in stock and exported. Very severe penalties are provided in the law for those who fail to comply with its provisions.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

GO TO
W. C. L. CORRELL'S
NEW STORE,
In the Michaels Building, Oakland.
FOR BARGAINS.
Having just opened a full and complete line of
Boots & Shoes,
I feel confident I can suit all classes at very LOW PRICES. Also HATS AND CAPS, for men and boys, at BOTTOM PRICES. I have also on hand a good line of
Dry Goods and Notions and Gent's Furnishing Goods,
to which I expect to add in time for the fall and winter trade a full and complete stock of Men's and Boys' CLOTHING. It will pay you to come and see me before purchasing elsewhere.
9 21 86 W. C. L. CORRELL.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Lenge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

—Go to J. M. Davis & Son's for the celebrated Telegraph Cider Mill.

—Maj. W. O. Ison of the Treasury Department, Washington, D. C., is at home on sick leave.

—A Democratic campaign club was organized at the Glades Hotel Saturday night last, with G. W. Merrill as president, Jas. D. Hamill as recording secretary, and J. Lee Harne as corresponding secretary.

—CHEAP LANDS.—12 military lots near Huttons, 6 near Grantsville, and 2 near Accident, for sale CHEAP. Title indisputable. Apply to
H. P. TASKER,
Oakland, Md.

—Mr. B. Friese has purchased the bakery and confectionery formerly operated by Mr. C. B. Cropp. Mr. Friese is a practical baker, with several years' experience, and will take especial pains to accommodate the old customers of the establishment, and the public in general.

—Semmes, the oldest son of G. S. Hamill, Esq., between 7 and 8 years old, while playing near his father's residence Saturday, fell from a tree and sustained a compound fracture of the right arm between the wrist and elbow. Dr. Ravenscraft reduced the fracture. The little fellow exhibited a nerve seldom found in adults—never making any outcry during the operation, although he evidently suffered great pain.

—Mr. J. C. Peddicord, who has occupied the position of assistant agent at this station for several years, has resigned, to accept a more lucrative position in an insurance office in Cincinnati, Ohio. Mr. D. M. Mason acceptably fills the position vacated by Mr. Peddicord. Claggett's many friends in Oakland are sorry to see him leave, and wish him the success he deserves as an intelligent, active, moral young man.

—Colonel Baughman, Democratic candidate for Congress in this district, arrived in Oakland Tuesday night, and left Wednesday morning for Grantsville. He was accompanied by Mr. Thos. C. Weeks and the Frederick City Glee Club. Senator Browning also accompanied the party in their campaign in this county. Col. Baughman made a good impression here. He is a handsome man—almost as handsome as McComas, and bears a strong resemblance to him in many ways.

Church Services--Sunday.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

St. Matthew's Church—Rev. J. Newman, Rector—Holy Communion at 8 A. M.; morning prayer and sermon at 11 A. M.; Sunday School at 4:30 P. M.; evensong 5 P. M. Wednesday evening prayer at 5 P. M.

Select School.

I will open a select school, in the Oakland School building, Oct. 18th, 1886, and continue until the public school opens. Terms, 75cts per month. TITUS DELAWDER.

Private School.

I will open a private school, in the Oakland public school building, October 18th, and continue until the public school opens. Charge per scholar one dollar per month.

In connection with my day school I will open a night school for the benefit of those who cannot attend in the day time. The hours will be from 7 to 9½ P. M. Terms for night school one dollar per month.

9 25 td E. J. FRINGER.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Garrett county, Md, for the month of September 1886.

Alexander, Lee,	Overall, Mrs. W. C.,
Alexander, Miss Eva,	Outland, O. G.,
Arnold, Miss Effie 2,	Polke, F. A.,
Bray, Norman M.,	Qsienberry, Smith,
Crawford, Miss J.,	Rowley, Miss Cora,
Carney, Miss Maggie,	Ross, Mrs. Mary A.,
Clark, J. P.,	Rhind, Jno. W.,
Fuhurst, T. G.,	Spencer, S. S.,
DeWitt, Henry C.,	Spencer, John,
Fithian, H. G.,	Smith, Miss Lizzie,
Griffith, Mrs. Kate,	Thompson, John T.,
Galbreath, Emily J.,	Thomas, John,
Henderson, Robert J.,	Thomas, Jno. W.,
Jeffers, Grant,	Turney, Miss Sue,
Kearney, Miss Maggie,	White, Jennie R.,
Leatherbury, G. P.,	Webster, R.,
McKinney, M.,	Wilson, Miss Kate,
Moon, Charlie L.,	Welmer, F. N.,
Nine, Miss Hattie,	Wallis, S. Teackle, Jr.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

P. HAMILL, P. M.

For Sale.

A large 2-year old Alderny Bull, cheap for cash, also a Durham milch cow.

10 2 T. F. COMBS.

For Sale.

The property owned by the late Thresa M. Smithman, corner third and Water streets, Oakland, Md. will be sold at private sale. This is a very desirable property and will be sold in whole or in part, to suit purchaser. Terms reasonable. For further information call on or address
JOS. H. SMITHMAN,
5 15 tf Oakland, Md.

For Sale.

A valuable house and lot on Oak street, in Oakland, Md. Terms moderate. For further particulars call on or address. THO. F. COMBS,
9 25 Oakland, Md.

Notice to Tax-Payers.

Copies of the tax books of districts Nos. 1, 2, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12 have been placed in the hands of S. L. Townshend & Son, who are authorized to receive and receipt for taxes in those districts.

JONAS E. GNAGEY,
9 18 4. Tax Collector.

Go to F. G. Hyde, the Reliable Jeweler

For watches, clocks, jewelry, silverware, eye-glasses, spectacles, etc., either wholesale or retail. The largest stock of reliable goods in this part of the country. Everything fully warranted to be just exactly what it is. I handle everything that appertains to the jewelry trade, at prices that will stand comparison with any responsible house. An inspection is requested.

F. G. HYDE.
7 17 tf Oakland, Md.

Temperance Lecture.

DEER PARK, MD., Oct. 4, 1886.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Please insert in your paper that Mountain Lodge, No. 246, I. O. G. T., of this place will be addressed, on Saturday, the 16th inst., at 7 o'clock, in the M. E. church, Deer Park, by Mr. H. H. VanMeter, of Mt. Lake Park. A cordial invitation is extended to the public, and a special invitation to our sister lodges of Oakland, Mt. Lake and Terra Alta. The address is delivered for the encouragement of the temperance workers of our different organizations, and Mr. VanMeter's well-known ability as a fluent speaker is a guarantee that all who favor us with their presence will be entertained.

Respectfully,
COMMITTEE.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of real estate transfers filed for record in the office of W. H. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, for the week ending October 6:

George Schley and others to Sarah E. Metts, 47½ acres of military lot No. 961; $268.75.

Wm. C. Pennington and wife to Daniel R. Harvey, military lot No. 156; $200.

Margaret Glover and husband to Alfred Reckard, part of military lots Nos. 2977 and 2979; $5 &c.

Mrs. Elizabeth Friend to County School Commissioners, 17 2-5 perches of the tract called "Deer Park"; $1.

Henry C. Durst to Christian Bowman, 9 acres and 132 perches of land in Garrett county; $15.

M. M. Schrock and wife to Jacob Feigh, 155 acres of land; $2400.

George Deitrick and others to Geo. F. Alt, 21 acres of land; $400.

Chas. Ramhoff and wife to Cyrus Stark, 15 acres of land; $350.

C. M. Miller, trustee to Rt. Rev. Wm. Paret, a lot of ground in the town of Swanton; $100.

Mary F. Sebold to James F. Sebold, 5 acres of land $647.52.

Margaret E. Griffith to Job F. W. Griffith, military lot No. 2510, and one half of lot No. 2514; $500.

Margaret Thomas and others to G. W. Rumbaugh, a tract of land called "James Farm"; $760.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. D. Nydegger, Druggist, Oakland, Md.

Horse and Wagon For Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale a good work horse, 8 or 9 years old, Gentle, sound and will work any where; also a one-horse spring wagon and set of single harness.

C. B. CROPP,
9 4 tf Oakland, Md.

—WANTED TO BUY.—At Harne's store, 500 pheasants and 500 woodcock.

McCOMAS IN GARRETT.

Our People give him an Enthusiastic Reception.

THE MEETING AT OAKLAND.

The Campaign was opened in Garrett by a meeting in Offutt's Hall, Oakland, Saturday night. The meeting was called to order by D. Chisholm, Chairman of the County Committee, who announced the following officers:

President.—Wm. H. Tower.

Vice Presidents.—J. Z. Browning, A. F. George, Hiram Frazee, John T. Gary, Adam Duckworth, Dr. H. Kemp, John Gnagy, Ed. Margroff, D. H. Friend, Edward Hoye, J. M. Jarboe, J. A. Hayden, George W. Wilson, Thomas K. Harvey, George W. Blocher, Aaron Wilhelm, E. C. Tilson, W. E. Jones, Eli Merrill, Daniel Wilson, David Beavers, David Durst, Henry Muhlenburg.

Secretaries.—W. D. Nydegger and E. H. Sincell.

Hon. L. E. McComas was the first speaker, and confined his remarks principally to his acts and efforts during the last sessisn of Congress; telling how he had labored to take coal from the free list in the Democratic so called tariff bill, how he had voted and worked for the passage of the oleomargarine bill, the inter-state commerce bill and for the various bills before Congress affecting commerce, trade and labor, and that he had the honor of being the only Representative who had succeeded in passing a pension bill over the veto of the President. He spoke about an hour and was attentively listened to. He was followed by D. W. Sloan, Esq., of Cumberland, who spoke encouragingly of the outlook in Allegany county, and especially in the mining regions, saying that the late meetings there were the largest he had ever attended and the enthusiasm for our candidate unbounded.

Mr. McComas, accompanied by E. H. Sincell, Esq., and Mr. ex-Sheriff Geo. D. White left for Accident Monday morning.

AT ACCIDENT.

The meeting at Accident Monday afternoon was well attended. Mr. Josiah Beeghley presided. E. H. Sincell, Esq., opened the meeting and spoke with great fervor and spirit upon the necessity of Republican restoration to power, and the merits and achievements of the candidates. McComas followed with one of his best efforts. A good report is promised from Accident next November.

AT GRANTSVILLE.

Mr. McComas closed his personal canvass in this county on Tuesday at Grantsville, where a mass-meeting of imposing proportions was held. The Grantsville Cornet Band added very materially to the enjoyment of the occasion by discussing some fine music. The meeting was presided over by Wm. Frost, Esq. The first speaker was Mr. Edward H. Sincell, of Oakland, who spoke upon the issues involved in the campaign making special reference to the tariff by giving a succinct history of that great question, and closing with a review of Mr. McComas' work in Congress.

Mr. McComas followed in one of his greatest efforts and held the audience spell-bound for more than an hour with his eloquence and splendid argument. The applause was at times deafening and the enthusiasm unbounded. After the meeting Mr. McComas left for Myersdale, Pa., where he took the night train for Williamsport, Washington county, Md., and on Wednesday evening addressed a meeting at Indian Spring, Md.

Following upon the heels of a campaign which promises grand results in November comes Col. Baughman with his coterie of negro minstrels and fireworks.

No doubt the folks will turn out to see this aggregation of wonders, but when they come to compare Baughman's superficiality with McComas' solid arguments, they will see who is best qualified to represent the 6th Congressional District, and cast their votes on the 2d of November in accordance with their conclusions.

Bill Arp on Sam Jones.

Sam Jones has been throwing rocks again as usual. It don't matter what kind of a house a man lives in Sam will hit him if he has to smash a window pane to do it. He rocks everybody and keeps us dodging all the time. The fun of it and the pity of it is that we are all willing to take our chances at dodging if he will give a scockdologer to our nabors. "That's nabor Munford he's? after now," thought I. "That's nabor Freeman he hit just then and didn't he sock it to him," and in a few minutes he hit me a crosseyed lick that stunned me and I wilted. Every time Sam hits the mark he runs his fingers through his back hair with a smile of satisfaction and says: "That's it." Humanity is his hunting-ground and he loves to rest his old musket upon a rail and take a crack.

Sometimes the wounded fight back and light hard, but Sam stand square to his gun and says: "It's the hit dog that yelps." Sometimes he gets a hard shot himself and it hurts and he yelps a little too, but he loads up quick and fires again. Eccentric, electric and sometimes erratic, he still fights on, maintaining his position or else advancing, but never retreating from the enemy. When the church will not back him in his assaults he shows no white flag, but goes it alone. In vain his cautious conservative brethren remonstrate and advise. In vain the press denounces. In vain the critics make sport. He still fights on his own line and with his own weapons, and has made more havoc single-handed than any soldier of the church militant during the last half century. For a while he was called a fraud.

For a while he was likened to a rocket that went up with a blaze of noisy light, and they said he would explode and come down like a stick. But nobody cries fraud or rocket now. His star is still bright. Long may he live to wrestle with iniquity in high places, for that is his fort. His favorite game moves in the circles of polite society. Hypocrisy, vanity and selfishness are his targets. Brave, watchful and self-possessed, he is always ready and his magazine is full of resources. As I surveyed the great tabernace and its crowded audience I said to myself: "Who would, who could have built this house but him? Who woud, who could have raised a thousand dollars here to-day, in ten minutes, therewith to beautify and improve the grounds?" He has more grit, more nap, more assurance than all the preachers. He is a success in his line, and it is a good line for the times. Rebrm is the watchword now, and he is a reformer. About some things he is cranky and has a touch of fanaticism, but this does not matter. Let him be so. So was Luther and Vesley and John Knox.

Reformers were always extremists. The pendulum is obliged to swing or the clock vill stop. Sam Jones sees the young man wrecked at the gaming-table, and so he denounces a social game of whist at the family fireside. He sees a young girl in a libertine's company at a ball, and denounces dancing in any form or any place. But let him thunder against cards and dancing and base ball and anything else that is carried to excess. There is intemperance in most everything. Boys can play at marbles too much and hunt too much. Girls can giggle and chew gum and dress too much. Women can visit and gossip too much. Men can eat too much and drink too much and chew too much tobacco. I remember when the preachers preached against the fiddle and called it the devil's instrument, and there are still some old-fashioned folks who have a holy horror of an organ in church. What would the old-time fathers have though of this modern tabernacle worship with its paid reporters on the stand and its hired singers and its restaurants near by with refreshments on sale and a youth parading the sanctuary selling pictures of the preachers on Sabbath day.

Brother Gardner's Summer Sermons.

De longer I lib on top dis airth de harder I am convinced dat de man who profits by your advice gibs you no credit fur it, while de one who loses by it am your enemy. I has reached dat pass in my private life whar, in case a naybur steps in to ax my opinyun about the weather fur de nex' twenty-four hours, I dodge de inquiry an' turn de conversahshum to hard cider as soon as possible. If I predicted rain an it, hit it, dar' may be too much fur his beans or not 'nuff fur his 'taters, an' he am sartin to lay it up agin me. If I predict rain an it doan' come he loses confidence in my judgment an' holds me in contempt.

Fur de las' twenty y'ars I hev been seekin' de happy medium, an' dat's de chief cause of my bein' hum-backed an' bow-legged, an' liver all upsot. I doan' want to be so good dat a pusson dares to come an' steal my hens in de daytime, feelin' dat I'll forgive him, an' I doan want to be so bad dat none of de naburs will dare to come in an borry soft soap, knowin' dat I like to lend. In tryin' to strike de happy medium my hens hev all died of de pip an' none of de borryed soap has bin returned.

I want to treat all my nayburs alike, but when Johnson comes in an' abuses Smith, an' Smith comes in an abuses Johnson, de happy medium which I search aroun' fur makes enemies of boaf, bekase I doan' agree with either.

If I pray so loud dat my bazoo floats out on de night air to de ears of de nayburhood, somebody remarks dat wind-power religion may be all right to trade mules by, but it doan reach de gates of Heaben. If I pray in sich a low voice dat nobody h'ars it, remarks are made to de effeck dat I has cooled off a good deal since payin' dat bill fur three month's pew rent.

My left-hand naybur has chill'en who am de terror of Kaintuck. He comes ober to me in de gloamin' an axes what should be done. De happy medium would be to buy a mad dog an' turn him loose in de back yard, but de suggestion makes de man my enemy.

My right-hand nabur has chill'en who am so good dat they lay down an' let derselves be robbed an' pounded. He wakes me up in de mawnin to ax my advice, an' when I tell him to pack dem off to an idiot asylum he doan' speak to me agin fur six months.

De midium which we should strive fur may be divided up as follows:

1. Be deaf in nayborhood quarrels.
2. Be dumb as to men's faults onless you am in de witness box.
3. Be silent when you can't praise.
4. If you advise at all, agree with de ideas of de pussons askin' it.
5. A blind man am nebber brought into court fur a witness.
6. Wisdom am not in knowing such a powerful sight, but in keepin' shet on what you doan' know.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Facts for Farmers.

Haul the shocks of fodder to the barn, and do not allow them to be exposed to the weather all the winter.

A cup of limewater in the milk fed to calves is said to be an excellent preventive of scours and bowel diseases.

The decayed branches of old trees should be removed. Their unsightliness is the least of their evils.

A first-class salt should be pure white in color, clean, comparatively dry, uniform in grain, and quite soluble in water.

Rye if sown now will grow, and, as it is hardy, will furnish early green food before the grass makes its appearance in the spring.

If every farmer who cuts down a tree will plant a young one in its place the result will be a constant supply of timber and fuel as well as a profit.

Sheep will eat more, be more contented and thrive better on a new than on an old range. Frequent change of range for them is important at this season of the year.

Ashes spread over the beds of strawberries at the rate of 100 bushels per acre will increase the quantity, improve the quality and intensify the color. They may be sown broadcast at any time.

Canning fruit may be expediated by doing as much work in that respect is possible at one time. There is more labor in getting ready and making preparation than in canning and sealing.

It has been demonstrated that the quantity of meat produced by sheep delivered to the butcher at the precocious age of from nine to fifteen months cost exactly half the expense of those fed to double the age.

Mrs. J. A. Porvis, of Wayne, Ill., reports an Oxford Down lamb as weighing 100 pounds when 90 days old. Its sire weighs nearly 400 pounds and its dam 285 pounds. The lamb was a twin, and weighed 14 pounds at birth.

A successful grower of bedding plants lays two inches in depth of rich, old manure over the entire surface of his grounds before digging over in the spring. It is a good time now to start a manure heap for next year's use.

While planting the tree do not try to rattle the dirt among the roots by shaking the tree up and down, for this draws the fine, hair-like roots out of place, but does not push them back; it folds them up and gets them all out of shape.

The discovery of a method for utilizing the grease in wool will add to the price of the clip. Heretofore the refuse was wasted, but now that it possesses a market value the unwashed wool will be as much sought as that which is clean.

The merino is hardy, and, being active and industrious, does not require that care which is often necessary for the larger breeds. Hence the farmer is enabled to make a profit from the merinos on locations not at all adapted for the mutton breeds.

The man who would justify his past misdeeds by shouldering the responsibility upon this person or that circumstance, is a feeble man yet.

In order to complete successfully one must study the world as much as the farmer does his almanac before he plants his squash.

I have just arrived at the conclusion that most people find everything in this world fully as good as they merit.

J. LEE HARNE,
Sign and Ornamental Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Collector's Sale.

By virtue of the power and authority vested in me, as late Collector of State and county taxes in and for Garrett county, Maryland, by law I, the undersigned Richard T. Browning, late collector as aforesaid, having first given the notice as and in the manner required and prescribed in Section 48 of Article 11 of the Revised Code of Public General laws of Maryland, have seized, levied upon and taken in execution to satisfy the State and county taxes due thereon for the years 1884 and 1885, together with the interest and costs thereon, all that piece or parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in the town of Oakland, in said county and State, on the corner of Alder and Sixth streets, known as "THE CINAMON PROPERTY," and assessed on the assessment books of said county in the name of John Cinamon, it being the same lot, piece or parcel of land which was conveyed to John Cinamon by George Smith, of Alexander, Isabella Smith and J. H. Gordon, by their deed dated January 7th, 1871, and being all that part of a tract of land called "Summer Home," which was granted to the said George Smith, of Alexander, by the State of Maryland by its Patent dated October 4th, 1858, which is included within the lines of Lots Number (73) seventy-three and (74) seventy-four, on the plat of "Brant's Addition to the town of Oakland," in the county and State aforesaid. And I hereby give notice that on the 6th Day of NOVEMBER, in the year 1886, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the front door of the Court House, in the said town of Oakland, I will, as late collector as aforesaid, offer the above described property for sale to the highest bidder for cash, to satisfy the taxes due, together with the interest and costs as aforesaid.

R. T. BROWNING,
10 9 td Late Collector.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE

IN GARRETT COUNTY.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in Equity, passed in a cause on the docket of said court No. 352, wherein Charles Thompson, et. al. are plaintiffs, and Sarah Spiker et. al. are defendants, the undersigned trustee will sell at Public Auction, to the highest bidder,

ON SATURDAY,

The 30th Day of October, 1886.

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M. of said day in front of what is known as the Coddington Hotel, in the town of Oakland, all that real estate as described in the proceedings of said cause, known and designated as

MILITARY LOTS NUMBERS 927 & 1023,

containing fifty acres of land each. Said lots comprise what is known as the

"LEWIS THOMPSON FARM,"

is located about 2½ miles south from Oakland, on the West Union road. The greater part of this land is under cultivation, is improved by a good

DWELLING HOUSE,

other out-buildings, and a fine orchard of fruit trees.

TERMS OF SALE:—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, and the deferred payments in two equal installments at nine and eighteen months from the day of sale; the deferred payments to be secured by the bonds of the purchaser, to bear interest from date, and the bonds to be secured to the satisfaction of the trustee, or all the purchase money can be paid in cash on the day of sale, at the option of the purchaser.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
10 2 4t Trustee.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE

In the Town of Oakland.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Edmund Jamison to Rudolph Beckman, Dated the 17th day of February, in the year 1874, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 4, folio 336, &c., one of the land records of Garrett county, and assigned to me by the said Beckman, I will sell at Public Auction, to the highest bidder for cash

On Wednesday,

The 20th Day of October, 1886,

at the hour of eleven o'clock A. M. of said day, in front of the Court House in Oakland, all that lot of ground situated in said town, which on the "Plat of Wilson's First Addition to said town" is known and designated as

Lot Number 35,

and being more particularly described in said mortgage by metes and bounds, courses and distances.

Said lot is improved by a good

DWELLING HOUSE

and other out-buildings, and fronts on "Center Street."

TERMS OF SALE as prescribed by said mortgage: Cash on the day of sale.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
9 25 4t Assignee of said Mortgage.

NOTICE.

All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to me are requested to settle their accounts on or before the first of November, 1886. After that date my books will be placed in other hands.

9 18 3t O. G. GETTY.

FOR SALE.
TRACTS & MILITARY LOTS.

The subscriber offers for sale the following lands in Garrett county:

"Bank Property," 1625 acres on Backbone Mountain, near West Virginia line. There is on this tract good Poplar, White and Red Oak, Chestnut, Birch and Sugar Timber, and the land when cleared, will make good farms.

"Friedland," 175 acres, near Accident, part improved.

A fine building site near Fort Pendleton, lot containing two acres.

Also the following Military Lots, containing 50 acres each:

Lots Nos. 4031 and 4032, with the well known Boiling Spring, two miles south of Deer Park, with which it is connected by a good road.

Lot No. 1914, on B. & Ohio R. R., East of Wilson's store.

Lots Nos. 361, 363, 364 and 365, near Ben Davis'.

Lot No. 390, West of Garrett Moon's.

Lots Nos. 371 and 377, West of (late) Hugh Cooper's.

Lot No. 383, East of (late) Elisha Harvey's.

Lot No. 1252, near West Virginia line.

WILLIAM I. BROWN,
Box 41, Oakland, Md.

Sept. 5th, 1885.—1 y

$200.000 in presents given away. Send us 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the $200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

A SONG O' SIXPENCE.

O sing a song o' sixpence a-going here and there,
From early dawn of morning to latest set of sun;
With my very utmost effort I would surely quite despair
Of telling half the things that I have done.

Just a jolly little sixpence, nothing more nor less;
A jolly little sixpence a-going out and in
Of half a world of pockets; you would never, never guess
Of the many curious places I have been.

I've bought a holy Bible, I've bought a loaf of bread;
The diamond fingered lady and the man of bonds and stocks,
That the hungry souls of heathendom afar off might be fed,
Have dropped me in the missionary box.

In little boys' first "pottets" I've had a happy place,
With marbles, strings and fish-hooks, a tangled, snarly mess;
It has been my gracious duty to buy the yard of lace
That frilled around the neck of Biddy's dress.

In an iron safe I've languished for weary weeks and weeks,
I've stiffled in a stocking, the miser's hoarded pelf,
And one old person kept me—some people have such freaks—
In a teapot on her pantry's highest shelf.

I've journeyed in the East, in the wild and lawless West,
I know the heart of London, I've crossed the sea in ships:
I've been bartered for a blossom to wear on beauty's breast,
And for ice to cool a baby's fevered lips.

But every fashion changes—you may have heard the same—
Grown thin in useful serving my respite came at last.
I don't quite understand it, but I know that I became
All at once a simple relic of the past.

And then one day a lover beside his dearest dear
Sat gaily looking over a box of curios,
And he took me up and whispered so low I could not hear,
But I saw her lovely cheek grow like the roses.

I did not hear her answer, she did not speak quite plain,
He, somehow, had to closely bend his head,
And then he took a cruel knife and cut me quite in twain.
I suppose it was because of what she said.

He kissed me, kissed us, rather, and she, too, gave a kiss,
On a chain around her neck he hung a part;
Then with some tender love-words, I'd take my oath of *this*,
He laid my other half upon his heart.

Sing a song o' sixpence; labor done and over, Sing a song o' sixpence, don't you envy me?
I who know the true heart of loyal maid and lover,
What that's born of silver would not a sixpence be?

All my journeys ended, all my wanderings o'er,
From my sweet new duty never will I rove.
Ye who haply listen know this evermore,
That the song of sixpence is just the song of love.

—*Carlotta Perry, in N. Y. Independent.*

TOLD BY A COWBOY.

His Graphic Story of Life in the Broad West.

The Deadly and Seductive "Loco"—A Primitive Code of Honor—Taming Wild Horses by Cruelty—"Tricks of the Trade."

Not long ago exigencies, on which I need not dwell at length, drove me to the Far West, where I hoped, after serving my apprenticeship as a cowboy, to pass in time to the managership of a cattle-ranch. Late in February, 188—, I found myself in the sordid, reeking saloon of a small prairie settlement, surrounded by a motley crew of bull-whackers, mule-skinners, grangers, drummers, gamblers and cowboys, the latter easily distinguishable by their devil-may-care air and fantastic get-up. In these unwonted surroundings I am not ashamed to confess that I was overcome by a feeling of complete isolation. I sat gloomily in a quiet corner of the saloon, yet could not but be keenly interested in all that went on around me. A stranger's first impressions are of necessity superficial. What passed through my mind during those faint-hearted, regretful moments is therefore perfectly immaterial; whatever conclusions I came to were in all probability entirely wrong; subsequent experience has effectually obliterated the very memory of them. I was a fish out of water.

"Whar's the boss of the Y Z outfit?" inquires a long, lank youngster with jingling spurs, swaggering up to the bar-tender, who is busily engaged in "setting up drinks" for a group of men.

After a prolonged stare and the usual expectoration, he replies, "What, Wash Barton!"

"That's so."

"Waal, I guess he's round at the store."

Now, Barton was the name of the foreman of one of the large cattle-companies of Texas, to whom the manager had provided me with a letter, and from whom I hoped to obtain employment.

As I waited, somebody entered the saloon, and was immediately received on all hands with salutations of "How-do, Wash?" Looking up, I saw a hard-bitten, thick-set man of about five-and-thirty, at first sight of somewhat forbidding aspect, but in whose quiet demeanor and rugged, weather-beaaten features a good judge of character would soon detect honesty and courage, combined with a certain stand-off shyness not uncommon in men whose lives are spent far away from their fellow-creatures.

"I reckon you want a job as a hand," he curtly remarked, after I had told him my rigmarole. "Waall, and what can you do?"

"I can ride a bit, I think," I somewhat hesitatingly replied.

"That ain't much; but I guess we can fix you up with a job that'll soon let you know if you can ride or not. I've bought a bunch of a hundred head of bronchos down south of Rio Pecos, and can take you on at thirty dollars a month as broncho-rider. Anyhow, I shall pull for the horse-camp to-morrow, and I guess you'd better get your fixings and help bring some of our sick cow-ponies back to the ranch." I closed at once, and for the rest of that day I had a busy time of it.

Every cowboy owns a private horse, a saddle and bridle, for if he is thrown out of employment far from any settlement, or whilst hunting for work in the prairies, his only means of traveling is his horse; besides these, his equipment consists of a pair of chapareros (leather overalls), generally ornamented with fringes after the manner of the Indians. Add a pair of Mexican spurs, the enormous rowels of which are fitted with jingle-bobs if he be a dude, a long slicker (waterproof coat), a six-shooter hanging from the cartridge-belt in an open scabbard, a Winchester saddle-gun and a very heavy, wide-brimmed felt hat ornamented with leather band or silver Mexican roll. A couple of blankets and a buffalo-robe, or padded quilt and tarpaulin covering serve as bedding; and last, but not least, his trusty raw-hide lariat or hempen rope, without which he would indeed be helpless, completes his outfit. All these things I bought at the store, aided and advised in their selection by a friendly cowboy, at whose expense I had had a drink.

I was more at home when it came to buying a horse, and chose a wiry little roan standing about fourteen hands two inches. Wash Barton was standing by at the time, and I think that I rose in his estimation when I rightly gauged the animal's age by his mouth. The next morning long before sunrise we started for the winter horse-camp, forty-odd miles north. How bleak and cold and dreary the prairie looked! how brown and sparse and shrivelled up the grass!—a desolate scene indeed.

No wonder one came frequently across bleached bones and carcasses in every stage of decomposition; some a shapeless shrivelled heap of bones and hide, and others, still more ghastly, hideously distorted and swollen. Flocks of buzzards, gorged with their loathsome food, rose with slow-flapping wings as we approached, only to settle again after we had passed, and occasionally we spied a coyote slinking furtively away.

I saw that my companion, like all Western men, disliked being questioned; but, from what I could gather, the winter had been long and severe, and, as that particular part of the prairie was devoid of shelter, many cattle had succumbed.

"I reckon we're within a mile of the horse-camp, and them horses ain't been doing well," soliloquized Wash, after we had jogged along for a good six hours in the jerky style peculiar to prairie-horses. A fetid odor now filled the atmosphere, and I soon began to understand what prompted the remark that "the horses hadn't been doing well."

Dead horses became more and more frequent, and occasionally a living skeleton of a horse hobbled across our path, almost hairless, and covered with scabs and sores. At last we came in sight of a small wooden shanty standing apart from a long line of tumble-down open sheds and a roughly constructed enclosure or "corral;" but before we reached it we passed a heap of about forty dead horses piled up together, the most revolting, pitiful spectacle imaginable, and standing listlessly, or moving about with staggering gait, were about twice as many more still living creatures, with a peculiar look and manner about them such as I had never seen before, and most of whom must surely soon be dragged to the big heap close by. But what on earth did it all mean? It seemed so strange to come suddenly across this gruesome sight on the lone prairie. I soon learned the explanation.

A weed called "loco" has of late years largely increased in some of the cattle ranges of Texas and the Indian Territory, owing probably to an increase in the rainfall; it has a mysterious habit of appearing suddenly in places where it was before unknown, and, given a dry season, of as suddenly disappearing. During the summer, when the prairie is a fair expanse of waving grass, lit up with bright flowers, both horses and cattle instinctively avoid it; but when in the fall of the year the grass becomes scarce in over-stocked regions, and when all around assumes a brown and burnt-up appearance, it stands out conspicuously and temptingly green, its long, soft, velvety leaves rising in a bunch from six inches to a foot off the ground. Then the hungry creatures begin by nibbling, suspiciously and stealthily, at the seductive plant, but very soon become reckless, and eagerly and greedily devour all that comes in their way. And now, if the mania can not be nipped in the bud by a sufficiency of good strong food, the animal is doomed, for he has become a confirmed "loco-eater." He will rapidly become thin and lose all control over his movements; he will be subject to frequent fits, during which he lies on the ground groaning and foaming at the mouth; he throws himself about without reason; rears up or runs round in small circles when you attempt to mount him; his eyes turn dull and stupid; in short, he gives you the impression of being bereft of his senses. Specimens of "loco" have been subjected to analysis by experts in Washington and in Edinburg, but without any thing injurious being discovered in it. It is possible that some minute animalcule may be the cause of the mischief, but up to the present its disastrous effects only are known, for this pernicious weed causes periodically the death of thousands of horses and cattle. Here, then, was the clue to the miserable appearance of these wretched creatures. More severely punished than their human counterpart the opium-eater, they had paid, or were paying, with their lives the penalty of their devotion to the drug.

Out of about two hundred and fifty "locoed" horses, which had been driven in the fall from the region where "loco" flourished, but ninety-odd head had wintered. The carcasses of the rest were strewn about the boggy bottoms of the creek, whither they had dragged themselves to quench their last raging thirst, and those that had died in too close proximity to the shanty in which the boys lived had been heaped up in a small hollow, in order to mitigate the pestilential stench which arose from them. Right glad I was to leave such scenes after a couple of days spent in preparing harness, saddlery, and mess wagon for the march.

Having shot two horses which were unable to stand up, we rounded-up our cripples and made a start for the headquarters ranch, one hundred and eighty miles due south. A sorry crowd, indeed! In addition to being badly "locoed" and half starved, the majority suffered from Spanish itch, a skin disease which eats the hair off and leaves the shivering creature exposed to the icy blasts of the wind-swept plains. A few comparatively sound horses immediately take the lead, but the tail of the bunch, being composed of the worst cases, require a deal of cruel urging. Never before had I heard such swearing and cursing, such blasphemous meaningless oaths and mighty anathemas as were continually on the lips of the sorely-tried cowboys. Three long weeks did this melancholy procession trail across the prairie—ten miles a day being the best pace we could manage—until the herd had considerably thinned down, and the survival of the fittest enabled us to quicken. Every now and then a horse stumbled and fell; generally he was too weak to rise, when a couple of boys dismounted, and, passing a rope under his body and round their shoulders hoisted the poor beast on his legs again. As a rule, this was the beginning of the end; if he managed to hold up until the end of the day's march, the frosty night settled him. Every morning, in the chill half-light of early dawn, it was our sad duty to lift those who had lain down to rest, and, by rubbing their stiffened, trembling limbs, to restore circulation sufficiently to enable them to stand. Others were beyond help, and several times I have given such their quietus with a six-shooter bullet without drawing more than a faint trickle of blood, so poor were they. One old gray, called "Blanco," showed an extraordinary amount of pluck and sagacity. He was always in the tail of the bunch, but never actually within reach of the long lassos, which the boys flick with great dexterity to a distance of about thirty feet. During a halt he never left the wagon, but hung around on the chance of getting a chunk of bread, and so long as the camp-fire burned during the night he stood over it perfectly motionless, his handsome old head hanging down. He was a great favorite, and we all did our best to keep him alive, even going the length of sacrificing a blanket to cover his old bones. But it was no use: Blanco got weaker and weaker; we lifted him five times in one day, when only forty miles from our destination. That night's frost was keen, and Blanco fell dead in our midst without a groan.

And now the trials and privations of that painfully memorable drive were nearly over. The spring hurricanes had spent their fury, and every day the air, lately so eager and nipping, became balmier and more genial. The aspect of the prairie changes the farther south we go; the dreary monotony of the broad plains is diversified by gracefully-rounded slopes and thickly-timbered river-bottoms; blue antelope hills rise in the distance; the ground is broken by rocky canons and deep arroyos; bright, quick-running streams gladden the eye, and afford opportunity for a refreshing bath. The verdure begins to show on tree and plain; the prairie-lark pours out his love-song in soft, mellow notes; all nature, putting off her rough mood, submits to the mild Western spring.

"I guess a couple of hands had better ride forward," shouts Wash, as the leaders of the bunch break into a smart trot. "Dog-gone their ornary souls, I'll be dogoned if they ain't already got wind of the home-ranch!" and, although we still had a good seven miles before us, it became necessary, for the first time, to restrain their eagerness. Every one brightens up at the prospect of reaching headquarters, of sleeping for a few nights with a roof over our heads, and of being relieved of our uncongenial task.

A long, irregular, narrow strip of timber marks the course of the creek, in a bend of which the ranch-buildings are situated. The boys come out to greet us, and pull long faces at the sight of our attenuated little bunch. They are glad to see us. The return of the boss means the return of active life. They have been having a dull time of it during the long winter months—building and repairing corrals, fencing in pastures, and quartered alone or in couples, for months at a time, in cheerless dug-outs on the confines of the range, the monotony of their lives broken only by daily line-riding, a processs which consists in riding a certain distance along the boundaries of the range in order to head back as much as possible any large drift of cattle. The ranch itself is built of "adobe," after the manner of the Mexicans, the "adobe" consisting of layers of prairie sod, which packs very tightly and forms a solid weather-tight wall, excluding both heat and cold much more effectually than the wooden frame houses so common in most American settlements; a small stere-house containing three months' provisions stands apart, and a double corral, roughly constructed of cotton-wood logs, serves as a branding-pen.

When the time comes to turn in, we all unroll our bedding and "whack down" on the bare floor, packed as closely as sardines. Small comfort here; and, had it not been for the shelter afforded from wind and rain, I should have preferred sleeping in the open.

However, my companions, rough and uncouth in manner and speech, were good fellows all. A cowboy's life, with its hardships, isolation, and dangers, develops all the sterner manly qualities in a high degree. To a lithe and sinewy figure he joins courage, stoic indifference to suffering, and dogged industry when work has to be done. For these qualities it could be difficult to find his equal. In my mountaineering experiences of former years, I have passed many days with the best of the Swiss guides,—have bivouacked with them, have hunted chamois with them, and have seen their mettle tried to the uttermost. Though but ignorant, coarsely-clad peasants, they are brave, loyal, splendid fellows. Our sailors too, as we all know, are kind-hearted, reckless of danger, generous and long-suffering to a degree. But the cowboy, whilst possessing to a great extent many of the characteristics of both sailor and guide, is even beyond them conspicuous for his sensitive pride, his almost aggressive spirit of independence, his bright intelligence, and his sportsmanlike instincts. Such at least are the best of them. The cringing servility born of centuries of strongly-marked class-distinction, the low cunning of the gutter-bred scum of cities, the heavy, boorish stupidity of the peasantry of our older civilizations, are unknown among the free-born citizens of the Western States of America. On the other hand, our cowboy is shockingly cruel, hasty in temper, and unbridled in tongue. In the branding-pen, and with a half-broken, tired, or unwilling horse, he is a perfect fiend; his contempt for life too often leads to needless bloodshed; and he is untiring as an Indian in pursuit of revenge.

With him it is frequently not a word and a blow, but a word and a bullet. This somewhat primitive code of honor is not, however, without its good effects, and I am bound to say that, rough as the boys are, their voluble flow of bad language is limited to their animals, but rarely addressed to their fellows; and for myself I may add that I passed through my whole time without a shadow or a semblance of a quarrel. Of their stoic indifference to pain I could relate many instances, but two will suffice.

I had provided myself with a self-cocking six-shooter, similar to our own army revolver. This is a most dangerous weapon and is rarely used by Western men, whose experience in the use of the revolver is unequaled. The double action throws the weapon off its mark and during moments of excitement one is apt to let it off unwittingly. This actually occurred to me more than once, and I resolved to get rid of the "pesky thing." I "traded" it with one of the boys for a very old single-action Colt-pattern weapon, and threw a couple of hundred cartridges into the bargain. One morning we heard a pistol report close to the wagon, and, knowing that the boys were hunting turkey, we already looked forward to a good breakfast. Presently my friend with the self-cocker rode up turkeyless. After quietly unsaddling his pony, he proceeded to whittle a twig. This done, he bared his leg, and we then, for the first time, became aware that he was badly wounded in the thigh. A bullet had gone clean through the fleshy part, and had made a wound at least four inches in depth, the upper part of which was very much powder-burnt. He now produced his twig, and, having wrapped a piece of rag round it, coolly ran it to and fro to clean out the powder. He must have endured tortures, for his face paled, and beads of perspiration stood on his forehead, but the brave boy never winced, and we gathered from a long string of oaths directed at the pistol and at his pony that he was following a turkey, self-cocker in hand and finger on trigger, when his horse stumbled; he instinctively (as the rider does on such occasions) threw himself back and tightened his hands, with the above result. That day he rode thirty miles to the nearest military station for a surgeon, with the wounded leg thrown across the horn of the saddle.

On another occasion we were whiling away the time hunting squirrels, for which purpose one of the boys had taken his boots off and climbed a tree. The rest of us remained below, and were taking pot-shots at the squirrel as it leaped from bough to bough. The climber chased the little creature to the end of a thick bough, himself crawling along it, when, by some misadventure, he was struck in the big toe by a bullet; but we none of us knew this until, after coming down, he quietly mentioned that he "reckoned he'd left a bit of his toe up that ar tree." It was only a small bit off the end, it is true; but I thought that if the same accident had happened to myself I should have given tongue pretty freely. But these fellows are inured to hardship and suffering, and take it as it comes without a word of complaint.

Once more we have been on the trail, and are now another hundred miles or so farther south. Our camp is pitched on a well-timbered creek running into the north fork of the Red river,—a broad, swift stream, winding its way through wide meadows of luxuriant pasturage. Here is to be the arena of our horse-breaking exploits. The country is alive with game; deer, antelope, wild turkey, prairie chicken, quail, and wild fowl are found in abundance, and we are glad, whilst awaiting the arrival of the bronchos, to be able to fill the pot with something more toothsome than the everlasting bacon, beans and bread, which have constituted our fare for the past two months. Our party is half a dozen strong, all told,—four broncho riders, Hank, Tough Dick, Dock Day, and myself, Sour-Dough Billy (the cook), and Curly, the "horse-rustler" lad, whose duty it is to look after our cow-ponies and work-team. Sour-Dough Billy merits a word to himself. He was apt to look with a certain amount of contempt at the ostentatiously-displayed shooting-irons ("pop-guns" he called them) of his uncouth companions, although he ungrudgingly admired their physical prowess and skill as horsemen. A cockney born and bred, he was fond of the sound of his own voice, and found it hard to appreciate the silence and reserve of the native cowboy; but they all liked him none the less, and, in their own way, were amused at his quaint sallies, and his curious mixture of the accent of Bow Bells with the drawl of the Far West. At home he had been, so he said, a professional runner; but it never seemed to strike him or his companions as incongruous that a trick of fortune should have turned him into a prairie Francatelli.

It was an animated, picturesque scene that met our eyes. A hundred head of half-wild horses were being driven into the swift-running but shallow river, the leaders stringing out in all directions, the tail of the herd rushing with headlong speed down the steep, sandy incline of narrow gorge, urged and directed by the flying horsemen, who had to overcome their natural fear of being bogged down in the treacherous, shifting quicksands of the river-bed. Now they are all safely across. Their coats, still wet, are glistening in the sun; their spare forms, wiry legs, and small, well-shaped feet give promise of activity and endurance; the long, flowing manes and tails, shaggy forelocks and bright eyes impart to them a wild, free air, but the straight shoulders and low withers foreshadow an awkward, wearying gait, the narrow chests and small quarters reveal a want of power and the receding foreheads and narrow nostrils denote an uncertain temper. But we must not be too critical. They are young and fresh and full of fun and frolic. In a few months' time ill usage and hard work will have reduced them to lean, broken-hearted creatures without a kick left in them.

How strangely marked they are! Piebalds, skewbalds and duns with striped backs predominate. Here is one with a pure white head, neck and shoulders, the rest of him coal-black; there is a blue roan with a large white patch on his side, and yet another, a rich dark chestnut, has a splendid mane and tail of a much lighter color. Quite a number of them are wall-eyed, or "glass-eyed," as they are called out West. In height they average from fourteen to fifteen hands. Originally sprung from the Spanish jennet, brought over to the continent of America by the conquerors of Mexico, some of whose steeds escaped, their descendants have ever since wandered across the plains in large droves. In their wild state they are called "mustangs," but when raised on a ranch, and after having been handled to a certain extent they are called "bronchos."

Neighing, snorting, squealing, pawing the ground impatiently, kicking and biting at one another, with two horse-rushlers galloping around them, our bunch of bronchos is being held on a soft, sandy piece of ground suitable for our purpose. Hank and Dock had gathered up their lassos ready for a throw. A chestnut is caught and is being dragged out. No sooner does the noose tighten around his throat than Dock runs up, and, whipping the loop of his lasso on the ground, soon entangles the hind legs of the struggling beast, and throws him down with a sudden side-jerk. Obeying a signal, I pin his neck to the ground, and throw his head up to prevent his struggling, whilst Hank forces into his mouth a cruel Mexican spade-bit, with long, sharp-edged port, slips the bridle over his ears, and blindfolds him. All this time his hind legs have been held by the rope; these are now released, he at once jumps up, and stands with trembling limbs and outstretched neck, ready to bite, strike, or kick anybody who comes within his reach, but rooted to the spot so long as he remains blindfolded. In some cases their legs fairly give way under the influence of fear; they then roll over and lie groaning on the ground. With quiet, cat-like movements Hank crawls up with his saddle and flings it across the quivering animal, who at once bucks it off violently; this is repeated several times, until, taking advantage of a few seconds' hesitation, the front cincha (girth) is fished across from the off side with a stick and immediately tightened up. The tightening of the back cincha, which comes near the tender flesh of the stifle, is resented with squealing and vigorous bucking, but no efforts will displace the heavy double-girth saddle, and Hank now coils up his lasso (the loop of which has remained on the horse's neck) preparatory to mounting. Taking up the reins and passing his left forefinger through the ring of the bit, then placing his foot in the stirrup and grasping the horn of the saddle with his right, he swings lightly on his victim's back. Whisk off the blindfold and turn him loose! The broncho at once throws down his head, humps up his back, and, actually bawling with rage and fear, pitches high into the air and comes down on stiffened legs, hard enough, as Curly puts it, "to make the sparks fly and your teeth rattle;" again and again he pitches, twisting first to one side, then to the other, frantic in his efforts to rid himself of the demon on his back. Each jump is answered by an oath, a vicious dig of the spurs and a stinging cut from the raw-hide thong. "Stay with him!" yell the excited boys. Yes, stay with him if you can, for every thing depends upon this first trial of strength between man and brute.

If he succeed in "downing you," he will have gained confidence in his own powers, and may ever afterwards be ready to try conclusions with you; but when all his exertions are unavailing, when he discovers that the more he struggles the more punishment he receives, and that he only succeeds in exhausting himself, then he will be cowed at his own impotence, and will have learned a lesson which he will never forget, for horses have good memories. After three or four such lessons the chances are that he will be cured of pitching, will offer a sullen, spiritless submission, and, ridden with a light hand and an easy seat, will soon become bridle-wise and quite handy.

Occasionally a horse is "gritty" and "mean;" when such a one finds that his rider is not to be shaken off, he rears straight over with him, or throws himself down sideways: in this case one has to be very quick, or broken bones may result. If you clear him as he falls, jump to his head to prevent his getting up, double your rope, and thrash him all you know, until he groans for mercy; he will then realize that a recumbent position is not always one of repose, and will probably not try that little maneuver again. Cruel work, this, but prompt and efficacious. It must be borne in mind that the task was set before us of breaking over a hundred head of horses in less than a month, in time for the spring round-up, and it would be impossible to effect this by gradual and gentle means. Moreover, we had a deal with animals in a semi-wild state, no longer colts, who looked upon man with fear and loathing, never having experienced any thing but ill treatment at his hands.

At the end of the first week's broncho-riding we were all more or less "stiffened up," as the result of our exertions, and "easy all" was called for a day or two. Towards the end of May, outfits from all directions converge towards the pre-arranged rendezvous for the general round-up. Some, like ourselves, having lost many horses, have been engaged in broncho-riding, camping for that purpose on the rich pastures and sweet-water creeks of the broad river-bottom. With those in our immediate neighborhood we interchanged visits, and watched each other's riding with jealous and critical eye. In this manner time passes quickly, each day bringing with it some fresh incidents.

No cowboy can be considered complete until he has become skilled (more so, at least, than I had then become) in the use of the lasso on horseback. A firm seat, readiness, dexterity and a quick eye are all necessary, and even an expert roper must constantly regret that nature has not provided him with more than two hands. Moreover, the animal you ride must know his work too, for it is his part, as soon as the rope tightens around the captive's neck, to straighten his fore-legs, leaning well back with his hind-legs right under, and always keeping end-on to the victim, to whose struggles the double weight of man and horse is thus opposed. The cast itself is performed in this wise: A slight turn of the wrist keeps the open loop swinging horizontally round your head, and the faster you gallop the better it swings. When you are within a few yards of your intended victim, throw as the loop comes behind you, twisting the other end round the horn of the saddle before the loop lands. Good horsemanship, which makes man and horse act with one will, brings your mount to a stand-still at the right moment and in the right position, the noose tightens and the captive is at your mercy. A very real and ever present danger to men who sleep on the ground is the skunk, which is liable to rabies, and, under its influence, attacks the sleeper savagely during the night, its bite, in this condition, being as virulently poisonous as that of a mad dog.

But space would fail me to describe all the varied "alarms and incidents" of our life. I can not even within the limits of this article touch upon that part of the cowboy's duty which relates to the management of cattle, the scouring of the plains by the circle-riders, the driving of cows and calves, bulls, heifers, and steers, to an appointed meeting-place, where brands will be cut out (separated) and the season's work begun in downright earnest. I have said enough to show that the cowboy's life is not all beer and skittles. The future has many hardships in store for us; long days in the saddle under the burning rays of a pitiless sun; nights spent in feverish tossing on the hot, baked ground, under the oppressive blankets, which the maddening presence of myriads of mosquitoes renders necessary, or, worse even than that, lying tentless under the driving rain, with the soaked prairie for your bed; incessant work, Sundays and week-days, from early dawn until sunset; storms always dangerous and sometimes fatal to man as well as beast; night-guards, during which the weary cowboy keeps watch and ward over his cattle; the heat, dust and turmoil of the branding-pen, and the long, monotonous autumn-drive of beef-cattle. All this we shall have to endure, to be rewarded, after many months of exile, by a brief glimpse of civilization and the ecstasy of hearing the sweet voice of woman once more.—*John Baumann, in Lippincott's Magazine.*

THICK SEEDING.

Interesting and Valuable Experiments Made on the Kansas State Farm.

Thick seeding, subsoiling and manuring for corn formed the subject for experiments of the Kansas State Farm in 1883 and again in 1884 and 1885. Prof. Shelton, of the State Agricultural College, in a recent report on the last experiments, explains that the subsoiling was performed by the ordinary subsoil plow, working at a depth of four inches in the furrow left by the ordinary plow turning a 6½-inch deep furrow slice. The manured plats received one and a half two-horse loads—equal to thirty loads per acre—of manure, only partially rotted. The thick seeding of this experiment consisted in planting the corn in drills 2½ feet apart (elsewhere the drills were 3½ feet apart) and doubling the ordinary amount of seed used in each drill, so that the corn plants stood five inches apart in the rows. The ordinary cultivation necessary to keep the ground properly porous and free from weeds was given all the plats.

The subsoiling, always costly work, was of no advantage to the growing crop in this trial, and this is strictly in line with the results obtained in the previous experimental work and a considerable general experience had at various times on the college farm. Subsoiling has been tried on clay lands of almost every degree of fertility; upon lands that had been in cultivation a considerable number of years and with comparatively new lands; but in no case was there any considerable increase in the yield of the subsoiled plats, certainly none at all commensurate with the cost of subsoiling. Results from last season's experiment in manuring did not show any material increase in the yield either of grain or stalks from the application of barn-yard manure. This result is in harmony with previous experiments. In Prof. Shelton's experience manure made during the winter months and hauled on the field the following spring is rarely of much benefit to crops grown the first year after such application. The second and third years, however, have generally shown very decidedly the beneficial results of a dressing of barn-yard manure. The true policy of Kansas farmers, Prof. Shelton says, "is to maintain the condition of the farm by judicious cropping, thorough cultivation and pasturing, so that general manuring may be avoided and the annual yield of manure applied to particular crops and easily accessible fields."

The results from plats thickly seeded was a yield of 71 bushels of shelled corn and 2.12 tons of stalks per acre, a gain, as compared with the adjacent plats plowed in the ordinary way of 16 bushels of corn and one-half ton of fodder. While the quantity of the fodder was improved by thick seeding, the quality of the corn by the same course was injured. The ears of corn obtained from the thick-seeded plats were generally small, though sound, and the proportion of "nubbins" to sound ears was great. Nevertheless, this plan of thick seeding is well worth the attention of that large number of Kansas farmers who find themselves each year obliged to look to unusual sources to supplement their ordinary fodder supply.

Fodder obtained by the ordinary methods of field culture is a coarse and not very valuable feed, but corn thickly planted, as in these experimental flats, of necessity grows fine; the proportion of stems to leaves and foliage is greatly reduced; on this account it may be easily harvested and stored, while the waste in feeding, from its superior quality, is very light. Such fodder, when freed from the corn, is excellent for nearly all purposes for which ordinary hay is used, but when fed unhusked, directly from the feed-cutter, it is an unsurpassed feed for cattle in course of preparation for the shambles.—*N. Y. World.*

—Within a month the Watertown (Conn.) *Times* has heard of the disappointment and surprise of no less than three widows who had not asked their husbands to protect them by a will, as they had an idea that they were legally entitled to one-third of the property. But they were not, as that "one-third" means only the income or use of one-third of the real estate—not the ownership of it. If the real estate is worth $3,000 the widow will have the use of $1,000 worth of it; this, at five per cent., would amount to $50 a year.

—The joys of photography: Photographer (about to make his fourteenth attempt)—"Could you manage to look a little bit less dreary, sir—just for half a second—not more?"—*Punch.*

—Make a harness fit properly and a horse can wear it without distress, provided that it is also kept decently clean and comfortably soft.—*Exchange.*

THE ALASKAN TRIP.

A Chicagoan Narrates the Incidents of a Summer Trip to the Northern Territory.

Sitting in his quiet little office, Dr. S. R. Haven spent nearly two hours in relating the incidents of a recent trip to Alaska and giving glowing descriptions of what he declares to be the most picturesque scenery in the world. Dr. Haven has been an extensive traveler. He has visited all the important points upon the Norwegian and Greenland coasts, besides having been all through the tropic regions. The Alaskan trip as made by the regular line of steamers, is not, as it is advertised, a trip to the land of the midnight sun. The farthest point north reached by the steamer is nine degrees south of a possible midnight sun and is four degrees south of the point of departure for the trip along the Norway coast. Alaska is simply a mass of islands made up of mountains, rocks and glaciers. During June and July one can be very comfortable wearing an ordinary heavy overcoat, and in those months there is no positive darkness—the twilight or gloaming of Scotland prevailng through the night. Dr. Haven was one of a party which included Chief Justice Waite, Bishop Warren, of Denver, ex-Governor Hoadly, of Ohio, and other prominent people. Among the points visited was Juneau, a village of two hundred inhabitants, situated on Douglas Island, about twelve hours' journey by steamer from Sitka, the Alaskan capital. At Juneau is the famous Treadwell gold mine, owned and operated by a company at the head of which is Senator Jones, of Nevada. It is claimed, and Dr. Haven thinks justly so, that this mine is the richest gold mine in the world. They have a 120-stamp mill in operation. For some time the company had in its employ eighty-seven Chinamen. Early last summer a man named McCaffrey, who was the leader of the riots against the Chinese at Seattle arrived at Juneau, and at once began to excite the people against the Chinese. He finally succeeded in getting together a mob of about seventy-five men—chiefly broken-down prospectors and gamblers—and they at once proceeded to eject the Chinamen from the country. They procured two small open yachts of a decent carrying capacity of ten persons each, crowded the Chinamen aboard, and started them off for Wrangel, a twenty-five day's journey without other provisions than raw rice. The Alaskan Indian, Dr. Haven says, is a much superior creature to the Indian of the Western States and Territories. They are full-bearded men and work willingly at heavy labor. They possess many of the elements of the civilized man, the first and chief of which is their love for money; second, their recognition of the obligation of a contract, and thirdly, their love for their women. The unwritten but rigidly observed law of the Alaskan Indians is that every thing he owns is the property of his wife. He can not give or sell any thing he may own without his wife's consent. While the American Indian compels his women to do all the work and support him in idleness, the Alaskan Indian works himself and his women do not lift a hand to any thing unless they choose.

The great Muir glacier, which was first located by Vancouver in 1797, was visited by the party. It is larger than all the glaciers of Europe rolled together. It is some 860 feet thick, from 10 to 25 miles wide, and extends back for 85 miles, where it meets the Mount St. Elias glacier, which is still larger. Eleven miles of this glacier has fallen off since it was dicovered by Vancouver. While Dr. Haven was hard by great blocks of ice larger than the Board of Trade building would slough off the face of the glacier every few minutes. These dropping pieces are the icebergs of the Pacific. That Alaska will ever become an agricultural country in this day and generation is not believed by Dr. Haven. The climate is not nearly so mild as in Norway, where he has seen fine growth of cereals and other vegetation ten degrees farther north than the limit of vegetable growth in Alaska. As a country full of magnificent, picturesque scenery it is not equaled by any in the world, and is easily and comfortably accessible. The round trip can be made in fine style from Chicago, including a visit to the Yellowstone park, for about $400. It is not generally known that the equi-distant point longitudinally between the eastern boundary of Maine and the western boundary of Alaska is San Francisco. But such is the fact, and the Alaskan laughs at the idea of calling Denver or Salt Lake Western cities.—*Chicago News.*

A Grand Natural Gallery.

Prof. Forel of Morges, in the Canton of Vaud, has discovered a natural gallery which goes right across the lower portion of the glacier of Arolla, in the Eringerthal, in the Valais. It constitutes a natural grotto in the heart of the glacier, and was explored to a distance of 250 metres (273 yards) by the professor and some fellow members of the Swiss Alpine Club from Geneva, Neuchatel and the Canton of Vaud. The average width was from six to ten metres, broadening out here and there to fully twenty-five metres; the height varied from two to three metres. At the spot where the party stopped the cavern divided into two galleries, the exploration of which they reserved for another time. The glacier was found to rest direct on the ground.—*Berner Bund.*

The Wrong Complexion.

Mrs. Brown—Don't you like Miss Smith, Mr. Jones?

Jones—No, I do not.

Mrs. Brown—Why, isn't she pretty?

Jones—Yes, she is pretty enough, but she is too taciturn. I don't like a lady too taciturn.

Mrs. Brown (after a little reflection)—Perhaps you are right. A blonde would suit you better than these taciturn complected girls.—*Texas Siftings.*

—The Auburn (N. Y.) Axle Works, which are moving to Wilkesbarre, Pa., will employ about one thousand men.

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE STORY OF MISS SELF.

A long time ago—runs the tale—
There was a young girl—a Miss Self,
Who lived in a beautiful vale,
Then haunted by fairy and elf.

She never took part in the play
Of other young girls in the town,
But stood in the haughtiest way,
And answered their words with a frown.

She never gave help to the poor,
She never the sick would attend,
She cared not a friend to secure,
She borrowed but never would lend.

She pored over books about Kings
And Queens in their grandeur and state,
With diamonds and laces and rings,
Till she grew her poor cottage to hate.

She read how a King left his throne
And wooed in disguise a poor maid;
She wished such a chance were her own,
And prayed for it, too, when she prayed.

One day she had wandered alone
Afar from her home to a wood,
And nobody cared she had gone,
For she never did any one good.

While deep in the forest she strolled,
She came to a wonderful gate,
All shining with silver and gold,
And within it a lordly estate.

The place looked so charming and bright,
She ventured to walk in its bowers,
And nobody being in sight,
She gathered a bouquet of flowers.

Then, hastily turning to go,
She saw at the gate a fierce guard;
"And who may you be, I would know,"
Said he, as her exit he barred.

Then quick, with a lie on her tongue,
She haughtily said: "Stand aside!
I'm the Princess De Self!" but he swung
The gate tightly shut as he cried:

"Ho! ho! Then 'tis here you should stay,
For I am the Emperor Me;
To take but not give is my way—
My gate opens inward, you see.

"I'll make you an elf and my Queen—
You've earned well the honor, I own;
Devoted to self as you've been,
'Tis right you should share in my throne."

Then placing his crown on her head,
A glittering ring on her hand,
"Now this is your empire," he said,
"The Queen of the Never-give Land!"

But alas, for her empire and throne!
Alas for its honors so grand!
That moment its glamour had flown,
Dispelled by the touch of his hand.

The crown was a fool's paper thing;
The jewels were fragments of glass;
The gold was but tinsel; the ring
Was only a circlet of brass!

The flowers in the garden so fair
No longer were lovely or sweet;
No fragrance exhaled on the air;
The whole was a horrible cheat!

And never again to the town
Came she, but passes the hours
At Castle De Me, with her crown
Of tinsel and odorless flowers.

But you may a Queen be indeed,
With riches that never can fly;
You can win it, if you will take heed
And the charm that I give you apply.

Don't follow Miss Self, who was blind,
But make this your motto in youth:
"Most queenly is she who is kind—
Most royal of graces is Truth!"

—*Golden Rule.*

LAWRIE'S COURAGE.

The "Good Care" Which He Took of His Little Sister.

Were there ever two such handsome children? Mrs. Graham felt sure that this query could be answered in the negative, as, on that bright June morning, she gave Elsie the last kiss, and Lawrence the oft-repeated injunction: "Take good care of your little sister, dear."

Lawrie looked fully equal to the charge if bravery alone were necessary to its fulfillment. The sun never shone upon curls that were tossed back with a bolder air; while his hands were thrust into his trousers' pockets with a jaunty defiance before which the mightiest foe must have trembled.

"Oh, I'll take care of her, mamma; never you fear. I'll bring her back safely."

"Very well, Sir Launcelot," said mamma, with a smile which would look the least bit proud in spite of herself, "only remember that bravery consisteth not in boasting."

Very gayly the little lad and lassie started forth. It was Susie Brown's birthday, and they were to have the honor of going, all alone, to the party. It was such an unusual distinction that Lawrie began casting about in his small mind what he could do to impress Elsie with the fact that he was "taking care of her." Just at the foot of their broad grounds ran the railroad track, and they were hardly out of mamma's sight before a brilliant idea flashed upon Lawrie's mind.

"Come on, Elsie. Turn around; I'll show you a new way to Susie's," he cried, seizing the little girl's hand, and hurrying her, panting and breathless, to the steep bank which led to the track.

Ah! if mamma had only been upon that side of the house. But she was in her own room, getting ready for a trip into town, and her windows faced the other way. I wonder if Lawrie remembered that fact.

"Oh, no, no, Lawrie!" cried Elsie, shrinking back. "I'm 'fraid of the cars. Don't let's go on the track."

"Oh, pshaw! Girls is so scart," said Sir Launcelot, scornfully; "'fraid of their own shadows. I'm glad I ain't one. I thought, though, you was different from the rest. Now where's the harm of our walkin' on the track? We'll get to Susie's as quick again, and you heard mamma say we'd be late."

"Y-e-s—but she didn't say we could go on the track, and I most know she wouldn't let us. It ain't safe. How do you know which track to take."

"Pooh! you goosie! That's easy enough. When you see a train comin' jump on the other track of course."

"But s'pose there's two trains?"

"Well there won't be; but even if there is can't we run up the bank? See here!" And our hero was half way down and back again in a twinkling.

"Oh, Lawrie! How dirty you've got your shoes, and goin' to a party too!"

"Never mind the shoes. Are you goin' this way or not?"

"But, Lawrie, there's the big rocks. Sposin'—"

"I shan't stay here all day a-sposin' things. I shall go on the track. If you want to go round the road all alone, you can. But mamma said I should take care of you. If you won't let me, all right I can't help it." And the young knight turned away with that deeply injured air which his elder brothers, under like circumstances, sometimes find so effective.

"Oh, wait, Lawrie! I'll go, I'll go, only do be careful."

"Well, I thought you'd be sensible," was the magnanimous reply. "Of course, I'll be careful. Here, let me help you down the bank. Now ain't this nicer than the old road?"

It was nice. Elsie could not deny it. There was a wild excitement in jumping sleepers and walking rails. The banks were starred with daisies and buttercups; while bobolink's wild song made all the air palpitate with its maddening mirth. It was just the kind of a day to make one a hero—and the very air was intoxicating—and the little girl's laugh soon rang out as merrily as Lawrie's own. Not one fear did she feel until she found herself nearing the steep rock cutting which all the children called the "big rocks." Elsie had often stood upon its summit, for the columbine grew thickly there, and it was a favorite resort. She had never failed to look down its steep sides with a thrill of terror, and now that she found herself actually about to enter this mysterious precinct, something of the old fear returned.

Just then a cattle train, which they had heard lumbering behind them, came so near that Lawrie considered it prudent to step upon the other track. I think he had kept purposely upon the track of the train, that he might have the pleasure of saying grandly as they left it: "There, ain't that easy now?" At all events, he said it, and Elsie looked at him with reverential admiration. She never doubted his heroism—not she!

It was a long train—they were nearly through the cutting, and still there seemed no end to the brown cars, filled with stifling, lowing cattle. They were so confused by the noise that they heard no other sound, nor did they have the slightest warning of approaching danger, until swift from around a sudden curve, they saw coming, down upon them with the speed of the wind, the lightning express!

"Oh, Elsie! Elsie! Elsie!" cried Lawrie, with a white face, as he danced up and down in an ecstacy of terror.

One terrific glance the little maiden cast around. No help on the right—for there was the steep rock; no help on the left—for there was the passing train; no help in front, with that fiery monster bearing down upon them; no time to run back!

She said afterward that it seemed as if she stood there "a million years," but, in reality in far less time than it has taken me to tell the story, she had grasped her frantic brother by the arm, fairly dragging him into the narrow path between the tracks, and crying: "Lie down, Lawrie, lie down!" they had thrown themselves upon their faces, and in that very instant had felt the mighty whirlwind rush of the passing train.

"Oh, dear me!" were Elsie's first words, as she once more stood upright; "if I haven't just ruined my new dress!"

But Lawrie did not think of his clothes—not he! He sat down upon the track, and cried and cried, while Elsie, very much astonished, stood by and tried to comfort him

"Come on," he said at last, "let's go home I don't want to go to no old party."

"Shall we go this way?" asked Elsie, timidly.

"No; I never want to see the mean old track again. Let's go back a piece till you can crawl up the bank and get to the road," and very solemnly our brave knight marched homeward, with hardly a word to the little damsel who trotted so meekly by his side.

Papa and mamma were not yet at home, so it was not until they were gathered around the supper table that they listened to the story which Lawrie, whose spirits were wonderfully revived, told so fluently.

Mamma clasped her little daughter very closely in her arms, and papa's eyes were misty as he asked: "How came you to think of lying down, my darling."

"Oh, I remembered a story I heard you read once," said Elsie, as if "remembering" under such circumstances was, of all things, the simplest.

"Well, Sir Launcelot, and who do you think has proved the brave knight to-day?" was papa's next question, but very gravely.

"Oh, I suppose Elsie was, in one way, but you see it took me so sudden. You know I never can think, papa, and besides I wasn't one bit afraid to go on the track, and Else was."—*Catherine Stevenson, in Montreal Witness.*

Anniversary of a Bell.

The busy city of Breslau, in Prussia, found time recently to celebrate the five hundredth birthday of a church bell. A tragic story of the casting of this bell has kept it famous throughout Germany for a longer period than has elapsed since the discovery of America.

The founder of the bell, on the 17th of July, 1386, when the molten metal was just ready to run into the mold, left the foundry for a few moments in charge of a boy, warning him not to meddle with the apparatus. The boy disobeyed the injunction and set the metal running. Terrified, he called the founder, who, on seeing the mischief, supposing the bell ruined, struck the boy to the earth and killed him.

When the metal cooled and the bell was tried, it was found to be of admirable tone and finish—the founder's masterpiece. Stricken with remorse, he gave himself up to the magistrate, and was condemned to expiate his crime by death. He walked to the place of execution to the tolling of his own bell, calling upon all the people to pray for "the poor sinner." The bell has ever since borne the name of the Poor Sinner's Bell.

At that early period Breslau was a country village of little note. It has now grown to be the seat of the linen manufacture of silesia, and next to Berlin, the largest city of Prussia. The anniversary of the founding of the Poor Sinner's Bell was not forgotten, however. The bell was rung morning and evening, and the pastor of the church preached a sermon in honor of the occasion, in which he told one more the well-remembered tale.—*Youth's Companion.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—When the earthquake came the other night, more than thirty thousand women in Georgia were convinced that they had discovered a man under the bed.—*Macon Telegraph.*

—It is moved and seconded that the American cyclone and the American earthquake go off to some uninhabited spot and settle the matter between themselves. As a tribute to the prominent character of the contending parties, it is suggested that this motion be adopted under a suspension of the rules.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—A hen at Bath, Me., hatched a brood of chickens a short time ago and then deserted them. A few days later it was found that the brood had been taken charge of by a dove from a neighboring cot, and the little chicks are apparently well taken care of, their foster-mother remaining with them during the night.—*Boston Post.*

—A recent poem is entitled "On the Cliffs," and the first verse reads:

Her dress of sheeny laces
Was fine as the fairy snare,
Seen when the dewdrops sparkle
In the morning's sunny glare.

A girl that would go cliff-climbing in such a dress as that would be guilty of wearing diamonds with a calico gown.—*Buffalo Express.*

—A new and plausible explanation of the destructive fires occurring in pine forests is offered. The pine resin exuding from the trees is often of lenz shape, and before it thoroughly hardens frequently of crystalline clearness. It is surmised that while in that condition a resin lens may focus the sun's rays upon some light twig or resinous point and so start a blaze that quickly eats up a forest.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A recent consular report states that the trade of Loando, on the west coast of Africa, is principally in the hands of the English, Dutch, French and Portugese. British manufactured goods are largely imported, not only direct from English ports, but also through Portugese vessels. The country is said to be rich in minerals, and the soil is exceptionally fertile from the coast line far up into the country.

—"The proper thing in stationery." I note that parchment paper, blue ink, quills and blotting sand are now all the rage with that class of my correspondents who write a large, scared-to-death-three-cornered hand, and who spell every with two vs and weather without an a. I have frequently observed that people who are faultless in the style of their "stationery" are not infrequently liable to spell by ear. [Confessions of a Reformed Missionary.]—*Burdette.*

—In Middletown, N. Y., three miles from the village, is a curiosity that is attracting wide-spread attention. It is a spring, the water of which is as cold as ice and as clear as crystal. In digging down two or three feet, wherever the water has touched every thing is crystallized. Leaves, grass, feathers and grasshoppers can be clearly traced in the beautiful white limestone. Large numbers of these specimens are carried away daily.—*Buffalo Express.*

—There is on exhibition in a jewelry store at Washington a very unique electrical time piece. The face, or indicator, of the clock is suspendrd by two cords, and the electric apparatus, which is the motive power, hangs by a wire in the bottom of the window. The clock works silently, and it has been tested and proves to keep accurate time. No clock work of any kind is attached to the time-keeper, except the hands which move only each minute.—*Washington Star.*

—Mrs. Mark Hopkins' palatial residence, in process of erection at Great Barrington Mass., has a state dining-room 40x60 feet, two stories in height, with a roof of glass. The walls of this room are finished in all varieties of Italian marble. There are two breakfast-rooms, one capable of accommodating a large number of guests. The residence has several beautiful towers and a lawn of over one hundred acres. The place will cost nearly $3,000,000.—*Boston Journal.*

—A racy paper was got out for sale in Nashua, N. H., lately, and a corps of newsboys distributed handbills early in the day announcing that the copies would be sold early that afternoon, with sensational personal details about well-known residents of Nashua. When the paper arrived, however, the city marshal seized and confiscated the whole lot and gave the venders a brief space in which to leave the city. They availed themselves, and a "sensation" was spoiled.—*Troy Times.*

—Joseph Nathanson, the emigrant agent and interpreter of the Pennsylvania railroad, recently found on a west-bound emigrant train a young girl who had been robbed of her money by a fellow-passenger. Telling her he would find her money, Nathanson borrowed a carrier pigeon, closed the car windows so that the bird could not escape and addressed the passengers, telling them that the bird would alight on the head of the one who had committed the theft. He released the bird just as the train entered the Spruce creek tunnel, and on striking a match found a suspected woman crouching between two seats and waving her hands above her head to keep the bird away. She gave up the money.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Headache in School-Children.

Prof. N. J. Bystroff has examined 7,478 boys and girls in the St. Petersburg schools during the last five years, and found headache in 868; that is 11.6 per cent. He states that that per centage of headache increases in a direct progression with the age of the children as well as with the number of hours occupied by them in mental labor; thus, while headache occurred in only five per cent. of the children aged eight, it attacked from twenty-eight to forty per cent. of the pupils aged fourteen to eighteen. The author argues that an essential cause of obstinate headache in school children is the excessive mental strain enforced by the present educational programme, which leaves out of consideration the peculiarities of the child's nature and the elementary principles of scientific hygiene. The overstrain brings about an increased irritability of the brain and consecutive disturbances in the cerebral circulation.

CHINESE PEASANTRY.

People Whose Hard Lot Leaves Them No Time for Gambling.

Of small feet and pigtails it is not necessary to say much. Both are considered ornaments in their way, and a nation whose sons wear bell-toppers, and whose daughters go in for a variety of distortions, must be chary of criticising other people's peculiarities. Pigtails, it may not be generally known, are not in their origin Chinese. When the present rulers of China, who are Manchus, seized upon the empire over two centuries ago, they issued an edict commanding all Chinese to shave their heads and grow a tail like themselves. There was a good deal of trouble at first in enforcing such an order, but the Chinese have long ago forgotten that the appendage of which they are so proud is a badge of conquest. It would be hard to find anywhere a more submissive subject or a more thoroughly good-natured being than the Chinese peasant. His hard struggle for existence scarcely leaves him time to grumble with his lot No mechanical inventions have yet relieved him from the burden of toil. His rice-fields have to be irrigated by the old-fashioned water-wheel, the fields themselves are plowed by a primitive wooden plow which he carries home on his shoulder when his day's work is over, and his crop is reaped with the rudest of sickles, and brought to the stack-yard on wheelbarrows. Night and morning he worships the tablets of his ancestors and twice in the year—once in spring and once in autumn—he repairs to the graves of his family, and communes in spirit with the forefathers of his race. His knowledge of the world extends only to the next market town. No newspaper brings him intelligence from other lands, and to him China is the first and the only nation in exitence. All other countries are subordinate to the Emperor of China, and all the Princes of the earth owe allegiance to the court of Peking. Tell an ordinary countryman in the North that there are nations in Europe independent of China, and he smiles at your thinking him so innocent as to believe such a story. Peking itself still remains the headquarters of Celestial ignorance and prejudice. Nearly every state in Europe has its representative there, and in the streets you meet jolly, broad-faced, grinning Mongolians from the bleak North, stately yellow-robed Lamas from Thibet, the puny white-clad Corean from his forbidden land in the East, Anamese and Siamese from the South and Nepaulese from the confines of our Indian Empire. The spectacle presented by such a motley variety of all nationalities only confirms the ordinary native in the belief that they have, one and all, come to pay their respects and offer their tribute to the "Lord of all under Heaven." In Southern China knowledge is a little more widely diffused, for emigration has there introduced a slight leavening of influence.—*Nineteenth Century.*

CARL DUNDER.

He Invests in a Chestnut Bell and Meets a Blood-Thirsty Stranger.

"Well, what is it now?" queried Sergeant Bendal at the Woodbridge street station yesterday, as the old man Dunder slipped softly in.

"Vhell, I like to haf you gaze on me."

"Certainly. You've got a black eye, a puffed-up nose and other proofs of being knocked down by a five-story building."

"My frendt, you vhas wrong. Do you know vhas dis article vhas?"

"I do. Those are the remains of a 'cheatnut' bell."

"Shust so, Sergeant. Shake comes to me der odder day and says: 'Fadder, you must get some shesnut bell and pin on your west. Eaferybody who vhas sharp has a shestnut bell, und vhen somebody says it vhas a hot day he rings dot bell und vhalks off.' Vhell, Shake has one, und all der boys haf one, und so I buys me a shestnut bell."

"I begin to see."

"I practice awhile mit der oldt womans. If she says it vhas hot or cold, or if she vhants money or calls me to get some coal, I rings dot bell on her. By und by I goes up to der city hall to see if my taxes vhas, due. I meet a man who says he likes to go oafe rto Canada by der ferry und I rings dot bell on him."

"It was a good joke."

"Vhell, I dunno. If somebody calls you names und knocks you down vhas dot a shoke? He broke my headt und my shestnut bell, und I doan' get oudt for three days. Say, Sergeant."

"Yes."

"I goes home to ring dot bell on my son Shake. I vhas going to feed him shestnuts until he doan' shoke me any more for twenty years, but he vhas gone. Somepody told him how I come oudt mit dot stranger, und he doan' like to see me. May be you see him. If you do tell him to come home. Tell him we let shestnuts go und begin all oafer again."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Wanted the Very Latest.

Old Mr. Clamwhooper, who is very rich, recently went to a prominent New York carriage manufacturer and ordered that a family carriage be built specially for him.

"What style do you prefer?"

"I don't keer what style it is as long as it's the latest style."

"You will want armorial bearings on the panels?"

"Certainly. I want to keep up with the procession."

"What armorial bearings am I to put on the panels?"

"You know more about it than I do. I want something new and fresh—the very latest style, of course."—*N. Y. Telegram.*

—There is one candy house in New York that has a factory of immense size and several stores, and they were all created within a few years out of an original capital of $10,000, which was borrowed for the purpose.

GREAT EARTHQUAKES.

The Net Results of Loss From The Most Disastrous Shocks on Record.

742—Syria, Palestine and Asia; 500 towns destroyed.

1137—Sicily; 15,000 persons buried.

1158—In Syria; 20,000 perished.

1268—In Cicilia; 50,000 perished.

1455, December 5—At Naples; 40,000 perished.

1509, September 14—Constantinople; thousands perished.

1531, February 26—At Lisbon; 1,500 houses and 30,000 persons buried.

1626, July 30—Naples; thirty towns and 70,000 lives lost.

1667, April 6—Ragusa ruined; 5,000 perished.

1667—Schmaki; lasted three months; 80,000 perished.

1672, April 14—At Rimini; above 1,500 perished.

1692, June 7—Island of Jamaica; whole of Port Royal engulfed forty fathoms deep and 3,000 perished.

1693, September—Fifty-four cities and towns and more than 100,000 lives were lost.

1703, February 2—Aquila; 5,000 perished.

1703—Jeddo, Japan, ruined; 200,000 perished.

1706, November 3—In the Abbruzzi, 15,000 perished.

1716, May and June—At Algiers, 20,000 perished.

1726, September 1—Palermo, 6,000 lives lost.

1732, November 30—China, 100,000 people swallowed up at Pekin.

1732, November 29—Naples, 1,940 perished.

1746, October 28—Lima and Callao, 18,000 persons buried.

1754—Grand Cairo, half the houses and 40,000 persons swallowed up.

1755, June 7—Karschan, North Persia, destroyed; 40,000 perished.

1755, November 1—The great earthquake at Lisbon. In about eight minutes most of the houses and upward of 50,000 inhabitants were swallowed up.

1759, October 30—Syria, 20,000 perished.

1780—Tauris, 15,000 houses and multitudes buried.

1797, February 4—Panama destroyed and 40,000 people buried in one second.

1805, July 26—Frosolone, Naples, 6,000 lives.

1812, March 16—At Caracas, 12,000 perished.

1819, June 16—Kutch sunk, 2,000 persons buried.

1822—Aleppo destroyed; above 20,000 perished.

1846, February 14—Ternate, thousands lost.

1842, May 7—Cape Haytien, St. Domingo, between 4,000 and 5,000 lives.

1851 August 15—South Italy, 14,000 lives lost.

1856, March 2—Island of Great Sanger, 3,000 lives lost.

1859, March 22—Quito, 5,000 persons killed.

1861, March 20—Mendoza, South America, 7,000 lives lost.

1863, July 2 and 3—Manilla, Phillippine Isles, 10,000 persons perished.

1868, August 13 and 15—Peru and Ecuador, 25,000 lives lost and 30,000 rendered homeless; loss of property estimated at $300,000,000.

1875, May 16 and 18—Lan Jose de Cucta, Colombia, 14,000 lives.

1881, March 16—Ischia, 289 houses, 114 lives lost, about £38,000; March 4, more destroyed by another shock.

1881, April 3—Scio, 4,000 perish.

1883, July 23—Island of Ischia, in the Bay of Naples, destroyed; 1,990 lives.

1883, August 26—Java Island was shattered and sunk, and sixteen others raised their heads above the surrounding waters. Nearly 100,000 people were buried beneath volcanic debris or swept off the face of the land by the volcanic wave.

1884-85—Andalusia, 745 persons killed, 1,485 injured, and 17,000 buildings damaged.

1885—Serinagur and numerous villages almost destroyed.

1886, August 28—Morea and the Island of Zante, several villages and 300 lives lost.

1886, August 31—Charleston S. C. about 90 persons killed and property to the amount of $4,000,000 destroyed.

FRENCH COMMERCE.

Remarkable Growth of the Subsidized Merchant Marine of France.

The report of the Commission appointed by the French Chamber to inquire into the question of subsidies to the French merchant navy, states that since the law passed five years ago came into force the amount paid in the way of subsidies to native shipbuilders and owners has gone on increasing, having risen from about £150,000 the first year to upwards of £450,000; and the effect of granting these subsidies has so far been favorable that in respect to steam vessels France now comes second on the list, next to England, their tonnage being now 197,863 tons in excess of that of the United States, and 186,697 tons more than that of Germany. At the beginning of the year the French merchant navy comprised 14,327 sailing vessels, representing 536,191 tons and manned by 76,403 sailors, and 895 steamers of 467,488 tons burden, with 18,288 sailors. Compared to those for the year 1878, these figures represent a diminution of 603 in the number of sailing vessels, while there has been an increase of 307 in the number of steamers, with a total increase of nearly 30,000 tons. The coast fisheries comprised, at the beginning of the year, 9,966 vessels, of which only thirteen were steamers, manned by 470,000 fishermen and sailors, while the deep-sea fisheries comprised 478 sailing vessels, manned by 10,054 sailors. The coasting trade was carried on by 2,543 sailing vessels and 379 steamers, with a total of about 18,000 men. Marseilles owned 655 vessels, of 685,892 tons; Havre 344 vessels, of 491,131 tons; Bordeaux 221 vessels, of 130,655 tons; Nantes 161 vessels, of 103,966 tons, the ports which come next in point of importance being St. Nazaire, Dunkirk, Boulogne, Dieppe and Rouen.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

—"It's a wife's duty to be pleasant," says an exchange. Yes, and it's the husband's duty to make her duty easy.—*Philadelphia Call.*

HOPE FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

A Verona Physician Asserts that Petroleum Will Cure Them.

A rather remarkable statement was recently made to a reporter that the discovery had been made that petroleum was a cure for consumption. The informant stated that Dr. W. M. Griffiths, of Verona, had made the discovery, and as this new use for carbon oil seemed decidedly novel, a newspaper man hunted up the gentleman, and he made the following statement.

"In making the statement that consumption is cured by a medicine or any other means, I fully appreciate the seriousness and responsibility of the assertion. I never came in contact with a patient so afflicted, but with fear and trembling, and asking myself, shall I assume the responsibility of this case of life and death, most generally the latter. In looking back over the last eight years, the period during which circumstances threw a large number of cases of phthisis pulmonalis in my care, there are but few cases, had I the opportunity to do so, in which the treatment would be much different. Hence my conscience is clear. I make the assertion that notwithstanding the almost generally unfavorable prognosis, under favorable circumstances a recovery may be expected in a large number of cases. The hope of recovery which is so strongly impressed on the mind of the patient I encourage; it is better to encourage than to shut out from him the faintest ray of hope, as is often done. I have but one remedy or treatment out of the usual line of treatment. These are petroleum pills, which I called attention to several years ago. For the benefit of those who have not the formula, I again present it:

℞. Petroleum mass, 1 oz.
Pulv. cubebs, ½ oz.
Pulv. ipecac comp., ½ oz.
Pulv. bloodroot, 30 grs.
Make 33 pills
sig. One pill from three to five times daily.

"The line of treatment advised in incipient cases is to improve the general health, in which improvement the lung trouble has its share; to prevent bodily waste and increase the body income, to keep the patient above par, not below it. All conditions of the general health out of order should be promptly attended to. If diarrhea or other disease, attend to it; if dyspepsia, remove the cause by the proper remedy and attention to diet. The cough, night sweats, pains, restlessness and sleepiness and painful respiration, symptoms usually treated with sulphate of atropia, morphia, cough mixtures, hydrocyanic acid, etc., are all promptly relieved by the pill above referred to. Since using it the necessity for cod liver oil has not occurred. The flesh gained by the use of the pills comes to stay, not like that gained by cod liver oil, which seems to vanish in a night, as it were.

"The digestion is improved, the appetite for food is restored, night sweats vanish and a general improvement of all the functions takes place. These pills possess peculiar healing and soothing effects on the mucous membranes generally, but more particularly on the respiratory and urinary. Hence they give gratifying results in coughs, colds, hoarseness, asthma and bronchial irritations in general. In cases of so-called catarrh they do away with douches, washes, atomizers, etc."—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

CITY WAITER GIRLS.

The Wages They Receive, and How They Can Add to Their Income.

"To make a good waiter," said the proprietor of a restaurant in which the waiters are all women, "a girl must be clean, patient, passably good looking and not too high-toned. She must dress neatly and be quick and bright. We employ about a dozen girls here. They earn four dollars a week, and work about eight hours a day. If a girl is a favorite with the customers she picks up a good deal in fees. I have frequently seen a girl here shake twenty ten-cent pieces out of her pocket at the end of a day.

Some of the girls who have been here a long time have their regular customers, who are dissatisfied if any one else waits upon them. Some of the girls are away on their vacat on now, and two old gentlemen, who have been dining here for a year, were compelled to let a strange girl wait upon them. They found fault with every thing, and when they went out they inquired when their girl would be back, saying they would dine somewhere else in the meantime. The girl who waited upon them is a very good waiter, and has several customers who will let no one else wait upon them. One of the girls here has been waiting upon two gentlemen for two years. They never order any thing, but simply tell Lizzie the condition of their appetite and leave the rest to her. When Lizzie went away on her vacation the gentlemen, whom she calls her firm, gave her nine dollars."

"Are the girls ever insulted or treated rudely?"

"Not very often, and when they are they are protected if they complain to me. A man who will insult a girl who is trying to earn an honest living will steal spoons, and he is not wanted here. A few of my girls are married, which is nothing against them, whatever it may be against the husbands who allow them to earn their own living. That little yellow-haired Irish woman behind the counter has two children and a husband big enough to eat a team of horses. I don't know what's the matter with him, but something is certainly wrong somewhere or she would be home looking after the young ones."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Dressing of Wounds.

Nature's method of protecting wounds is by the process of scabbing; and although almost a matter of routine in surgical practice to remove from a disfigured face or wounded head the crust that nature provides as a dressing, it is best to leave such crusts undisturbed whenever possible, and if desirable simply to cover them with something better looking. Lint, or tarletan, or thin muslin, and collodion, forms one of the best dressings for simple incised, and not a few lacerated wounds, which have ever been devised.—*Phrenological Journal.*

Women in Turkey.

[Hon. S. S. Cox.]

The first wife has no right to oppose her husband's marrying a second, third and fourth time. He is not compelled to even ask her opinion about the matter. He is free in the premises, so long as he does not exceed four wives. The only instance where the consent of the wife is required is in case the husband wants to marry a cousin or an aunt of hers. She may oppose and prevent such an alliance. If he insist, in spite of her opposition, he must repudiate the wife and pay her dower. This sometimes is a very difficult thing to do.

The dower is obligatory, though it is not necessary that it should be a part of the contract. Its amount is fixed by agreement. As a rule it varies according to the social condition of the woman. Thus, in case no dower has been allowed, as often happens, the judge fixes it under the law; and although the law has fixed some limits to it, still it is left to the discretion of the judge. He may make it sufficient for the kind of living to which the woman has been accustomed.

In making the dower obligatory, the code has in view principally a provision for the repudiated wife. The code means that she shall have a decent support for the period of time she is forbidden to marry. This period is six months. Dower is intended also as a shield against too frequent repudiations. It happens often that though the husband is desirous of repudiating his wife he finds it impossible to pay her dower; so he abstains from repudiating her. The law fixes the dower to five hundred drams of silver, or sixty-five ounces of silver. This is but a pittance now-a-days; but it was fixed by the prophet. This is the amount which he assessed for his own wives. It must have been adequate for the few necessities required by a woman among the Arab tribes at Mecca and Medina thirteen hundred years ago. Besides, it was fixed at an epoch when silver was scarcer than it is now, and before bonanzas of the white metal had leaped out of the sunless temples of the earth.

Moreover, anything which is capable of being legally acquired may be made in payment of dower, except wine and hogs! One of the odd forms of dower is the teaching of a chapter of the Koran by the husband to the wife. It is a pious, though pecuniary equivalent! Dower also may be a slave, or a house, or anything of value. If the husband is not able to furnish them he is liable for their value. The dower may also be agreed upon after the marriage. The wife may exonorate the husband from the dower, or she may commute it for something else. She becomes the proprietor of the dower, and may legally dispose of it; but should the husband divorce her before the marriage is consumated, the half of it reverts to him. Should she forgive him that which belongs to her, the whole would be his. If a slave be assigned as dower, and she should emancipate the slave, and she is divorced before the consumation of the marriage, she is liable for half the value of the slave. In cause of dispute with regard to the amount of the dower, the word of the husband is preferred until the contrary is proved; whereas, if he acknowledge the amount stated as the dower, and alleges its delivery, but fails to prove it, credit is given to the word and oath of the woman.

The code provides as to the time to be devoted by the husband to each one of his wives, in case he has more than one. This rule of law has its initiative in the organic law that each man has a right to four wives, and that a man has the absolute disposal of all the hours of the day for himself. The law allows no right to the wife to claim the attention of her husband during the daytime. It creates an obligation upon the husband to divide the rest of his time equally between his wives, or at least he is not bound to make his court, or to be with one wife more than once in every four days, and this whether he has one wife or more. If among his wives there is a slave, she has the right only to receive half the time allotted to the free wife. This does not include slaves or odalisques who are not lawfully married.

The temporary marriages being admitted only by the Sheeahs, and these temporary contracts not being under general Mohammedan law, it may suffice to state that such marriages can be legally made for one month or one year. They are allowed by the religious rules of that sect.

The harshness of the marriage contract toward the women of the Mohammedan countries is generally exaggerated, if not entirely fanciful. Marriage is, as we have said, a civil contract. It is like, and yet not unlike, the contract in England and America. It gives no preference or right to either of the contracting parties over the property of the other party. The wife retains her power of disposing of her estate. She can be sued or sue. In suing, she has no need of a "next friend" or trustee. She may summon her own husband into court. Nor is he liable for any debts of her contracting. He does not vulgarly, as was once the custom in America, advertise her absence from bed or board to avoid the payment of her debts. True, he must maintain her and pay her dower, as we have stated, in case of separation.

So that, in many respects, if Western nations may not learn something of utility and equity from the Mohammedan code in the matter of marriage, they may at least refuse to credit the wild and unfounded statements that the woman of the East is a slave to her husband, and compelled to serve him, as if he had the ring of the Arabian story, upon which the genii were accustomed to wait.

A Wonderful Region.

A letter from Sander, Wyoming Territory, to the San Francisco *Call* says: A prospector, hunter and trapper, who has spent many many moons in the great Rocky Mountain chain, and who has lately visited the portion of the Snake River range about which so many dazzling reports are in circulation, has just been interviewed by the writer. The old prospector tells a notable tale. He says that the reports scarcely do justice to the reality, and that the oil fields, gold mines, copper veins, and coal beds of the section are exhaustless. The region is a spur of the Snake Mountains proper, and lies between the waters of the Upper Snake River and those towering peaks called on the map the Grand Tetons. The section comprises a number of mountains in detached groups, steep, high and rugged to look at and ascend, but on whose summits are invariably found rough plateaus, well timbered and of considerable area. These plateaus are the scene of the recent discoveries.

Everywhere over these rough table lands breaks forth oil, in both springs and lakes. The latter apparently sips from the soil and fills depressions and spreads over flat surfaces. The springs are of almost every variety. They bubble, spout, well and flow steadily and regularly. The characteristics of the oil fields are phenomenal. Every lake and every spring has an outlet, and these outlets flow for various distances and are then suddenly swallowed up by the earth. There is no apparent cause for these startling disappearances. No cavity in the ground exists, not even a depression can be seen, but all at once the oil stream is lost to sight. There can be only one explanation, and that is that the whole region is underlain by an immense oil lake, and that the oil flows have secret and hidden communication therewith.

The gold of the region comprises both quartz and placer deposits. The rough table lands are seamed with huge rocky ledges prolific of free milling quartz. At the bases of these ledges, and in the recesses jetting their sides, are pockets of loose earth, in which are found in abundance small nuggets and shot and flower gold. These placer deposits have all the characteristics born in soil and product of the Miners' Delight, South Pass and Atlantic regions, which gave them their name, and in the balmy days of discovery yielded hundreds of thousands of dollars.

The coal beds are wide and deep. The table lands are the homes of innumerable streams flowing through terrific mountain canons and gorges to mingle with the rushing waters of the Snake River. Old prospectors know of routes by which the centre of this region can be reached by a wagon road, and the development of these marvelous fields of gold, oil, and coal cannot be long delayed.

The Best Chill Medicine.

SALISBURY, MD., Aug. 1884.

Dear Sir:—I had the ague and chills and fever for six months, had taken several different medicines, but none done me any good. Through the recommendation of a friend I was induced to try "AROMANNA." I used one bottle and have not had a chill since.

JOHN PARSONS.

SALISBURY, MD., May 25, 1885.

Dear Sir:—I was cured of Dyspepsia by using two bottles of "AROMANNA."

MARY HEARN.

Price 25 and 85 cts. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland, Md.

It may be possible to form an alliance with the devil and realize on the investment, but more probable that you will get swindled without regard to decency.

We should honor age for its well-run race but admire the happy face of and sympathize with youth in its ant-hill trials, stimulating it to meet the real test with strong hearts.

A Conscientious Liar.

Detroit Free Press.

He climbed three pairs of stairs to get to an insurance office in Griswold street, and as he came face to face with the occupant he said:

"I believe you are Mr. Blank?"

"Yes, sir."

"You came down on a Michigan avenue car about half past 8 this morning?"

"I did, sir."

"So did I. We were all talking about the earthquake. I stated to the occupants of the car, and you were one, that the shock jarred all the glass chandeliers in my residence and threw down the bust of Patrick Henry which stood on a bracket."

"I remember your statement very clearly."

"And I added that my ormolu clock stopped dead still, and that a $100 mirror in my parlor was cracked across."

"Yes, you did."

"Well, sir, I have come to tell you that I live in a rented house, and have none of the articles mentioned. I burn kerosene in two old lamps in place of glass chandeliers. If Patrick Henry busts were selling for a dime apiece I couldn't buy one, and the only ormolu clock I have came from the dollar store. The $100 mirror was all in my eye."

"What on earth possessed you to tell such a story?"

"Well, you were all bragging about the earthquake, and how your pianos danced around and your silverware rattled, and I felt that I must lie or be degraded in your estimation. I deeply regret my weakness, and have come to ask your forgiveness."

"I'll forgive you."

"Thanks! After this, if a cyclone occurs, or we have a flood or earthquake, be careful about the statements you make in a crowd. You don't know to what you may drive innocent men."

He went away with his hat in his hand, and the other fell into a deep reverie and failed to hear the knock of the man who wanted a quarter to help him reach Sandusky and his dying wife.

Good Results in Every Case.

D. A. Bradford, wholesale paper dealer of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes, that he was seriously afflicted with a severe cold that settled on his lungs; had tried many remedies without benefit. Being induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, did so and was entirely cured by use of a few bottles. Since which time he has used it in his family for all Coughs and Colds with best results. This is the experience of thousands whose lives have been saved by this Wonderful Discovery. Trial bottles free at W. Nydegger's drug store.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ELECTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to the qualified voters of Garrett county that an election will be held at the usual places of holding elections in the several election districts in said county, on Tuesday after the first Monday, being the

2D DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1686,

between the hours of 8 o'clock A. M., and 6 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of balloting for one person to represent the Sixth Congressional District in the Congress of the United States.

It shall not be lawful for the keeper of any hotel, tavern, store, drinking establisement or any other place where liquors are sold, or for any person, directly or indirectly, to sell, barter or give, or in any way dispose of spirituous or fermentep liquors, ale, beer or intoxicating drinks of any kind, on the day of any election hereafter to be held in the several counties of the State.

Any person violating the provisions of this act shall be liable to indictment by the Grand Jury of the county where the offence is committed, and shall upon conviction before any Judge of any of the Circuit Courts of this State, be fined a sum of not less than fifty dollars, nor more than one hundred dollars for each and every offence; one-half of the fine shall be paid the informer, the other half to the County Commissioners for the use of the public roads.

JOHN H. RILEY,
Sheriff of Garret County.

LAKE VIEW PLANING MILL

is now in full operation, and prepared to fill orders for

Flooring, Weather-boarding, Sash, Doors, Frames, Brackets, and Mouldings of all Kinds,

☞ Will contract for the erection of buildings.

Orders solicited. Satisfaction guranteed.

C. RATHBURN,
MANAGER,
4 3 9m Mountain Lake Park, Md.

IMPROVED FARM FOR SALE!

I will sell my farm, on the headwaters of Deep Creek, adjoining lands of Ransey Browning, A. C. Browning and others, on the easiest terms. The farm contains one hundred acres of land, all under fence, and about 60 acres cleared. The improvements consist of a

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE

and large frame barn, young fruit trees, &c., &c. This farm is in a good neighborhood, about 4 miles from Deer Park, and about 8 miles from Oakland.

Reason for selling—advanced age.

Apply to or address

LUKE WOOD,
8 7 tf. Deer Park, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will make application to the Commissioners of Garrett county after thirty days from the first publication of this notice to appoint three viewers to assemble and determine whether the public convenience requires the opening and construction of a public road beginning at or near the mouth of Miller's Run, in District No. 7, and running through the lands of Hamill, Lowndes, John and Albert Richter, Perine and others, to intersect the Hooppole Road at or near King's Run, a distance of two and a-half miles.

JOHN H. CRISHOLM,
THOMAS A. NETHKEN,
JOHN H. RILEY,
ISAAC MALE,
W. H. SPEICHER,
9 25 4 MAHLON SCHOOLEY.

TRUSTEE'S SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting as a court of Equity, and passed in a cause in said court wherein Elizabeth Ralston and others are plaintiffs, and Elizabeth Kahl is defendant, the same being cause No. 66, on the docket of said Court, the undersigned was appointed trustee and will offer for sale

On Saturday,
The 23rd Day of October, 1886,

in front of the Court House door, in the town of Oakland, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M. of said day to the highest bidder, at Public Auction, all the real estate described in said proceedings, the same being known and described as

Lots Nos. 4 and 5

on the "Plat of the town of Accident, situated on Flat street, and being the same lots which were conveyed by John Knab and wife to Valentine Kahl and others, by deed dated the 11th of March, 1869, and recorded in Liber H. K. No. 23, folio 263, &c., one of the land records of Allegany county.

Also all that other lot of ground situated in the town of Accident, containing one-fourth of an acre, and which is described in a deed from Valentine Kahl and wife to Catherine E. Kahl, dated the 9th day of January, 1877, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folio 650, &c., one of the land records of Garrett county.

There is a house on the above lots Nos. 4 and 5, and also a small orchard, and all of said lots are improved and under fence. Said lots will be sold separately or all together, which ever will realize the most money for the owners.

TERMS OF SALE—As prescribed by the decree: One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, and the balance in two equal instalments at nine and eighteen months from the day of sale; said deferred payments to bear interest from the day of sale, and to be secured by the bonds of the purchaser, with security satisfactory to the trustee; or all the purchase money can be paid down on the day of sale, at the option of the purchaser.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
9 25 4t Trustee.

FOR SALE!

Steam Engine, Saw Mill and Shingle Machine.

I am authorized to sell a Fifteen Horse Power "Page" Engine, Saw Mill and Shingle Machine, with carriages, &c., complete, the property of Mrs. Eva F. Riggs. The mill has been in use about five years and is in good running order. Will be sold cheap for cash or collateral which may be easily converted into cash. May be examined at Swanton, Md. Must be sold soon.

For price and terms address or apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

A HOME CHEAP.

I have a fifty acre lot, with small house and other improvements, about four miles from Oakland and two miles from Mountain Lake Park, which I will sell at a moderate figure. Application should be made soon.

W. H. TOWER,
7 17 tf Agent.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Miss Lilly Brown and Miss Mary Weber will open a

PRIVATE SCHOOL

for pupils of all grades, at the Oakland Public School Building, beginning

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, '86,

and continuing for a term of twelve weeks.

TERMS VERY MODERATE.

Circulars can be obtained at Sturgiss's Drug Store. 8 14 td

WHITE BRONZE

MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES

For strength, durability and color, White Bronze for out-door exposure, is the most desirable material known for monuments, Tombstones, &c. Raised lettering superior to marble in all respects. Has only to be seen to be appreciated.

All orders must be accompanied with one-third of the price of the order, the balance to be paid within sixty days after the work is delivered.

By giving me your patronage you will greatly oblige,

MRS. MARY TASKER, Agent,
6 17 t Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

P. S.—During my absence orders may be left at Shartzer's Furniture Store, where specimens of White Bronze may be seen.

FOR SALE!

I am authorized to sell about 160 acres of land, situated on the Hooppole road, about 7 miles from Oakland. The tract will be sold either as a whole or in lots to suit purchasers. The land is all under fence, and is further improved by a dwelling house, barn and other out-buildings. Twenty-five acres cleared. This land is among the best in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

W. H. BUTLER'S
Cheap Cash Grocery
—AT THE—
"LITTLE BIG" STORE

ON SECOND STREET,

OAKLAND, MD.

May 18th, 1886.—tf.

MEAT MARKET!

The undersigned will have on hand, at his meat market in Oakland, every day, from 5 A. M. to 11 A. M.,

Fresh Beef, Mutton and Veal,

of the best quality and at fair prices. He will also run his wagon to

MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK

every day, and to

DEER PARK

every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

7 10 T. W. CASTEEL.

FOR SALE.
AT A BARGAIN.

A large two-story frame house, with cellar and basement, situated on the Oakland and Mountain Lake road, near the auto place, is offered for sale at a bargain.

There are about two acres of ground, good outbuildings, well of good water, and a number of large shade trees. One of the handsomest locations for a summer residence in this neighborhood.

For information apply to or address

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

6 24 DAVID LITTLE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect May 30th, 1886.

GOING EAST.

No. 2	7.20 A. M.
No. 64	5.56 A. M.
No. 6	12.35 P. M.
No. 4	11.53 P. M.
No. 82—Accommodation	5.40 P. M.
Way	11.56 A. M.

GOING WEST

No. 1	9.24 P. M.
No. 65	5.55 P. M.
No. 5	2.57 P. M.
No. 3	1.41 A. M.
No. 81—Accommodation	9.56 A. M.
Way	11.56 A. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Master of Transportation.
L. M. COLE,
General Ticket Agent

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Barne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. BARNE.

Oakland, May 19th, 1885.—1 y

HENRY ALBRIGHT,
—Manufacturer of—
Boots and Shoes.

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,

OAKLAND, MD.

☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done.

Nov. 21, 85.—1 y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

SIXTEEN ACRES OF LAND

at Altamont, Md., improved by a

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE

18 by 36 feet, two stories high. There are on this land two never failing springs of good water, and a running stream.

Situation Delightful!

Two miles from Deer Park, with excellent graded road

Excellent Situation for Summer Residence.

For particulars and terms apply to or address

J. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

BALTIMORE FEMALE COLLEGE.

By the terms of the endowment of the above college one pupil from each county is entitled to free tuition in all the branches taught in the college, with stationery and use of books.

The scholarship for Garrett county is vacant at present, and the Judges of the Orphans' Court are authorized to fill the same by appointment.

Applicants will please file their applications at once.

SAMUEL LAWTON,
7 24 Register.

TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

GOLD fields are scarce, but those who write to Stinson & Co. Portland, Maine, will receive free, full information about work which they can do and live at home, that will pay them from $5 to $25 per day. Some have earned over $50 in a day. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required. You are started free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of snug little fortunes. All is new.

ROAD PETITION.

This is to give notice that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county, after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the appointment of viewers to locate a public county road, beginning at a point on the Altamont and Hooppole road at or near the residence of C. E. Brant and running thence through lands of John G. Brant, Samuel Green, E. G. Miller, L. H. Schoolfield, S. C. Hoye, and others, to S. C. Hoye's gate, a distance of about three miles.

E. G. MILLER,
SAMUEL GREEN,
10 2 3t.* C. E. BRANT.

Sellers' Liver Pills.

Act Directly on the Liver.

CURES CHILLS AND FEVER, DYSPEPSIA, SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUS COLIC, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, PILES, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, DIZZINESS, TORPID LIVER, COATED TONGUE, SLEEPLESSNESS, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER AND STOMACH. If you do not "feel very well," a single pill at bed-time stimulates the stomach, restores the appetite, imparts vigor to the system.

They cure all diseases like magic. Get the right kind SELLERS' LIVER PILLS. Sold by druggists. Send for circular.

SELLERS MEDICINE CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dr. I. D. Newman,
OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence in Russell's brick house Second street.

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

SURVEYING!

Military lots located. Estimates of timber lands a specialty. Srles negotiated on reasonable terms. Areas computed by Logarithms—the only correct method

HIRAM P. TASKER,
11 6 tf Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md. without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 30, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

F. A. THAYER,
INSURANCE AGENT,
OAKLAND, MD.

Insures both Real and Personal Property at moderate rates.

☞ Represents Six First Class Companies

FARM IMPLEMENTS AND HARDWARE!

Having rented the store-room under the REPUBLICAN Office, we have added to our Implement business a small stock of Hardware, such as

Nails, Locks, Hinges, Saws, Trace Chains, Cow Chains, Breast Chains, Forks, Shovels, Axes, Ax-handles, Grind Stones, &c., &c., &c.

—Also a complete and full line of first-class—

HEATING AND COOKING STOVES

with all of the latest improvements.

☞ We will furnish repairs for all kinds of Stoves and Farm Implements.

Farmers contemplating buying Wagons, Buggies, Sleighs, Plows, Rompers, Mowers, Drills Spring Tooth Harrows, Spring Wagons, Cider Mills, Fertilizers, Ribbon or Barbed Wire, will find it to their interest to call on us or write for prices, before buying elsewhere.

EVERYTHING FULLY WARRANTED.

For sale by

J. M. DAVIS & SON.

P. S.—We have a nice lot of Farm Bells on hand, which we will sell cheap.

February 24, 1886.—tf.